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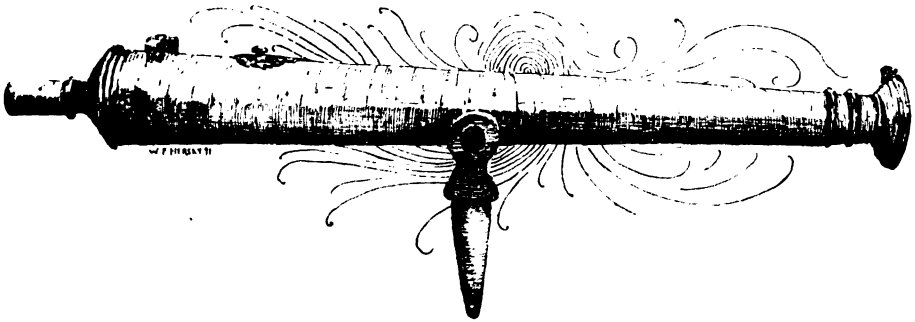
THE VOLUNTEER.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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## THE BRASS CANNON OF CAMPOBELLO.

*By Kate Gannett Wells.*

THE history of the island of Campobello, in Passamaquoddy Bay, off Eastport, Maine, still presents peculiar features of interest to those who care for romance in history. It possessed singular picturesqueness, unproductiveness, and courtly rule, — for here was maintained even till 1857 an almost feudal rule. William Owen of Wales, admiral, achieved distinction a century ago at the battle of Pondicherry in India, under Lord Clive, and when old and wounded asked for a pension or gratuity. Through the intercession of Sir William Campbell, governor-general of Nova Scotia, the English government in 1767, granted Passamaquoddy Outer Island to the admiral and his cousins, for it was a larger territory than could be deeded to any one individual; and Owen in gratitude changed its name to Campobello. David Owen lived here as agent for the others, and as all of the original four owners

died, the land became the property of William Fitz-William Owen.

The young admiral, as he was called, was the hero of the land, and of the hearts of the girls, during the first half of this century. He was a man of iron will, strong affections, and sundry caprices. As a boy he was isolated from his family by military rule, and brought up in barracks. When asked his name at five years of age, he answered, "I don't know; mother can tell you." From the barracks he went the round of boarding-schools, sometimes, when he had been very good, being allowed to wear a cocked hat and a suit of scarlet made from an old coat of his father's. Like all English boys he learned the catechism and collects. If wearied with repeating the Lord's Prayer, he wished he dared say it backwards, yet he feared that by so doing he might raise the devil, and that then it would be a long time before he

would be allowed to wear again his favorite coat and hat.

He was a naughty boy in little ways, though full of fun and of generosity, liking to argue, and generally gaining his point in discussion with other lads, especially if it were about the subject of religion. When he had been unusually obstinate, he comforted himself by his faith that God would interpose on his behalf and make him have a good time after all, in spite of the punishments he was called upon to bear and the loneliness that crept over him. Moreover, his dreams assured him that he was a special favorite of the Almighty.

In 1788, the boy became a midshipman in a line-of-battle ship, and in due course of time cruised in the Bay of

always been famous, to the pretty girls and the Owen ladies at Welshpool, who in return in the winter went to many a dance on board his ship.

The boy grew into the middle-aged man, and when sixty-one years old, with the rank of admiral, came back to Campobello to live. Somewhere in that long time he had captured two cannon from a Spanish pirate, and carried them away to his American home. Proud as he was of them, there is now no one living to tell who bled or who swore, or whether the Spanish galleon sank or paid a ransom. He placed them high on Calder's Hill, overlooking the bay, where they bid defiance to American fishing boats—for Campobello belongs to New Brunswick. He planted the sun-dial of his vessel in the garden fronting his house, and put a section of his beloved quarter-deck in the grove close to the shore. There, pacing up and down in uniform, he lived over again the days of his attack upon the pirate ship. He went back and forth over the island, marrying and commanding the people. He kissed

the girls when he married them, and took fish and game as rent from their husbands. Now and then he gave a ball; oftener he held church service in what was almost a shanty, omitting from the liturgy whatever he might chance to dislike on any special Sunday.

Lady Owen was queen as he was king, and never did a lady rule more gently over storeroom and parlor, over Sunday-school and sewing-school. The brass andirons shone like gold. The long curving mahogany sofa and the big leathern arm-chair, with sockets in its elbows for candles, still tell the primitive splendor of those days. Religion

was discussed over water and whiskey, and the air, thick with murkiness from the clay-pipes, recalled the smoke of the naval battles.

Remittances did not always come promptly from England, and money was



The Admiral's Chair and Other Relics.

Fundy, helping in its survey. For three years his man-of-war must have been stationed at Campobello. His crew often went ashore in summer, tending a little garden in Havre de Lutre, and carrying the dahlias, for which the island has

needed in the island; so the admiral set up his own bank, and issued one-dollar certificates surmounted by his crest and his motto, "Flecti non Frangi." But somehow the time never came when he was called upon "to pay one dollar on

tion of Campobello. As in the old German principalities, every Welshpooler must have craved a title; there were commissioners and surveyors of highways, overseers of poor and of fisheries, assessors, trustees of schools, inspectors of fish



Admiral Owen.

FROM A PORTRAIT PRESERVED AT CAMPOBELLO.

demand to the bearer at Welshpool," and the certificates remain to be utilized perhaps under a new financial epoch of good will and foolish trust.

The island must have had some law and order before the advent of the admiral, for the town records for the parish of Campobello date from April 15, 1824, James M. Parker, town clerk. At the General Sessions of the peace holden at Saint Andrews, the shire town of Charlotte County, New Brunswick, thirty-two officers were chosen for the small popula-

tion for home consumption and for exports, for smoked herrings and boxes. There were cullers of staves, fence-viewers and hog reeves, and surveyors of lumber and cord-wood, lest that which should properly be used for purposes of building or export be consumed on andiron or in kitchen stoves.

In those days there was no poorhouse, though town-paupers existed, for one, Peter Lion by name, was boarded about for one hundred dollars and furnished with suitable food, raiment, lodging, and





Campobello.

medical aid. No one kept him long at a time, whether because others wanted the price paid for his support, or because he was an unwelcome inmate is unknown. Prices depend on supply; therefore it happened that the next pauper was boarded for fifty dollars. Again a lower price for board brought

about a lower tax-rate for the householders, and in course of time another pauper was set up at public auction and the lowest bidder was intrusted with his care and maintenance. By 1829 the exports from the island justified the creation of harbor masters

and port wardens, — more titles to be coveted. A ferry was established from Campobello to Indian Island and Eastport. The ferryman was "recognized in the sum of two pounds, and was conditioned to keep a good and sufficient boat, with sails and oars, to carry all persons who required between the appointed places, to ask, demand, and receive for each and every person so ferried one shilling and three pence and no more." If any other than the appointee should have the hardihood to make a little money by transporting a weary traveller, such person was to be fined ten shillings, half of it to go to the informer and half to the ferryman, unless he had previously arranged with the licensee that he would afford him due and righteous satisfaction for each person so carried.

As the population grew, the swine began to abound, and soon it was decreed that "neither swine nor boar-pig should go at large unless sufficiently ringed and yoked, sucking pigs excepted, on pain of five shillings for each beast." Then the sheep began to jump fences four feet high, — and their descendants have increased in agility. They ate the young cabbages, and standing at ease defiantly

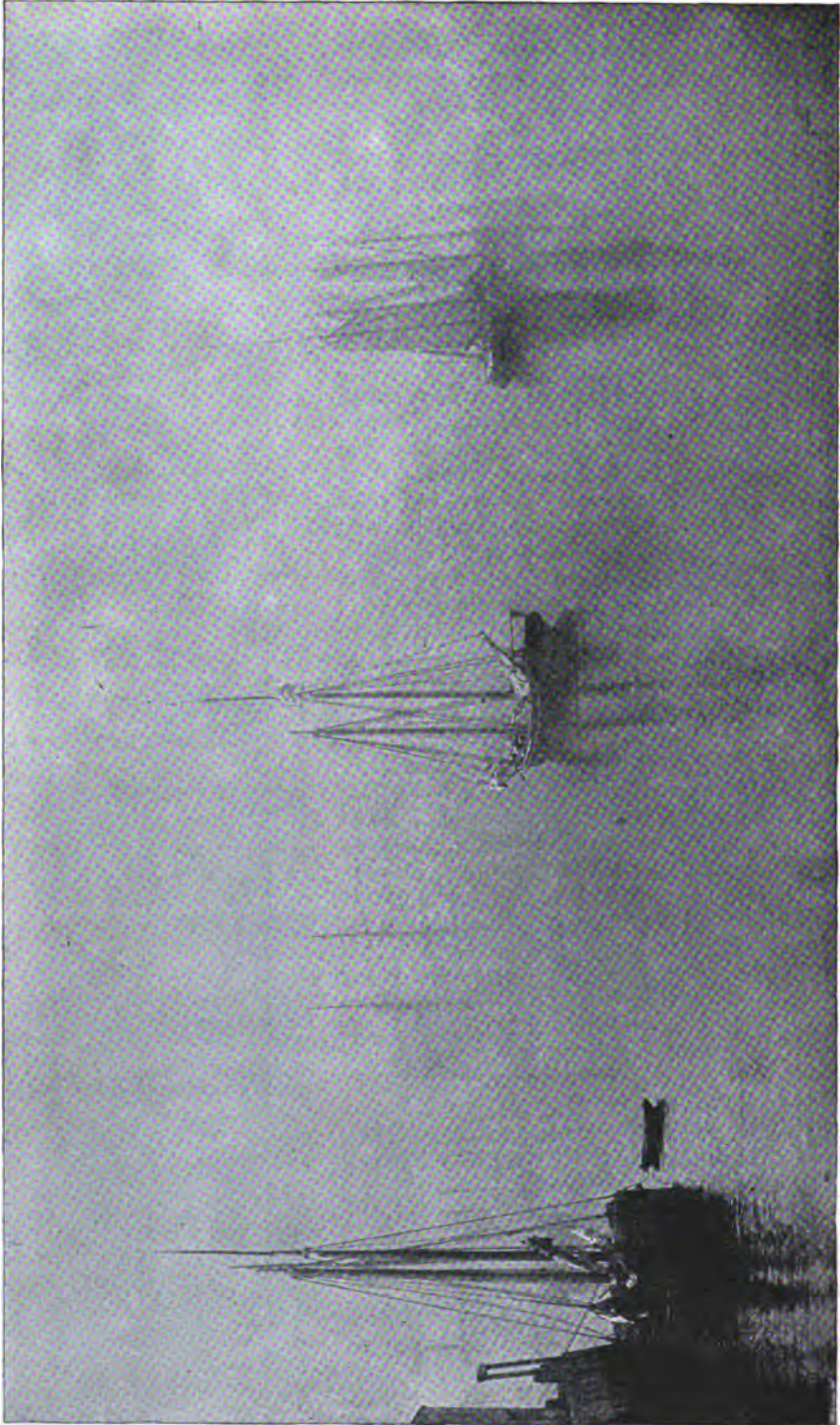
and lazily nipped off the dahlia buds. The town bestirred itself. Angry housewives, roused from their sleep by waking dreams of depredation committed, drove the sheep away with stock and stone. The following night the creatures returned, and the fisher-husbands, back from their business, sallied forth in vain. They could not run as fast as the women; and week after week the sheep took all they wanted. It became necessary finally to establish the sublime order of hog-reeves, who were privileged to seize any swine or sheep going at large which were not marked with the proper and duly entered mark of the owner, and to prosecute as the law directs.

But how could sheep be marked when their fleece forbade their being branded! As notable housekeepers vie with each other in receipts, so did each islander try to invent striking deformities for his sheep; only the sucking lambs retained their birthrights till their later days. Because Mulholland made two slits in the right ear and took off its top, Parker cut off a piece from the left ear of his sheep, and Bowers made a crop under the left ear of his animal, close to its head. Yet the sheep ran loose until the people were directed to raise twelve pounds for building two cattle pounds, and William Fitz-William Owen, the admiral, was appointed to erect the same. The poor rates had again lessened; woe to the pauper boarders:—for the admiral wanted money for many another improvement on which his mind was bent. The General Sessions of the peace dared not neglect any suggestion which was made by a man who entertained all the distinguished guests who came to Passamaquoddy Bay; for his fame had spread far and wide as host, theologian, and magnate. If it were difficult to restrain sheep and swine, still more difficult was it to prevent the trespasses of geese. Though many a bird was clipped in its infancy, and in winter killed and put down amid layers of snow and sent to the admiral as a peace offering or as tribute, still the public troubles increased, until it was ordered that horses and cattle should be impounded. Then peace at midnight and safety by day rested over the island, for it was even resolved "that all dogs of six months old and upwards should be considered of sufficient age to pay the tax"; but in what manner they were compelled to offer their own excuse for being remains unsolved. Perhaps no legal quibble was ever-raised concerning the wording of the statute.

Admiral Owen himself was overseer of the poor and school trustee. Whenever a roof-raising occurred, he knew how to send the children home to look after the chores, that their elders might join in

Eastport, from Campobello.





In the Fog, at Campobello.



the merriment. He soon became resident magistrate, and signalized his authority by giving for three years certain wild lands as commons for cattle to those who should belong to the "Church Episcopal Congregation," when formed. The lease was duly signed by himself and by John

With all this progress under William Fitz-William, there still remained unlicensed boys who ran wild, who believed in the uncounted wealth of an iron chest buried deep in the woods by smugglers, and gave their help in finding it. If the chest were ever hidden, it disappeared in



The Church, School, and Rectory, at Campobello.

Farmer, in trust for the people. Such privilege, even if actuated by worldly motives, proved of sacred benefit, for measures were immediately taken to form a Church Association and Corporation, with the proviso that such persons as had decided objections to profess themselves members of the church could by no means become a part of such corporation. The admiral's cattle ranged free in the commons, but on all other licensed and marked cattle were paid the fees which accrued to the benefit of religion, — and large must have been the income thereof, — Owen reading the church services till 1842, when a resident missionary came to live on the island.

The church having been fairly established and on the way to growth, Admiral Owen became a builder of bridges, letting out the work at the rate of "\$1.12½ per man, per day, the day being ten hours of good and conscientious work for man or yoke of oxen."

uncanny fashion; but the cannon on the hill still remained as sentinels, until some boys took them off "for fun" one dark night and hid them in a ship then in Friar's Bay. The captain discovered the theft after he had been two or three days at sea. His honesty and Admiral Owen's anger effected their return after a few months; for the vessel had to bear them to the West Indies and there re-ship them, amid kegs of rum, to Campobello. By that time the admiral's indignation had subsided, and he sent his son-in-law to apologize to the grandmother of the boys, whom he had maligned as special emissaries of Satan. The old lady refused to accept any regrets or apologies. Owen became more indignant than ever at her scornful words, and planted the cannon away from the hill overlooking her house, down on the point of land by his own home, and raised the British flag between them. His children and grandchildren played around them. There

they stayed, every now and then greeting some English ship of renown, until the Owen family, some ten years ago, went back to England, when the two old brass pieces were sold at auction. One was carried away to Portland Harbor. The other was bought by George Batson, Esq., of Campobello.

The admiral died in 1857, at St. John, New Brunswick, where he had married a second time, and was brought back to the island for burial. His children and his grandchildren stayed in the primitive, ancestral home till 1881, when the island was sold to an American syndicate. As long as any of the Owen family lived there they were beneficent rulers of the people, and maintained a courtly standard of manners and morals, the grace of which lingers among the islanders. Tradition and fact still invest the Owen name with tenderness and homage, as was shown in July, 1890, when the great-grandson of the admiral revisited Campobello. Never has the old cannon belched forth its volume of sound more loudly than it did for Archibald Cochrane, who as a boy had often sat astride of it. A "middy," on board Her Majesty's flagship *Bellerophon*, he came back to his ancestral estates accompanied by the Metropolitan of Canada, Bishop Medley of Fredericton. The boy's sunny blue eyes and gentle smile recalled his mother's beauty to the old islanders. The Dominion flag and the English flag waved from every ship in port and from the neighboring houses, to welcome him back. As the steamer came in sight, the aged cannon, mounted on four huge logs of wood, gave forth its welcome. Each time the cotton had to be rammed down, and the cannon had to be propped up. Each time the match and the lighted paper were protected by a board held across the breach at arm's length; but the brass piece did its duty, and the people called "well done" to it, as if it had been a resuscitated grandsire. The steamer answered whistle for cannon blast, and the children's laugh was echoed back across the water.

It was dead low tide—and the tide falls twenty feet—when the venerable bishop came up the long flight of steps, slippery

and damp with seaweed. Guarded on each side and before and behind, with umbrella in his hand for his walking-stick, the metropolitan of eighty-four years accepted the unneeded protection which Church of England reverence dictated. But as the boy ran quickly up the same steps, there was not a man who did not rush forward to greet him. The band played, while the women crept out from among the piles of lumber and waited for recognition. It came as the boy was led from one to another, bowing low in his shy, frank manner, cap in hand, to the women and girls, who had known him as a child, and shaking hands heartily with all the men, young and old. Away off stood two old ladies, who blessed the morn which had brought back their young master. Up to them he went with pretty timidity, and then boy-like hurried off to look at the cannon. He put his hand on it with a loving touch and a lingering smile, which to the older ones who saw it told of hidden emotion, which perhaps he himself scarcely recognized.

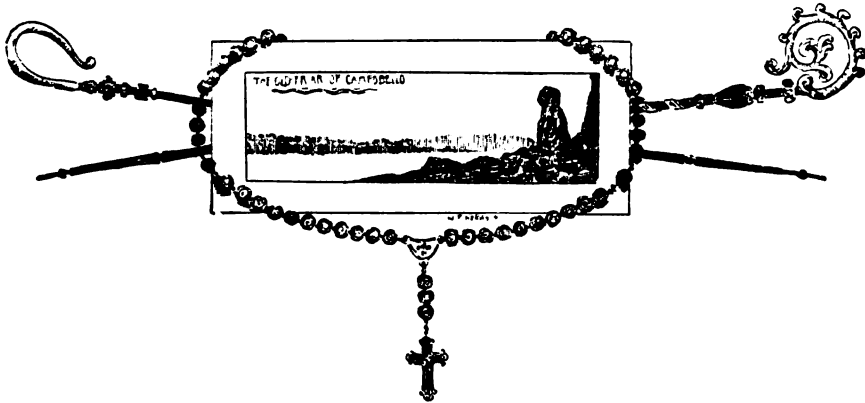
Silence fell as the metropolitan rose from the chair where he had been resting and thanked the people for their greeting to the boy, because of his grandparents. The midshipman's eyes shone as they fell on the faces, lighted up as they had not been for years, to see that the fair, five-year old boy who had left them had grown into the straight-limbed, graceful, manly, modest youth, whose greeting was as unaffectedly frank as their own. After a while midshipman and bishop stole silently away up to the graves of the old admiral and his wife, of the captain grandfather and the cousin, all of whom had been naval heroes. On to the Owen house went the boy and found his old haunts; first, the nursery, then his mother's room, and next his grandmother's; out among the pines to the places where he had played, on to the sun-dial and the quarter-deck; all were revisited, with none of the sadness which comes in middle life, but with the sure joy of a child who has found again his own. He clicked the uncocked pistols of the admiral, and took up the battered, three-cornered hat.

In the afternoon a game of baseball was played in his honor; and never did his great-grandfather watch more eagerly for victory over the pirates than did this descendant watch that the game might be won by the Campobello boys. At evening, in the little English Church, where the bishop blessed the people and told of Lady Owen's deeds of mercy, the boy bent his head over the narrow book-rest, where were holes for the candles which, in his grandfather's day, each parishioner brought along to light the darkness at the hours of service.

The next day the people gathered again at the wharf. The midshipman was a new old friend by this time. Once more the brass-piece sounded farewell as he crossed the bay. It had been

the playmate of his boyhood, his imaginary navy, his cavalry horse, his personal friend. By its side, he had never wanted to rest on chairs or sofas. Once more he turned to look at it as he went down the steps to the water's edge, and waved adieu to those who loved him for his mother's sake, with a fondness and pride, and a sense of personal ownership, unknown in "the States," where ancestry counts for but little.

The old cannon still stands upright in Mr. Batson's store. No one would ever steal it again. No one can ever buy it away. From father to child it will descend, to tell of the English-American feudalism of a hundred years ago, and of the happy, bright boy, who found his father's home turned into a modern hotel.



## A PAN-REPUBLIC CONGRESS.

*By E. P. Powell.*

**N**EW ideas, or the larger applications of old ones, work silently for a while, and then startle us with a sudden assurance of their possibility. We have not yet become reconciled to the idea that socially and politically nothing is permanent. We have also to become confident that movement of this sort is, in the course of each century, progress. The Darwinian idea has permeated physical science; it is slowly permeating social science, that the eyes of

evolution are in its forehead. Monarchy may dread change; republicanism need have no fear. Whatever is before us, in spite of blunders, is betterment. The last century closed up at the great Clearing House of popular opinion; the present opened with the application of those digested opinions to government. Jefferson, in 1800, completed the greatest revolution the world has ever known. The quick result has been half a world in which freedom of thought and of labor

have taken the place of autocracy. *dei gratia* has yielded to *vox populi, vox dei* as the fundamental social and economic principle. This revolution was not the spontaneity of a day. It was the culmination of the work of the whole antecedent century. Philosophy did not do its work in vain. Revolutions were also evolutions. Poets involuntarily sang for a purpose. Educators like Rousseau and Richter were at the bottom of it. Washington and Franklin and Paine had first to be made, before they could create the Republic. The Republic at last was to be bottomed on Democracy by the greatest of our statesmen, Thomas Jefferson. So the nineteenth century came in as an idea.

A review of history will show us that mankind has busied itself in like manner in all the past. There have been no dark ages. Each century has in truth incubated a purpose of some sort; and we inherit the same in the table of contents of our human biography. Luther began the sixteenth century with no novelty. He simply, in those theses on the cathedral door, wrote down what had already been thought out and felt out and worked out; what some had been burned for, but what, after all, was fairly well established. It was the consummation, not the inauguration of an evolution.

Has our own century been idle in thought and purpose? Do we go out without finding any columns of achievement to add up, and with no visions and hopes to make assured? Are the men in platoons right, that we are to march on without change of countersign until the old heroism grows stale in our hearts and heads, and politics becomes an automaton? On the contrary, no century ever pulsated with nobler purpose or more vigorous endeavor. The apparent drifting of our moral and intellectual life for thirty years past has been not only in appearance. We are in the last decade of the century; events do not crowd so much as ideas. These will hasten on to fulfilment. They cover every field of human energy. Education is at the bottom of all hope and progress; and out of education has just been born the enthusiasm called "University Extension,"

a term that fails wholly to convey to the popular mind the novelty and the greatness of the purpose conceived. It is a purpose that will totally transform, and in some ways secure our popular education and obliterate our present inchoate popular methods. Not less grand and natural as a result of the past is the conception of a "World-wide Democratic Church." This is only the application of republicanism to theology and religious effort. It means the displacement of a world-wide monarchical church by a church based on popular sentiment and individual liberty. It is possible. The pope himself begins to desert the monarchy. His recent encyclical is a plain effort to readjust the old church to modern progress. We still wait for a word to describe succinctly the social struggle which in different quarters has striven and strives to embody itself in Nationalism, Socialism, Communism — Utopianism, perhaps. The idea is not yet thought through; and it will be nameless until that is done. But the world throbs with the conviction that our inequalities are monstrous and largely needless. We have a fixed purpose to devise a remedy. These are some of the purposive trends of our age. The twentieth century will inherit a grand legacy.

But are we at anchor politically? Evidently not. Omitting all notice of the crumbling of old autocracies and monarchies — brute force and imperial force — it is clear that democracy itself is capable of new expansions and applications. Internationalism is surely supplanting nationalism. Mr. Blaine showed his unequalled statesmanship when he desired the Pan-American Congress, to be followed by Pan-American enterprises, and unfettered Pan-American commerce. Here was a bold break with conservatism. Precedent is valuable to establish equilibrium in society; but the innovator is needed with far-sight to prevent a consequent stagnation of human purpose. Pan-Republicanism is another new phrase that covers an advance all along the line. It is the idea of a world-wide democracy instead of a duplication of republics; although the latter idea may be covered by it. The question now is, have we

faith enough in us for so grand a purpose. No forward movement of humanity ever was or ever can be achieved without an enthusiasm. Have we the optimism that can go forward against all opposition and achieve grand things? Generations come that can do this; but other generations cannot. For the most the world moves in routine work, and reverts red-tape. I have faith that our generation is able to comprehend the grandeur of the idea and to work successfully at its accomplishment. The proposition is to hold, in 1893, in conjunction with the Columbian Exposition, a congress "of the enlightened and liberal minds of the world to discuss the interests of free institutions, and the best means for their promotion among the nations of the earth." The movement is already in the hands of a committee of two hundred representative men in this country, together with committees in all foreign lands that are touched with aspiration for human progress. Among the foreign members are Louis Kossuth, Señor Castelar, the President of the Brazilian Republic Fonseca, Henry Labouchere, Herbert Spencer, Professor James Bryce, Bartholdi, and many more. In this country, prominent workers cover every field of life and every persuasion. Cardinal Gibbons co-operates with Rabbi Gottheil, Bishop Cheney, and Robert Ingersoll. The Executive Committee consists of Colonel Ethan Allen, Hon. Andrew Carnegie, General Russell Alger, Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, and nine more equally representative men. The inception of the plan is due, however, to a man of rare combinations, of modesty equalled by his daring, and executive power equal to his hopefulness and enthusiasm, Wm. O. McDowell, of Newark, New Jersey. He is himself unable to tell when or how the idea of a Congress of Republics entered his brain. Perhaps Bartholdi did more than he thought when he sent the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" to our metropolitan harbor. It was not set there for the benefit of American commerce, but for the whole world, as it sailed in and out the waters of a democratic Continent. An interesting man is this McDowell, worth a moment's

thought of ours. Some years ago he was sent for by Governor Tilden, to draft a will for him. Instead of the usual legal verbiage he began, "Whereas this is a natural conflict between the two forms of government that now rule the world, that which is based on the theory of the divine right of kings and that which is based upon the divine rights of the people, and in order that the men who will be called on to fight the intellectual battles of the future may be duly prepared,—I dedicate my fortune to the education of mankind in Statecraft, on the lines laid down in the Declaration of Independence." This is surely the most curious will drawn up in our generation; but it reminds us startlingly of the wills of Washington and Jefferson. One hundred years ago they did such things. Washington willed his property to found a National University at the Capital of the States. It is not yet organized, but it will be. Jefferson founded a university for his native state. Franklin left endowments for the apprentices who read the maxims of Poor Richard and practised them. What we have lacked of late is the enthusiastic belief in great principles that characterized these men. To associate our Columbian Exposition of what has been done with a zealous proclamation of what shall be done, is to complete and round out what was but half an idea.

Mr. McDowell on Bunker Hill's Day of 1890, issued a manifesto from Faunce's Tavern in New York, Washington's headquarters of one hundred years before. He said, "Not only in the United States, but in other countries of the world, there are a number of great patriotic societies devoted to the principles that a century ago resulted in the birth of these United States. Has not the time come for the issuing of an invitation to the patriotic societies of the world to each send one or more delegates to attend a Pan-Republic congress?" With this interrogation went others as to time and locality to be chosen, and who should be invited to appear as delegates, or to be represented by delegates; also concerning the true functions of such an assembly. The idea at its conception was bold and full of enthusiasm, but discreet and timely.



Copies of Mr. McDowell's letter were sent to every member of the Order of the American Eagle; to the President and Vice-Presidents, Generals of the Sons of the American Revolution, and to the president of each State Society; to the members of the late Pan-American Congress, and to the President of each Republic in the world; to the press, and to representative men everywhere in sympathy with democratic institutions.

This was the inauguration of the present scheme to bring the nineteenth century to a white heat of enthusiasm as it passes over its work to the twentieth. Hundreds of replies came from all over the world favoring the suggested Congress. The movement, after a few preliminary gatherings, took the form of a committee of two hundred representative citizens of the United States, acting under the name of the Pan-Republic General Committee. Its first meeting was held in New York City in December of 1890, for the purpose of planning its work and dividing the same among sub-committees.

The outline of the work accomplished was to settle upon a name, and to define the object of the Congress; also to suggest in more specific form the work to be attempted. The general scope of the proposed Assembly was defined to be "the consideration of the welfare of free institutions, and the best means of promoting the same." In the consideration of questions civil and political, the Congress will discuss Constitutional and administrative reform; the establishment of legalized arbitration among all civilized peoples; the amelioration of severities, and the extinguishment of injustice in administering government; the dissolution of standing armies, and the substitution of the reign of intelligence and morals in place of brute force; international intercourse on the basis of common and universal justice; the general distribution of knowledge without hindrance, thus creating international intelligence; the moral welfare of all peoples, and none the less the sanitary and general physical well-being of mankind.

Mr. McDowell has published a valuable epitome of the work that is possible. Much of this is borrowed from the final

recommendations of the Pan-American Congress. (1) Measures that pertain to universal peace. (2) The formation of a customs union for all governments. (3) The union of all the great ports of Republics by closer commercial ties. (4) The establishment of uniform customs regulations. (5) The adoption of uniform weights, measures, and copyrights. (6) A common system of coinage. (7) A definite plan of arbitration. He would have discussed questions of human brotherhood, of labor and capital, of sanitation and health, of machinery and corporations, of banking, of stimulants and narcotics as effecting human degeneration, of economy and taxation, of education, of universal disarmament. "I desire that the flag of every Republic, wherever seen upon the face of the earth, shall be looked upon and welcomed by mankind as a pledge, promise and hope of a brighter future for all people." Dr. Porrifor Fazer says, "The Congress might organize an international Bureau as distant from governments as are the trade federations of capitalists, to which all grievances of the oppressed in all nations should be addressed when not righted at home. It might provide for triennial sessions in the different republican countries, and make itself the organ and mouthpiece of the victims of injustice everywhere, entirely independent of the diplomatic complications which frequently prevent governments, even in the settled conviction and desire to do right, from speaking frankly to their fellow powers. The Siberian outrages of Russia, the evictions in Ireland, the Jewish wrongs in Russia and Austria, the penalties of free speech in Germany, could be sternly rebuked by a voice—the voice of the people—which would command universal attention." Another suggestion is that the people can thus be educated to peaceful revolution. It is not improbable that such an international concourse might, in time, become a legally constituted Court of Inquiry into such popular questions as are suggested above, with certain powers to arbitrate.

It is clear that such a Congress as is proposed will have before it work enough of a characteristic sort. Nor will it have

at all clear sailing and harmonious co-operation for the good of humanity. There will be ambitions and conflict of opinions with no little prejudice, and undoubtedly a large amount of "spread-eagleism." There will be out of the inchoate beginnings certain clear-cut ideas and purposes brought to the surface; and men of clearest intellectual power and moral determination will finally come to the front and shape internationalism into a world-wide democracy. There is little doubt but that the history of previous centuries will be, in great measure, repeated. The Franklins and Jeffersons and Hamiltons will agitate with characteristic and distinctive form, each from his own standpoint; and the end will be, as it always is, the triumph of judicious democracy. Extreme and revolutionary measures will find advocates; conservatives will wax eloquent over the grooves of the past. There is sure to be a clash with the relics of absolutism, the *dei gratia* in Church and State. Anarchy and Nihilism will manage sooner or later to be heard. Those who now lead may retire in alarm before the third triennial session of the Congress. We may be sure that the day is approaching for measures as startling as those of 1776 and 1800. The one need now is enthusiasm and faith. These alone have carried the world's greatest ideas forward to realization.

That such popular and special enthusiasm is not lacking, the letters and speeches of the ablest men in this land and in Europe attest. Cardinal Gibbons writes, "It will strike down the barriers that separate nation from nation and race from race. I look with satisfaction upon the first steps to be taken in this direction by the assembling of the Pan-Republic Congress." General Sherman wrote, "America is only on the threshold of her history. The whole world turns to us to see the result of our experiment." Ex-President Cleveland writes, "I assure

you I am in accord with this movement which has for its object the drawing of the republics of the world into closer bonds of sympathy." Professor Geikie of Edinburgh writes, "I am in hearty sympathy with the objects of the Congress, although I am a loyal subject of this old monarchical country." John Boyle O'Reilly wrote just before his death, "If popular liberty is good, and enthusiasm a virtuous force, such a congress ought to be held. The nineteenth century could not close with a nobler work." Bishop Potter writes, "I wish success to every wise effort to draw closer the republics of the world." Bishop Cheney responds, "Taught by the policy of the kings let republics of the world unite, not by the alliance of ruling families or conjunction of great armies, but by such conferences as may lead to a wider spread of free principles, and a concerted action in all that tends to advance the rights of men." The grandson of Patrick Henry, Hon. Wm. Wirt Henry, writes, "I am in full sympathy, and consider the movement most timely." Miss Frances Willard responds, "It is in the air,—the great word fraternization." Professor Winchell wrote, "It fires my enthusiasm to think of such a gathering for the practical recognition of the fraternity of nations." These are but a handful of the responses, cordial and glowing, that have come in, indicative of the popular sentiment. Our century will forever be known for our great deed, the obliteration of the principle that it is right for man to be held as property by man. This was an inevitable consequence of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence. But the destruction of slavery only cleared the ground. We are now free to lead on. We have as yet done nothing in the way of establishing new and broader principles, such as our forefathers thought out, felt out, and established at the close of the last century. Our opportunity is at hand.

## MY FIRST LOVE.

*By John Allister Currie.*

'TIS when the rosy petals of the day  
 Are scattered softly on my chamber floor,  
 Chasing the shadows out night's dusky door,  
 I wake, and all the old desires that stay,  
 Locked up within my heart, new influence ply.  
 I part the casement and I seek the shore,  
 To greet my sweet beloved at morn once more,  
 And for a moment on her bosom lie.

There is no other face one half so kind !  
 There is no other eye so blue to me ;  
 Nor yet a bosom that I e'er could find,  
 Filled with such moods and passions wild and free.  
 There is no fairer cheek kissed by the wind,  
 Than my first love's, that I love still — the Sea.

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## AN AUGUST SKETCH.

*By Catherine Thayer.*

BEYOND a sand-dune's slope, where the pale grass  
 Clings with firm roots upon the shelving side,  
 A storm-ribbed beach extends its shining length,  
 A golden zone, confining the deep surge  
 Of the vast ocean's ceaseless energy ;  
 The tide waves flash translucent in the sun,  
 Empearled with spray, then melt in snowy foam  
 With gentle, rhythmic murmur on its sands.

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## A SEPTEMBER SKETCH.

*By Catherine Thayer.*

THE grasses in the meadows by the bay  
 Blend in rich harmonies of autumn tints,  
 Faint russet, yellow, tinged with ruddy tones ;  
 The glowing colors softened by the haze  
 Until harmonious with the water's hue  
 Of neutral gray — upon whose glassy calm  
 Are mirrored forth the outlines of the hills,  
 And the slow-gliding vessels' drooping sails.



By the Sea at Beverly.

## SUMMER DAYS ON THE NORTH SHORE.

*By Winfield S. Nevins.*

JOHN WINTHROP and his companions on the good ship *Arbella*, in 1630, may have been the first summer visitors to the North Shore; for Winthrop tells us in his delightfully interesting journal that, after coming to anchor inside of Baker's Island on the 12th of June, "most of our people went on shore upon the land of Cape Ann, which was very near us, and gathered store of fine strawberries." Even Roger Conant, four or five years earlier, had been not unmindful of the attractions of this region, for when that observing pioneer sailed along the shore from Gloucester to the Naumkeag River he saw that the coast was one of uncommon beauty. And if he did not pick fine strawberries, he was apparently struck with the beauty of the landscape, with its

fresh and charming lines, the picturesque coast, the undulating hills, soft hidden in the blue mist of morning or in the purple haze of evening. As has been well said, what Roger Conant and John Winthrop gloried in two hundred and sixty years ago strikes the observer to-day with the same gentle force; whether he sails along the coast, or travels the centre of the Cape by the railway or by the winding road, acres of tiny forest, little villas, like diamonds in rich natural settings, broad and undulating fields, glimpses of the sea, all contribute to paint a picture for the traveller that cannot easily fade from his memory. Whether it was Governor Winthrop, or Governor Conant, or some more modern governor, who discovered the summer glories of this North Shore, it is certain that people who visit it once,

come when they may, never leave it without the resolve to return.

What is the North Shore? Where is it? Some say it is the coast from Winthrop Head to Point of Pines; others say it is from Boston to Pigeon Cove at the extreme end of Cape Ann; while still others say that the North Shore, as a summer resort, is the coast from Salem to the end of the Cape. Geographically and historically, perhaps, the North Shore is the Cape Ann coast between Beverly bridge and Pigeon Cove. Some noted summer resorts are included within this stretch of twenty-five miles of sea-shore; the best known, perhaps, being Beverly Farms, Manchester-by-the-Sea, and Magnolia. Eastern Point, Land's End, and Pigeon Cove, though not as widely her-

homes and all degrees of summer life may be found at these places, from that in the five hundred dollar cottage to the palatial dwelling whose cost is counted among the tens of thousands. One of the best known and most striking of these is the estate of Mr. John Shepard near Beach Bluff, in Swampscott—a stately mansion, overlooking the ocean, surrounded by charming grounds, and having every feature of attractiveness which an artistic mind could suggest.

Still another suburban residence in Swampscott which excites admiration is Mr. Elihu Thomson's, of Thomson-Houston fame. The house is of the colonial style of architecture, built of dark red brick with white woodwork



Gen. Charles G. Loring's Place at Beverly.

alded in these later years, are not less attractive.

But one is tempted to reach out through historic Salem, with its Willows and Juniper Point, and picturesque Marblehead, with its Neck, or Nanepashemet, to Swampscott the beautiful, and Nahant the secluded. All grades of summer

trimmings, presenting a striking contrast with the deep green of the wide lawn in front and the neighboring grove. It occupies a slight rise of ground on a part of the old E. Redington Mudge estate, near the junction of the main street and Paradise Road. Just over the line in Lynn, one finds the charming es-

tate of Mr. Francis W. Breed, like Mr. Thomson's, a combination of summer residence and permanent home.

Historically speaking, Beverly and Manchester might contend for the honor of being the first to afford a summer home for wealthy Bostonians. It was in the early spring of 1845 that Richard H. Dana bought the Knowlton farm on the shore between the village of Manchester and the Kettle Cove settlement, and the same year built the old-fashioned square house which the traveller by rail or highway may see to-day, in the woods on his right hand, as he journeys down along the Cape. Some years after Mr. Dana's advent came Major Russell Sturgis, Jr., and President Bullard, who located further up the shore toward the village. The first estate purchased at Beverly Farms for strictly summer purpose was the Isaac Prince farm of one hundred acres, which

Mr. C. C. Paine of Boston bought in 1844 for \$6000. A few weeks later, Hon. John G. King, of Salem, who had been a summer boarder at the Prince farm several seasons, bought the John M. Thistle place at Mingo Beach and remodelled the farmhouse into a summer cottage. This was probably the first summer residence occupied on the Beverly shore. But the first house erected for strictly summer occupancy was built by Hon. C. G. Loring of Boston, during the winter of 1844-45, he having purchased the Benjamin Smith farm in 1844 for \$4000. Another early summer settler at the Farms was Mr. P. T. Jackson, who bought in 1845 and built

in 1846. The largest and best known of these estates is that of Hon. Franklin Haven, of Boston. His first purchase of land was in 1846, and he has added to it several times since, until he has become the possessor of many broad acres.



A Corner in the Loring House.

The estate has become widely known through the somewhat celebrated Haven tax cases, growing out of an increase of valuation from \$131,450 in 1885, to \$439,500 in 1886. Mr. Haven's proprietorship extends from the railroad track to the ocean, and from Beverly Farms station nearly to Pride's Crossing. Here we find something approaching the country home of the landed Englishman—woods, fields, meadows and pastures, hills and valleys, brooks, ponds, and sea—grounds ample enough to take a drive in, and always hospitably open to the visitor in coach or saddle. Since the advent of these early settlements in Beverly and Manchester, hundreds of summer resi-

dences have been built along the North Shore, and thousands of people occupy those residences every season, while more than a dozen great hotels have arisen on the coast to accommodate still other thousands of more transient visitors. The fertile farms have been transformed into broad, sweeping lawns with smooth-shaven grass, acres of shrubbery, of rhododendrons, of roses, and plants and flowers without number. The rocky wooded hills and pastures, where cows and sheep once picked a scant meal from between the boulders, now bud and bloom like fairyland. The once scraggy forests, strewn with tanglewood and underbrush, are now as trim as an urban grove, and the rough cart roads have been transformed into charming driveways, smooth and hard, winding in and out among the

The name Beverly Farms was applied to this section of the town originally because it was a purely farming community. John Blackleach, early in the seventeenth century, owned a farm which extended from Mr. Haven's present residence to Manchester. Another farm extended from the westerly line of the Blackleach grant up the shore to Patch's beach, and was owned by William Woodbury. The Blackleach farm came eventually into the possession of Robert Woodbury, who built, in 1673, the quaint old house near the Baptist Church, now occupied by Dr. Curtis as a summer residence. Men now living in the town of Beverly remember when the assessed valuation of the whole seashore section was only \$25,000. To-day the summer residents alone pay taxes on real estate



Martin Brimmer's Place.

trees and through the lawns, bringing the traveller suddenly and unexpectedly upon some delightful sylvan bower, through which he catches a glimpse of a "stately mansion by the sea." For even the "cottage" that succeeded the farmer's old brown house of half a century ago has in turn yielded to the larger and more pretentious house of elaborate ornamentation and rich interior finish.

assessed at over four millions. Many an acre which cost Mr. Paine \$60 in 1844 would now sell for more than \$10,000.

The earlier sea-shore residences, then called "cottages," were quite plain structures, without and within, costing from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The Dana house at Manchester and the present Haven house at Beverly Farms (the latter built in 1850 to replace one destroyed by fire),



G. B. Howe's Place at Manchester.

were larger than most of those built in the forties and early fifties. There was no particular architectural design about them. They were rather commonplace, and what would now be termed "barny," but comfortable, substantial homes. Twenty or thirty years ago the "Swiss villa" was all the rage. Perhaps the best example of this to-day is the residence of Hon. Martin Brimmer, about a half mile west of Pride's Crossing station. Here we have a pretty cottage with piazzas, verandas, gables and lattice work, all surrounded by an abundance of trees and shrubbery, and a broad sloping lawn in front. The residence of Gen. F. W. Palfrey, on the high bluff in the woods,

somewhat nearer the station (better known as "Cro' Nest"), is another good specimen of the earlier "Swiss villa," and remains practically without change since built. It is perched high above the street on a perpendicular bluff, and commands an extended view oceanward. Mr. Thomas E. Proctor's house, on Hale Street at the head of Prince, is another striking example of a modern Swiss villa on a lofty eminence. Seen from the highway it is both imposing and picturesque, while the view, looking off from the piazza, is one of great variety and rare beauty. A wonderful panorama lies before us: the harbors of Salem and Beverly, with their coves and points of and ;



The Everett Place at West Manchester.





Brackenbury Lane.

Hospital Point shore, one long wide lawn, dotted here and there with cottages of various colors and designs, and clusters of trees and shrubbery; the islands of the bay; and, in the distance, the towers and roofs of Salem and old Marblehead. Well might the dweller here say, with the poet,

"My house was built on the cliff's tall crest  
As high as an eagle might choose her nest;  
The builders have descended the hill  
Like spirits who have done their master's will.  
Below, the billows in endless reach  
Commune in uncomprehended speech."

Of an entirely different type is the residence of Mr. F. Gordon Dexter, which is situated on the shore side of the railroad between the Farms and Pride's, reached by a winding driveway through the woods. It is after the pattern of 1692, the old gambrel roof, plain ends and sides, entirely destitute of ornamentation, yet interesting and architecturally and artistically attractive. Only three or four houses of this style are to be found along the shore. Another design, and a very rare one on Cape Ann, is the massive stone mansion of Mrs. Franklin Dexter. It is located in the woods on the easterly side of Curtis Point, and between Prince Street and Mingo Beach.

Seen from the water front, it looks very much like one of those famous old Rhinish castles. With the ocean at our feet as we sit on the piazza, and Marblehead and Salem in the distance on the other shore, it requires but a slight stretch of the imagination for us to apply those well-known lines of Byron:

"The castle crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine;  
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine;  
And scattered cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine."

One other summer residence in this vicinity there is, something like the Dexter mansion: "Oberwold," in the woods, about half a mile inland from Beverly Cove. It stands on a slight knoll some rods off the main street, half hidden among the tall pines. A trifle gloomy at times, perhaps, the place has many attractions, especially for those who love the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" that "stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic."

Ten or twelve years ago the "Queen Anne" cottage was built more frequently than any other, and seemed destined to supplant the "Swiss villa." About the same time there was a revival of the well-known "colonial" style of architecture. The residence of Mr. Amory A. Lawrence on Hospital Point, built about 1880, is one of the best specimens of the Queen Anne, especially as regards the interior; and the residences of Mr.



Ocean Drive at Beverly.

Henry Endicott, on Neptune Street, and Mrs. Caroline Pickman in the immediate neighborhood, of the colonial. The Pickman estate (with its beautiful mansion built by the late W. D. Pickman in 1881) is not surpassed in situation and grounds by anything we shall find

point, built by Hon. John A. Lowell about 1847-8. The Sohier cottage is of more recent date, and the Grover and Turner houses have been built within a few years, as has also the unique villa in the same group, that belongs to the Burgess estate. All these



Mr. Frank W. Breed's Residence at Lynn

along the whole North Shore. Between the Endicott and Pickman residences is one of the most charming estates on the coast, the villa of Mr. Joseph W. Le-Favor of Boston. On the northerly side is a lawn of considerable extent, made attractive by a profusion of flowers and shrubbery, while the outlook from the south is across the bay with its islands and white-winged messengers of commerce. Next beyond Hospital Point, on Burgess Point, one finds a group of cottages which well illustrate the old and the new in designs for seashore houses. Here is the old Bardwell house, dating back a third of a century or more, and the Burgess mansion on the extreme

newer houses are on what originally formed the extensive Lowell estate. Here the yacht designer, Edward Burgess, passed the pleasant summers of his youth; and here he took his first lessons in yachting. He has sailed many a pretty yacht in these waters. Fifteen and eighteen years ago the races of the Beverly Yacht Club were mostly sailed off this shore, the start usually being made off Burgess Point, or between there and Hospital Point. A yacht race off Marblehead was unknown then; now it is a thing of the past off Beverly. The old Burgess mansion has passed to the possession of Mr. R. C. Evans of Boston, and has been re-modelled the past spring.

So we may follow this Beverly shore from the first summer residence at the Farms toward the town, until within a few rods of the harbor, where we shall find the newest hotel and the latest group of seashore cottages. Thus we see the whole coast line of the old town, saving a few beaches, in possession of the summer resident from the city. As Lucy Larcom, the true poet of the North Shore, and herself a native of Beverly, has well said :

"Strangers have found that landscape's beauty out  
And hold its deeds and titles. But the waves  
That wash the quiet shores of Beverly,  
The winds that gossip with the waves, the sky  
That immemorially bends, listening,  
Have reminiscences that still assert  
Inalienable claims from those who won,  
By sweat of their own brows, this heritage."

When the best sites on the immediate shore had been occupied, seekers after

many thousands to-day. The higher and rougher the hill, and the more dense the woods, the more valuable the property. Here the men of wealth will transform the rougher features of the landscape into beautiful lawns and terraces. "Embosomed in shady retreats," says a recent writer, "overlooking the coast towns, the islands, the surf-white shore, and the open sea, vexed with giant steamers and white with passing canvas, are their residences, with wings, porticoes, piazzas, towers strange in architecture and richly garnished." This description will answer for half a hundred of these North Shore homes, and with slight variations might well apply to several hundred of them. As for Beverly itself, some persons there are who believe that it was destined to become a second Newport, but that the dissensions over the division question,



Professor Elihu Thomson's Residence at Lynn.

locations for summer homes built upon the higher lands back from the ocean. So, all along down this Cape Ann shore, not only in Beverly but through Manchester-by-the-Sea, Gloucester, and Rockport, we shall find their cottages and villas crowning the hill crests for a mile inland. For this reason, land which forty years ago would have been thought dear at twenty dollars an acre is worth half as

and the sudden and enormous increase in valuations of land at the Farms have rendered that improbable. That the growth of the place was retarded for five or six years, no one will deny, though opinions may differ as to the causes ; but the season of 1891 is witnessing an encouraging revival, and the Beverly Shore has never been more popular nor more populous. The assessors



The North Shore Tally-ho.

of 1890 reduced Mr. Haven's valuation twenty-five per cent, and presumably will reduce that of other estates in time. The certainty of a low tax rate will do much to reconcile the divisionists to their fate, and time is already softening the asperities occasioned when the contest first opened. The town has provided fine roads, an ample supply of water, and a fully equipped fire department for the Farms; and with the tax question adjusted, probably, peace will reign for a good many years.

Beyond Beverly Farms a low marsh breaks through the coast line and separates the charming estate of Colonel Henry Lee, the last in Beverly, from the West Manchester group of summer estates. West Manchester has long been the summer home of the venerable Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, many years pastor of the old West Church in Boston. Here he built a comfortable house nearly a quarter of a century ago, and a look-out or watch-tower that commands a fine view

of the harbor and shore,—a familiar land mark from the water side—and on Fourth of July night, when it blazes



A Glimpse of Baker's Island.



A Street in Beverly.

like a Pharos. No man has done more for the upbuilding of Manchester as a summer resort than Dr. Bartol. He invested his money here freely, and has made known the beauties of the place far and wide. The elegant and sightly villa of Col. Henry L. Higginson, perched high above the roadway and railway, and lying between the two, is one of the first to attract the eye of the traveller as he enters the town. When, in 1878, Mr. Higginson laid the foundation for his house on the summit of this hill, it was one of the roughest spots in town, and, while he has levelled and beautified the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the mansion, the natural features generally remain undisturbed. The "cradle knolls" have not been levelled down, nor the hollows levelled up; the rocks and boulders still strew the ground, and the bayberry bushes and scrub trees entangle the feet as ever.

Mr. Higginson evidently believes with the poet, Jones Very :

"The plants that careless grow  
shall bloom and bud,  
When wilted stands man's nicely  
tended flower;  
E'en on the unsheltered waste,  
or pool's dark mud,  
Spring bells and lilies fit for  
lady's bower."

West Manchester was once called "Newport"; just why it is a little difficult to say. Perhaps, on a still summer day, it resembles the dreamy quiet of that famous watering place, for there is a soft midsummer air here that soothes and rests. On Tuck's point, not far from the little railway station, every summer, the Elder Brethren of Manchester hold their annual "meet," and partake of their annual clam chowder, which must be made by one of their number. These Elder Brethren include all who have passed the first half century of life, and who now live, or ever did live, in Manchester. Manchester village is about a mile beyond this Cape Ann "Newport," at the point where historic Jeffrey's Creek



The Library at Manchester.

and the harbor mingle their waters. The original name of the settlement was Jeffrey's Creek, so called because William Jeffery was the first settler. Forty years ago more furniture was made in Manchester than in any other town of its size in this country. But that industry, like the fishing business, which was once successfully pursued, is a thing of the past. The principal industry of Manchester

Chapel up by the hotel is the outcome of the zeal and generosity of Major Russell Sturgis, Jr. In the Memorial Hall are the headquarters of the Grand Army post of the town and the rooms of the public library. Added to all these necessities and luxuries of modern civilization, the town is soon to have a water supply.

Among the summer residents have

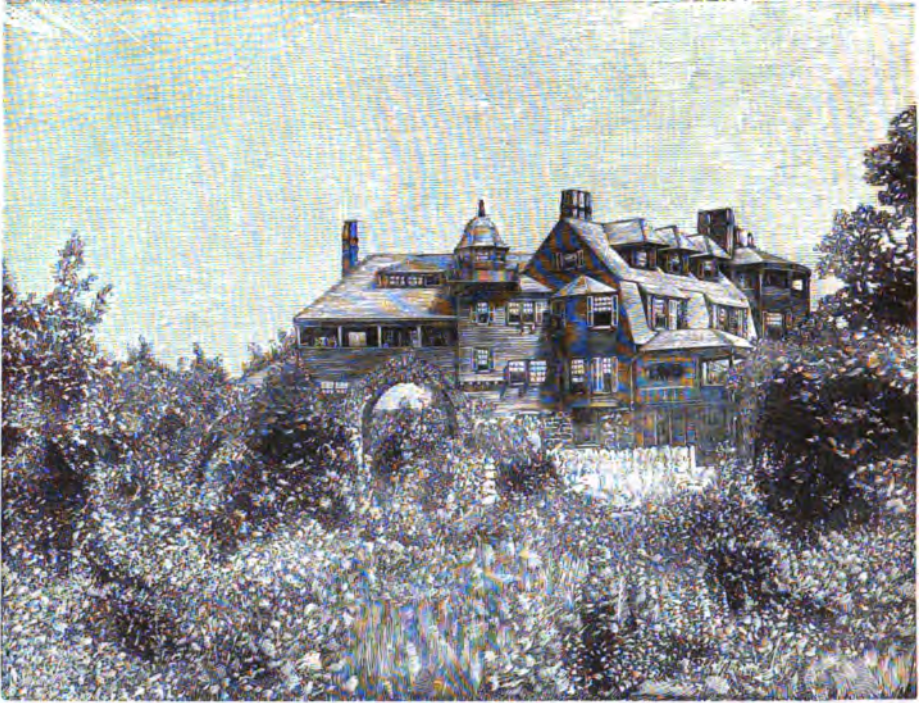


Emmanuel Church, Manchester.

to-day is the very profitable one of catering to the wants of summer residents. The summer residents have in turn done much for the prosperity of the place. Not only has their coming reduced the tax rate to six dollars on a thousand, and thus enabled the inhabitants to have almost city luxuries in the way of streets, lights, schools, and fire department, without burdensome taxation, but things more free and substantial have followed. The beautiful Memorial Hall, the pride of the town, was the gift of Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, and the pretty Episcopal

been men and women of more than local renown. James T. Field, author, publisher, and scholar, built a picturesque house on Thunderbolt Rock, and enjoyed many seasons here. It is related that while Fields was a boarder in Manchester, and just after he had bought there, a villager remarked to him on the railway station platform one morning: "Just think, some fool has purchased Thunderbolt rock with the idea of building a house there."—"Yes," replied the publisher, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I bought it the other day." Here, too,





Mr. G. N. Black's Place at Manchester

have lived J. B. Booth, John Gilbert, Joseph Procter, and Mrs. Agnes Booth Schoeffel, all well-known stars in the theatrical world. Conway, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Vincent, our own lamented Warren, Jefferson, and others equally well-known have likewise admired the charms of Manchester-by-the-Sea. The summer home of Mrs. Mary Hemenway is here.

Thirteen years ago there was not a house on Gale's Point, or Manchester Neck, as it used to be called. To-day more than a dozen stately residences crown the bluff. Dr. Bartol purchased the seventy-four acres of rocky, uninviting pasture about 1871, and, cutting it up into house-lots, placed them upon the market. He built on two or three of these himself, and sold the others. Mr. George B. Howes built on the Point first, in 1879-80; and the following year, Colonel A. P. Rockwell, then president of the old Eastern Railroad, built a handsome villa on the opposite side of the road. The easterly side of the Point is a rocky, precipitous bluff, rising nearly a

hundred feet above the ocean which rolls at its base and crowned by one of the finest and most picturesque dwellings on the shore—that of Mr. George N. Black. Against this ledge, during a storm, the seas beat with great violence and with a deafening roar.

It would hardly do to leave Manchester without a visit to that natural curiosity, the Singing Beach. The sand on this beach when struck by a carriage wheel, the heel of the shoe, or sometimes by an incoming wave, sends forth a musical sound. The note is shrill and clear when made by the foot, but when made by the action of the waves it is soft and sweet. In only a few places in the world is such a phenomenon known to exist. Hugh Miller, in his "Cruise of the Betsey," says that he and a companion performed a concert while walking over a beach on one of the Hebrides, and if they could boast of but little variety in the tones produced, they might challenge all Europe for an instrument of the kind which produced them.

Perhaps the most impressive scene to be witnessed along this part of the North Shore, especially during a storm, is from Eagle Head, near the residence of Mrs. J. H. Towne of Philadelphia. This bold headland rises abruptly from the ocean to a height of one hundred and thirty feet. Ordinarily the waves roll softly and quietly up its side. But during a storm the great billows come rolling in toward it swiftly, angrily, rising higher and higher until, checked by the protecting breakers beneath the surface, they seem to pause for a moment, like the couchant lion gathering for the final spring, and then in a twinkling they hurl themselves

"These restless surges eat away the shore  
Of earth's old continent; the fertile plain  
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,  
And the tide drifts the sea-sands in the streets  
Of the drowned city."

From the brow of this cliff one sees the coast line east and west very distinctly, dotted here and there with seaward gazing villas. It is a magnificent prospect.

A group of summer residences in an ideal locality is that on Goldsmith's Point, between Kettle Cove and Crescent Beach, in the extreme easterly end of Manchester. Kettle Cove, the little settlement of farmers and fishermen here used to be called. The farms are now kitchen gar-



Mr. F. Gordon Dexter's Place, Beverly Farms.

against the cliff with terrific force. "Above the beating of the storm, above the howling of the wind as it sweeps through the forest, bowing the trees before it," writes one who has witnessed the scene, "rises the roar of this furious war of the waters and the rocks, like ten thousand infuriated demons, each bent on destroying the other, and ruling both land and sea."

dens, and the keels of the fisherman's boats have rotted away. Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge has here on the point, one of the most delightful of these North Shore homes. A smooth lawn in front, sloping to the shore, and in the rear a low wood, rendered almost impenetrable by the clinging vines and thick bushes, make a delightful combination and attest the purpose of the proprietor to afford a



striking contrast between nature unadorned and the beautifying skill of man. In close proximity is the pleasantly situated cottage built by Rev. James Freeman Clarke about 1880. Here Dr. Clarke passed the summers of the remaining years that were given him, in the enjoyment of the rare beauties of a spot he loved so well. Beyond this point

ton built the first summer residence. To-day there are more than a hundred of them, some of which are extensive, surrounded by lawns, made beautiful with plants, flowers, and shrubbery, or erected on the outer end of some jutting ledge that thrusts its nose well into the ocean, standing on the verandah of which is like a place on the deck of an ocean steamer.



Mr. John Shepard's Place at Beach Bluff.

is a beautiful curving beach, rightly called Crescent Beach; and beyond this lies Magnolia, long known to the hardy fishermen, who alone constituted its inhabitants for two centuries, as Magnolia Point. This is the newest of these charming North Shore resorts. Not until 1867 did any one seem to realize its beauties and possibilities. In that year Mr. Daniel W. Fuller purchased the land on the immediate point; but it was five years later that some gentlemen of New-

The first summer hotel, the famous old Willow Cottage, situated near the fish house, and shaded by a group of historic willows, has passed from its former high estate to that of an all-the-year-round boarding-house, while the guests who come to Magnolia are now provided for by three or four large hotels and several smaller ones. Such is the growth of twenty years. A little distance back from this immediate point, where fifteen years ago, during an August week—



Mr. Charles Stedman Hanks's Place at West Manchester.

usually a very rainy week—the red-coated Salem Cadets encamped and drilled and paraded, to-day we find a veritable “city by the sea,” and the “vet” of those days would scarcely recognize the old camp ground. The uninhabited forest of a few years since has disappeared, and in place of giant oaks one sees the picturesque chimneys and quaint gables of suburban mansions. Year by year the seekers for summer homes approach nearer and nearer to Rafe's chasm and Norman's Woe. For generations the old tradition of the wreck of the *Hesperus* on Norman's Woe passed from mouth to mouth, until Longfellow embodied it in his beautiful poem. Let us stand here on the cliff, looking out toward that fateful rock, and repeat once again some of those lines which tell the sad story :

“It was the schooner *Hesperus*,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his  
little daughter,  
To bear him company.

“Down came the storm, and  
smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused like a  
frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's  
length.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

“She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

\* \* \* \* \*

“At daybreak on the black sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

\* \* \* \* \*



Smaller Tally-ho.

"Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!"

Another pitiful tragedy was enacted here in 1879, and another beautiful life sacrificed to the greed of the angry sea, which seems almost to have an antipathy for this particular bit of shore, and to be forever assailing it. It was on a delightful summer afternoon that Miss Marvin of Walton, N. Y., sat watching the con-

finds the roughness of nature, the beautiful, the picturesque, the romantic, the pathetic, the joyous, and the legends of other days, mingled in a delightful irregularity and uncertainty hardly surpassed by the Rhine itself.

Extending back from Magnolia toward Essex for a mile or more is an almost unbroken wilderness, and in this deep wood grows the fragrant magnolia, first found on Cape Ann by stern old Cotton Mather two centuries ago, as he rode from Salem



Mr. Russell Sturgis's Place at Manchester

tention between waves and rocks, well up the side of the ledge, in apparent security, when a treacherous sea, leaping high above her perch, bore her off in its soft embrace, only to return her lifeless form a few hours later. The iron cross, erected by sympathizing summer residents to mark the spot where the body was laid when brought ashore, stands like a beacon light to warn others of the treacherous and uncertain nature of the waves at Rafe's Chasm. So all along this shore, from Beverly to Rockport, one

to "the old sea brown fishing town" of Gloucester. The section of the country traversed by the railway between Manchester and Gloucester combines the rugged and the beautiful, especially during late spring and early summer, for on the northerly side along the high hill the forest was destroyed a few years ago, and a young growth has succeeded it. The ground is broken and diversified by small ravines, and thickly strewn with large boulders, giving it a forbidding appearance in early spring; but this is softened





Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol's Place at West Manchester.

in May and June by the beautifully rich and varied foliage of the young trees, the dark green of the oak, the silver white leaves of the poplar, the red buds of the maple, and the snow-white blossoms of the wild cherry, and over all the dark, swaying top of some widespreading pine, the only relic of the forest of the early settler.

Beyond Magnolia is quaint old Gloucester, with its fishing vessels, and its fish houses and wharves; and beyond Gloucester is East Gloucester and Eastern Point—for every projecting bit of land on Cape Ann is a “point.” Eastern Point is a section of delightfully diversified landscape. Summer hotels, cottages, and farmhouses; hills, valleys,



Mr. Joseph Proctor's Cottage, Manchester

and plains; fields and pastures alternate. Between the harbor on the west and the ocean on the east, in the centre of this narrow neck of land, one is surprised to come suddenly upon a pretty sheet of fresh water some thirty acres in extent, whose shores are separated from the shores of the salt water by an extremely

The story of the development of the Bass Rocks settlement on Eastern Point is rather a melancholy one. Mr. George H. Rogers expended more than a hundred thousand dollars to develop the place and bring it into the market; but he died before his hopes could be realized and the property passed to other hands.

But the ultimate result has justified Mr. Roger's judgment, for Bass Rocks has become a popular and prosperous resort. E. P. Whipple once wrote of it:

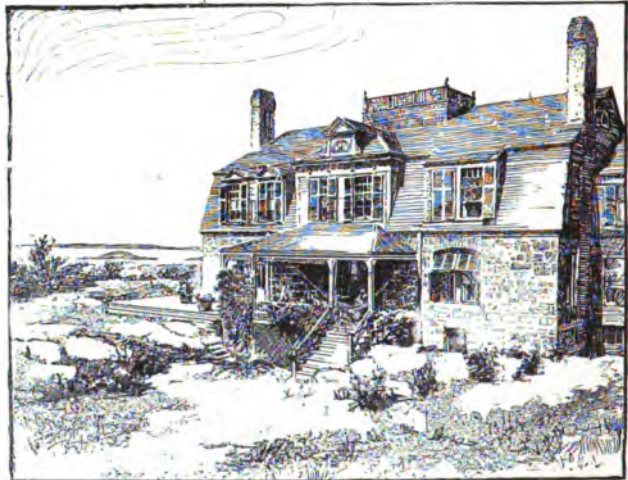
"To an ordinary July observer the principal productions of this portion of Cape Ann seem to be rocks and roses. Hence it is, I



Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's Place.

narrow ridge. At the end of the point is Gloucester Light, one of the best-known on the New England coast. It is this beacon which the approaching mariner hails with delight as he sails along the coast, seeking refuge from a coming storm, for he knows that once he has rounded Gloucester Light, his ship may ride safely at anchor in a good harbor. The light stands well out on the extreme point and in the midst of a field of irregular rocks.

"A heap of bare and splintery crags  
Tumbled about by lightning and frosts,  
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags  
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost:  
No island, but rather the skeleton  
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one,  
Ribs of rock that seaward jut,  
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,  
Round which, though the winds in heaven be  
shut,  
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,  
Welters, and swashes and tosses and turns,  
And the dreary seaweed lolls and wags."



Colonel A. B. Rockwell's Place.

suppose, that the air in the hot season is so sweet, pure, and invigorating. The gaunt, black rocks, which make vegetation almost impossible, and put down with a strong hand the timid efforts of the grass to go through the process which ends in a profitable crop of hay, are the grand agents which brace up and restore to normal strength constitutions debilitated by the strife and corrupt atmosphere of large cities. You go over this wilderness and laugh at the potato patches with their grim surroundings of rocks, big enough for the missiles which the insurgent Titans hurled against the gods; you think that if the potatoes ever reach the family board they would partake of the hardness of their geological companions, and that the peculiar 'mealiness' which is the only quality which makes the potato a palatable article of food will never characterize the potato raised on Cape Ann."





Mr. T. Dennie Boardman's Place.

The gate-house built at the entrance to Eastern Point is a striking architectural structure, in keeping with the rugged characteristics of the whole place. The residence of Judge E. J. Sherman near Little Good Harbor Beach illustrates man's love for the wild beauties of nature, for the judge not only founded his house on the traditional rock but placed it just as far out to sea as possible, so that a pebble might be dropped from the piazza into the restless surges directly below. Perched high above the ocean though it is, for it is nearly seventy feet at low water, the spray moistens the windows at times, and not infrequently an angry wave comes startlingly near the door.

Between Gloucester and Rockport, on the immediate shore, the territory is an alternation of smooth, sandy beaches and rugged, rocky bluffs. Back from the shore is the same undeveloped country to be found all the way down the Cape from Manchester. Summer settlements are creeping along the water's edge, filling in the unoccupied section, slowly but surely; and ere long we may expect to see summer castles crowning the summits of the granite-browed hills in the interior. Rockport itself is just what its name implies—a rocky port. The exhaustless supply of fine granite beneath

its thin soil is an equally exhaustless mine of wealth. Millions of dollars worth of granite have been quarried here, and even "the beginning of the end" is not yet. Tall derricks rise on every hand as one rides along the smooth, hard roadway leading from the railway terminus to the end of the Cape, their spider-like tops higher than the tops of the trees, reminding us of the numberless windmills in some parts of Germany and Holland.

Those who dwell on this Rockport shore enjoy attractions, especially on the ocean side, rarely given to seashore residents. From their piazzas they look out to the eastward upon the open sea, with nothing between them and Europe, not across some bay or cove to an opposite shore or distant island. To the



Mr. Joseph Le Favour's Place.

southward are those two mighty sentinels of Cape Ann, the Thatcher's Island lighthouses, that stand guard over the whole coast and warn the incoming mariner of its reefs and shoals. They are often the first signs of land which the Atlantic traveller beholds as he nears the end of his long and frequently tempestuous journey.

"The rocky ledge runs far out into the sea,  
And on its outer point some miles away,  
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, a cloud by day.

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent  
night,  
Burns on forevermore that quenchless  
flame;  
Shines on that inextinguishable light.



The Pickman Mansion.

"The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
Blinded and maddened with the light within,  
Dashes himself against the glass and dies."

Richard H. Dana, who first visited Rockport in 1840, was so impressed with its rugged charms, particularly on this point, that he remained several weeks, and came again every season for a number of years and until he built in Manchester. With him came William Cullen Bryant, poet of nature, and Rev. E. H. Chapin, the eloquent preacher. Thomas Starr King, the poet and historian of the White Mountains, found here mingled glories of seashore and mountains, while Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the lover of nature and the delightful essayist, visited Rockport and was charmed with

it. Bryant said no place of resort by the seaside had such forest attractions as Pigeon Cove. Dr. Chapin wrote: "The ocean view is one of the grandest I have ever seen." Higginson says in Oldport days:

"I used to wander in these woods, summer after



Hon. Franklin Haven's Place.

summer, till I had made my own chart of their devious tracks, and now when I close my eyes in this Oldport midsummer, the soft Italian air takes on something of a Scandinavian vigor; for the incessant roll of carriages, I hear the tinkle of the quarryman's hammer and the Veery's song; and I long for those perfumed and breezy pastures, and for those promontories

of granite, where the fresh water is nectar and the salt sea has a regal blue."

Planting our feet on the farthest projecting rock of this "tip end of land" during a storm, we may behold as grand a sight as is given to man to witness. Pen of man and brush of artist can tell us something of sections of the panorama, but the eye alone can comprehend the majestic whole, and to get the full realization we must also hear the roar and thunder of the mighty billows as they break on the ledges.

Of a storm here in 1877, a New Orleans lady wrote:

"As the eye goes back towards the sea, it beholds a strange army advancing. They are old sea-Druids of the deep; their robes are woven of emerald water, their long beards are like snow,

and their hair, whiter than the thrice washed fleece, floats out upon the winds. From their shoulders hang feathery mantles of spotless white, and they march forward with calm courage, born of belief in their own invincibility, till, suddenly catching sight of the stern foe in rocky silence waiting them on shore, they fall prostrate on their faces, their white mantles cover them, their white hair tosses and tangles in the gale, the great deep swallows them up, and the eye seeks them in vain in the tumultuous meadows of the sea."

Other "points" further along, "round the cape" have their occupants. The summer colonies seem to have sought these points quite early, desiring, no doubt, to live undisturbed by the dust of the common highway, or the incessant roll and rumble of carriages, and to have only the splashing of the restless surges to intrude upon the Sabbath stillness of their retreats. The men who own these North Shore cottages and mansions are not of the class who enjoy what George Eliot called "fine old leisure." With few exceptions they are busy professional or business men, who go back and forth to their daily labors in Boston offices and counting-rooms with as much regularity as the shoemaker or dry goods clerk. And the majority of them are early risers, for they go "in town" on trains which leave their railway stations by eight o'clock. There are among them lawyers and authors, bankers and brokers, wholesalers and retailers. Very little of the "life" which one sees at Newport or Long Branch is found on Cape Ann. Wealth and culture and society are here, but of the more quiet, undemonstrative kind. From four o'clock in the afternoon till sunset, a good many elegant turn-outs

may be seen in Beverly and Manchester, but there is no broad avenue lined with them.

To be sure, there is the somewhat noted Tally-ho Coach line from Pride's Crossing to Pigeon Cove, with daily trips on the Independence, and occasional side trips on the Myopia, which runs from Pride's to the polo grounds in Wenham-Hamilton, three times each week. A few of the young men of leisure indulge in polo, cross-country riding, and pony races during July, August, and September, but most of these men have their business hours in Boston.

From the end of Cape Ann, one is tempted to keep on around the shore of Ipswich Bay, where, on one side, are the well-known stone mansions of General Butler and Colonel Jonas H. French, past Conant Point in Essex to the great round hills and sand bluffs of Ipswich. Already the seashore mansion is seen along this part of the coast, which bids fair to rival the Cape Ann shore one of these days. Though lacking the tree-clad hills, this region has sand beaches of unsurpassed beauty. Plum Island's long stretch of white trends away towards Newburyport, where we shall find summer houses around and in the city, for up the Merrimac are those of Hon. Harvey N. Shepard and Harriet Prescott Spofford. Even into the very streets of the city one sees residences not surpassed in attractiveness or beauty of surroundings by those along the shore; one of the most charming of them being that of Hon. E. P. Dodge, the mayor of the city.





## THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

*By Ellen Marvin Heaton.*

### CHAPTER V.

OTIS improved rapidly. The lotus stage proved a brief one, as the doctor had predicted. Promotion from crutches to a cane enabled him to lengthen his walks, and as the distance to Mr. Campbell's house was an agreeable one, that often proved the limit of his stroll.

But Edith was a great rover, and Otis was somewhat piqued by her frequent absence. He consequently fell into a habit of interviewing her father, and took a boyish delight in drawing out the old gentleman. Otis remarked with surprise how little intercourse men of the professor's type seemed to have with the world at large, or even with each other. President Ripley and Mr. Campbell came as near fraternizing as was possible to natures of their stamp. In former years they had been associated in Bellingham College, where the president had taught moral philosophy. Since then they might occasionally be seen exchanging reminiscences, though their intercourse was apparently not exhilarating.

The young man of the period, if not less susceptible than his father at the same age, is better regulated perhaps as to the affairs of the heart. Otis had not been without his pleasant flirtations. One or two of the girls most admired by him had only waived adieu to his attentions from the altar, leaving him in that mixed feeling of envy and relief known only to those whose hearts have been riven by such episodes.

He had taken it for granted that some similar relations might develop in the present case, and help to while away his days of convalescence. But he was beginning to realize that the tender sentiment was all upon his side. His surprise at this state of things ripened into pique and ended in chagrin.

On his way home, he called at the post office for his mail. There was with

the rest a letter from his college chum. As he glanced down the page his face clouded, and, folding the letter abruptly, he hastened home. After congratulations upon his recovery, and certain items of class news, his friend made the heroic offer to run up to Rockford to cheer the tedium and monotony.

"Guess not!" exclaimed Otis, laying the letter on his knee. "I don't care to have you bring yourself to bear upon — Heavens! Has it come to this?"

Well, he would cure himself. Rutgers should come,— and he took up his pen to write. But he paused again. It was all very well, he reflected, for Edith and himself,— this drifting intimacy— friends as they were in childhood! But how odious to see Edith in any similar relation with another,— with his chum! Rutgers was always popular with the ladies,— handsome, too, and athletic! And how Edith did admire robust men! She had never said so, but he was sure of it. And Rutgers was such a fine brute of a fellow! No, it was decidedly not to be thought of.

"A good fellow in his place,— let him stay there!" was the final verdict upon Rutgers; and he wrote an excessively friendly letter, declining the proffered visit upon the plea of his projected trip.

In the mean time, the closed parsonage continued a constant reminder of the late events! To some it was a silent accuser. More than one felt that had he taken a less negative part, the result might have been different. Even Deacon Stores's triumph was modified by the growing suspicion that it was easier to do worse than better in filling the vacated office. In fact, it began to seem doubtful whether any desirable candidate would accept a call. The report of their pastor's resignation, and the occasion of it, spread abroad, and it was well understood what manner of preaching the church required.

Invitations to fill the pulpit for a Sunday or two were extended to several desirable clergymen, but one after another declined.

At length the Rev. Amos Barnes accepted an invitation to occupy the pulpit for four consecutive Sundays. There was no doubt as to his soundness. Just before the close of his first grim sermon, as he was piling awful terrors up, a heavy storm came on. Nature punctuated his anathemas with thunder and lightning, making the timid turn pale in superstitious awe, while old Captain Lord, the village skeptic, enjoyed the melodramatic effect. He had "come to see it through," he explained to Deacon Myers on their way out of church. "I never saw a piece better mounted, deacon," said he. He had sat directly behind Deacon Myers, and it gave the latter an uncomfortable sensation to know that the captain was listening to the sermon. He could not help speculating upon what the sarcastic old fellow would think about each point. From speculating upon the captain's views, he drifted into criticising the sermon himself. This was plainly a temptation of the devil; but do what he would, he found himself thinking in this critical fashion the whole week through. When consulted as to the advisability of giving the Rev. Amos Barnes a "call" he declined to express an opinion; and then for two or three Sundays he did not go to church at all. His anxious wife took counsel of some of the brethren, telling of his strange melancholy and unrest; and Aunt Hannah mentioned the matter to the doctor.

"Get his wife to call me in for that cough of her's," said the doctor. "I shall prescribe 'Florida,' and that will cure *him*."

There were symptoms of religious excitement under the leadership of the Rev. Amos Barnes. Classes were formed for religious purposes, and the awakened interest was the subject of congratulation.

The religious excitement waxed apace; though a few fastidious souls, disliking certain excesses, discontinued attendance, the majority of the church regarded the work under the Rev. Mr. Barnes as a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. But at last there was an unfortunate occurrence,

growing out of the reverend gentleman's occasional weakness for wine, which drew down upon his sacred head the censure of all; and he left Rockford the following day.

These mortifying experiences were regarded by some as a visitation of Providence, and such proclaimed their regret that the teaching of their late pastor had ever been brought in question. When matters were at the darkest, two of the brethren interviewed Mrs. Grant, with some hope of securing her influence towards recalling Mr. Chapin; and in connection with this the question of the revival came under discussion.

"Do I approve of revivals?" exclaimed Aunt Hannah. "Just as I approve of house-cleaning. When *some* people clean house, they turn everything out of doors, and make life unbearable. Others take one room at a time, and you wouldn't know anything was going on until you see that everything is clean. Under Mr. Chapin's teaching our young people were cleaning up their characters room by room. Look at them now!"

"There is much truth in your views, Sister Grant," said Deacon Stores amicably. "And our errand to-night is — that is, I mean to say that, since we are here, it will be well to decide upon some course. We thought that you and Dr. North might persuade Mr. Chapin —"

"Well, you go to Dr. North," said Aunt Hannah. "If any one can patch up matters, he can."

It was significant of the depth of humility which the deacons had reached, that they were disposed to ask the doctor's aid. The doctor had watched the struggle with interest. But he had abstained from any active espousal of Mr. Chapin's cause, for he knew that his own standing with the church was not of the best. Of a deeply religious spirit, he was so indifferent to most of the sectarian divisions and controversies that he had replied to a certain question a good while before, "I am a Dutch Reformed Presbygational Baptist, with a side pew in a Methodist chapel." This speech had been widely quoted and laughed over by some at the time as the policy of a medical man bidding for popularity with all the

sects. In reality, it was an honest expression of the doctor's catholic interest in all forms of religious faith. The despairing deacons fared better at his hands than they feared. He heard them patiently, and did not censure their course. But he made it plain that the attempt to recall Mr. Chapin would be useless, as the latter had already made other plans for his future.

The disappointment and chagrin of the deacons was pathetic. But the discipline altogether proved wholesome and effectual. When, a month later, they secured the services of the Rev. Anthon Stone, a more united parish, or a more charitable one, would have been hard to find.

#### CHAPTER VI.

IN the mean time, Edith had matured her plans. They were no longer visionary, but such as she would have resorted to in case self-support had been a necessity. By diligent study of the New York newspapers she had discovered what are the wants of a great city. Among them, a position as visiting governess, or as reader to an invalid, were places she might attempt to fill. Once launched, she might then plan for her brother.

Undoubtedly, the compensation would be moderate, and there was the problem of how to live.

While she was still hesitating, an event occurred which precipitated matters and gave her future a more promising outlook. An operetta troupe, turning the summer to account, found it in its way to give a performance in Rockford. The good people of the place were much excited over the prospect of seeing "Pinafore." Aunt Hannah thought of Edith, and, knowing how Mr. Campbell would regard the occasion, she resolved not to risk his refusal. She accordingly invited Edith to tea upon the eventful evening, and made her quite ecstatic by exhibiting tickets for the entertainment, little dreaming of the consequences destined to follow her amiable plot.

Edith drank in the music with a mind absorbed. Here were girls no older than herself, no better equipped either as to

physique or voice, making a career. As she listened, she planned. What should prevent her doing likewise? Surely she could master one of those rôles.

No sleep visited her pillow that night. Early the following morning she called at the hotel and desired to see Professor Warner, the director of the troupe. His patronizing air was lost upon the eager girl; and, in response to his request to sing something as a test of her voice, she stood up and sang a verse of a Scotch ballad, with such charming simplicity that the worthy man's manner changed to deference. His practical eye noted at once the points in her favor. Not least among them was her entire lack of self-consciousness. It gave an air of distinction such as no training could bestow. The quality of her voice, too, was not to be despised. The director perceived the lack of training, but that was a point in her favor perhaps; there was nothing to unlearn.

But he had no idea of betraying his favorable opinion. He even scowled a little as he said her performance might be much worse. Unquestionably she might be trained to take some minor part. She could begin as one of the chorus. Here he consulted his watch and repeated that time would compel him to cut short the interview, but if Miss —

"Edith Evelyn," she responded, withholding her last name.

If Miss Evelyn — a very nice name too for an artist — would apply to him after his return to town, say any time after October, he would see what could be done for her.

Edith went home feeling that Fate smiled upon her projects. She examined her little hoard of money, the result of no little pinching and contrivance. The sum allowed her for personal expenses had largely been carefully laid aside, and she found with much satisfaction that there would be enough for a few weeks board, in case an engagement did not immediately present itself.

There were other points to consider. Should she make a confidant of Aunt Hannah? What should she say to her father? She did not like the idea of

doing anything clandestine. "Running away from home,"—that was what she was contemplating. It sounded ignoble. It involved a sense of disgrace,—not only to herself but to the whole family. For a moment she faltered—but for a moment only. An overwhelming sense of her motives swept away all idea of disgrace, and her eyes glowed with renewed purpose. Let people say what they pleased—there was no other way out of their troubles. Stay! How would it do to sound her father as to adopting the occupation of a teacher? She had little hope of his encouragement. But it would prepare him somewhat for her final action. Great was her surprise, upon broaching the subject, to find him disposed to lend an attentive ear.

H——m! Teaching was a very good way of renewing one's studies, and of finding out what one did not know. Yes, if just the right place could be found,—. No, certainly not New York. He was peremptory on the point of encountering the life of a great city. To her plea of desiring instruction in music he averred there was opportunity for that everywhere. She could very likely exchange her services in English and Latin for tuition in music in the Westville Seminary. He was a trustee of that institution. He would see what could be done.

Truth to tell, Edith's project was a great relief to her father. Her active habits and unconventional ways jarred upon him. To be sure, she had improved a good deal of late; but what joy to have no one to disturb his literary seclusion! Providence was kind! He thought with satisfaction of the coming winter, and fell to considering what great work he might project for so favorable an opportunity.

Edith, on her part, felt that something had been accomplished, if not just what she aimed at. As the autumn wore on, she realized that the time for putting her plans into execution had arrived. She saw by the papers that the "Excelsior Troupe" was back in town, and she began once more to consult the "wants" columns. She answered several advertisements for visiting governesses, and received one reply which asked her to

call at ten o'clock the following Thursday. This was Tuesday. A hand-bag would contain all necessities for a week, and her trunk could be packed before leaving, and sent for later. Her father would be obliged to make the best of her adventure, for the sake of public opinion. Since he had consented to a part of her plan, and the issue between them was only a question of locality, why, she could surely risk that. She visited Aunt Hannah and explained as much of her plans as seemed best, knowing that her father's pride would prevent his admitting her course to be in opposition to his wishes.

On Wednesday, when Mr. Campbell woke from his nap and prepared for his usual walk, he found a note affixed to his hat; and opening it, he read with amazement the following:

"When you read this I shall be on my way to New York to secure a place which offers as teacher to young children in a private family. When you gave consent to my undertaking, you withheld your approval as to the place. I did not confide to you all my reasons for wishing to go to New York. They are such as you might not approve; but it does not follow that they are unworthy. I am sorry to run counter to your wishes, but I cannot effect my object elsewhere. You can truthfully say that this is a plan I consulted you about long since. No one need know that I left without your knowledge, or that you do not wholly approve. I have confided in no one,—not even in Aunt Hannah."

The old man uttered a sigh of relief as he read the note the second time. "To secure a place which offers as teacher in a private family!" he repeated.

Since no one knew all the facts, and since it was so common a thing for New England girls to take positions as teachers, Mr. Campbell's chagrin over Edith's wayward course began to give way to a sense of relief.

In the mean time, Edith was going through a variety of moods. The hour so long anticipated had struck. Freedom was before her. Why was it she lacked the elation which that should inspire? In its place was a chaotic mixture of hope, anxiety, firmness, and misgiving. When the conductor examined her ticket, she felt as if he must know she was leaving home clandestinely. A glance at his preoccupied face reassured her, and the similar aspect of her fellow-travellers

showed how little interest the world has in the individual. This fact was emphasized upon her arrival in New York. Not a person took the slightest notice of her except the cab-drivers. Once beyond their solicitations, she felt like a chip escaped from a whirlpool.

She had written from her home to the Young Women's Christian Association. How should she reach the place? She espied a policeman, and crossed the street to him.

"Fifteenth Street near Fifth Avenue? Jump right into a Madison Avenue car," he answered, hailing the car in question. "Let her off at Fifteenth," she heard him tell the conductor.

Now a full sense of the uncertainty of her undertaking rushed over her. What should she do if the place were closed or anything proved wrong? The blood rushed to her face, as she cast a quick glance about the car. Some of the occupants were reading newspapers, others were intent upon the street lamps, watching for their locality, while the majority of the women appeared to be taking an inventory of each others' wardrobes.

"Fifteenth Street," announced the conductor at last, stopping the car and beckoning to her. As she descended and mingled with the hurrying stream of humanity upon the sidewalk, the sensation of homelessness grew stronger. All the people walked with that decision and preoccupied manner characteristic of city folk. She felt her own irresolute gait to be in great contrast.

"East or West?" asked a policeman, in response to her question.

"It's the Young Women's Christian Association I want to find."

"You can't miss it. Follow up this street, cross Union Square, and you'll find it just this side of the Avenue."

This sounded simple, and she kept repeating it as she went on. She crossed the square, and crossed Broadway, passed the Association building without remarking it and accosted another policeman. When she finally found the place, she was so tired and confused that she could hardly state her wants clearly to the matron.

"Respectable boarding-place!" repeated the latter. "Sit down, please," she added kindly, "and I will give you a list. You seem very tired,"—and she handed her a glass of water. Edith was near breaking down as she raised it to her lips, but the thought of how she was ever to get on in life if she fainted on the threshold, quickly brought back her courage.

"There," said the matron, "I have put them down according to locality. The first place is not far from here. I hope you will find quarters there. And here you will see what we have to offer in the way of help and recreation," she added, handing Edith a circular concerning the association.

Edith thanked her, asked to be directed to the first place on the list, and ten minutes later was received in a shabby little sitting-room of a house on Twelfth Street.

"A room to yourself!" echoed the woman who received her, in a shrill tone, in answer to Edith's modest inquiry. "You're lucky to get a place at all. I've only one vacancy—third floor back—a room with another girl."

This was a feature Edith had not anticipated. She was unequal to further search, however, and arranged for a week's trial.

"Dinner at half-past six," said the woman, as she closed the door upon her new lodger. Edith removed her hat and wraps mechanically. She realized that she would need all the philosophy she could summon to meet the conditions of such a life. How could human beings consent to live in this manner? Must she really conform to it? In all this great city was there not room without such crowding? Her room-mate had not returned when she was called to dinner. She came to the table with others a few minutes later, all casting curious glances at the new-comer. Edith found herself one of thirty women. The "home" would have been comfortable for eighteen. Her room-mate was a dressmaker, a Swiss girl, with an exuberant flow of animal spirits. She chatted continually, and assured Edith that she was very lucky to secure her present quarters. She her-

self had tried so many lodgings, and "Ach! Du lieber Gott! what holes some of them were!"

The next morning Edith presented herself at the door of an aristocratic house in Thirty-eighth Street. A carriage was waiting in front of it, and a lady in driving costume received her.

"Oh, Miss Campbell, I see you are prompt. That is a virtue I appreciate."

The favorable reception resulted in an engagement. Edith was to give two morning hours to two little girls, in elementary English branches. The hours must be early, as they went walking with their French maid later, and a visiting German governess filled up a part of the afternoons.

Madam was evidently a strict disciplinarian, with a keen sense of the qualities requisite in a governess, and her manner showed plainly that her interest in Edith began and ended in the latter's adaptability to her own wants. As far as that went, the interview was satisfactory. The compensation was meagre — merely enough to cover Edith's weekly board-bill — but she was happy enough to secure the situation.

The next thing was to see what prospect there was in the matter of the opera singing. Ignorant as Edith was of city localities and ways, it took her some time to find the proper place to make her application. But, once found, she was eagerly welcomed; for the company lacked chorus voices, and Edith's quick ear enabled her to take her part in the chorus after a fortnight's training. A new world opened to her before the foot-lights. Some things were rather shocking to her; but as member of so large a chorus, she knew that she was inconspicuous, and soon grew accustomed to her part.

Meantime, without going into details, she had written her father that her engagement at teaching proved satisfactory; and, supposing her comfortably established, he dismissed anxiety and gave himself up to his abstractions. From her sister, Edith received nothing but words of approbation. It was an excellent thing, wrote Mary, to take up some regular work in life, and she was sure Edith

would realize the responsibility of training young souls.

To her brother only could Edith confide all. It was a relief to write him the details of her life, and she let no day pass without some record. She bade him keep up good heart, as she felt confident of finding some place for him. "And when I am a prima donna, dear Joe, and you a brilliant scientific man, we will exchange our castles in Spain for a snug little home together, and put behind us all the dreary past."

Time, instead of relaxing, only strengthened the girl's resolution; for the account her brother gave of his life in Marshville harrowed her soul. It seemed that the worthy ex-director of the reform school had not been successful in his new enterprise — Joe being really his only pupil. Necessity thus compelled him to fill up his house with boys of the class which more properly belong in institutions devoted to the development of weak intellects. His fame as a disciplinarian was great, and there was no lack of applications from despairing parents who were glad to intrust to him not only the feeble intellect but often the depraved instincts of their sons. Consequently, Joe found himself associated with almost every form of morbid character. Among them was a lad of seventeen, named Walters, subject to attacks of such violent temper as to make him at times quite irresponsible. Edith's indignation grew with each letter which came from Joe, and her purpose to have him with her became her one absorbing passion.

She had the good fortune after a few weeks to secure a position as reader to an elderly lady, which demanded two more hours daily, and gave her a little more money. The girl's life was far from a smooth one, however. She had to cope with the trials peculiar to the various strange relations which she now sustained. Mrs. Sinclair was exacting, and occasionally intimated that her children's progress was not all that she would like. And life in a "Woman's Home" is far from ideal. Most of the inmates, it must be said, were so worn out when night came that early sleep closed their eyes. As chorus-girl, Edith had to sustain the strain and

stress of many uncongenial companions, of late hours, of extremes of weather, and — not the least item — the brusque training of an old German professor who regarded the girls only as so many machines, whose vocal organs were the only ones of any account. He got into rage with any who were so unlucky as to catch cold. "Idiots!" he would exclaim. "Women are truly a curse to the race! And you, Mademoiselle Evelyn — you whom I hoped to make something of in time, you must go and catch a cold! Yes, catch it! It would never catch you, if you had sense! Remain after rehearsal, and I will try to put one grain of sense into you."

"Ha! there you are!" he exclaimed as the others were departing. "Now tell me, where do you live? What are your occupations? Have you plenty of fresh air by night, as well as by day? H — m! It is as I thought. You have been taught many things. But the most important of all, — the simplest rules of health — of those you are perfectly ignorant."

Here followed minute directions as to her daily habits, with especial injunctions about throwing up the window of her room and breathing deeply "ten minutes at a time, several times a day."

Edith was really grateful for this interest, and under these directions and subsequent ones from the old professor she did improve in health and strength.

"Ha! I see you do not despise counsel!" said the old professor one day. "We will have you out of that chorus one of these days."

Indeed, success was only a matter of time and health — Edith was convinced of this. But she seemed as far off as ever from knowing how to launch her brother. Her heart ached for him. At Christmas especially she longed for him, to have him with her, — to make sunshine for him. She wrote a cheery Christmas letter and sent a little gift, and buoyed him up with the prophecy that their next holiday would be passed together.

From the first, Mrs. Delevan had shown great curiosity regarding her young reader. She assumed the latter to be an orphan, having learned that her mother

was dead. All her questions as to the father were in the past tense. "And so your father was a scholar?" "Was he long a professor in Bellingham College?" "Did he never marry a second time?"

Edith did not correct the impression. It made it easier for her to speak of her solicitude about her brother's future. The keen old lady would have asked why that responsibility devolved upon her, had she supposed the father living. As it was, she shared the girl's interest in securing an opportunity for his scientific tastes.

"Electricity!" she exclaimed one day. "Why didn't you say that before? Why, if he has the making of an electrician in him, his career is assured. I don't mean talent of the mechanical kind, but real insight and genius. How do you know he has talent?" she asked abruptly.

Edith recounted Joe's achievements, with an enthusiasm which impressed her listener with the idea that a young Franklin was only awaiting his time to astonish the world, and left Mrs. Delevan revolving the matter in her mind.

"I want you to come to tea next Sunday evening, Miss Campbell, and meet a relative of mine," Mrs. Delevan said one day, shortly after the conversation. It was more a command than an invitation, but Edith was very thankful for the kindness which she knew was meant, and gladly accepted. The relative proved to be a man in middle life, with keen, penetrating eyes, which regarded Edith with frank curiosity as she entered. The name was a familiar one to her, as it was one associated with some important applications of electricity; and she returned his gaze with interest. Could it really be the great inventor? As the evening progressed she decided in the negative. At tea the chat was of the usual kind, the rapid growth of New York, the increase of wealth and luxury, the elaborateness of modern life, and the rest. As they left the table, the guest suddenly asked Edith if she sang. She confessed to some ability, and was led to the piano, which she had never before seen opened. Edith was not much of a pianist, and of late she had become so

dependant upon orchestral accompaniment, that she hesitated.

"Here is an old favorite of mine," said Mr. Stevenson, taking up a piece of music. "Can you sing this?"

"'Ave Sanctissima?' Yes, if you like."

"Shall I play your accompaniment?"

Edith thankfully assented. At the second line a man's rich voice joined in with the alto, and continued to the end.

"You have had good training, Miss Campbell," said he, rising as they finished. Edith blushed, wondering what they would think of the kind of training she was receiving.

"You ought to do something with that voice," he continued. "Such voices are in demand. Has it never occurred to you to fit yourself for a place in a choir?"

It never had, and Edith blushed with excitement at the suggestion. "Do you really think I might aim at that?" she asked.

"Why not? It is only a matter of training."

"Oh, if I thought so!" she exclaimed. "You can't imagine—you don't know what it would mean to me!"

Her imagination pictured the snug fireside—her beloved brother beside it—his hated studies behind him—a chance for his genius to develop. She almost forgot her surroundings, so vivid was the picture, and she started when addressed.

"I hear you have a brother, Miss Campbell, for whom you are anxious, and that he has an interest in electricity. Tell me what he has done to show it."

Edith's eyes kindled. She recounted Joe's experiments, and in her story made frequent use of the name of the great electrician so closely connected with the science. She discoursed of her brother's experiments with batteries, of his telephones, and even of his poor little phonograph, which was such an absurd failure. It appeared to be the failures which most interested her interrogator. She was plied with questions regarding them. The examination was really quite exhaustive, and Edith was often puzzled for answers.

"Well, if I keep on, I shall soon know

your brother as well as—he appears to know me," said Mr. Stevenson at last, with a laugh.

"You?" exclaimed Edith.

"It seems he has been using my methods, and appropriating my inventions. I am not sure in fact but that he is in a fair way to improve upon them, by what you tell me."

"You don't mean that you are—"

"Yes—at your service, Miss Campbell. And at your brother's service, if he has in him a quarter of what you make me believe." Presently he added, kindly regarding Edith, "I am about starting for Europe, and shall not be able to see your brother until my return; but then I think I can promise to give him a chance. You may tell him from me," he continued, "that there is plenty of room for such as he—although," he added smiling, "inventors don't often find out the value of their work until they read their own epitaphs. But let him come to me as soon as I get back."

"Oh, it seems too good to be true!" cried Edith, hardly able to control her feelings. "It has been so long in my mind, and—"

"And if you would like to get some instruction for choir work," said Mr. Stevenson, rising to go, "I have some influence at St. Cecelia's Church—they call it the nursery for church choirs—and I will arrange for you to attend their rehearsals. Would that please you?"

Edith's "Oh, thank you!" was made very eloquent by her glowing face.

Three days later she received a note, inclosing a line of introduction to the leader of the choir, with instructions about the rehearsals. In the mean time she had written of the good fortune to her brother.

"He can see what you are, dear Joe, even through my poor descriptions of your experiments. It takes a rogue to catch a rogue, you know, and so it takes a genius to know a genius. Oh, my own dear, dear Joe! Now we can wait patiently. By the time you come I shall have evolved some plan for a little home together. Yes, we will have a little home of our very own."

Then followed busy days—busy, buoy-



ant days, when Edith looked inspired. What earnestness went into her rehearsals! She lived in an atmosphere of her own, which hardly admitted of fellowship. Her life was tense with her purpose. Her teaching was performed almost mechanically—a fact which her keen-eyed employer very quickly detected, and one day she found a note awaiting her, which proved to be a curt notice that her services were no longer required. Edith acknowledged the justice of this, but she was powerless to break the spell in which she lived. Her whole life was bound up in her one great motive; and since some assurance of success had come, her interest was only the more intense. It was only a matter of months now!

Even Mrs. Delevan felt aggrieved, at times, by Edith's preoccupation. The girl's heart went out through only two avenues,—music, and her brother. Music was the means; Joe, the end. To Mrs. Delevan it seemed almost pathetic—this isolation of the ardent young girl. To Edith herself it was certainly a shield, protecting her from many unpleasantnesses. Those among whom she moved felt that although with them, she was not of them. By some she was declared haughty—by others stupid and "pious." But she was let alone, or referred to as "the Impenetrable" or "the Princess."

Her leisure was now absorbed by a new interest. The great obstacle to making a home in the city was the high rents. Even such humble lodgings as she coveted were beyond her present means. And she realized more and more that a leading part in the operetta, or a position in a "quartette choir," is not to be had immediately, even for a phenomenal voice; and her's was not "phenomenal." Oh, how much time and training it required! She did not care for that, if only she could secure the home, where she could see her brother's talents unfold in a congenial atmosphere.

One afternoon as she was poring over the "wants" column in the newspaper, in the hope of making another engagement as visiting governess, a card was brought her by the shabby waiting-maid:

Felix North, M. D.

What did he want? Why had he come? She had cut herself so completely off from the past, become so absorbed in the future, that the sensation of renewing old associations was almost a pain. But there was no help for it. Since he was here, she must see him, and she went downstairs. The doctor came forward eagerly as she entered, and grasped her hand.

"Why, Edith! Is this where you have lived all these months? We imagined you in very different quarters."

"I meant you should. Why did you spy me out?" returned the ungrateful girl reproachfully.

He scanned her face with professional scrutiny, but she surely was not sick; there was health and hope in the face.

"Well?" she said in response to his scrutiny, smiling a little ruefully.

"So you are not teaching in a family?"

"No, I like my independence too well. And it is not so bad here as you may imagine. Besides, I am here very little. I give lessons by the hour, and have some time left to give to—music,"—she said, smiling oddly. "Perhaps you didn't know I had any gift for that!"

"Then the invitation I meant to give will be quite apropos," he returned. "I wondered if you would not go with me to hear 'Patience' to-night."

Was it pleasure that brought such a quick tide of color to her cheek, the doctor queried to himself.

"Oh, I am so sorry,—really,—but I cannot! I have an engagement to-night."

"To-morrow night, then. Or would a matinee suit you better?"

Her perplexity only deepened. "I am afraid I cannot promise even for that," she said. "I—I am a working-woman now, you see."

The doctor was puzzled. There was something more than caprice in this. He had talked Edith's sudden move over with Aunt Hannah more than once. They agreed it was not strange that the high-spirited girl had chafed at the depressing conditions of her life at home. But now it occurred to him there was a further motive which had brought her here.

Something—the look in his eyes per-

haps — conveyed his thought to Edith. Why should she not tell him? Not all — not about her brother, no one must know that, else the plan might be thwarted, — but something.

"You do not seem to take it seriously," she said, "but I am really developing quite a voice. They tell me I may hope to make something useful of it one of these days."

"I congratulate you. And then?"

"Oh, then, — then I will go to the opera with you with pleasure."

The doctor shook his head. "You have not told me all," he said. "I have no right to demand your confidence. But I might be able to help you. Why not let me?"

Edith faltered. She had stood alone so long! But no! If anything should happen! No, she would not tell him. He rose and came to her. She also rose, and he took both her hands in his.

"You shall keep your secret," he said, "whatever it is. But remember, if at any time you need help, —"

"Oh, thank you! You are always so good!" she murmured. Both realized how conventional they had become, and smiled.

"I am coming again," he declared. "But not as a 'spy.' I am taking a holiday and shall be here over Sunday. That must be a leisure day with you."

"That is the worst of all days. The 'inmates' are all at home then."

"Let me take you to a German Sunday afternoon concert — the orchestra is so good!" To this Edith consented, and the doctor took his leave.

On applying for a ticket for "Patience," — for he still determined to go, even if he went alone — the doctor was disappointed in being able to secure only a seat very near the front. It was better for seeing than for hearing, he found in the evening; in fact, he could see everything upon the stage so plainly that he almost felt himself to be upon the stage.

"Twenty love sick maidens we!" There they all were, — powder, paint, and all! But there was one among these "made-up" chorus girls who looked very natural, and — how odd! — so like Edith Campbell! Could it be? It *was* Edith!

That would account for her embarrassment. The blood mounted to the doctor's brow. A sudden rage possessed him. This was no place for Edith! He would not have it. He had hardly realized that she had grown to be a woman when she took this step. He shut his eyes and thought. He seemed to feel Edith's whole past. There was little or no formulating of ideas, but he entered into her life, felt the exuberance of her nature, felt its limitations, spurned the shams which she spurned, felt her recoil, and exulted in her escape. He opened his eyes to find the scene changed. Edith had disappeared.

At the close of the next scene he left the theatre, glad to escape and to be alone. He knew that for the first time in his life, love had come to him. Yes, love had come, and there was no room left in his mind for any thought but thought of Edith. To snatch Edith away from the toiling life, to set her down in green pastures, to blossom like the daisies and sing like the birds, — care-free and joyous — he felt able to do all this; this was what he *would* do.

The doctor never knew where, or how far, he wandered. A little past midnight he found himself in front of his hotel, and, mounting to his room, he went to bed. He awoke after some hours of feverish sleep, resolved to seek Edith and say whatever the spirit prompted. Whether it would bid him confess his love, or whether he would only be able to remonstrate with her and beg her let him share her burdens as a brother might, he felt in doubt.

Fortunately, she was at home. She had just come from answering an advertisement and was in a glow of satisfaction over a favorable engagement; but a glance at his face distressed her.

"What is it?" she faltered.

"I know now why you could not accept my invitation for last night, Edith."

She grew scarlet. She was sure instantly that he had recognized her in the chorus. Her first impulse might naturally have been one of indignation. What right had he to call her to account? — for that she felt was what he was doing. But she had never seen him

look as he looked now. He was always so kind, so gay, even!

"I am going to confide in you," she found herself saying; and motioning him to a seat near her, she poured forth her story. It was all about Joe. She described the hours they had passed together, her brother's love of science, her assurance that he was destined to a great future if he could only have a chance. She told of his collections and experiments; and then her face grew dark as she told of what her father had done. "He sent him away," she said at last — "and I vowed to rescue him. That is why I am here."

They looked at each other in silence. The doctor felt intuitively that in this sister's intense nature there was no room yet for another love. It was more than the love of a sister; it had all the fierce intensity of a mother's instinct. His own passion paled before it.

"But that is all past," she resumed. "I am thinking of the future now." She recounted her interview with the great electrician. "And now what have you to say?" she concluded, her eyes radiant with pride and love and hope.

"What have I to say?" he echoed.

"I *had* something to say. I came on purpose to say it. But I only say, God bless you!"

But he stayed on, and asked questions about many little things. What did she do for recreation? How did she get home at night from the theatre? Had she any pleasant friends? This solicitude was of so paternal a character that when they parted, and he held her hand so much longer than usual, Edith was conscious of no new element in their friendship. The relief of confiding in so true a friend had been great, and she learned with real regret that he had decided to return at once to Rockford, and their proposed excursion must therefore be abandoned.

Edith sat thinking a long time after he left. It was good to feel that so good and wise a friend knew of her course and did not censure it. It took out of her life some of the seed of bitterness which clandestine plans sow — whether the motives are justifiable or not. Then she fell to building air-castles in which her brother always figured as the ruling prince. The doctor, meantime, was wending his lonely way back to his hotel with a strangely heavy heart.

(To be continued.)

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## THE OLD MEADOW PATH.

*By Jean La Rue Burnett.*

I SEE it now — a wav'ring thread of gold,  
 Loose woven 'mid soft strands of emerald spray.  
 Out from the shady wood it leads away  
 And takes its zigzag course, in freedom bold,  
 Across the velvet fields, there to unfold  
 And lose itself in distant mists of gray;  
 Along its length the lazy shadows play,  
 Just as they did in happy days of old;  
 And by its side upon the thistle's plume  
 The saucy blackbird swings his cooing mate,  
 Or pipes at eventide his vesper lay,  
 Where wee star-asters breathe their faint perfume,  
 As slowly upward toward the moss-grown gate  
 The lowing cattle wend their homeward way.



Edward Burgess.

## EDWARD BURGESS AND HIS WORK.

*By A. G. McVey.*

**T**WENTY years ago I can well remember Edward Burgess as he sat on the work bench in Pierce's boat shop on Sixth Street, City Point, discussing with the then well-known builder of the *Queen Mab*, *Firefly*, *Water Witch*, and other famous cat-boats, the elements of a design which he

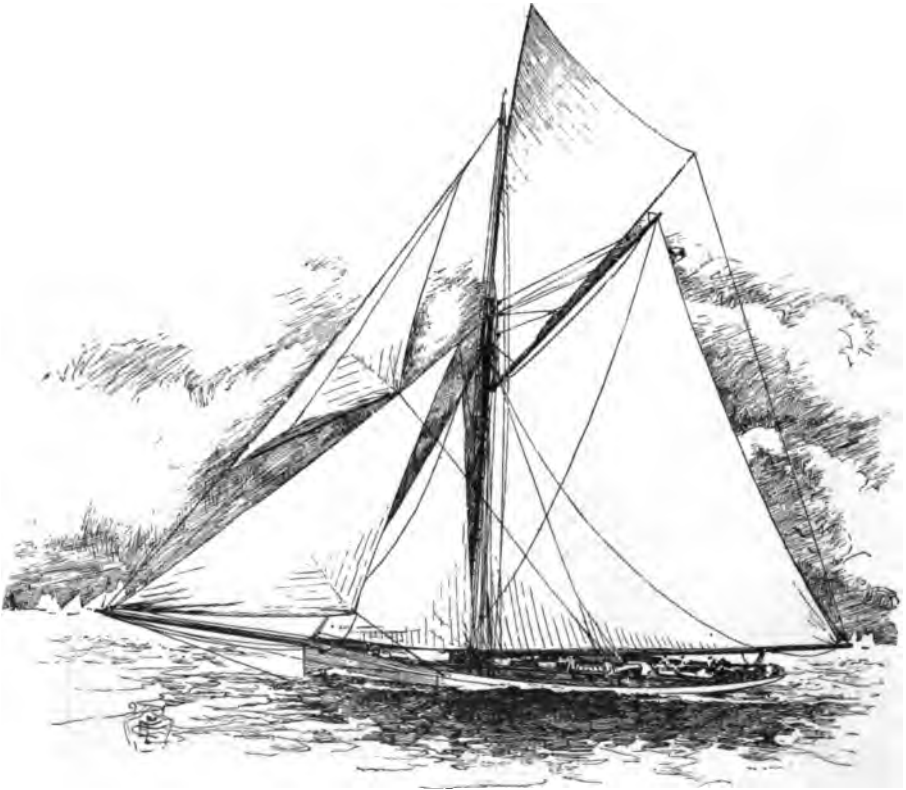
thought best for a cat-boat. Pierce was a great favorite with "Ned" as he was then called, and among the crack cat-boats which he built for Sidney and his brother Edward were the *Firefly*, *Kitty*, *Hoyden* and others.

The "Burgess boys" stood at the head of amateur yachtsmen in those days, and

they were daring lads too. Fear was unknown to them, and it was the talk of the Point what a clever pair they were. "Ned" was the same modest lad that he was the man, and he always allowed that Sidney was the better sailor of the two. It was a fact that Sidney had the stick, while "Ned" looked after the sheets in the races. Fitted by years of boyhood experience, the late naval architect went step by step from the cat-boat to larger

of the merchant princes of New England, and his sons were among the most favored. Simply the asking for a yacht by the boys met with a prompt response.

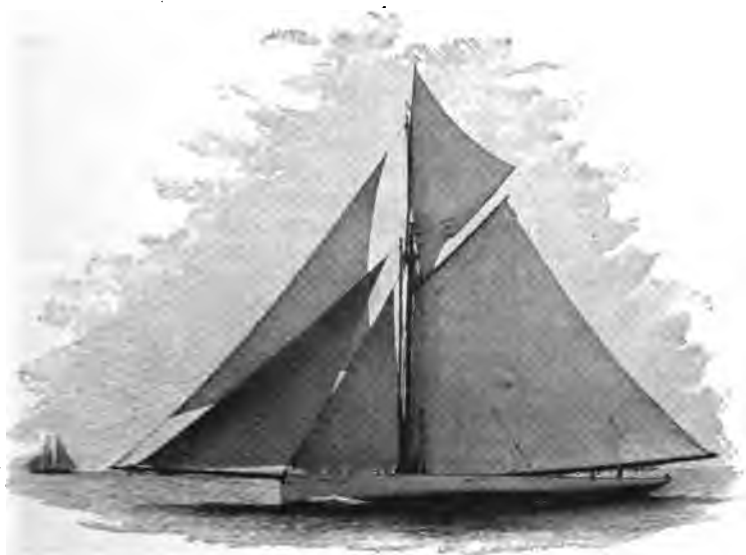
In those days Edward Burgess was very distant, extremely modest, and had but little to say. His voice was effeminate, and his manner also for that part, and he was most refined. Pierce often said of the Burgess lads, there never was a more gentlemanly and



The Puritan.

ones, finally ending up on his own glorious *Volunteer*. His was a practical water experience in racing boats for over a quarter of a century, and how well it stood to him, his great career showed. Little did he or I ever think at that time, as he sat on the bench in Pierce's boat shop, that years hence he would there design the successful cup-defender. There was no reason why his mind should move in that direction, for his father was one

manly pair than the "Burgess boys." Singularly, they were always called the "Burgess boys," just as the "Adams boys" are now. Their favorite boat builder, Pierce, gradually withdrew from active work, and years before the death of Mr. Burgess he retired from business, and Henry Hutchings, the well-known builder at City Point, succeeded him. Lawley, in the mean time, had come to the Point from Scituate, where he had been build-



The Mayflower. — Goelet Cup Race, August 10, 1888.

ing lap-streak lobster boats and a few yachts, and as his yard adjoined that of Pierce, Edward Burgess, ever gravitating after information about matters naval-architectural, was not long in finding his way into Lawley's workshop. It was not long before Burgess grew to like young George Lawley, for immediately after a strong friendship grew up between them which continued until the



The Mayflower. — Schooner Rigged.

death of Mr. Burgess. With his going into Lawley's workshop, then located on the south side of City Point, began the great career of Edward Burgess. Business, of its own accord, found its way to Lawley, and the small firm, late of Scituate, suddenly jumped into prominence. Lobster boats were built no more, for orders for larger yachts had taken their place. To show how the late Mr. Burgess's mind leaned to yachts and yachting, a slight glance over his yachting career will demonstrate. In the building season, which took in the winter, no weather was too stormy or cold enough to keep him from making his

on that day, — and do you know that he was the same modest man when he came to talk over the plans of the *Puritan* and *Mayflower* that he was in those days when we sat on a tool chest discussing that cat-boat."

A stay in Europe of several years was made just about this time by Mr. Burgess, and he utilized his time abroad studying yacht designing and sailing or racing boats in England. It was while actually engaged on racing yachts in Britain, that he learned much about the cutter type of yacht; and being an apt scholar, it was no task for him to learn the faults as well as the advantages



The *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*.

AFTER A PAINTING BY HALSALL.

weekly visit to Lawley's and Pierce's shops. An hour at the Point would not satisfy him, and the dark of evening often found him wending his way to his home on aristocratic Back Bay. Said I to Lawley the other day, "What is your first remembrance of Mr. Burgess?" Young George replied, "He came into my shop soon after we came to the Point and looked over a large cabin cat-boat which we were building, and putting his hand on her said, "She will make a very good boat." We chatted for awhile. "Call again," said I, and in a few days the stranger called again. We had a good talk for nearly the whole afternoon

of the British type of yacht. He easily became familiar with the cutter rig, its construction and fitting, and also the handling of the same. His time spent abroad in study, and his practical experience gained there, stood him in stead on his return to this country. The first we knew of him after his return, was his connection with the building of these boats of the Itchen ferry type, the *Maris* being one of them. Next he superintended the construction of the cutter *Lapwing*, designed by Dixon Kemp for Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes. Figuratively speaking, his experience was at arms length on the other side, so far as

matters of rig and construction went. Not so with the cutter *Lapwing*. He had the plans and specifications in his control, and he was to see to it that in all matters they were carried out.

The cutter rig was almost new over here then. Few yachts had runners, channels were seldom to be seen, and jigs and purchases were rare. The "reefed" bowsprit was a novelty, as were also chain halliards, and head sails set

him. The cutter *Bayaden*, a Watson boat was the next foreign boat he had to deal with, and from her he learned much. Watson designed her for Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes, and she was supposed to have all the latest improvements. Her channels were steel, the rigging led along-side of the mast, and a number of improvements could be seen on her over the *Lapwing*.

With years of practical training in



The Volunteer Rounding the Light Ship.

AFTER A PAINTING BY HALSALL

flying. The blocks were quite different from those on our yachts; in fact, the cutter was quite a wide departure from the American sloop. Abroad, the late Mr. Burgess got a very good idea of English sterns, but the fully drawn one of the *Lapwing*, gave him an excellent idea as to how it should be designed.

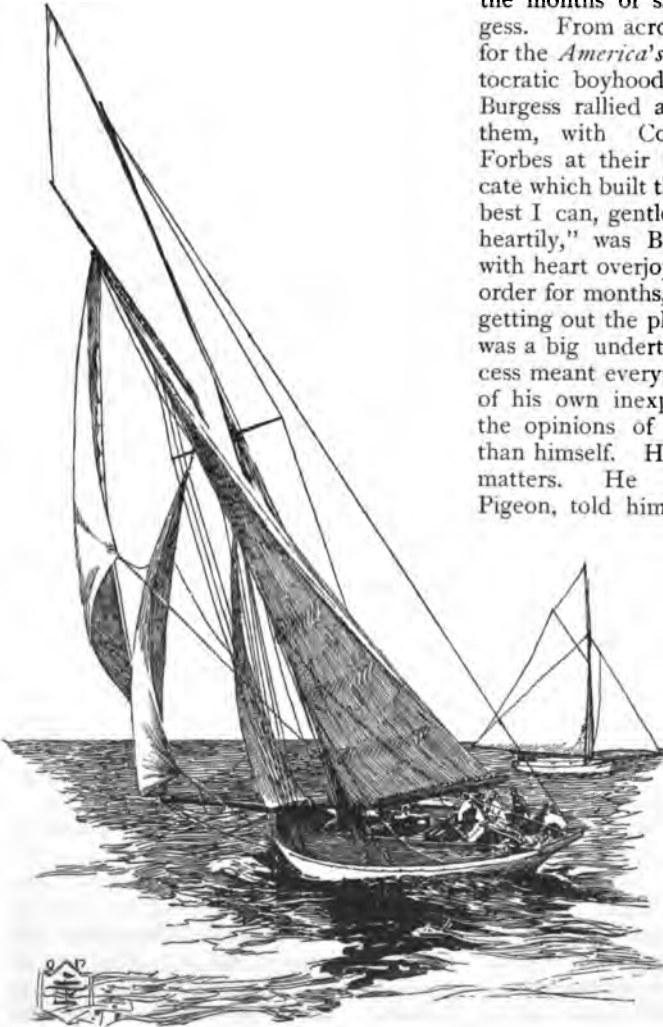
After the *Lapwing* came the *Medusa*, designed by J. Beavor-Webb, manufacturer for Mr. Franklin Dexter; as in the case of the *Lapwing*, Mr. Burgess had charge of her building, and Lawley built them both. Thus from the *Lapwing*, a thirty-five-footer, he went to a sixty-footer, and the experience gained was of the greatest assistance to him. From these boats he learned the sizes of the scantlings, wire rigging, blocks, length of spars, displacement, and area of sail to wetted surface, all of which must have been of great benefit to

cat-boats, several years' study and racing in Britain, and the superintending of the *Lapwing*, *Mars*, and *Medusa*, Mr. Burgess started out on his career with the cutter *Rondina*, as his first venture. It was only a week ago that I saw her hauled out on the ways at Lawley's, just ten days after her designer's death. Alas, how sad!—his first, the *Rondina*, and his greatest, the *Volunteer*, side by side, on different ways, were being fitted out for the season's racing, a pleasure to which he looked forward with the greatest eagerness.

Business reverses met his father, and from the merchant prince of one day, he became almost penniless the next. The luxuries of the world had gone out of the children's reach, and Sidney and Edward, with no income to fall back on, started out as yacht designers,



inexperienced, and with no business. In a back room up three flights, at 7 Exchange Place, Boston, they started, in October, 1883. A desk, a pair of "horses," one drawing board, a square, and a small outfit was all the office contained, and on the ground glass of the door was printed the words, "Burgess Bros., Yacht Designers." It was here the "boys" began. I well remember my first visit to the office. Sidney Burgess was out, but Edward was in, and to while away the time, he was reading a book on naval architecture. This was in the fall of 1883, October, I believe.



The Papoose

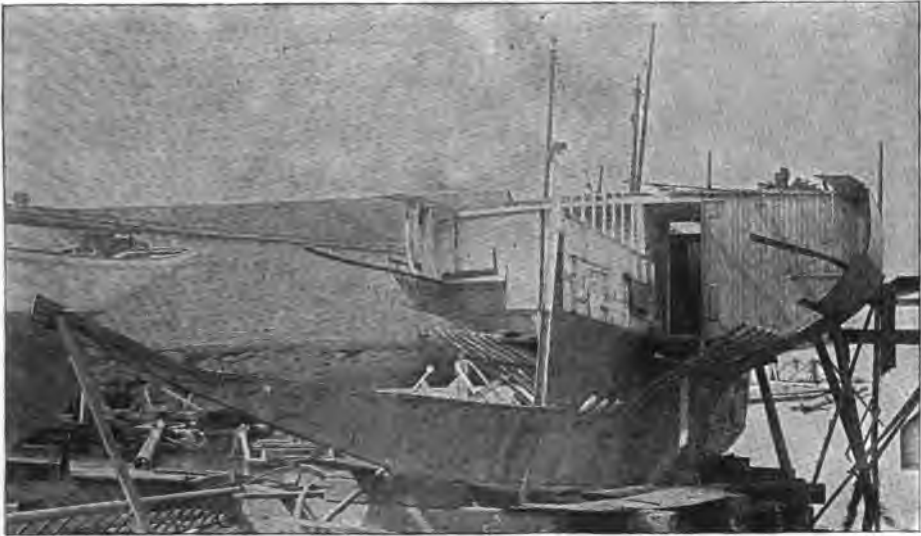
Trade was dull, no orders came in, but still the brothers kept up their courage. That fall and the following winter brought them no orders, and Mr. Sidney Burgess, seeing no favorable outlook, in May, 1884, sailed for Europe, leaving the business in his brother's hands to work up, if such a thing might be possible. These were indeed sad days for the two brothers. From a home of the greatest luxury to one almost of want, was their lot. Neither had any business training, and the venture they were in for months yielded them nothing.

Everything has an end, and so had the months of sadness to Edward Burgess. From across the water a challenge for the *America's* cup came, and the aristocratic boyhood companions of Edward Burgess rallied around him, and ten of them, with Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes at their head, formed the syndicate which built the *Puritan*. "I'll do the best I can, gentlemen; I thank you most heartily," was Burgess's only reply; and with heart overjoyed at receiving his first order for months, he started the work of getting out the plans of the *Puritan*. It was a big undertaking; but to him success meant everything. He was sensible of his own inexperience and he sought the opinions of others, more practical than himself. He did not try to conceal matters. He went to spar-maker Pigeon, told him the situation, and for hours discussed the question of spars. Next Billman, the expert rigger, was called on, and the sizes and strength of the rigging were talked over, and that master hand in rigging, freely gave him the benefit of his great and practical experience. Lawley wound up his search for information about construction, and with McManus he discussed sails. Fortified with the advice of these four practi-

cal men, he was well prepared for the great undertaking.

He had nothing to guide him. — no yacht from which to obtain any data. Alone he was left to solve the problem. No such large single sticker, if we except

to-day for what she did for American yachting! From the *Puritan* he went to the *Mayflower*, and I well remember chatting with him about her. It was the talk of the country: "He can't beat the *Puritan*." Said I to him in his Ex-



The "Volunteer" in Dock during Alterations.

the *Maria*, had ever been built on this side of the water, and she was wholly original in many features of her design. There was no chance for him to take advantage as now in construction, for there was nothing to make comparisons with. Such a boat was unheard of on this side of the water. Unaided and unassisted, the public well know what a success he turned out in the *Puritan*. It was surprising, too, in the light of subsequent events, how nicely he balanced her, and how closely and carefully he sparred her. Her sail plan proved to be just the thing, just what she wanted, and besides, it was the largest sail spread ever carried up to that date, excepting the *Maria*. The alterations on the *Puritan* were remarkably few, and those made were only slight ones, and only affected her trim.

The races of the *Puritan* are well-known; and her performances made Burgess. How the "old boat" is loved

change Place office, as we looked over the lines of the *Mayflower*, "Do you think she will beat the *Puritan*?" I shall never forget his answer, because it was so frank and honest: "With nearly six feet extra length, it will be disgraceful if she does not."

In the designing of the *Mayflower* he was far better off than when he designed the *Puritan*. He now had data to go by, so that in the designing of the *Mayflower* he was much more at home. As with the *Puritan*, so with the *Mayflower*. I followed her in her local trip and in all her races, and saw them both successfully defend the cup.

With the success of the *Mayflower*, Burgess's business grew up at once, and from that time on he was ever a busy man. It amused him to hear the people say, "The *Puritan* is the best boat, she can beat the *Mayflower*," and he often laughed at newspaper writers who expressed the same opinion in the columns of their journals. He told me frequently,

when speaking of the matter, that it was a matter of sentiment for the *Puritan*, because she was the first. "Commodore Forbes," said he, "I am sure does not think so, and he ought to be good authority."

With increasing business he found his quarters too small in Exchange Place, and on his return from the *America's* cup

and complete apartments ever occupied by a man of his profession. Like the oak from the acorn, so he grew in his business. *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, *Volunteer*, *Merlin*, *Titania*, *Gossoon*, *Quickstep*, *Wild Duck*, *Sapphire*, *Jathniel*, and *Fancy* in yachts, *Carrie E. Phillips* in the fishing fleet, and *John H. Buttrick* in the merchant service, form a group not yet



The Steam-Yacht "Jathniel."

rices in 1886, he moved to his new quarters in 22 Congress Street. "Burgess Bros., Yacht Designers," was still the sign on the door, and it remained so for several years, until Mr. Sidney Burgess returned from abroad and decided not to re-enter the work. "Edward Burgess" was then substituted, and this was the firm name at the time of his death. In Congress Street he started with two rooms, but his business grew so rapidly that after remaining here several years he moved to 50 State Street, where he remained until this spring, when he moved to his new quarters in Sears Building. Here he had a suite of five pleasant rooms, all equipped with the most modern conveniences. I mention these things to show what an advance he made in seven years—beginning as he did in a small room and ending in the most convenient

equalled by any professional designer. His prowess once asserted, business came to him unsolicited. He soon found himself unable to cope with the work, and he engaged two assistants.

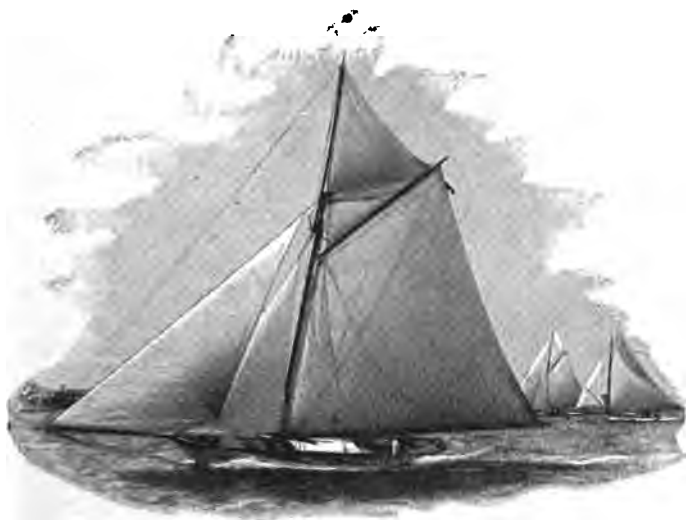
The vessels designed by Mr. Burgess numbered 206, classified as follows: cutters, 38; sloops, 17; yawls, 1; cat-boats, 29; schooners, 23; steam yachts, 35; fishing vessels, 11; pilot boats, 3; working schooners, 3.

During the *Volunteer-Thistle* negotiations I met Burgess very frequently, and we discussed the outlook. He always took a broad view of matters, and he had inside information regarding the *Thistle's* performances from his old friend Captain Arthur H. Clark, an American resident in London, and an experienced yachtsman, who had *entre* to all the principal yacht clubs in Britain. In

fact, Mr. Clark was himself a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and had watched the *Thistle* closely in all her matches. Burgess felt uncertain over the result, — and now for the first time will I make public what he thought. Said he :

"The *Thistle* is a very fast boat; my friend on the other side has kept close watch on her, and he writes me to the effect that she is very fast, especially off the wind. The coming cup races are very uncertain, and you are in a position to prepare our people for defeat. Be conservative in what you write for the *Boston Herald*; don't say that we are sure to be beaten, but tell them not to look for sure victory. In case defeat comes, then they will be better prepared for it."

These were his words to me, and they had telling effect. I was blue all over, for I knew quite well the gauge of the



The Saladin.

man, and had made up my mind that he gave me the pointer to set me on the right track. Nothing could better show the wide scope of the man, — wishing for victory as never before, still he gave his opponent full credit, and it turned out put too low an estimate on himself. I often chided him after the *Volunteer*



The Fancy.

paces over his semi-prophecy, and he said, "It is better to be happily disappointed than to be struck down in certainty." So it was always with him, — "I'll do the best I can," — always allowing that his opponent would do the same.

While he was sombre and seclusive, still, he liked fun and relished a good joke. He could give a joke and take one. Often have I heard him laugh at a piece of wit which bounded on the shoulders of a brother yachtsman. The public well remembers his grand reception in Faneuil Hall. He stood on the

Paine. Dr. John Bryant and Mr. Charles A. Prince were on the platform, and Dr. Bryant turning to me said, "Let us walk across and congratulate them." Dr. Bryant led the way, followed by Mr. Prince, I brought up the rear. I could not help noticing how pleased he was to see them both. What a hearty shake of the hand he gave them; what words of good cheer passed between them! I was more than pleased when my turn came to greet the great pair. Imagine my surprise when Burgess said to me, "Your face is very familiar, where have I seen you?" Turning to



The Beatrix.

platform on the left of General Paine, and the scene before him was one of excitement and astonishment. The *Volunteer's* crew had been brought to the city on the Boston *Herald* tug, and I entered the hall with them. That reception I shall never forget. Mr. Burgess stood on the platform, and the people in thousands crossed over it, each one in turn shaking hands with him and then with General

Paine, he said, "General, this gentleman's face is very familiar; where have we seen him?" "How are you, General Paine?" was my salutation to Mr. Burgess, and he replied, "It has gone even beyond our expectations. My arm is nearly pulled off." I allude to this to show the sunny side of his life, and how he liked to crack a joke.

Now as to his ability as a naval archi-

tect. The records of the world do not show such a successful man, starting out with his limited foundation. He had no mold loft experience, neither was he a practical shipwright. These qualifications are considered almost absolutely essential to success in his line, for in Britain the young student of naval archi-

wide, and knowing the ins and outs of yacht designing, he always believed that no man's work should be underrated. He would never take a narrow view of matters, and unlike Watson, and other designers on the other side, he was never to be found adopting measures which would prevent any type of boat from



The Oweenee.

ture must pass through an apprenticeship in one of the great shipbuilding yards, ending up on the draughting board. The mold loft experience is invaluable to a naval architect, and once acquired, it is always of great help, especially in fair-up vessels. Here the vessel is laid down in full size, and the battens are sufficiently rigid to even up the unfair spots.

Mr. Burgess was not narrow, and he never hesitated to adopt a good thing wherever he saw it. His scope was

taking part in the racing events. One can hardly imagine that any circumstance could arise which would make it necessary for him to advocate the expulsion of any type of boat. He never could see why Watson should advocate barring out of the races the centreboard type of boat, for by its performances, Watson and the yacht designers of the world would be benefited by it. His boats, *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*, opened the eyes of the average Britisher; and he lived to see the rules barring out the centreboard

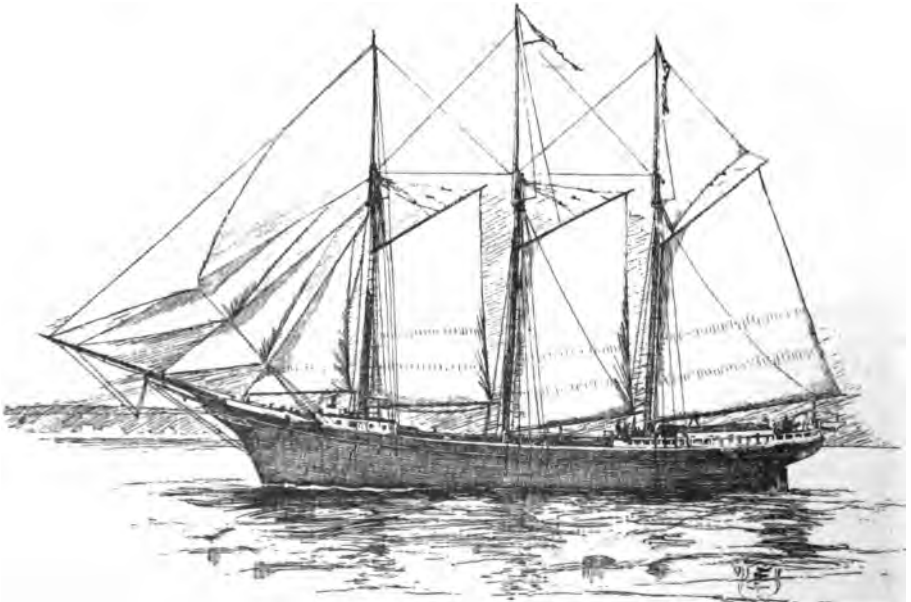


The Merlin.

revoked, and also had the pleasure of knowing that in the centreboarder *Dora*, Watson was beating not only his own, but all the keel boats of her class in Britain.

Mr. Burgess rather inclined to cutters, and he was quick to see their many

advantages. He was a cutter man, so far as the rig went, and in all his efforts his work showed that his boats had more of the cutter than the sloop in them. Being broad gauged, he easily saw the advantage of the cutter rig, and made no excuses for adopting it.



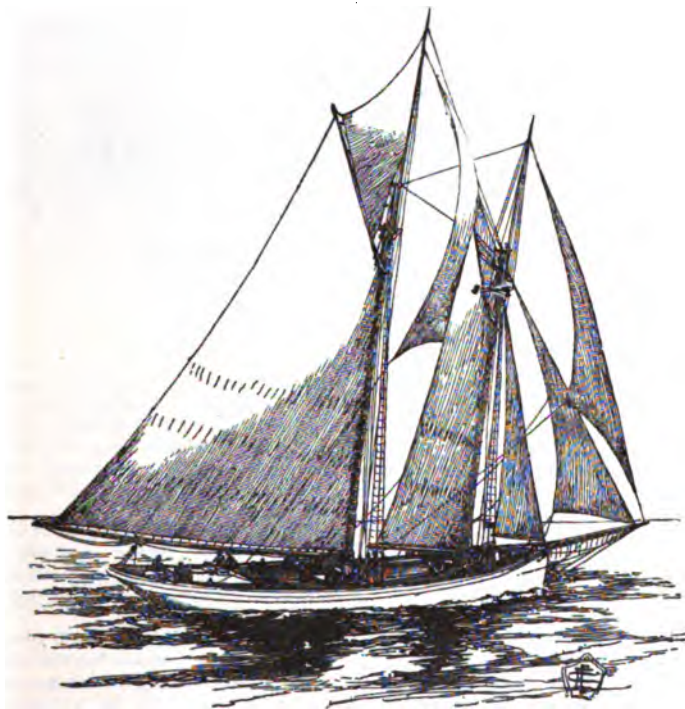
The John H. Buttrick.

No sectional feeling stood in his way, and he had the great faculty of improving a good thing.

Some will claim that he was not an originator, and that he copied from others. All men are more or less copyists. Take the law,—one is strengthened in this profession by studying the results obtained by others. The same can be said of medicine. The lawyer or physician who can fathom the works of

of yacht designing; for certainly the *Volunteer*, *Mayflower*, and *Puritan* have no sponsors,—they were the immediate productions of his own brain. Had he the inclination to copy, he could not have done it, for the reason that he had nothing to copy from.

This article can be concluded in no better or more fitting way than in the words of Arthur Hamilton Clark, Burgess's life-long friend, and one whose



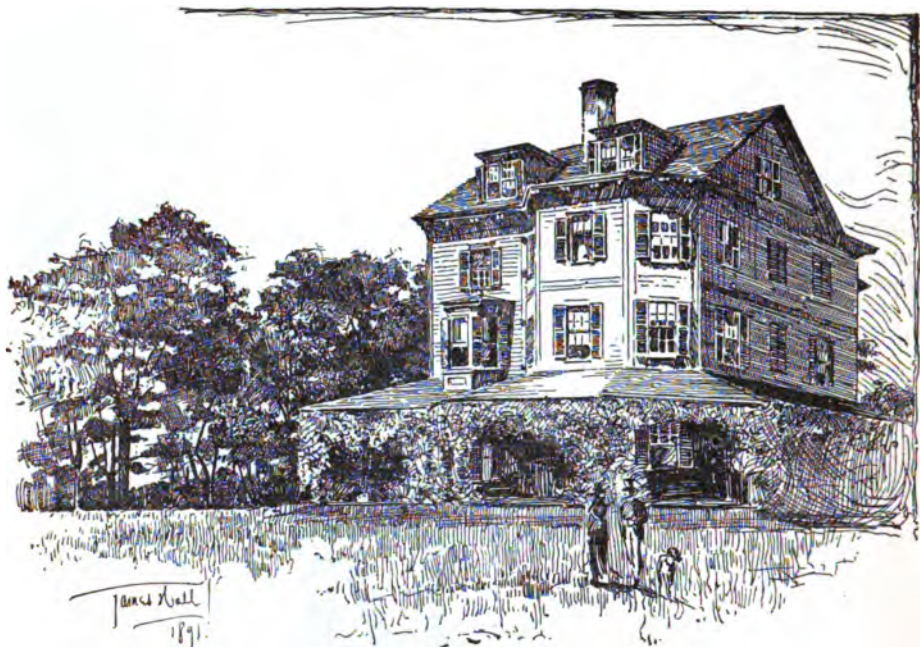
The Carrie E. Phillips.

the most learned and then surpass them, certainly must have strong talents, else he would be unable to go beyond them. Mr. Burgess found out what others in his profession had gained by years of experience, and he profited by it. All works on yacht designing he carefully read, and culled the good from the bad. His mind led him to seek information wherever he could obtain it, and no fence was so high that he could not climb it. He was a student of naval architecture in its broad sense, and the world was his text-book. He was original in all the great essentials

knowledge of the field in which he worked is greater than that of almost any other among us.

“The genius of Edward Burgess lay in his remarkable powers of observation and selection; and while he did not discover any new element of speed, as did Chapman, Scott Russell, and George Steers, he still excelled these marine architects, and all others of our own or former times, in uniting known elements of speed as they had never before been combined. In this respect the *Puritan* was the most remarkable yacht ever constructed, inasmuch as she was the first vessel in which beam, the centreboard, outside lead, the raking sternpost and cutter rig were united; beam and the centreboard were then





The Burgess Homestead at Beverly.

purely American features, while outside lead, the raking stern post and cutter rig were at that time entirely British characteristics, and it was a matter of doubt in the minds of many whether these elements of design could be successfully united. But Edward Burgess brought them together in a manner which was very near to being a discovery if not an invention, and in the *Puritan* he did much to dispel the clouds of prejudice on both sides of the Atlantic.

Edward Burgess possessed a clear, open mind, free from prejudice of any kind. To him the science of marine architecture meant everything, and to illustrate how far he searched for the elements of speed, it may be mentioned that he actually adopted an idea from the Chinese Junk, it being the battens in the sails, which the Chinese have used for centuries.

As a marine architect his name and fame may safely be left in the hands of posterity. Among all the honored names of his profession, none will outshine that of Edward Burgess.

His personal character was pure and noble,

and his business integrity scrupulously honorable; his life was passed amid refined surroundings, and he was blessed with advantages vouchsafed only to the few, which he improved to the utmost; his gentle breeding and manly ways won him friendships on all sides, which he cherished and retained until the end.

In his home he was happy, and when his duties were at an end, either amid the scenes of his toils or his triumphs, he lingered no longer, but hastened to his home, where love and peace awaited him.

It is hard to realize that he is gone, and that we shall see him no more; but the creations of his brain, whether sailing on summer seas or driven before the wintry gale, are a more pathetic monument to his memory than any that could be raised by other hands.

“ Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clue regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower,  
Unfinished must remain.”

Yours very truly  
Edw Burgess Secretary

## VACATION DAYS AT AUNT PHŒBE'S.

*By Caroline Sinclair Woodward.*

ONE of the places to visit in New Hampshire was Aunt Phœbe's. It was a long, low farmhouse, with bull's eyes over the two front doors, and shining windows, with snowy curtains blowing in the sweet summer air. Time and weather had turned it black, from ridge pole to sill; only the doors were white, in striking contrast. Within were open doors, through all the spacious low-ceiled rooms, revealing polished floors of yellow paint bestrewn with braided mats, and dressers filled with curious plates of delft and pewter porringers and platters. In one corner a tall clock ticked loudly all day,—its voice at night resounding above the chirp of insect life in solemn tones. Across the arch, above the dial, a jolly-faced sun chased a ship at sea. A settle, smooth and hard, with a scarlet broadcloth cushion, made from Aunt Phœbe's cloak, was set at one side of the wide fireplace. Doors opened into rooms on all sides, into the common sitting-room, into Aunt Polly's room, where was shall I say a thousand-legged table, and low, rush-bottomed chairs; and where everything was homespun, table linen, bed-spread, sheets, and blankets. Aunt Polly's dress in every detail was the work of her own busy hands. She had a dresser also, and a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with strange lettering and uncouth figures. In the twilight she read to us from it, in a trembling voice—she had the palsy,—her finger following the text. That copy of Bunyan and her Bible and hymn book constituted her library.

All the long summer mornings Aunt Phœbe moved about, intent on making butter, setting curd for cheese, salting, pickling and preserving. She was a short, fat woman, of fifty years, with no waist to speak of,—you only saw a line where her apron strings disappeared,—a pink and white complexion, almost without a wrinkle, an abundance of white hair, soft and wavy, and young blue eyes.

In the afternoon she was always in the sitting-room, sometimes a press-board upon her lap, and near by a large iron goose. She made trousers for "Master Chace," as he was called, he having taught singing-school winter in and out for many years, in all the towns around. Dressed in a lace-frilled cap and wide muslin collar turned in at the throat, over a home-spun gown of blue, showing a string of gold beads, she was ready for the visit of any neighbor. In the evening she took her knitting; her hands were never idle.

Passing in and out, and expressing her opinion, while on household errands, mostly relating to cooking, was Irene, the daughter. She was tall and thin, had a clear complexion, the blue eyes of her mother, and brown hair, coiled on the top of her head and held by a high-topped comb. Ear-rings almost a finger long were in her ears; her dress was a homespun brown, short skirted, showing strong leather shoes upon a shapely foot, tied with leather strings, fitted and made by a shoemaker who, once a year, set his bench in the chimney corner, and cut out and sewed, hammered, pegged and nailed, until all the members of the household were neatly shod and mended; then he went his way. Like Cowper's postman, he was a "light-hearted wretch," the news of all the country side on his gossiping tongue. Wordy and witty in argument, a singer of long pathetic ballads, and a jester, his visits were an event anticipated and enjoyed by old and young.

Outside, attending to farm duties, was Jacob, Aunt Phœbe's son, also blue-eyed, large and slow. "Be you in a hurry?" was one of his sarcastic remarks, when Irene demanded that vegetables be brought in for dinner. He had handsome features, and a rare, kindly smile. He was our "main-stay" in indulgences, allowing us to rake and hoe, drive oxen and climb apple trees. Under his guid-

ance we hackled flax, and when, contrary to his advice, we tried threshing with a flail, and raised big bumps upon our foreheads, he plastered us up with coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar. We rode the horse while he ploughed, falling off head first into the furrow. We were lifted in his strong arms on to the hay rack when it was full, and valiantly tried to assist in taking care of the fragrant hay as it came tumbling in upon us; half buried, struggling up through the masses, tilting head over heels as the rack went over uneven ground, we had great fun out of it, and rode home in triumph in a top-heavy load, shouting as we bounded over the beam at the barn door. Stepping out upon a ladder set straight against a beam, we descended to the floor, so far below, in quite a dazed condition.

Over all the long house stretched the garret, filled with stores of things, in piles and bins and bundles. Hanging from the beams overhead were pop corn and bunches of herbs and bags of garden seeds. At one end there was a loom, a spinning-wheel and a flax-wheel. Rainy days, this was our abiding place. We made scrambling voyages of discovery into dark gruesome corners under the low eaves, finding, one joyful day, a crock filled with butter-nuts, stored there five years before, as was remembered. In a wooden chest we found bonnets with wonderful brims and crowns, dresses with large flowers patterned upon them, and plaid cloaks set in yokes at the neck, with large hocks and eyes in curious designs to hold them at the throat. A thin white dress took my fancy. It had a hand-painted band around the skirt, of gay roses on white velvet. This was Leah's dress. She died of consumption while a young girl, and at the beginning of her illness she planted the chestnut tree, near the well, which then was a wide-spreading tree. Her narrow grave was in a corner of the orchard, and had a headstone of black slate. Wild roses grew thickly there, and clumps of golden-rod stood tall and graceful, brightening the quiet spot. At evening, the day's work over, Aunt Phoebe would stand upon the wide door-stone, her hands shading her eyes, and look toward the

roses and golden-rod, a sad smile upon her face, for Leah was her favorite child.

The great event of the vacation was a family junketing at the beach, seven miles away. Such baking, boiling and frying as went on for days! Such a getting up early in the day! Such a gathering of vehicles, packing of stores, and stowing away of children,—and finally such a locking up! It all seemed interminable to us impatient ones, and we never felt sure of really going until rolling along the dewy road.

At the extreme end of civilization at Hampton Beach lived Mother Nudd, a jolly, hospitable soul. Country parties going down engaged her entire house for the day. She and her maid laid the table, made the tea and coffee, cooked the eggs, and waited upon the party. In the big front chamber the children were rigged out in their bathing clothes, and with shouts of glee sped down the stairs, across the hot road and into the cool waves, which at high tide came quite to the roadside.

Far out to sea, sails came and went. The Isles of Shoals lay, a dark line, against the horizon. The mackerel fleet was passing, a mass of snowy canvas; boats loaded with fish and lobsters were coming in on the crests of the waves, high tossed one instant, then slanting they go, and the wave recedes and leaves them all upon the sands, a few wet and shining figures dragging the boats to safer landing. In our bathing clothes we run to get a sight of the fish still gasping, and the terrible lobsters, each with a peg in his claw.

Exactly at twelve we dine, with prodigious appetites sharpened by sea air and the excitement of the early breakfast. As the tide goes out, we find upon the beach and in the crevices of the rocks such wonderful things, which we carry home, tied up in our bathing clothes and surreptitiously tucked into the wagon. An hour before sunset we start for home regretfully, tired but happy,—happy in the sunshine and fragrance of a day filled with comfort.

One day, after finishing "Swiss Family Robinson," the idea came to us to lay out a village, build cottages, name it and

own it. We selected a choice place on the farm, called Pine Pasture, and at one corner found a level spot beneath the trees, just suited to our purpose. There were no small stones there such as we needed, and we were obliged to climb the wall into the next lot for our supply. With infinite toil we carried them and built our cottages, laying the stones carefully and filling the chinks with moss. Each cottage was two feet high, differing in shape and belongings, as became a village; all had pine cones for chimneys, and were covered with coral moss, hiding the stones. We laid out winding walks, roadways and lawns, set hedges of pine and hemlock, with trees of taller branches, and transplanted violets and pretty green plants into the gardens, took milk-weed pods and, using sticks for legs, made singular looking animals, that stood in and around the stables. We named the place Mossland Village. It grew to sixteen houses, and its construction was one of the most delightful

occupations of our vacation. Our dolls, invited from house to house, escorted by us, sat in stiff attitudes upon the lawn, staring at our labors in landscape gardening. When in triumph we led Jacob to see what we had done, he stood for a long time in profound silence; and the smiles died out of our faces when he exclaimed: "Wall, that beats all! Lug-gin' stuns inter this pastur', when all *my* life I've ben firin' 'em out!" For the first time we were disappointed in Jacob!

Alas! the day came when we were to return to the city and school. At the last moment we ran down the path to take farewell of our pretty playground. Chalked on a red board fastened to the nearest tree, this notice greeted our indignant eyes: "MOSLAN VILLAGE TO SAIL." "Tom Stockbridge!" we exclaimed in one breath, and, as if invoked, a hatless tow head appeared over the wall, and a wide mouth, showing its long line of broad teeth, grinned at us and disappeared.





James Russell Lowell.

## THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.<sup>1</sup>

*By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

WARM and still is the summer night,  
As here by the river's brink I wander ;  
White overhead are the stars, and white  
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day ;  
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,  
And the cry of the herons winging their way  
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., this beautiful tribute to Lowell, written by Longfellow many years ago, is republished here as one of the many similar tributes which have been paid to Lowell by his brother poets. Longfellow's other poem, "The Two Angels," commemorating the touching coincidence by which on the night of Mrs. Lowell's death a child was born to Longfellow, should be read, and the noble verses addressed to Lowell by Whittier and Holmes. — *Editor.*

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass  
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,  
Sing him the song of the green morass,  
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,  
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking ;  
For only a sound of lament we discern,  
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight  
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,  
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight  
Through the drift of the floating mists that unfold you :

Of the landscape lying so far below,  
With its towns and rivers and desert places ;  
And the splendor of light above, and the glow  
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,  
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,  
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,  
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,  
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,  
Some one hath lingered to meditate,  
And send him unseen this friendly greeting ;

That many another hath done the same,  
Though not by a sound was the silence broken ;  
The surest pledge of a deathless name  
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.



Elmwood.

## THE NEW SOUTH.—A RISING TEXAS CITY.

DE QUINCEY used to speak of "the nation of London." As one travels through Texas, one can hardly think of it as simply a state; it is of national proportions. The statisticians tell how many New Englands or how many European kingdoms could be dropped down in its borders with yet area left sufficient for a driveway many miles

striking illustration of the new life of the "New South."

As I recently travelled through the great state, I saw that in the greater portion of it there was a scarcity of woodlands. I asked the question more than once, "Where do you get your timber?" The almost universal answer was, "From Beaumont."

On my way home, over the Southern Pacific Railroad by New Orleans, I visited Beaumont; and glad I was that I did so.

Among the many interesting places I visited in Texas, none was more interesting than Beaumont. It is in Jefferson County,—the county



Public School, Beaumont.

in breadth around the whole. The present development of many of its larger towns is one of the most remarkable spectacles in the country.

The new State House at Austin is a building second only to one other in the United States in majesty and beauty, its cost having been defrayed by the grant of one million acres of land from this great state of nearly two hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles of territory. Waco, Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio—of these important cities of Texas almost everybody knows something. I wish to speak in this article of a place in Texas of which few in the North know anything at all, and yet which affords in its way a



Baptist Church, Beaumont.

means much more in the South than in the North,—one of those towns settled while Texas was a republic, the site being granted by old settlers at a time when the iron horse was yet unknown in the state. There, evidently, the inhabitants only existed, as it were, till the advent of railroad communi-





Mayor Alexander Wynne's Home, Beaumont.

cation, in the fifties, between Houston and Orange—a distance of about a hundred miles; and even then Beaumont was slow to put forth the hand and pluck the resources which lay around in superabundance, waiting only to be utilized by energy and capital to make the place one of the leading places of the South. "What compose these illimitable forests?" is the first question that naturally arises as one comes to the Beaumont neighborhood. Taking a conveyance, I rode northward. From the edge of the city, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible but timber, timber, on both sides of the Neches river, which is navigable for three hundred miles north of the city. Going west, I found small farms and prairie unbroken for miles, dotted with cattle. To the south there was the same prairie, occasionally studded with clumps of forest, till I came within sight of Sabine Lake, some nine miles wide by eighteen long, into which the Neches and Sabine rivers empty—the lake emptying itself into the celebrated Sabine Pass, and thence through the con-

finied walls into the Gulf of Mexico, which is distant only thirty miles by rail from the city of Beaumont.

By the latest statistics, the complete standing timber of the state of Texas amounts to ninety billion feet. In this immediate neighborhood, and within some eighty miles north of this city is an inexhaustible supply of the famous yellow pine, the strongest and most durable of timbers for all purposes, and capable of such finish that artistic manufacturers give it the preference for their beautiful productions. The curly pine is here also abundant, also cypress, so much used all over the country for shingles. A bare list of such of the Beaumont woods as I can remember will, I am sure, be of interest to many: Yellow pine, cypress, white oak, red oak, live oak, ash, peach, poplar, curly pine, holly, gum, sweet gum, hickory, cherry, orange, mulberry, cupola gum, magnolia, elm, pear, peach, apple, cherry, pecan, willow, ironwood, cottonwood, china, lemon, walnut, cedar, etc. Surely the place may well be called the timber paradise.



Saw-Mill on Neches River.

It is surprising to any visitor at the large lumber mills at this place, to witness the rapidity with which the huge logs are hauled up dripping from the river and instantly sawed into various dimensions of timber, and then immediately loaded on to platform cars all ready for shipment;—but, after witnessing this sight a visitor is less astonished than he otherwise would be, to see the enormous lumber booms all along the Neches River for a distance of fifteen miles or more above the city.

Beaumont is situated two hundred and sixty-five miles west of New Orleans, on the same parallel, on the Southern Pacific line of railroad from New Orleans to San Francisco. It is on the west bank of the Neches River, one of the beautiful Texan streams, varying from three hundred to five hundred feet in width, and navigable three hundred miles to the north through the immense forests of yellow pine and other valuable timbers, and running south, as stated, to Sabine Lake and the historic Sabine Pass.

Previous to the war Sabine City, now familiarly called Sabine Pass, boasted of a larger population than Beaumont. On the 8th of December, 1863, an event occurred there which has since caused it to be designated the Thermopylae of Texas. On the previous day the military command stationed there was ordered to the interior of the state, leaving at the post a small company of artillery and a meagre detachment of cavalry. The artillery company, which numbered forty-two all told, officers and men, was stationed at a newly built fortification below the town, the remains of which are still visible. In the absence of the other officers, the company was under the command of Lieutenant Dick Dowling. The armament consisted of six guns—two brass thirty-two-pound field howitzers, two twenty-four-pound, and two smaller guns. This was the entire force and equipment—six guns and forty-two Irishmen, called the Davis Guard. On the morning of the 8th, as the story was told to me in Beaumont, a fleet with upward of five thousand troops aboard, appeared off Sabine Pass bar to force a way into Texas. A number of the light-draft vessels crossed



Water Works and Manufactories by the Neches River.

the bar, and two of them—the *Clifton* and the *Sachem*—undertook to pass the fort: one through what was called the Texas channel, the other through a channel next the Louisiana shore. Under the command of Dick Dowling, fire from

the fort was reserved until the two vessels came within point-blank range, abreast of certain stakes that had been fixed for target practice. When the fort did open fire, every shot told. One shot disabled the tiller of the *Clifton*, and this was fol-



A Shingle Mill.



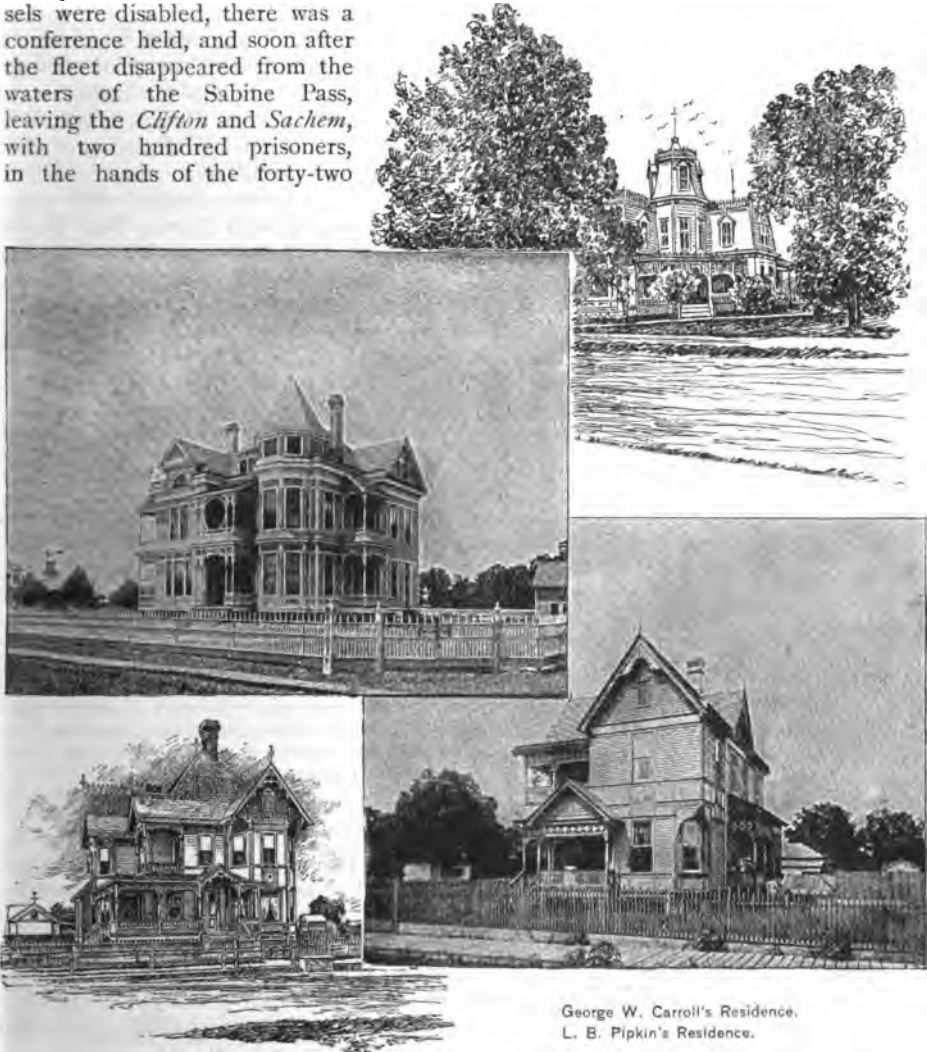
A Log Train in the Woods near Beaumont.



lowed by an explosion on the *Sachem*, and the two vessels lay at the mercy of the victors, who did not even have a boat to go out and receive their surrender. But a still more remarkable thing was to transpire. After the two vessels were disabled, there was a conference held, and soon after the fleet disappeared from the waters of the Sabine Pass, leaving the *Clifton* and *Sachem*, with two hundred prisoners, in the hands of the forty-two

in Houston." The story excited my curiosity, and on my visit to Sabine Pass, there the wreck of the *Clifton* stood prominently out.

Beaumont is a city of five thousand in-



W. A. Fletcher's Residence.  
H. W. Potter's Residence.

Irishmen. "This," said my informant, "may or may not be recorded in history, but it is an undisputed fact, and Sabine Pass has since been called the Thermopylæ of Texas. Dick Dowling died in Galveston a few years ago, and some of the command are at present living

habitants, and I found improvements and extensions were going on all around. At each street corner one encounters barricades, and piles of building material are everywhere visible. With all this development the public improvements keep pace, and yet the city has no debt.

The varieties and abundance of timber surrounding Beaumont make it a no-

table point for many manufacturers. The lands about produce cotton of a superior quality, from one and one-half to two bales to the acre; rice lands abound between Beaumont and Sabine Pass; corn will grow anywhere in the country; and oranges are most successfully raised. I was informed by one farmer that he had fifty trees in a quarter of an acre and cleared five hundred dollars from them the year before. One old tree, thirty-two years old, produced two thousand oranges. Lemon trees are as productive as orange trees. Figs are native to the soil; grapes of the finest kind are grown, and sugar-cane also seems to be at home in this favored country; strawberries are raised; and the Beaumont pears are not unknown in the city of Boston. The Le Conte and Keiffer pears are at home in this soil, bear early and abundantly, and so regularly (there being no off years) and bringing such good prices that they will always head the list of fruits for profit here. The fifth year from planting, the tree will be full of fruit, and the sixth year a full crop from every tree will be produced. I passed a tree on which were three hundred large pears, in an ordinary front yard, a tree which received no cultivation or attention. It is an ordinary thing to raise ten bushels of pears on a tree. Elsewhere, the trees are nipped by early frost, but the Le Conte and Keiffer varieties seem proof against frost, as also against bugs and blight, in this climate.

Cabbages, cauliflowers, tomatoes, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, beans, cucumbers and squashes, onions, lettuce and all other kinds of vegetables are native to the soil. Nothing is required in this favored section to raise enormous quantities of vegetables and cereals but to plant them; energetic practical husbandry will make such returns as to astonish the husbandman. I have dwelt on the Beaumont fruits, but I cannot pass without saying something in particular about the watermelons. This is the home of the watermelon. No place can approach "Jefferson County" in the production of the watermelon, in quality and quantity. It begins to come in the middle of May or first of June, and yields a profit of from one hundred dollars to two hun-

dred dollars to the acre. The melons range in weight from ten pounds up to seventy! It is an inspiring sight to see an enthusiastic Negro eating into the concave of one of these mammoth seventy pounders. Were there railroad transportation to northern, western and eastern points by refrigerator cars, watermelons could be raised here by the millions. The same may be said of muskmelons and other similar classes of fruit. But there is no way at present of disposing of even the crop produced.

One of the most successful fruit growers in the United States, Mr. H. M. Stringfellow, of Galveston County, Texas, speaks as follows of fruit-growing in and around Beaumont, where he has recently purchased and planted one thousand acres in fruit trees:

"Strawberries will be a grand success and exceedingly profitable around Beaumont. There is but one variety, however, that can be depended on for the best results—that is the Florida Numan. Our growers have made much money out of it this season, as they do every year. They ship all over the state, and get five dollars net per crate of twenty-four quarts. You have greatly the advantage of us in abundant labor for picking. Beaumont ought to be the best strawberry growing point in Texas. Many of our growers have already sold four hundred to five hundred dollars per acre, with the demand not half supplied, and crop not more than half gone. Around Beaumont and throughout Jefferson County, straight to the Gulf, is the best section in Texas for raising fruits and anything in vegetables. From Beaumont to the sea, should be the garden of the South."

But let us look for a moment at the city of Beaumont itself, which has now fully waked up after a sleep of more than double the length of that of Rip Van Winkle. There are three saw-mills in active work, producing 142,000,000 feet of yellow pine during the year. There is one shingle mill, producing 55,000,000 cypress shingles every year. 22,689 cars of yellow pine lumber and cypress shingles were billed from Beaumont during the last year, not counting the export by water.

The annual business of the town at present aggregates about \$5,000,000, the assessed valuation of real and personal property for the present year being \$2,000,000. The old city plat is 200

acres; the county has 660,000 acres of fertile land. There were in the county at the last census some 57,000 head of cattle, valued at more than \$1,000,000. The city of Beaumont was incorporated in 1880. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs through the town as already noticed. It is the terminus of the Sabine & East Texas Railway, which runs north seventy-six miles to Rockland. It has a complete system of water works, and is supplied with electric lights and national banks, and an efficient fire department, street cars, opera house, and roller and grist mills; it has a mattress factory, a furniture factory, and two brick manufacturing, four hotels, and dry goods, grocery, and general merchandise stores which would grace a much larger city.

The foundations are in, and work progressing for the erection of a large car manufactory. The capital stock of the Beaumont Car Works Company is \$500,000. The buildings will occupy a space of fifty acres, and will be the largest manufactory in the south. Its capacity at first will be for turning out twenty-five cars daily, and afterwards to be increased to forty cars daily. Here it is intended to manufacture, besides the regular rolling stock of railroads, the new refrigerator cars dispensing with ice. These cars are made so that any grade of temperature can be maintained for any length of time.

These new refrigerator cars will be used to transport fruit, meat, fish, and vegetables so abundantly raised in the South, which it is now impossible to transport to foreign markets in a proper state, or at any profit to the exporter.

The present wonderful development of the vast commercial interests of the city of Beaumont is mainly due to the business enterprise and strict integrity of such men as Wm. A. Fletcher, (whose name is familiar throughout the State of Texas) the Wiess brothers, John N. Gilbert, F. L., and G. W. Carroll, H. W. Potter, W. C. Averill, J. L. Keith, S. F. Carter, L. P. Ogden, and their associates, all of whom have made their magnificent financial success in this wide awake and thriving city of the New South.

Through the courtesy of several of

these gentlemen I enjoyed a charming trip down the beautiful Neches River, through the broad Sabine Lake and the famous Sabine Pass, to the Gulf of Mexico, passing in close proximity to the extensive jetties, which when completed, in connection with the dredging of Sabine Lake, will make Beaumont undoubtedly one of the finest inland harbors on the continent. That so magnificent a water-course has been left practically undeveloped until the present time, must be certainly astonishing to any Northern visitor who can realize its great commercial importance, not only to the vast lumber interest of Beaumont, but to all the rapidly growing towns in its vicinity.

Although the transportation facilities by rail are extensive and increasing, still the shipment direct by vessels and steamers to the North, and to foreign countries via Neches River and Sabine Pass must necessarily add greatly to the commercial importance of Beaumont as a distributing centre.

The large car works recently established at this place will also add greatly to its present prosperity. All kinds of steam and street cars are to be manufactured, the location being especially adapted for this business, as the cars can be manufactured here much cheaper than elsewhere in the country, and being in the heart of the southern-pine lumber section all freight cars made by this company can be shipped loaded with lumber, or other freight, direct to their destination, thus saving an important amount financially in the transportation expense of all new freight cars or those sent to be repaired.

The religious denominations are well represented in Beaumont.

What struck me particularly, during my visit to Beaumont, was the contrast between that neat and unpretentious city, with no extravagant public or private buildings (although practically free from debt, and with its solid business prosperity), compared with some of the imposing and extravagantly inflated western cities, which have spread out far beyond their business capacity for years to come, the development having been in anticipation of business to be estab-



lished; while at the South, at Beaumont particularly, the other extreme is noticeable, the business interest there having been successfully developed and firmly established, this city now being in the best possible condition for a safe and steady growth, "slow and sure" having apparently been the wise business motto of its enterprising merchants.

The public schools are most efficient, the white public school enrolling three hundred and fifty pupils; and the colored, four hundred and twenty. The schools are open nine months in the year.

The climate of Beaumont is mild and pleasant, the winters not being cold, nor the summers excessively warm. The distribution of the rainfall is such that the place seldom suffers from drought. Being so near the Gulf, Beaumont is favored by a constant sea breeze, which not only makes the

which, the state geologist affirms, proves that there is natural gas in close proximity.

In speaking of Sabine Pass here in Beaumont, it is always identified as part and parcel of the city; its interests are thought of as the same as that of the town itself. After the present government appropriation is expended, Sabine Pass will be the deep water port of Texas, and through its waters will flow the great current of trade, not only of Texas, but of the northwest. The harbor is a na-



Glimpses of the Business Streets of Beaumont.

air agreeable, but helps to keep the place healthy.

Three miles south of Beaumont there is one of those phenomena so common in this district of southeast Texas—the sulphur wells, or, as they are called here, the sour wells or mineral springs, which the medical faculty indorse for many ills of the flesh; the escape from these wells burns freely when touched by a light,

tural haven one mile in breadth and six miles in length, where vessels can ride at anchor in safety during any storm. An extraordinary phenomenon is what is known as the "oil pond," about twenty miles west of Sabine Pass, and extending about eight miles from shore, where during the most severe gale

the waters are as placid as in an artificial lake in some private domain.

Taking into account the sulphur wells and the "oil pond," geologists believe that there is not only natural gas, and mineral oil, but also iron in large quantities running through Jefferson County to the Gulf of Mexico, needing only energy and industry for their development.

## BOB WHITE.

*By Kate Whiting.*

A HAZE lies over meadow and hill,  
The drowsy calm of an August day ;  
The cattle lounge 'neath the shady trees,  
The wheat is swayed by the sleepy breeze,  
The bees hum by in an idle way,  
And a voice from the wheat pipes plaintive still,  
From morn to night,  
"Bob White ! Bob White !"

Poor bird ! Does he answer not to your call ?  
I have heard you whistle the long day through,  
Hidden away in the golden wheat.  
Do you think at last your love to meet  
As you call for him there in the falling dew ?  
Who knows ? Pipe on by the old stone wall.  
May he come ere night.  
"Bob White ! Bob White !"

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## THE GOULD ISLAND MYSTERY.

*By David Buffum.*

### CHAPTER I.



THAT part of the island of Rhode Island called Ferry Neck, the spot where the first settlers built their houses and incorporated their "body politic," is a level peninsula near the north end of the island, comprising some three hundred acres and extending nearly to the mainland. Though comparatively destitute of trees, the location is beautiful. To the north is Mount Hope and the Cove ; to the south, you look down Narragansett Bay, past picturesque little Gould Island with its cliffs and thick pine woods, between the green and fertile shores of Rhode Island on the one hand and the wooded hills of Tiverton on the other, straight out to sea.

Time has pretty effectually obliterated all traces of the houses of the settlers. Close to the south shore, however, can still be seen the remains of the foundation of a house built of small yellow brick, which would seem to indicate that the house which stood there was either of later date or better construction than the others. It was, in fact, both. It was standing and occupied long after the others had passed away ; and connected with it is a story, the outlines of which can be found in the old records of the Society of Friends in Rhode Island, and which is an illustration of the strange springs which govern our human nature.

This house was built and for many years occupied by Isaiah Scott, a wealthy man for his times, who to the dignity of an elder in the Friends' meeting added the "claims of long descent." I should

like to describe the house as gambrel-roofed and large, with dormer windows and a handsome railing around the top, — and such a house would be suggested by the stately owner, who always rode a blooded horse and wore the finest of broadcloth. But I am sorry to say it was nothing of the kind. Though of a better build and larger size than its neighbors, it was still by no means large; it had a barn roof, and was of quite commonplace appearance. Those who were privileged to enter the house, however, noticed that the plain furniture was solid and expensive; that Friend Scott's wife and daughter wore the finest and daintiest of Quaker costumes; that the well-supplied table was waited on by a smart negro boy; in fact, that the owner, though he prided himself on his plainness and sobriety, had all of the comforts and most of the luxuries attainable at that time and place.

The time at which our story begins antedates the Revolution some ten or twelve years. It is an afternoon in October, and Dorothy, Isaiah Scott's only daughter, stands on the front doorstep of the house and looks earnestly toward the Tiverton shore. As she stands thus, let us take her portrait. Her figure is slight, but graceful; her features are small, but regular and pretty; the dark eyes are perhaps a trifle too near together; there is a straight nose, a short upper lip, a beautifully moulded chin. Her light brown hair is partially covered by a dainty lace cap. Her dress, of course, is drab, and she wears no jewelry except the plain gold pin which holds in place her white muslin neck-kerchief.

As she gazes, a row boat puts out from the Tiverton shore and, driven by strong and swift strokes, rapidly approaches the island. Dorothy goes in and gets her "work," and seats herself on the doorstep to wait its arrival. It is less than a mile to Tiverton, and the boat keel is soon grating on the shore in front of the house. A handsome, well-built young fellow, fashionably dressed, jumps out, secures the boat, and runs up the bank to the house, where Dorothy cordially greets him. There is no mistaking his errand: we see at once that he comes a' wooing, and also that Dorothy is thor-

oughly mistress of the situation. Can it be that she is a flirt — this sweet, demure Quaker maiden?

Presently the door opens, and Isaiah Scott steps out. With stately courtesy he shakes hands with the young man, and says, "How does thee do, John Brownell?" He does not add "I am glad to see thee," for he is not. John Brownell is well aware of this; but although in general an exceedingly well-bred fellow, he is now in that state of mind in which he does not hesitate to go where he is not wanted: — he is in love.

As the three talk, a dapper little fellow, clad in complete Quaker costume and walking briskly, comes round the corner of the house and joins them. He is kindly greeted by Isaiah, who does say in this case, "I am glad to see thee, Joseph Smith;" and Dorothy, giving him her hand and a smile that amply rewards him for his six-mile walk, moves along the step and makes room for him at her side, — a favor she did not accord to John Brownell. He looks happy, but John Brownell is not jealous; he does not fear this rival.

Suddenly on the still October air comes the sharp ringing of a horse's hoofs on the hard bridle path that skirts the beech, and they see a horseman mounted on a powerful chestnut horse approaching the house at an easy canter. Like John Brownell, he is dressed in the best fashion of the period, and rides as only they ride who have been accustomed to the saddle from childhood.

"There comes Peter Burton," said Dorothy quietly; and the expression on Isaiah Scott's face, as he notices the faint flush on her cheek, is not a pleasant one. Can this be another wooer? Unquestionably it is — and one regarded by Isaiah as the most dangerous of all. True, though a good-looking enough fellow, he had neither the good looks, the ease of manner, nor the polish of John Brownell, nor the spotless reputation of Joseph Smith; and, though his estate was sufficient for the wants of those times, he was poorer than either, which in itself was enough to condemn him in Isaiah's eyes. Isaiah knew that maidens do not always choose with reference to these points;

and though Dorothy was really no more in love with him than with her other admirers, she was certainly much more interested in him, which was a bad sign.

Like John Brownell, Peter would take no hints from Isaiah ; any coldness or lack of welcome was lost on him. Isaiah had often wished he might tell him plainly to discontinue his visits. A true gentleman, however, he felt that he could not do this as long as he knew nothing definite against his character or social standing ; but recently he had heard things which he thought warranted him in taking this step, and it gave him a feeling of relief to think that he would soon be rid of one annoyance, and that this would probably be Peter Burton's last visit.

There was a row of hitching-posts and a horse-block in front of the house ; but Peter, who was careful of his horse, rode straight to the stable and gave the animal into the charge of black Pascal. Peter, who always tipped him handsomely, and often lingered in the stable for a little talk about the horses, was great friends with Pascal ; and on this occasion the latter remarked, with a tone of genuine regret in his voice :

"I've got bad news for yer, Mars' Burton : I'm afeard this is yer las' visit to this place. Mars Brownell, he play a mean trick on yer."

Peter grew pale. "What is it?" he asked.

"Well, las' evenin' I overheard Mars' Brownell telling massa 'bout yer bettin' an' racin' hosses long with Tom Briggs las' Sunday —"

"The devil he did !"

"Yes, Mars' Burton ; an' he said how ye'd overdrew yer 'count, an' it took yer three weeks ter make it right."

"The infernal li —," began Peter, and then checked himself, knowing that the story was true, and knowing also that in the eyes of Isaiah Scott his faults would not be condoned.

"It's just my luck, Pascal," he said, "and probably this is my last visit. You needn't put up my horse — I'll be back," and he walked toward the house.

His face was very pale as he joined the little group at the door. No one said much by way of greeting, but all

shook hands with him, except John Brownell, who offered his hand, but was refused.

"No, I will not shake hands with you," said Peter hotly. "You have proved yourself to be no gentleman. Without any cause or any provocation, you have been maligning me and blackening my character to Mr. Scott."

John started at this sudden explosion, but Isaiah replied with a quiet rebuke in his manner :

"It would have been in better taste, Peter, to introduce this subject at some other time. As thee has introduced it however, let me say that thy charges are wrong. John did not volunteer his information, but I asked him some questions about thee — and questions which, as thee has been a frequent guest at my house, I had the right to ask ; and he simply told me what he knew."

"Very kind in him !" retorted Peter with a sneer. "Black sheep as you choose to think me, I would not have stooped to such dirty work."

Isaiah laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Peter," said he, "I am sorry to hear thee use such language. Understand that I do not consider thee a black sheep. I know thee has many excellent traits. But in betting and racing horses, in disregard of the Sabbath, and in thy carelessness in money matters, thee has shown a recklessness and lack of principle which augur poorly for thy future. And therefore, while I would have preferred to speak to thee privately, let me say for myself and my wife that thy visits here do not give us pleasure, and we ask thee to discontinue them."

Anger, mortification, and sorrow struggled in the young man's mind. His eyes filled with tears as he looked at Dorothy. So here was an end of it all. "Farewell, Dorothy," he said. "I have loved thee very dearly."

Dorothy rose and, giving him her hand, said sweetly, "Farewell, Peter ; I cannot tell thee how sorry I am for all that has happened. I shall miss thee much." But she was very calm. For an instant, but only an instant, the thought flashed through his mind, "Does she, after all, really care anything for me?"

He bade farewell to Isaiah curtly ; then, stepping close to Brownell, he said in a low voice, with flashing eyes and through his set teeth : " For the part that you have had in this business I shall call you to account."

" As you like," answered Brownell in the same tone.

All overheard them, and as Peter disappeared around the house Isaiah said : " I trust, John, thee is too much of a man to pay any attention to his threat. It often shows more courage and a higher sense of honor to refuse a challenge than to accept one." To which John, anxious to keep Isaiah's good opinion, answered, " Of course."

He was less anxious on that score however, when he pushed off his boat that evening ; for when he rose to depart Isaiah accompanied him to the water's edge and said : " This has been a hard afternoon for me, John. It was a painful thing to have to speak to Peter as I did ; but I may now speak out all that is on my mind, and I have a few words for thee. It is but right for thee to know that, while I believe thy character to be excellent, there is no better chance for thee than for Peter, so far as Dorothy is concerned. Even if she returned thy feelings—which she does not—it is out of the question for her to wed a man of thy estate ; and it is better for thee to understand this thing in the beginning, and delude thyself with no false hopes."

John Brownell had despised himself when he gave the information against Peter. Now that he saw that no advantage to himself could result from it, he despised himself more.

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## CHAPTER II.

DOROTHY was up betimes the next morning, looking as fresh and sweet as if nothing had made a ripple on the placid waters of her life. Evidently, the unpleasant events of the previous day had not disturbed her night's rest. Why should they? True, she had lost a lover, and one who had interested her more than any of her other admirers, and she felt rather sorry ; but doubtless it was all for

the best—and she had never lacked for lovers. Still, she did not eat her breakfast with quite her usual appetite, and she spent much of the forenoon in gazing from her chamber window over the shining waters of the bay. She knew no meeting could take place between the two young men without one or the other crossing the bay ; and knowing them both much better than her father did, she had no doubt that Peter would carry out his threat, and she put little faith in John's meek " Of course" to her father's advice. The forenoon wore away however without any boat putting out from either shore. After the noon meal she resumed her vigil, feeling more hopeful, as the afternoon passed, that the quarrel might blow over. As the sun began to sink behind the western hills she was turning away from her window with a sigh of relief, when she saw a boat put out from Tiverton, which she instantly recognized as John Brownell's, and almost simultaneously from the Rhode Island shore another, which she knew was Peter Burton's. No other vessel was in sight, except a small boat far to the south, apparently containing two men and just disappearing behind Gould Island.

Dorothy's heart gave a bound of fear and excitement as she saw the two boats move swiftly toward Gould Island, a place where more than one dispute had been settled by sword or pistol. But this feeling was quickly replaced by astonishment when, as they drew nearer, she saw only one man in each boat. What did it mean? If a duel was to be fought, where were the seconds? With breathless interest she watched John Brownell, who reached Gould Island first, draw his boat up on the beach, climb the rugged cliff above it, and disappear in the woods. Peter reached it a few minutes later and, drawing up his boat alongside John's, took the same path up the cliff and into the woods.

Several minutes passed, and it was rapidly growing darker, but Dorothy kept her straining gaze riveted on the island. Presently from the spot where the two men entered the woods, she saw one of them come out. He descended the cliff hurriedly, pushed off his boat, and in the

fast-gathering gloom she could just discover that he headed for the Rhode Island side; then the darkness shut out the view, and heartsick she went down to the dining-room, where her parents were already seated at the tea table. She controlled herself however, and if they noticed her slight paleness and abstraction they attributed it to the events of the previous day. She said nothing of what she had just seen; it would be of no use now, she reasoned, and they would blame her for not telling them of her apprehensions in the morning.

That night, for perhaps the first time in Dorothy's life, her sleep was broken, and the first glimmer of dawn found her again gazing toward Gould Island. John Brownell's boat still lay where she saw him draw it up!

Dressing quickly, she ran downstairs, feeling that she *must* get some news as to what had passed on the island. She got it sooner than she expected. In the dining-room was her father, booted and spurred and with a grave look on his face. "I have just been to the Ferry, Dorothy," said he, "and I have sad news. John Brownell was found this morning on Gould Island, dead, with a bullet through his heart, and Peter Burton is nowhere to be found."

### CHAPTER III.

FIFTEEN years have passed away, and Rhode Island, lovely as ever, is again basking in the October sun. Isaiah Scott's house and farm at Ferry Neck are unchanged, and as on that day when Peter Burton received his dismissal and departed in bitterness of soul, the fleecy clouds are floating above, the skies and waters have the same prismatic hues, and the meadows, verdant with grass or yellow with golden corn, are sloping in peaceful beauty to the shore. Changes have taken place nevertheless. Isaiah and his wife have long since been gathered to their fathers, and Dorothy and her husband reign in their stead. Did she marry Joseph Smith? Joseph Smith, indeed! She married Elkanah Perkins, the wealthiest merchant in Newport, and now spends only a part

of her time at Ferry Neck; and if you will examine the records of the Friends, you will find that poor Joseph, "faithful unto death," lived and died a bachelor. Other changes have taken place on Rhode Island. There is very little live-stock to be seen; many of the farms look dilapidated and poor; and across the north end of the island runs a line of fortifications, garrisoned by British soldiers. We understand the poverty now: King George is master here, and at whatever cost, Rhode Island must contribute to the support of his army.

On the opposite hills of Tiverton are the American forces, having in their ranks many of the unfortunate Rhode Islanders whose homes are going to ruin before their eyes. Miserable as many of the farms look, there is, near the centre of the island, one rather worse for wear than any of the others. For fifteen years it has been unoccupied; its dooryard is overrun with blackberry vines; its stone walls are broken and falling down, and the neighbors' cattle graze in its fields without let or hindrance. Several times has application been made to the Probate Court to have it divided amongst the heirs, but the objection has always been made that its owner, Peter Burton, may be still alive. And now, this bright October day, comes the news, not only that he is alive, but that he has come home. Yesterday he landed in Newport from the Cuban vessel, it is said, a widower, bringing with him his little son and a negro servant; and that he has ridden out to look at his dilapidated place and, wretched as it is, is making arrangements to occupy it.

It is Sunday,—and as the Friends gather at the meeting-house, Peter's return is the universal topic of conversation among them. Many regarded him as little better than a murderer: in that unprecedented duel without seconds, who knew whether there were foul or fair play? A few, however, were more charitable, among them Joseph Simpson, a venerable man, long an "approved" preacher. "Friends," he says, "we must have charity for all men. Our church holds, with reason, that to take human life under any circumstances is murder; but many

of our younger Friends, especially since the war broke out, have adopted the standard of the world. And as to the Gould Island affair, who knows anything about it? Why there were no seconds, we cannot tell; it was a singular affair. But let us not add the suspicion of foul play to the odium that already attaches to Peter Burton."

There was some discussion as to the probability of his coming to meeting.

Most thought he would come.

To be sure, his name and poor John Brownell's were long ago stricken out of the books, but he was a birthright member, and surely after being away so long he would want to see the old meeting-house and the familiar faces of the Friends. They were not left long in doubt, for while they talked the clattering of horses' feet was heard, and presently Peter Burton, richly dressed and well mounted, his little son on a smart pacer at his side, and his negro servant following at a little distance, rode into the meeting-house yard. Nearly every one was looking at him as he and his son dismounted and gave the horses to the servant.

Well, he is changed, but not as much as one would expect, is the general comment. There are lines on his clean-shaven face that were not there when he went away; his hair is gray and he has grown stout. He has a cynical expression that is not exactly pleasant to see, but he does not look as if devoured by remorse, or as

if the recollection of his misdeeds had affected his health.

It rather pleased the Friends that he attended meeting so soon after his arrival and many of them unconsciously began to have a better opinion of him. But if they knew the only motive that actuated him in coming they would perhaps have felt differently. It is not on account of the meeting or to revive old associations, but to see Dorothy that he is here. Though he has

been married, and since his departure has seen much of the world, he has never been in love with any other woman. She has taken precedence of everything else in his thoughts, and though he doubtless knows it would be better for his peace of mind never to see her again, he has come here for that express purpose. As he walks toward the meeting-house, Elkanah Perkins's yellow coach — the only coach on the island — comes into the yard, and his heart gives a great throb as Dorothy alights. Her face is hidden by the Quaker bonnet, but he would know her among a thousand. He has not yet spoken to any of the

Friends, most of whom he recognizes; but passing hurriedly by them, he steps up to her and, holding out his hand, says huskily, "Dorothy! does thee know me?"

Dorothy was not startled; she was calm, as usual, for she had heard of his arrival and was prepared for this meeting. She replied very sweetly, and as with her old coquettish manner she took his hand



Dorothy looked earnestly toward the Tiverton Shore.



and looked up from under the deep Quaker bonnet, for the first time in fifteen years he sees her face. It is a pretty face. Except that the first freshness and bloom of youth are gone, it has changed but little, and yet somehow it gives him a shock, and a great and sudden change comes over him as he gazes. Was this, after all, the face that had haunted him and held him captive for so many years? How he has idealized it! Can it be that it really was as insipid as it looks now when he last saw it? He does not understand his own feelings, for he almost feels a dislike for the pretty woman whom he has so longed to see. Then a great throb of joy thrills through him. He is in love no longer; the shackles which have kept him a slave for so many years have fallen to the ground and he is free!

After a few polite inquiries and commonplace remarks he entered the house where most of the Friends were now assembled, and sat down in his old place. Never did air seem so sweet as that which streams in through the open door; never did sky look so blue as the little patch he sees through the window back of the gallery; never, it seems to him, even in his boyhood, did his blood so leap and throb through his veins. He was a man at last, and life seemed to open up before him with new possibilities, new hopes, and new aspirations.

Then his thoughts went back over his life, so spoiled and wasted by his passion for this woman who never cared for him, and who passed unmoved through the trials that stirred his soul to its depths. He thought of the many irregularities by which he had sought to forget it; of how in his bitterness he had lost all faith in God and man; and the face of his dead wife rose before him — whose beseeching eyes always seemed asking for the love which he never gave, but which he kept for this soulless statue of flesh and blood. His face lost its cynical expression, and his eyes filled with tears as he bowed his face in his hands.

For nearly an hour the Friends sat silent. At length Joseph Simpson rose and said impressively: "Dear Friends, the charge I have had laid upon me to give you this morning is a short one. As

I took my seat the Lord was very near me, and the language of my soul was, 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.'"

Like balm the beautiful words fell on Peter's heart. Life! yes, that was what he wanted. He had never lived before, but he would now, and he would believe, for belief is life-giving. And again he bowed his head, this time in silent thanksgiving.

Presently the shaking of hands indicated that the meeting was over. When Peter came to meeting he did not think he would soon want to repeat the experience, but now everything seemed changed. He remained in his seat till Friend Simpson passed down the aisle, when, after exchanging cordial greetings with the old man, he astonished him by asking if he might be restored to membership with the Friends. "It is impossible, Peter," said he. "We disowned thee because thy hands had shed blood, and we cannot receive thee back. But we shall be glad to have the assurance of thy repentance, and always pleased to have thee sit with us."

Peter's face fell. Ever since he left Rhode Island he had lived among people who knew nothing of the Gould Island affair, and for the first time he realized the full weight of the stigma that rested upon him in this community. For an instant a touch of his old dogged recklessness came back to him; but his better spirit asserted itself. "I ought to have known," said he, "that you cannot receive me back; and it is probably best for all concerned that you cannot. I suppose I am in bad odor with the Friends. But I have come home to stay."

"I am glad thee has, Peter. The past cannot be mended, but thee has probably many years of life before thee yet, and I feel sure thee will live them to better advantage."

The emotion incident to a change such as had come over Peter soon passes off; and on the following morning he felt glad that his desire to reunite himself with the

Friends had been nipped in the bud. Though by birth and early education a Friend, he had seen nothing of the Friends since he left the island, and all his habits of life and thought were so different from theirs that he would not have made a good Quaker. He continued, however, to attend their meetings, though not as regularly as Friend Simpson had hoped; and as the weeks passed, a kindlier feeling toward him took root among them.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

ALONG the two roads which then, as now, extended down Rhode Island, known as the East and West roads, the British had stationed sentinels at stated intervals of from one to two miles. By this means they could keep posted as to the movements of the farmers, and detect any inclination on their part to extend aid or comfort to the enemy. The rules, however, were very lax. There were few ways in which the farmers could be of any assistance to the Americans, and the majority of those left on the Island, being Quakers, were non-partisans, and were allowed to pass and repass unchallenged. Though Peter Burton was a stranger, no exception was made in his case, and he came and went as he chose. But his was not a nature that could long remain neutral on any issue. His house was near the headquarters of General Prescott, with whom he soon became acquainted, and several times, by the information thus obtained, he was able to put his countrymen at Tiverton on their guard and to defeat plans for surprising them and carrying off their cattle, grain, and supplies.

In spite of the devastation of the island and the uncertain issue of the war, those were happy days to Peter. The sensation of being of some use in the world, and of doing things from other than selfish motives, was a new and delicious sensation; and as he frequented the houses of the British officers, or stealthily crossed the bay at night to convey some needed information to the Americans, the ambition filled his mind

to take his place and use his talents in the great struggle that was going forward. He was naturally a leader of men, and when, some weeks after his arrival, he was offered a captain's commission in the Continental army, he gladly accepted it. Instead, however, of proceeding at once to Tiverton to take his command, he decided to remain a few days longer on the island, as a scheme was on foot to surprise the Americans at Quaker Point in Tiverton and carry off a large flock of sheep and a quantity of grain; and he wanted, if possible, to get the particulars of this plan before leaving the island.

It happened one evening, as he went to call on General Prescott, who liked company and liked to have him come in and take a social glass, he was told the general had gone to Newport. Waiting for a moment in the room, his eye fell on the general's desk, where lay carelessly an open letter addressed to Lieutenant Forbes, giving, as his glance at once took in, complete directions for the management of the Quaker Point expedition. Requesting the negro servant to go and fetch him a glass of wine, he slipped the letter into his pocket,—thinking only, in the anxiety of the moment, of how he could save the men at Tiverton. Then, drinking the general's health and asking the servant to give his compliments to him when he returned, he hurried home, had his horse saddled, and prepared for immediate departure. The negro, however, was not so dull as he thought; and just as Peter was buckling on his spurs, while his horse stood at the door, two stalwart fellows entered and, laying each a hand on his shoulders, arrested him as a spy.

Peter saw that his case was desperate. He well knew the punishment of a spy. With the strength born of desperation he hurled his captors from him, and, leaping upon his horse, disappeared in the darkness. The men were on their feet in an instant and shouting at the top of their voices; and not daring to go along the road, where he felt sure he would be stopped, Peter turned into an adjoining field, hoping to get across to the East Road and beyond the sentinels stationed there, before his pursuers, who would



“I shali call you to account

probably keep to the road, could overtake him. He would also save by this course some two miles. But the night was excessively dark, and his horse, not being used to “cross country” work, refused many of the leaps, compelling circuitous journeys through gateways and gaps; and when he came in sight of the East Road, the unusual number of moving lights and the noise of horses’ feet left him no doubt that his pursuers had reached it before him. There was but one chance left, and that a desperate one. By still keeping to the fields, he might work northward to the line of fortifications, then, entering the road, run the gauntlet of sentinels, and escape to the low land of Ferry Neck, where, from its proximity to Tiverton, they would hardly dare follow him.

Scarcely had he made up his mind to this, and turned his horse’s head toward the north, when from behind the low stone wall just in front of him up jumped three men. Two bullets whizzed by his

head and a third struck him in the leg. He was discovered, and in an instant a large body of horsemen were in hot pursuit.

It is said by those who have narrowly escaped drowning, that in a few seconds a review of their whole lives has passed before them. It is so in many cases of danger. Following the blind instinct of self-preservation, Peter had urged his horse to a run, but he knew that practically there was no hope. As the bullets whistled past his head, his mind went back with the rapidity of a dream to his happy boyhood; then he seemed to be riding down to Ferry Neck to see Dorothy; and one dark night very like this rose before him, when he rode over these same fields after his dark errand to Gould Island. Then passed before him the wearisome and wasted years that he had since passed; his marriage, which but for himself might have been a happy one; and a picture of his little son, who was now fast asleep at home.

A bullet struck him in the shoulder, wounding him severely, and by the swaying, uncertain motion of his horse he knew that he too was severely wounded. In a vague way he wondered how long this would last, and like a man falling asleep while listening to the ticking of a clock, he heard the measured hoof-beats of his pursuers' horses. Faint from loss of blood, his eyes involuntarily closed; but he kept his seat and his hold upon the reins. Still swept rapidly before him the panorama of his life. Again he was landing at Newport; again he was at the Friends' meeting; and again like balm there fell upon his ear the beautiful words, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Another shot, and the curtain fell; the panorama was over. Shot through the heart, he fell forward upon his horse's neck, and both came heavily to the ground.



Dorothy watched from her window.

## CHAPTER V.

By a singular coincidence, on the same day that Peter met his death, a mulatto named Joshua Nipson was arrested as a

spy by the Americans at Tiverton, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Tradition describes Nipson as a man of more than ordinary intelligence,



Gould Island lay dark against the horizon."

though of ungovernable passions. He had always lived in Tiverton, and had been the trusted and confidential servant of John Brownell up to the time of the latter's tragic death. Before his execution, which took place on the following day, he stated that he had a confession to make in regard to the Gould Island affair. His guard took it down in writing; and though but for Peter's return the

money, and it had occurred to Nipson that in case of his master's death, which he thought almost certain, as he was a bad shot, he might appropriate these funds without detection, as no one else knew anything about them. He was therefore sorry for this change; and while crossing the bay on his errand he devised a plan by which he might still possess himself of the money. Instead



The Old Friends' Meeting House.

whole thing had been well-nigh forgotten, it created quite a sensation in the camp.

It seems that John Brownell, on returning from his last visit to Dorothy, had told Nipson of his rejection by Isaiah Scott, and also that he expected to be called out by Peter Burton. Later in the evening he called Nipson and told him that he was sorry for the part he had played in Peter's dismissal; that furthermore, as they had both been rejected, there was now nothing to quarrel over; and ordered him to cross the bay and convey his apologies to Peter and request him to meet him at Gould Island, alone, the next day at four o'clock, that he might make explanations and effect a reconciliation. Now it happened that Brownell had with him a large sum of

of delivering his full message to Peter, he merely requested him to meet his master alone on Gould Island, naming the hour as half-past four, and giving him no hint as to the purpose of the meeting. The next day, after his master had landed on Gould Island, he approached the island from the south with a companion whom he had taken into his confidence, and landed in a little cove, where he could not be seen either from Tiverton or Rhode Island. Entering the woods, and making his way close to his master, who asked in surprise what had brought him there, he shot him through the heart, and then quickly appropriated the money, but left the watch and other valuables. It had been his intention to kill Peter also, reasoning that, after what had

happened at Isaiah Scott's, the public would believe that a duel had been fought which resulted fatally to both parties. But hearing Peter, who was doubtless armed, approaching, much sooner than he expected, and not having had time to re-load his pistol, he hastily retreated, and had just time to conceal himself behind some bushes when Peter reached the spot. From his place of concealment he saw Peter carefully examine the body and the still smoking pistol which lay beside it — then with a muttered exclamation which he could not understand rapidly descend the cliff, get into his boat, and pull away. Nipson divided his booty with his companion, who had remained with their boat, and under cover of the darkness returned to Tiverton.

Why had Peter chosen not to tell what he knew about this matter? As he could not have suspected the presence of any one else on the island, he must have believed it a case of suicide. In his bitterness of soul, was he willing for Dorothy to look upon him as John Brownell's slayer? or did he believe that the circumstantial evidence against him was so strong that no denial or explanation on his part would be of any use? We cannot tell. He had apparently nothing to gain by his silence, and the motives

that actuated him must always remain a mystery.

To the Quakers who, though they had disowned him, could never get rid of the feeling that in a certain way he still belonged to them, the knowledge of his innocence was most grateful. The black stain on his reputation was removed. His life had not indeed been what they could have wished, but he had "lived without fear, and died without reproach," and, non-partisans as they were, they did not think the less of him that he had lost his life in the service of his country.

In the graveyard behind the old Friends' meeting-house — an obscure place and seldom visited — can be seen the graves of Dorothy Perkins and her family, Isaiah Scott and his wife, Joseph Simpson, and Joseph Smith. But Peter Burton's resting-place is still more obscure. This inscription:

HERE LYETH YE BODYE OF  
PETER BURTON  
WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRYE  
NOVEMBER 10TH, 1778,  
AGED 42 YEARS.

is found in the old family burying-ground on the Burton farm, far from the travelled road, and overgrown with blackberry vines and briars, on a rough slab of Rhode Island slate.





Daniel C. Gilman. First President of the University of California.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1875.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

*By Charles Howard Shinn.*

THE University of California is the most important educational institution west of the Mississippi. If we consider the quality of the work done there, the national reputation of many of its teachers and graduates, or the merely material subject of its endowment and resources, it is entitled to rank among the half dozen leading universities in the United States. The story of its development from a frontier school founded by

a few New England men marks the finer and better side of California life.

Thomas Douglass, of Connecticut, a graduate of Yale, of the class of 1831, who had reached San Francisco from Honolulu in 1847, began a school there in April, 1848, with thirty-seven pupils. Within two months the mines opened; four of the five trustees and twenty-eight of the children were in the famous stampede which almost depopulated the sleepy



village in the sandhills. Mr. Douglass closed his school and followed the current.

A number of college graduates were among the "Argonauts," and in the summer of California's famous '49, several genuine outdoor schools were taught under spreading live-oaks, by graduates of Yale, Bowdoin, Amherst, Harvard, and Princeton, in various growing mountain camps.

The first State Constitutional Convention, which met at Monterey, in September, 1849, contained many well-educated men, who were fully conscious of the im-

Thomas O. Larkin of Monterey to aid in founding a college in California. In April, in 1849, while nearly all the men, women, and children in California were crazy after gold, Dr. Willey and Mr. Larkin were sitting in the old adobe custom-house at Monterey, trying to find out how to start a college. Dr. Willey and Dr. Rogers corresponded on the subject all that summer. Then Larkin, Willey and their friends did what they could to extend the college idea elsewhere. At last two gentlemen owning land on the Guadalupe river near San Jose offered to give a site. Trustees



The Berkeley Foothills.

portance of organizing a complete school system. A provision for chartering colleges and caring for State University funds was inserted in the constitution. "Let us build up with the gold from our hills a university as great as Oxford," said one of the members in a speech. The temper of the founders of the state was broad and liberal. The debates of the time, and the constitution they adopted, show them in an admirable light.

But a beginning had been made already in another direction. Rev. Dr. Willey, in his "History of the College of California," published in San Francisco in 1887, says that Rev. Dr. William A. Rogers, of Boston, one of the overseers of Harvard, influenced the noted

were named, among whom were Dr. Willey; Thomas Douglass, the first San Francisco teacher; S. V. Blakeslee; and Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, first pastor of the Congregational Church of San Francisco. This organization failed, and in December, when the first session of the legislature was held in San Jose, the trustees of the proposed college were Frederick Billings; Sherman Day, son of old President Jeremiah Day, of Yale; Dr. Willey; Forrest Shepard; and Chester S. Lyman. Acting with them in all important matters were Rev. J. A. Benton, Rev. T. D. Hunt, and Rev. J. W. Douglass, New Englanders, every one of them. A bill providing for college charters was passed by the legislature. Twenty thousand



Henry Durant.

tion of the public school system, and the college idea had to wait for the fitting time and the trained idea.

In 1853 the man came, and the hour. He was again from the heart of a New England college, this time from Yale. Rev. Henry Durant, a former tutor at Yale, with letters from the president of that institution, came to California to devote his life to teaching and to the founding of a college. Horace Bushnell and Henry Durant graduated in the same class at Yale, and entered the ministry together; later in life they were working side by side in California. But Durant was the pioneer, the real founder of the present University of California.

Mr. Durant decided to begin work with a preparatory school in Oakland, then a sandy cattle pasture thickly covered with immense live-oaks, beginning to attract a few settlers. Here, in a shanty the rent of which was one hundred and fifty dollars per month, gold coin in advance, he taught from three to eight pupils. Four blocks of land, covering perhaps eight acres, in the very finest part of the oak forest, were chosen for the permanent site of the school. But land titles were in a state of chaos, and no man except Henry Durant could have secured the property. He stood among the squatters and pio-

neers, the representative of the higher education, and so won their respect and affection that in all the years of growth which changed the village of tents and huts of 1853 to the present city of fifty thousand people, the name and memory of Henry Durant have remained first in the history of Oakland.

When it was decided to move the school to the new site, the contractors, who were rascals, determined to jump the property. Durant suspected trouble, and made up his mind to block the game. He described the results in an article quoted in Willey's "History of the College of California":

"I came over at night, took a man with me, went into the (unfurnished) house, put a table, chairs, etc. into one of the rooms upstairs, and went to bed. Pretty early in the morning the contractor came into the house and looked about. Presently he came to our door. Looking in, said he: 'What is here?'

"I was getting up. I told him I didn't mean any hurt to him, but I was a little in a hurry to get into my new home, and I thought I would make a beginning the night before. I asked him if he would not walk in and take a seat. I claimed to be the proprietor and in possession. He went off.

My friend went away, and in a little while the contractor came back with two burly fellows. They came into the room and helped themselves to seats. I had no means of defence except an axe under the bed. The contractor said to one of the men: 'Well, what will you do?' Said he: 'If you ask my advice, I say, proceed summarily,' and he began to get up. I rose too, then,—about two feet taller than usual; I felt as if I was monarch of all I surveyed. I told him that if I understood him he intended to move into the room. Said I: 'You will not only commit a trespass upon my property, but you will do violence upon my body. I don't intend to leave this



James Lick.

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S. C. Hastings.



Edward Tompkins.



H. D. Bacon.



H. H. Toland.

room in a sound condition. If you undertake to do that, you will commit a crime as well as a trespass.' That seemed to stagger them, and finally they left me in possession."

In 1855, the Academy Board of Trustees was reorganized and a charter for "The College of California" was obtained from the state. Among the first trustees were many of the leaders of the San Jose movement of 1849—Frederick Billings, Sherman Day, S. H. Willey, J. A. Benton, Reverend T. Dwight Hunt, and others, with younger men, and Henry Durant as the master mind of the enterprise. The next thing was to raise more money, and Dr. Willey made a personal canvass at the East. But California was pouring out its millions of gold, and men said; "Go to your own people." The effort was almost a failure; the work of founding a new college rested upon the shoulders of a few men, young then, and full of hope and energy, who had made their homes in California. The Academy or College school, had sixty pupils and some of them were almost ready for the chartered, but not yet established, college.

Durant turned for help to Horace Bushnell, who came to California for a "camping out summer" in March, 1856.

It was pleasant to see how the great New England clergyman "took hold" with all his might. He was invited to the temporary presidency of the college, and at once started off on a horseback tour, looking for a suitable site, thus combining his own health-seeking plans with the idea of a great university, which would fitly crown the public school system of the state. Those who feel an interest in this picturesque episode in Dr. Bushnell's career will find it amply set forth in his "Life and Letters." His descriptions of California scenes and people often possess a permanent value. It is rare to find, among the hundreds of later California writers, so exact and scientific observations of climate and resources as Dr. Bushnell showed in his personal correspondence during this period. He went over the whole Bay region, the Martinez and Monte Diablo districts, the old Mission San Jose, the Sunol and Livermore valleys, the Napa, Sonoma and Santa Rosa, and after some nine months spent in the open air, he made a detailed report to the trustees, and wrote an eloquent "Appeal" for the college; then returned to Hartford, restored in health, and resumed his pastorate work.



A. K. P. Harmon.



Michael Reese.



D. O. Mills.



General View of the University Buildings.

One may observe the "out-door elements" of early education here. The first school teacher in San Francisco followed his pupils to the mines; the early teachers in the mountain counties taught under the oaks and pines, or in blue drilling tents; the first president of the College of California spent his entire term of office in exploring the foothills and valleys of seven or eight counties, to discover the best permanent site for the institution. He occupied his whole time "examining views and prospects, exploring water-courses, determining their levels, and gauging their quantities of water, discovering quarries, finding supplies of sand and gravel, testing climates, inquiring, and even prospecting to form some judgment of the possibilities of railroads, obtaining terms, looking after titles, and neglecting nothing necessary to prepare the question for proper settlement." The report defined the requirements for a permanent site so well that the subsequent purchase of the Berkeley property was but the natural conclusion from his careful investigations.

Dr. Bushnell, in his "Appeal" to the people, asked for an endowment of half a million of dollars, but thought that three hundred thousand dollars would do to begin with. There is hardly another document in the educational

history of California so replete with dignity and common sense as this noteworthy "Appeal." A finer plea for the founding of a great Pacific Coast university was never made, before or since. The eloquence of men like Thomas Starr King, Frederick Billings, John W. Dwinelle, Edward Tompkins, John B. Felton, and others of the group of intellectual leaders who founded the college and the university, only broadened the highway opened by Dr. Bushnell's Appeal. That struck the keynote. He could go back to old President Jeremiah Day, at New Haven, and say: "The Yale men mean to have a university out there in California."

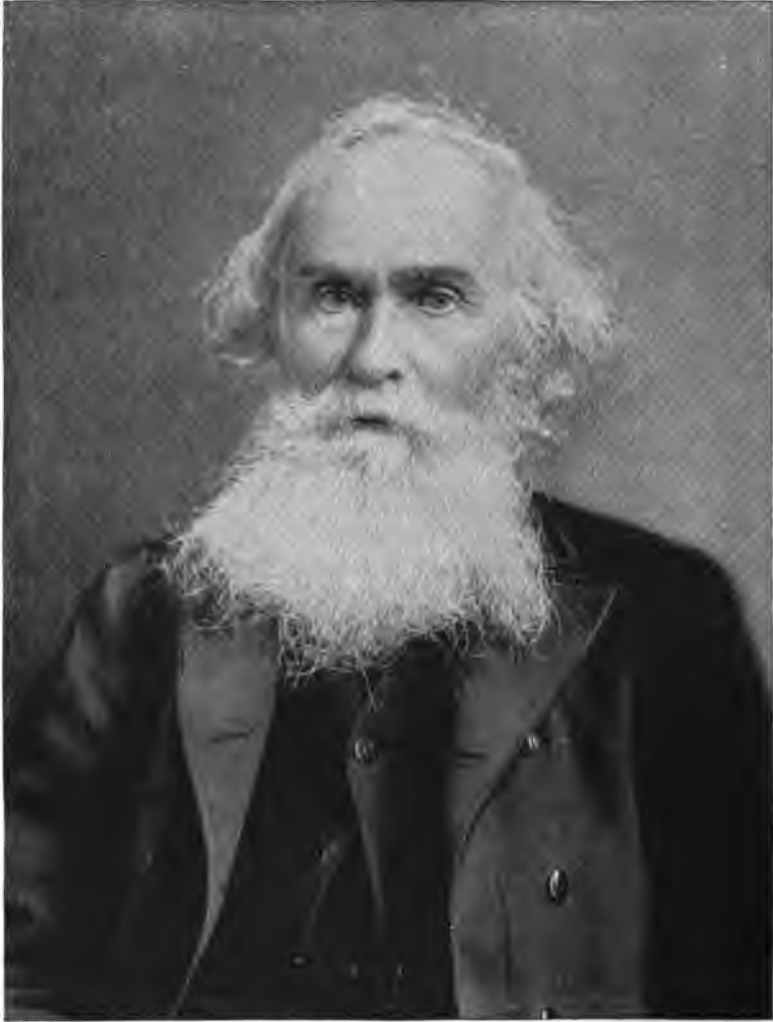
In 1857, the Berkeley site was determined upon, and the "College school" was enlarged. During 1858, the Berkeley tract was nearly paid for; and in 1859, the college organization was begun to receive the senior class of the academy. Mr. J. S. Brayton took Mr. Durant's place, and the latter, with Rev. Martin Kellogg organized the first freshman class of the College of California in



F. L. A. Piocha.

June, 1860. There were eight students admitted, four of whom graduated. Professor Kellogg was then sent to the Atlantic States, to present the needs of the college. President Woolsey of Yale, Dr. Leonard Bacon, President Mark Hopkins, and many other college men heartily in-

California. It could only be supported by direct contributions. In the last annual report of the College of California, that of 1868, Dr. Willey summed up the results of sixteen years' canvassing for supplies. The total was a little over sixty-three thousand dol-



Professor John Le Conte.

dorsed the plans of the institution. But, as Professor Kellogg reported, people said: "You are rich enough to endow your own college."

The friends of the college received no encouragement from the rich men of

lars. It all came in comparatively small sums from men who were not wealthy. The millionnaires, for sixteen years after Henry Durant had settled among the oaks "to start an academy which should grow into a university,"

had been urged to give the young institution a fit endowment, but they saw no need of it; they had come to California to make money, and they looked upon Durant, Bushnell, Tompkins, Willey, Benton, and all the rest as very troublesome and crack-brained beggars. It is a strange and sad story. The first great group of California millionnaires, who ruled the Pacific Coast from 1853 to 1868, gave in the aggregate less than the price of a third-rate racehorse to the university idea. "California liberality" did not "pan out." Men of many millions figure in the lists of those days for a grudging hundred dollars given at long intervals. It was the college graduates, chiefly from New England, who built up the College of California.

There was a famous alumni dinner in 1864, when one hundred and twenty-five college graduates sat down together. Thirty-four colleges were represented. Yale had twenty sons; Williams, eleven; Harvard and Union, nine each; Dartmouth, seven. The "Associated Alumni" lasted some years, to be succeeded by separate college clubs, as the number of alumni on the coast increased. Now there has been a University Club established in San Francisco on the plan of the University Club of New York, and it is a great success.

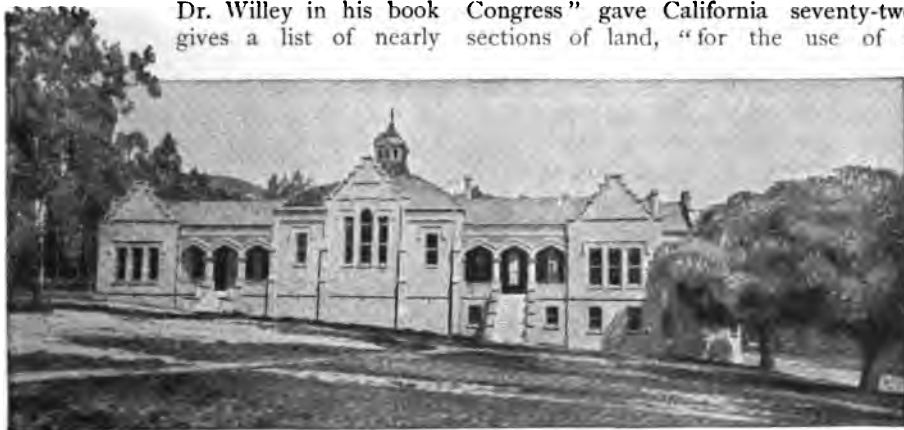
The College of California graduated twenty-three men during its time, who are, of course, accepted alumni of the University of California. Dr. Willey in his book gives a list of nearly



Professor Joseph Le Conte.

seven hundred alumni of various colleges and universities who were residents of this coast in 1865. These were the men who did most to build up the State University, and to advance higher education in every possible manner.

While this small group of singularly devoted men were doing such pioneer work, and were holding up a standard of scholarship as high on the whole as that of any other college in the country, the coming State University was being endowed from another direction. In 1853, an "Act of Congress" gave California seventy-two sections of land, "for the use of a



The New Chemistry Building.

seminary of learning." Ten additional sections granted by the same act "for public buildings" were set apart by the state for university buildings. This

and industrial college." If the larger scheme of a true university could be adopted, then the valuable lands, buildings, and whole organization of the Col-



The Berkeley Oaks.

magnificent land gift remained long unused. It could not be obtained by the College of California. The political difficulties long prevented the location of these lands, and thus the state failed to secure the full possibilities of the gift. In 1862, however, the "Agricultural and Mechanical Arts College Act" gave California about 150,000 additional acres. The project of a "single state college" took shape by a legislative act of 1866, and in June, 1867, the Governor and State Commissioners chose a site in Alameda County, near Berkeley, where the College of California had already purchased one hundred and sixty acres.

But the state idea was as yet crude, narrow, and undeveloped. It was left for Henry Durant and his friends to create the university. The plan of the state was to have an "exclusively scientific

lege of California could be merged into it. Governor Low wrote on behalf of the state: the state had money; it must also have the "scholarship, organization, enthusiasm, and reputation" of the College of California. And so, with the understanding that the college of Letters should be "second to none in the country," the men of the old college gave themselves and all they had to the state. March 23, 1868, the act creating the university was passed, and the Berkeley students annually celebrate the day.

The first president of the State University was Daniel C. Gilman; and he laid its foundations broad and deep. When he decided to go to Johns Hopkins, California lost the greatest organizer of educational work ever known on the Pacific Coast.

President Gilman was fortunately able



to secure the active co-operation of many men of means who had hitherto held aloof. Michael Reese gave the university the "Francis Lieber library" of three thousand volumes of history and political economy. Dr. Adams of Johns Hopkins, in a lecture, once pointed out the interesting circumstances that both Lieber and Bluntschli, who were lifelong friends and associates in the same lines of work, gathered important libraries. The Lieber collection went to the University of California, the Bluntschli was secured by Johns Hopkins. This is only one of the many bonds of union between Berkeley and Baltimore. Michael Reese also gave the university \$50,000 for purchasing books. A pioneer banker, Pioche, gave his private library and fine collection of shells, ores, and minerals. Frederick Tompkins founded the Agassiz Chair of Oriental Languages. D. O. Mills, now of New York, endowed the Mills Chair of Philosophy. Judge Hastings established the Law College by a gift of \$100,000. Henry Bacon, in 1877, gave \$25,000, besides books and works of art to the library. A. K. P. Harmon built the gymnasium. Harry Edwards of the old California theatre, James Keene, and others, added largely to the museum.



Professor Martin Kellogg.

James Lick gave \$700,000 to erect the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton.

Notwithstanding such gifts, and the growth of the public support, the university labored under a great difficulty—it was more or less "in politics." The "granger movement," which began in the closing days of President Gilman's administration, threatened to destroy the whole fabric. The terms of the magnificent gift of the College of California were ignored by the promoters of the movement, and the effort to confine the functions of the State University to "agriculture and industrial arts" was the leading political issue for several years. In one form or another it lasted through the administration of the late Prof. John LeConte, which closed in 1881; and even now some of the ancient embers occasionally blaze out again.

In every department the university has kept well abreast of progress. Its classical department is in no wise inferior to that of Yale. The scientific requirements are well on a level with those of the Sheffield Scientific School. Professor Eugene W. Hilgard, head of the Agricultural College, has a national reputation. The gardens, experimental stations, and other departments under his charge are scattered over the whole state, and comply in letter and spirit with the various acts under



Professor Irving Stringham.



Professor W. B. Rising.

which the university holds its lands. History, English literature, and philology have also received especial attention, and have been in the hands of strong men.

The two brothers, John and Joseph LeConte, the former of whom died April 29th of the present year, have been the leaders of the university in science ever since its foundation. The late Professor Edward Rowland Sill was one of the wisest teachers of literature in the United States. Among the prominent professors connected with the university are Professor Martin Kellogg, Professor Bernard Moses, Pro-

fessor Charles Gayley, Professor George Howison, Professor Irving Stringham, and Professor W. B. Rising. The present "academic senate" at Berkeley consists of seventy members, professors, associates, and instructors, a number of whom were with Henry Durant in the old College of California. The entire staff in all the colleges, and at Mount Hamilton, contains one hundred and thirty-nine members.

Dr. Durant lived to see the university organized, and was everywhere honored as the pioneer in the field. President Gilman was succeeded by President John LeConte, who continued his professorship. President W. T. Reid, formerly principal of the Boys' High School in San Francisco, was inaugurated in 1881. In 1885 he resigned to take charge of a school of his own, and Professor Edward S. Holden, the well-known astronomer, was elected president. He resigned in 1888, to become director of the Lick Observatory, and Hon. Horace Davis of San Francisco, a Harvard man of long business training and high executive ability, became his successor, but resigned in 1890. Professor Martin Kellogg, dean of the faculty, has since served as acting president. Too many changes, it must be confessed; but the university has grown steadily all the while, the classes have increased in size, the endowment has grown, university alumni are better represented on the Board of Regents, political influences have been shorn of



The Golden Gate, from Berkeley.

their power, and the people of California are more heartily in accord with the spirit of the workers at Berkeley.

The "Board of Regents" is a cumbrous and badly constituted body. There are seven *ex-officio* members, the governor of the state, the lieutenant-governor, the speaker of the assembly, the state superintendent of schools, the president of the agricultural society, the president of the Mechanics' Institute, and the university president. Several of them are very apt to be obscure and ignorant politicians. There are also sixteen other regents appointed by the governor, and approved by the State Senate. The average of intelligence and business training has undoubtedly been higher among the appointed members, and when alumni of the university constitute a working majority of the Board, the political difficulties that have beset the university since its organization will be reduced to a minimum.

Since the university was organized, there have been about six hundred and forty graduates, besides the twenty-three of the College of California. At the present time there are over 450 students in the colleges of letters and science at Berkeley. The associated colleges of law, medicine, dentistry, and pharmacy, in San Francisco, have 313 students, so that the total is nearly eight hundred. Canada, Australia, the Hawaiian Islands, Mexico, Japan, and many other countries are, or have been, represented among the students. Tuition is free, and, as in the University of Michigan, co-education has been the principle from the first. One young lady graduated in the class of '74, and about eighty-five have graduated since that time. The women have all taken good rank in their classes; some have made exceptionally fine records as students. They take an active part in the University Alumni Association, and they also have an organization of their own, a branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

The University of California has sent out many men of mark. Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, is one of the graduates, as is Dr. E. C. Sanford, of Clark University at Worcester. So also are

five or six of the brightest young men and women in newspaper and magazine work in the West, and on the Pacific Coast. The college publications have always shown more mature thought than is usual among undergraduates. Much of this is undoubtedly due to the faithfulness of the late Prof. E. R. Sill and his successor, Professor Cook, now of Yale; but part of it comes from the fact that freshmen here are older and have seen more of life than is usual in Eastern colleges. The volumes of the *Berkeleyan* and the *Occident*, the former, under several administrations, a magazine, contain much work that runs well up toward first-class magazine standards. More than a dozen undergraduate poems written at Berkeley have appeared in the *Century*, *Lippincott's*, the *Atlantic* and similar publications. There was a little volume of "College Verses" printed in



Professor G. H. Howison.

1883, which contained about sixty poems, full of the charm of individuality and what critics like to call "the flavor of the soil."

Berkeley, the spot chosen by the trustees of the College of California, is one of the most beautiful places in California. No university in the world has a more

sightly home. It is on the high rim of a valley, at the base of the mountains, and it faces the Bay of San Francisco. The whole East Shore, from North Berkeley, south, past Oakland, to Fruitvale, a distance of ten miles, is becoming a city of homes. In this region the oaks, streams, and high, frostless slopes of Berkeley, justify the rare judgment of Dr. Bushnell, Henry Durant and Dr. Willey. It is a fit place to be the educational centre of California. Strawberry Creek, Grizzly Peak, the wild cañons behind the universities, and the ancient live-oaks that might have been visited by Neé, the Spanish botanist, a century ago, all remain nearly as they were when Berkeley was established. A botanical garden is being planted on the extensive grounds by Professor Hilgard and his assistants, but the natural beauties of the site are retained and increased.

The property and income of the University of California represent a total of about \$7,000,000, which fairly entitles it to rank among the six or seven best endowed universities in America. The plants and lands are worth \$2,859,790. The cash capital funds and endowments, aside from the state tax, are more than \$2,000,000. The state tax now yields nearly \$100,000 yearly. All but \$90,000 of the Lick fund of \$700,000 was spent in building the observatory, and the university spends nearly \$15,000 annually, from its general fund, for the running expenses of this great "watch tower of the skies."



Professor Eugene W. Hilgard.



Dr. J. H. C. Bonte.

The future growth of the university" largely depends, in a material sense, on the growth of the income from the state tax of one cent on every hundred dollars of taxable property.

The educational lack of California at present is in the line of preparatory schools. There are not enough university feeders in different parts of the state. The "new constitution" of California, in 1879, cut off the high schools from the state school provisions, and threw them on the charity of local boards of education. This, which was one of the worst results of the granger agitation before alluded to, soon began to affect the freshman classes of the university. As soon as the present system can be unified, and the lower schools graded up, the attendance at Berkeley may well increase from four hundred and fifty to three times that number.

President Horace Davis, in his report for 1888, says, on this point, that the California institutions of secondary education

"form three groups, without any organic connection. First, the primary and grammar schools; second, the normal schools, partly overlapping the grammar, but not reaching the university; and third, the high schools, which are local institutions, cut off from State aid, and varying in quality according to the community they represent. Over all these is the university, with no power over any of them and having direct connection with only six high schools through its system of entrance on diploma. The university has thus accomplished by moral force what it had no legal power to do: it has forged a link of connection with the public school system; and now

we want to go on and bring all the schools into direct communication with us. First, the normal schools should be graded up to university requirements; thus two objects would be accomplished. The graduates of the normal schools would then be fit to teach the lower grades of the high schools; and secondly, the university could establish a chair of pedagogics and train those normal graduates who enter the university in the higher methods of instruction, while now the graduate of the normal school is unable to pass our entrance requirements without private instruction."

On the principles thus clearly defined, the friends of the University of California, and its more than six hundred alumni are endeavoring to undo the work of the politicians of '79. The standard of the University must be maintained, and advanced so as to keep pace with other first-class institutions. The lower schools must "grade up" and fall into line. For twenty years to come the most important work of California educators must be in this field; and the men of the State University must furnish the leaders in the future as in the past. It is an old saying, that an educational institution is not

fully established until the sons of its graduates are students in its halls. For the University of California that time is close at hand; its earlier graduates are already men of mark in the rapidly growing communities west of the Rocky Mountains, and their children are being fitted for the Berkeley college-group. University men are teachers in the common schools, high schools, and private academies of the state. Each succeeding year sees the influence of the University stronger and more widely diffused over the country. Another university, of great capacities for extended usefulness, is almost ready for students at Palo Alto. It must be the work of every citizen that both institutions may worthily uphold the standards of higher scholarship. Both are needed, nor is there any serious danger that their interests can clash, now or hereafter. May they stand a thousand years hence, the Oxford and Cambridge of the millions of prosperous people of the Pacific Coast.

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## THE GROWTH OF A VEGETARIAN.

*By Mary L. Adams.*

THE garden-patch in front of Widow Lathe's house was brilliant with flowers. The vivid colors of the blossoms seemed to intensify the perfume that floated out to the passers-by. The sweet-peas caught with their fingers the pickets of the fence over which they poked their heads to see what was going on outside, — suffering for their curiosity by being torn from the vines by small purloining hands.

The house that stood behind the flower bed was hip-roofed, and freshly painted. It had a little porch covered with vines. At one side of the door there was a large hook, from which Dr. Lathe's lantern had hung. When the light of that good man's life went out, the lamp of his profession was taken in. In its place swung a cage containing a parrot — a

gray bird with crimson trimmings, whose character was not in keeping with his beauty. The bird was the only surviving member of Widow Lathe's family. It had been sent to her as the sole remaining possession of her one child, her son who was lost at sea. The widow worshipped the bird. It seemed to her as if the creature were apart of her lamented Billy; and indeed it had a certain resemblance to him in its affectionate disposition and in its glib use of oaths. This last quality was a great cross to the widow, and she remonstrated often and earnestly with the bird, as she had with her son before — and with much the same result.

For three whole weeks the parrot had been in Widow Lathe's possession, at once a comfort and a torment to her, and no one knew of his arrival. His

mistress was waiting to cure him of his unfortunate habit before she introduced him to her friends.

One afternoon, when the bird seemed pining for fresh air, she preached a touching sermon, to which Billy listened, bridling on his perch and gently pecking her pale cheek, pressed against the wires. When she finished, she wiped the tears from her eyes, and hung the cage on the lantern hook above the luxuriant flowers.

"Ah, Billy," she said, — she had got into the way of calling him by her son's name, and had she been an Egyptian she would have believed that her son's soul was imprisoned in the bird, — "Ah, Billy, if you are only good, you can stay out in the sunshine every day, from morning till night, and smell the flowers. And there's not such a garden in all the town as this one, Billy. The flowers seem to love to grow for me here."

She glanced about with tender pride and sniffed the fragrant air. Billy, too, appeared impressed by the scene. He was quite subdued when she turned again for a last word.

"Now, remember! It's your own fault if you have to stay shut up in the house. It breaks my heart to punish you," she said, in the same pleading tone she had once used to her son. She went in and left him, and the bird laughed and whistled; no oaths or curses reached the listening ear indoors.

For some time Billy thus swung happily and virtuously above the flowers. Then his bright eye fell on a thin figure with black flapping coat-tails, stumbling up the road. It was the Rev. Joseph Maynard, coming to administer to the Widow Lathe the weekly condolence. He walked nervously, his clumsy feet sending the dust over his shrunken pantaloons and his broadcloth coat. He did not look up as he approached the gate, but mechanically put out his hand to push it open. There was a subdued sound from somewhere as he did so, but he caught no distinct words. He glanced timidly into the yard, but he saw no one, when suddenly a clear, low voice assailed his shocked ear with, "You d——d fool, go about your business."

There was no mistaking this profane command. The reverend gentleman sprang back, and peered under the bushes. He saw nobody; but with the instinctive deception to which the best are sometimes prone, he exclaimed in a hesitating tone, with an attempt at firmness:

"Young man, if the worthy Widow Lathe heard you use such blasphemous words, she would not allow you to weed her garden. You need not hide. I know you are there; and I am astonished and distressed at your irreverence."

While he spoke, the bewildered divine was ducking his head this side and that, to catch a glimpse of the offender.

"D——d fool! d——d fool! reef your topsail! d——d fool!"

This burst of unholiness seemed surely to come from above. The Rev. Joseph Maynard jerked up his head. All he saw was a bird hopping on his perch above the flowers, and laughing in the sun.

"Tra la la, tra la la! Oh, Lor'! Oh, Lor'! Four o'clock! All's well! Wind's northeast! Blows —"

The Rev. Mr. Maynard did not wait for more. He turned and hurried down the street, pursued by Billy's fiendish laughter. When the dust that he raised in his retreat had settled, the widow appeared in her doorway. Her face was stern, and she looked at the innocent occupant of the cage in stony despair. Billy swung to and fro, apparently unconscious of her presence. Each remained silent for a moment; then the widow grasped the cage. She carried it resolutely into the house, holding it out before her, and walked with it to the store closet. The store closet was large, with one little window looking out upon the shed. It was a great contrast to the garden with the flowers. She placed the cage in a dark corner, and after opening the window to let in the air, she went out and locked the door. Then she tramped into the little sitting-room, dreary with its unpapered walls, its air-tight stove, its hair-cloth furniture and rag carpet, and took out her "work." Her mouth was very grim as she pinned one end of a sheet to her knee and began to hem. Through the afternoon she sat

there, never looking up, except when the old clock wheezed out the hours and half hours.

About three Billy began to call. The sounds issuing from the store closet came in at the sitting-room window; but the widow was seemingly unmoved by the whistles and the screams. She listened calmly to coaxings and to oaths, never going near the reprobate, except to give him some food and, as night came on, to close the window.

A few days later, Billy began to pine and lose his appetite. Then once more the widow resorted to prayers and tears. After an earnest plea she took the bird out of his cage and held him in her lap. He had been very lonely without the affection which he was wont to receive, and at her forgiving touch he nestled against her in a way which brought tears to the poor woman's eyes.

"I believe you will be good now, Billy," she said, pressing him to her forlorn heart. "You're a sight of company and a real comfort when you're good."

She rocked him for a little while, and then replaced him in his cage and hung it outdoors over the flowers. For a time Billy was quiet; but after the sun brightened him up and the soft wind ruffled his feathers he began to whistle and call as of old. The widow watched from behind the closed blinds of the sitting-room, and her heart beat quicker and her cheek grew pale as she saw the limp form of the minister coming down the road. She pressed her hands tightly together as he turned in at her gate. The parrot gazed at him out of his bright eyes without opening his beak. The Rev. Mr. Maynard surveyed him a moment when he arrived at the top step, and stretched his head toward the bird. "Pretty Polly!" he said soothingly. "Pretty Polly!"

At this there came an explosion. Billy flew to the side of his cage, vainly trying to get at the offender. He was unable to reach him, but he gave vent to his feelings by a volley of oaths. The widow behind the blinds gave a sigh. The minister pushed open the door, and hurried into her presence, trembling with excitement.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, "how can

you—how dare you,—you who profess to be a Christian,—keep such a creature as that bird in your house?"

The widow drew herself up. "Sir!" said she, "I allow no man to call me woman in that tone!"

"You should not keep a bird who has twice cursed a minister of the gospel," retorted the reverend man.

"Sir!" said the widow, "a minister of the gospel should not insult a woman in her own house, else he is no better than an ignorant bird."

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "I forgot myself in my astonishment."

"We both forgot ourselves," said she, quick to be reconciled—"I, in protecting my parrot, as a mother her offspring."

"Heaven forbid that you should be the mother of such a creature!"

The widow felt the justice of the remark and made no defence.

"I feel terribly enough," she said presently, "about this bad habit my bird has got. But we all of us have bad habits, and I try to be patient with this one. I've talked to him for hours together. I've prayed with him. I'm beginning to think he'll never be any better." She wiped her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Maynard, you, with your ten children, don't realize what it is to be alone in the world with nothing but a parrot who swears. Yet he's such a loving creature! I tell him he's a sight of company when he's good."

The minister sat perplexed; he had never before met with such a case.

"One thing is sure," he said at last, "it isn't right to keep such a creature, who is so bad an example for the young. It's your Christian duty not to."

"I can't give him away," she said.

"It would be the same thing over again," he observed.

"And I couldn't bear to part with him! He's the last of my family!"

"But if it were shown you that it was your duty to rid yourself—and the town—of such a creature, you would do it?"

The widow bowed; and he went to work to convince her that it was a sin to keep the bird any longer.

"What shall I do with him?" she sobbed at last.



"Shoot him!" said the parson.

When he took his departure abruptly, Mrs. Lathe threw herself upon the slippery little lounge and wept aloud. Billy exhausted his oaths upon the receding clergyman, and then amused himself by calling the broken-hearted widow pet names in his gentlest voice. At this she only sobbed the harder. When she had quieted herself she went out to get the bird. He looked curiously at her red eyes and swollen face. She took him back to the store-closet, and there he remained for two days, during which the widow was undergoing a ceaseless struggle for light as to her duty.

One morning, after a sleepless night, when everything was quiet and she knew she would be safe from interruption, she carried the parrot out to the barn. She was pale and faint. The doors on the opposite sides of the barn were open, and the sweet summer air filled the old cob-webbed building. Billy's drooped head lifted, and she saw his pleasure through her tears, and heard his soft words with anguish. She turned resolutely into the adjoining shed, and when she came back she carried an old musket in her trembling hands. She shut all the doors, and in the dim light examined the weapon. It was loaded, as she had left it. She placed it in a corner and looked at it nervously. It had not been fired since her son's youth. For a long time she regarded it, rubbing her hands together, and not once looking on the bird, who was calling her. Billy lost patience, and began to swear. The widow shouldered the gun. "This cannot be allowed!" she muttered; and while her forced anger was maintained at its height, she took aim, shut both eyes, pulled the rusty trigger, and —!

The next thing she knew she was lying on her back in the straw, with the gun in pieces around her, and the parrot screeching and fluttering in his cage. Her heart almost stopped beating. She tried to get up, but fell back. She tried again, and this time managed to pull herself upon her feet.

She was only jarred, after all, and her strength came back as she stepped forward. She reached the cage. She gave

a cry, and encircling the cage with both her arms, laid her face down on the top.

"Oh, I have killed him! I have shot him!" she moaned, while the unharmed bird furiously pecked her cheek. She began to realize that Billy was lively for a dying creature. "I'm a wicked woman — a wicked woman!" she cried, when she had failed to find a scratch on him. "I deserve to be shot myself. Oh, how could I have been so cruel? Oh, Billy! Billy!"

Billy kicked and clawed and tried to get away.

"He knows I am wicked — he feels it! How can he ever trust a person so — so — so bloodthirsty!"

She put the parrot from her. His fear gradually subsided, and in half an hour he was quiet on his perch. The widow sat in an old cow-stall, long unused and empty, and watched him, listening to his oaths even with secret rejoicing and with self-condemnation. At last, stiff and worn out from her fall and her emotion, she got upon her knees and picked up the pieces of the exploded musket and hid them in the straw; and while still upon her knees, she thanked her Creator that she had not been allowed to carry out her murderous design.

She took Billy into the house, up the back stairs, to an old chamber overlooking the orchard. It was an antiquated storeroom, with odd pieces of furniture, blue bandboxes, old bonnets and old clothes in various stages of decay. There was a large window which opened into the boughs of an apple tree, and in the spring time the scent of apple blossoms mingled with the odor of the musty relics. Mrs. Lathe opened this window and placed Billy in his cage, on a table before it.

"It's far away from the street, and from the neighbors," she said, as she surveyed him. "No one can hear him even if he screams. He'll get sun and air. I will tell Mr. Maynard I shot him. I will let him believe — a lie! I — Oh, how sinful I have become! But it is better to say I killed him than to have really done it! What if I had killed him? Oh, Billy! What if I had killed

him — a living creature ! — sent him into — no one knows what ? ”

She bowed her head, and tottered from the room. In the course of a day or two she regained her self-possession, but her mind was filled with new ideas while she worked to make Billy's prison seem like the great out-of-doors he loved so much. She took a ladder and climbed upon the roof of the shed. From there she reached the storeroom window and nailed some slats across the lower half. She pushed the apple boughs, which had tapped on the glass for admittance so many years, into the room, to make a green perch for Billy. She stowed away all the old traps in the attic, working incessantly, scarcely stopping to eat or sleep. Out in the garden she dug up many of her handsomest flowering plants, and these she potted and put into the freshly cleaned chamber. When everything was done that could be done to make the place bright and sweet and airy, she set wide the door of Billy's cage, and did not shut it again.

The bird seemed timid at first, but he soon became used to his surroundings, and perched first on one green branch, then on another ; and the widow watched him pull the blossoms from her choicest geranium with a feeling almost ecstatic, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. She fed him with dainties, and then went away and left him to his new-found bliss.

She could not accomplish much in the way of work, for her mind was filled with Billy. She would pause, broom in hand, and pinch her lower lip meditatively while she looked out of the open door into the hen-yard. The chickens strutted about looking for worms ; and she forgot Billy for a moment as her eyes followed the particular greedy chicken she had intended to kill for Sunday's dinner.

“ I thought I'd begin with that one, it seems so grasping and mean spirited,” she said, as the selfish creature pulled a plump worm from a weaker sister. “ I was going to have it killed for to-day's dinner,” she added, talking aloud to herself, after her manner, “ but I guess I'll wait till Sunday. I believe I'll have just vegetables to-day. I don't believe I'd have relished it to-day. I'll have it

for Sunday, and get Sam Mathews to kill it for me to-night.”

She turned from the door and, without finishing her sweeping, began to wash the potatoes for dinner. When they were in the pot she remembered that she had forgotten to feed her hens. “ I'm getting more and more forgetful and — and slothful,” she said as she mixed the feed. “ Perhaps after a day or two I can think of something besides Billy and myself.”

She took the yellow bowl on her arm and went out into the yard.

“ Chick ! Chick ! Chick ! ” Billy from his apple-bough echoed her words : “ Chick ! Chick ! Chick ! ”

The hens, big and little, tumbled over each other in their hurry ; and the doves from the roof of the barn circled about and finally joined in the feast. “ Get out of the way, Spotty,” said she to the greedy chicken to whom she was in the habit of talking. “ You want all there is ! ” She pushed her away and let the weak sister have her place. One or two of the chickens hopped into her lap as she stooped down, and she fed them from her spoon. The blue sky smiled above her and the soft wind blew about her as she ministered to her feathered family. Billy from the window sent down his approval.

“ How tame they are ! ” she said aloud. “ They're almost like folks ; and the doves too,” she added, scattering a few handfuls of grain to the cooing pigeons. She turned toward the house again, shaking the remainder of the meal from the bowl as she walked. On the doorstep she turned and surveyed the peaceful scene once more. Her heart was softened, even toward the greedy chicken, who was gobbling as fast as she could, and crowding with all her little might. “ Poor things, poor things ! ” she muttered ; “ born just to die ! ”

That afternoon the widow saw the minister coming cautiously toward the house. He looked well about him before he opened the gate. There seemed to be no profane element in the quiet little garden, and he walked softly up the path and knocked at the door. Mrs. Lathe, with a calm face, let him in, and led the way to the sitting-room. The minister

fidgited in his chair and listened to the ticking of the clock. The widow remained silent opposite him.

"A pleasant day," he ventured.

"Very," she answered.

"I noticed as I came along that old Deacon Mears was out in his wheel-chair, taking the air."

"I'm sure I'm glad to hear it. I began to think he had been out for the last time. Wonderful how he clings to life!"

"Just what I told his wife," said the minister, a little more at ease. He looked about inquisitively, first on one side, then on the other, as if he expected a gun or something else might explode. He talked on in an aimless way about Sister Martin's rheumatism and the ailments of his other parishioners, interspersing these remarks with more words on the weather.

At last the widow asked abruptly:

"Why don't you ask where the parrot is?"

The parson jumped as if the gun had actually exploded. "I—I was coming to that," he said. "Where is he?"

"I shot him!" she exclaimed in a firm tone, telling her lie with heroic strength.

"You did?" said the parson feebly.

"Yes, I shot him," she repeated—and they stared at each other.

"'Twas a good work," said he at last.

"It was not!" cried the widow in an explosive way that made him jump again. "It was the wickedest thing I ever did in my life!" and there the subject was left.

When Sunday came Mrs. Lathe looked out at the hen-yard, there in its church-like stillness. She was glad she did not have Sam Mathews kill the chicken for that day. She decided to have all the various vegetables, especially those she liked best. She would cook the kinds she usually ate with chicken, but she would go without the chicken. She listened to the cooing of the doves and the soft clucking of the hens, and thought that they too felt the holy calm of the day. When the bell rang she put on her best black silk and her new bonnet, with its fresh folds of crape, and went to church, her mind still on her peaceful hen-yard. Even the denunciations of the Reverend Mr. Maynard could not disturb her reverie; and as soon as the service

was over she hastened home and went out to the back stoop, in the shade, to look at the hens again. She ate her vegetable dinner with good appetite; and when the dishes were cleared away she returned to the hens. At the end of the day she said good night to Billy mechanically and went to bed, but she lay there half-conscious and wakeful all night. The next morning she was still in a brown study, but at noon, when she sat down to another vegetable dinner, she had formed her resolutions. When Freddy Johnson went by to school, she called him in and gave him a big doughnut, and when she had further won his heart by tucking a couple of ginger cookies into his pocket, she told him to stop at the minister's and ask him if he would come to see her that afternoon.

At two o'clock she was walking nervously about the house, when she saw the minister approaching. She met him at the door and unconsciously ushered him into the stuffy parlor, which was used only on state occasions. After the tribute to the weather Mr. Maynard cleared his throat.

"Young Frederick Johnson said you wished to see me," he said.

"I did," said the widow, looking uneasily about her and turning paler. "I—I wanted to say something which I ought to say. I—" She stopped and swallowed convulsively again. It was difficult for a woman who had always been the soul of honor to make such a confession as she had to. She looked beseechingly toward the minister. He remained immovable. "I—I—I have deceived you," she faltered. "Hear me first, then judge me," she implored, as he rose in amazement. They both stood for a moment, looking in each other's face. "There is no excuse for me—none, except my love for that parrot. He was the only human-seeming creature about me. Mr. Maynard, if I had killed that bird I should have been a *criminal*! And I am no less a criminal, because I tried to do it—and the Lord interfered!" She thrust out her hands dramatically. "Yes, I tried to do it! I took that cruel gun and shot at him!" At this she

sobbed aloud. When she gained control of herself she continued: "But the Lord interfered to save me from murder! The gun exploded, and knocked me down. But Billy was saved! And when I came to, I found my senses, and I repented having allowed any one to influence me to do something that was *wicked*, to keep the good opinion of people!"

The minister looked at her in amazement.

"Mr. Maynard," she went on, "that bird was sent to me as all that was left of my dear son. He loved the bird as I loved it, and he bequeathed it to my care, and I believe that parrot is no more to blame for the words he speaks than an untaught child. He repeats what he hears. It is his human associates who are to blame. And have I a right to kill what my son — the Lord forgive me — may have helped to corrupt? I will keep that bird till he dies. He shall have everything I can give him; and I have made a vow *never* to kill a living thing so long as I live, and not to eat or use any living creature!" As she gave utterance to these astounding sentiments she approached nearer the parson, who kept backing before her until he sat down upon the sofa. The widow continued her discourse.

"I will never eat a piece of any animal again!" she repeated. "I believe it is as wicked to eat the creatures God made to beautify the earth as it is to kill them; and that it is wicked to kill them, the Lord himself has shown me!"

"What will you do for food?" asked the parson, summoning together his argumentative powers.

"I will eat vegetables, as I have this last four days. Vegetables were made to eat. Animals were not!"

Mr. Maynard rose to his feet.

"How dare you say, after what you have read in your Bible, that animals were not made to eat?" he exclaimed. "Did not the Lord himself let down a sheet with animals to Peter, in a vision, and tell him to kill and eat? And how was Peter rebuked for refusing what the Lord offered him?"

"We can't explain everything in the Bible," said she. "Lots of things we be-

lieve aren't meant literally. There are the parables. I will eat no animal," she cried with growing exaltation, "no fowl of the air, no creeping thing, nor anything of the kind!"

"Have you taken into consideration what this means?" asked the minister. "You must never touch fish, flesh, nor fowl? The very soup you eat is made from one of these."

"I have done nothing but think and pray for the last week; and as for soup, I shall use peas and beans."

"The trimmings on your bonnets!" he added. She cast down her eyes.

"I am in mourning; when I lighten it I can wear jets. Ostrich feathers are taken from the live animal."

"I fear you are sadly misguided," he said solemnly. "It sounds — somehow it sounds — popish! — What shall you do with your hens?" he suddenly asked.

"Keep them till they die of old age! I can eat the eggs. Should I be any less wicked if I killed the hens to gratify my appetite, because I do not love them, than I should be if I killed Billy, whom I love more than any one on earth? I am going to love my hens and all God's creatures that he has given me to protect, so that on the day of judgment I shall not be afraid to look Him in the face!"

The minister was reduced to absolute silence. He could not now even pray. "I must go away," he said, "and take it to the Lord in prayer."

The next day he came again. The widow received him with her face still calm. "Speak right out," she said, her new ideas seeming to give her a feeling of supremacy over him. "It's the only way. Say what you think!"

Mr. Maynard gathered himself together. "I've been praying and consulting the word of God," he said. "I — I — at first I thought to bring the case before the church — ; but — you are pretty well along in years —" Mrs. Lathe coughed — "and — and — I know you've been a good church worker and member, and I know" — he halted again, "to a certain extent — to a *certain extent*, we can't help our views — and so I believe we'll say no more about it. This

notion of yours can harm no one but yourself, and — if you really feel you are inspired in it — that you are led in that direction, why — I don't see — so long as you keep it to yourself — we might let it rest as it is."

Mrs. Lathe said nothing. She only smiled. The Rev. Mr. Maynard returned the smile in a weak manner. Just then he sniffed the odor of steaming cabbage, which penetrated even to the sacred precincts of the parlor; and there was a hiss of boiling-over water, which called the widow to the kitchen.

"Excuse me — the cabbage is boiling over," she said. She returned in a few minutes with a beaming face. "Won't you step out and have a bit of boiled dish?" she asked.

The parson hesitated a moment, and then followed the widow into the kitchen.

"It's boiled dish without corned-beef," she announced almost gayly. "It seems funny, but it's real relishing. Somehow the thought of eating an animal now makes me sort of sick. I feel like a cannibal. I have the same dinners I would have with meat, but I leave the meat out; green peas and such things on lamb days, without the lamb — and so on."

They sat down, and the minister asked a fervent blessing. The widow ate more than usual, and so did the Rev. Mr. Maynard. While they ate, they could hear the cheerful clucking of the hens, who seemed aware of their renewed lease of life; and Billy whistled from his branch of the apple tree.

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## A BURIED CITY.

*By Arthur L. Salmon.*

DOWN, down, beneath the water's ebb and flow,  
 A buried city lies with homes and towers;  
 There, when the sun has set and winds are low,  
 I rock and dream for hours;  
 And softly floating on the dusky tide  
 In listless twilight rest,  
 I hear far chimes of buried belfries glide  
 Along the water's breast.

At times, methinks, when from the quiet sky  
 A cloudless moon in silver glory peers,  
 Its streets and gabled houses meet mine eye,  
 As in the by-gone years;  
 The murmurings of many voices rise  
 In solemn mystic strain,  
 And vanished faces under brighter skies  
 Return to smile again.

The voices of my childhood's happy days  
 Come stealing upwards through the hush of night;  
 And through the lonely, long-deserted ways,  
 There streams a flood of light.  
 But ah, it is a dream, when winds are low, —  
 Too dear a dream to last;  
 And mournfully the waters ebb and flow  
 Above my buried past.

## THE FRENCH CANADIAN PEASANTRY.

*By Prosper Bender.*



THE cession of Canada in 1760, in ending the long duel between the two great colonies of the two leading European powers, is an ever memorable event, from which the greatest blessings have already sprung, with a broad horizon of hope for the future. The French Canadians, by their manly and philosophic resignation to the decree of destiny, asserted the best title to the confidence of their conquerors, which they have since generally enjoyed. For years they had reason to complain of the exactions of their new masters; but the Quebec Act of 1774, recognizing the official use of the French language and granting French civil laws, proclaiming free religious and civil rights, removed many of their grievances and gradually led to their becoming attached to British rule. After 1812, political and constitutional differences, which had lain dormant during the struggle with the American colonies, revived between the Lower Canada (Quebec) elective Legislative Assembly, mainly French, and the Governor-General of the Executive Council, appointed by the Crown, and they soon took menacing form. The Assembly had not the coveted power over the public expenditures and public appointments, both sides struggling bitterly for the success of their respective views. Race and religious prejudices imported into the country aggravated the dispute, and excited, on the part of extremists, radical views, with revolutionary object. At length after a good deal of local disturbance and political agitation among the French Canadians, stimulated by Louis Papineau, a clever lawyer, who declared for a Canadian Republic, the rebellion of 1837 broke out under his leadership. The revolutionary party being imperfectly armed, led by politicians instead of military men, and seriously opposed by the

Roman Catholic clergy, was soon suppressed.

The union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1840, under a system of responsible government, based upon that of Great Britain, was accepted enthusiastically by the English of Upper Canada (Ontario); but with distrust by many of the French Canadians of Lower Canada. The latter, however, guided by sagacious statesmen and the clergy, decided to give it a fair trial. The relations between the two elements continued somewhat strained until 1849, when full and final acknowledgment of the principles of ministerial authority and related responsibility was granted. Those rights and privileges the French Canadians fully appreciated. They naturally desired the full benefits of the British system, despite the fossil notions and prejudices of some of the arbitrary bureaucrats sent to represent Royalty in Canada, and administer their affairs. On receiving the full measure of responsible government, the political troubles of the French and other Canadians speedily died out, and their loyalty to Great Britain is decidedly gratifying to English statesmen of whatever party, who are proud of the sentiment of French Canadians, happily expressed by the late Sir George Cartier: "We are Englishmen speaking French." None more keenly appreciate the feeling voiced by the late Sir Etienne Taché, that "the last gun fired for British supremacy in Canada would be fired by a French Canadian."

In 1861, Upper Canada had an excess of population over Lower Canada of 285,427, and the increase of the surplus excess continued till it reached nearly half a million in 1866. This was made the basis of a demand by the Liberals (the bulk of them Western men) for representation by population; but it was resisted successfully by the Conservatives, chiefly French, till 1867, when a crisis ensued. The leaders of neither party could com-

mand a working majority in parliament, and a deadlock followed. Under those circumstances, a coalition of the hostile parties was formed and the union of all the British North America provinces was decided upon, under the title of the Confederation or Dominion of Canada. Notwithstanding the greater increase still of British numbers after confederation, due to the addition of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and the other Western provinces to the Union, the French in Canadian politics retain an immense influence. This is one of the wonders of our new world politics. In fact, without the aid of the French, no important political step can be taken in Dominion affairs. They hold the balance of power. Their leaders have generally evinced not only sagacity, but remarkable courage and party loyalty. These qualities render them most useful colleagues on the one hand, and powerful opponents on the other.

The ablest and most distinguished of the French Canadian leaders, in the first quarter of this century, was Sir Hypolite Lafontaine. Appearing at a critical time in the history of his country, he rendered his people valuable service, politically and socially. It was his mission to introduce to his countrymen the benefits of the new privileges given them by the Act of 1838, and to obtain from unwilling governors their complete assent to the full operation of those reforms. Truly is it said that, when he retired from the government, the new system of self-government was in thorough working order, though not so perfect in its details as it has since been made. M. A. N. Morin worthily followed in his footsteps, but with easier duties to perform. While continuing the training of the people in the work of responsible self-government, he succeeded in allaying the apprehensions of the British and gaining their respect by the moderation and wisdom of his public acts. Mr. Robert Baldwin of Upper Canada truly appreciated the merits and services of this statesman, his French colleague, for which he suffered at the hands of extremists of his province, and lost his parliamentary seat. But M. Morin did both himself and colleague

honor in securing his election by a French constituency, which did not contain half a dozen of English votes at the time.

Sir George Cartier followed those statesmen, having the advantage of their experience to guide him, no less than the co-operation of that able, energetic, and sagacious British chieftain, Sir John A. Macdonald. Each worked hard for country and party, rendering valuable service to both for many years. Sir George possessed the courage, determination, and fidelity of the Briton, united with the vivacity, cleverness, and courtesy of his race. Only a short time since, Sir John A. Macdonald in speaking of his former colleague's gifts, remarked: "He was the most far-seeing and practical of any politicians, I have ever known." Most of the great undertakings and reforms carried in the Canadian Parliament since 1840, either originated with or were fostered by him, such as the act abolishing the remaining commercial and political restrictions; the repeal of the navigation laws and differential duties; construction of the Grand Trunk Railway; Reciprocity Treaty with the United States; the abolition of seigniorial tenure; and the settlement of the clergy reserves. Some of these measures aroused feelings equal in violence to those which have drawn universal attention to the Irish question. The civil code, the code of procedure, the cadastre, the revision of the various educational laws in favor of a more complete and uniform system, were other enactments previous to the union of all the British provinces under the Act of Confederation. The Treaty of Washington, the Intercolonial Railway, the great improvement and extension of the canal system of Canada, now the equal of any in the world, were followed by the purchase of the Northwest, giving a new and a vast empire to Canada. To open up and foster the settlement of the new region, as well as to bind all parts of the new union from the Atlantic to the Pacific close together for mutual benefit and support, the Canadian Pacific Railway was built. Most of these great enterprises Sir George lived to see completed before his lamented death, and he truly deserved this gratification. Such labors



and achievements form the staple of his fame, which will long be a sacred treasure to his countrymen.

Sir George Cartier's successor, Sir Hector Langevin, has certainly shown much ability and tact in securing the loyal support of the British Protestant population of Ontario and the other provinces. The eminent qualifications for leadership of the French Canadians are daily manifested in the course of the Liberal chief at Ottawa, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, who has gained the confidence and good-will of his own party, two-thirds of whom are Protestants. Able men like Hon. Edward Blake, the late leader of the Liberals, and his clever colleagues, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright, heartily co-operate with him, not only on account of his brilliant oratorical power and statesmanship, but his consistency, sterling honesty, and pure-minded patriotism. Another clever representative of this race is the Hon. Honoré Mercier, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, a man of vast political resources, excellent judgment, and the best debater in the local house.

The present condition and prospects of the Dominion have for some time commanded a considerable share of the attention of the leading men of all races and parties. That its actual position is not devoid of difficulties calculated to excite no ordinary uneasiness in many quarters, as well as a sense of the necessity of a prudent policy by both the leading parties, or by the sections of them averse to a revolutionary change, it would be absurd to deny. Popular opinion on some of the important issues of the day is much divided. Many Canadians, British and French, undoubtedly favor a further trial of the existing constitution, on the ground of uncertainty as to whether a new one, or one much different from the present, would be an improvement. On the other hand, many, especially among the working classes, favor more intimate relations with the United States. Such questions as "the future of Canada," "the best commercial policy for Canada," and "the proper attitude for Canada toward the United States," etc., are topics of daily

discussion, both in the press and at public meetings. The impression is steadily gaining ground that, despite more or less obstructive tariffs, or party political contrivances, the trade of Canada and the Republic is certain to keep growing, and at a rapid rate, too. With expanded material, we usually look for and witness extended social relations; results which the recent history of the United States and the Dominion emphatically exemplifies.

The idea of the possibility of some decided change in the mutual relations of the several provinces, and some, also, in their relations with Great Britain and the United States ere long, has been generally admitted of late years. Many British Canadians openly extol a legislative union of the provinces, believing it would prove more economical than the actual system of confederation, with its various local legislatures and official systems, besides the general government at Ottawa. And recently a certain number have pronounced in favor of a Federation with Great Britain.<sup>1</sup> But the French Canadians so far regard both schemes with disfavor and apprehension, stating they would be at a numerical disadvantage at Ottawa in any settlement of provincial questions, and overshadowed as a foreign-ruled province, of a world-encircling empire like Great Britain's. They strongly desire to preserve their autonomy, and to exercise supreme power in the management of their local affairs. And when these political reforms are urged upon them, they deal freely in prediction and menace. Politicians and *litterateurs* speculate as to the probable consequences of the gravitation of any large province in the Dominion to the Republic, many naturally perceiving the vast increase of the moral and material difficulties that would be cast in the path of the weakened power, and the much greater likelihood of an early similar settlement of the other provinces within the same great prosperous constellation. It would not be wise on the part of the friends of British connection to alarm French Canadian interests,

<sup>1</sup> "A united empire, with all the colonial possessions scattered throughout the world joined in a confederacy, in which all will be co-ordinate in power and equal in responsibility."

or offend their susceptibilities on such questions.

The ill-feeling and strained relations for some time existing between the French and British in Quebec and Ontario are a relic of the old troubles mainly arising from national and religious prejudice, from which the country has greatly suffered at times, ever since the conquest. Fanatics have always been numerous enough in each rival camp to supply subjects for quarrels, as well as disputants at short notice, to the danger of the public peace. In this way the growth of mutual confidence between Protestants and Catholics, and English and French is slower than it ought to be. At election times such prejudices are often found ready and effective weapons by either party, with mischievous results felt long afterwards. The terrifying pictures the French Canadian opponent will often draw of the British candidate, and of the woful consequences of his election, to the French and Catholic element, the shocking descriptions given of the past iniquities and probable future persecutions of the British tyrant, would be amusing, if not so liable to prove hurtful. On the other hand, to their honor be it said, even agricultural constituencies containing a French Canadian majority, have returned British or Protestant representatives mainly influenced by political or party motives, and sometimes despite the vigorous efforts of French fanatics. The appeals of liberal, broad-minded leaders, of either race, at critical seasons, fortunately prevail to overthrow prejudice, procure concessions, and avert disasters to the constitutional fabric.

One often hears portions of the British element in the province of Quebec complain that they are not fairly treated by the majority. In reply to this accusation a recent Quebec paper, *L'Electeur*, says that the British have, in reality, a larger representation in parliament than they are entitled to according to population. It fixes the Protestant population at 188,309 out of a total of 1,859,027, and states that the Protestants are in a majority only in six out of the sixty-five electoral districts of the province; viz., Compton, Stanstead, Brome, Missisquoi, Huntington, and Ar-

genteuil. And yet there are ten Protestant members in the local house. In the legislative council, where Protestants have a right to only three seats, they have five; and in the five districts they represent the Catholics are in a majority of 123,127. And the article concludes with the further statement that the Protestants are equally well treated in other directions. The *Toronto Globe*, a newspaper not by any means friendly to the French Canadians, says on this subject:

"Those who, influenced by the vagaries of certain newspapers, doubt that the population of the province of Quebec is generally exempt from religious intolerance, should study the treatment of the Protestant minority in the matter of education. The two hundred thousand Protestants have nine hundred and sixteen elementary schools supported by the government, and under the control of a Protestant committee of the council of public instruction. . . . In fact, the Protestants of the province receive much more than their share, based upon numbers, of the sum total of the appropriations voted for public instruction."

The annexation party is composed of both French and British Canadians, and although not large in numbers, is influential in the principal centres of business and population. It has been quietly working for a good many years to leaven the surrounding community with its principles and its objects. In a young country with a tentative constitution like Canada, such an organization can hardly fail to spread its opinions rapidly and gain in numbers fast. Most of the members possess the advantages conferred by travel, the comparison of the business conditions of the rival nations, with that useful and practical experience of the working of their respective institutions. The annexationists have not sought strength, much less mere notoriety, by idle boasting or vainglorious predictions of early success. Their policy is to avoid ridiculous bombast and childish display which might be turned to the disadvantage of either of the great parties with which any of their members are connected. In that way they secure the sympathy of intelligent, sensible critics. In some directions they have to contend against prejudice, owing to the unfriendly attitude of the United States toward Canada; but in the main this feeling is being rapidly replaced by esteem and

good will. Annexation, many believe, would raise the country from an unprosperous, dispirited condition, to one of great prosperity and importance. In truth, Canada needs and must have free trade with her nearest, wealthy and powerful neighbor, whether under the form of Annexation or a Reciprocity Treaty. The striking success of great numbers of their fellow countrymen in the United States causes Canadians to realize the great importance of more extensive industrial and social relations with it, and further they recall the rapid increase of Canadian prosperity under the old Reciprocity Treaty, although it only admitted a few Canadian products to the American market. A liberal policy on the part of the Republic might promptly bring about such results as the true patriots on both sides must desire.

Political as well as other experiments are in this generation judged by their fruits. Many, French and British, believe that the last experiment in constitution moulding has not evinced signs of great wisdom. The rapid, the startling growth of the debt of Canada, which has increased from \$78,209,742 in 1870, to \$238,000,000 in 1890, with a population almost at a standstill and a stagnant trade, has struck calm, impartial observers with the idea that there has been something wrong in the government of a peaceful young state of enormous extent and great natural resources. Of course, a large portion of this debt was incurred for the construction of railways, improvements of canals, and similar political and commercial works; but the results or returns do not compensate for the vastness of the new debt with its oppressive load of interest. They freely comment upon the fact that while the United States have reduced their debt from \$59 to \$16.50 per head in twenty years, Canada has run up her's from \$21 to \$47.

Other sources of discouragement are the local troubles, the large and steady emigration of Canadians of all origins to the United States. Actually twenty-eight thousand left the country last year. Another of the influences quietly yet vigorously promoting, among French and other Canadians, annexation feelings is the al-

ready huge debt of the Province of Quebec, with its heavy burdens and discouraging prospects of early and yet further considerable augmentation, for a new loan of nine or ten millions is contemplated at an early day.

No secular subjects elicit such remarkable differences between men of similar intelligence and abilities, even in the same community, as those connected with politics. However well informed or honest, neighbors and fellow citizens and even friends will often see public transactions in the most different lights, forming opposite conclusions. Thus, I am sorry to dissent from some of the opinions of a well-known Canadian writer for the press. I sincerely wish I could see the condition of my native land in that rose-colored light present to Dr. George Stewart, Jr., at the banquet to the Comte de Paris at Quebec City in October, 1890. A judicious critic, charming essayist, and reliable historian, his remarks on the state of the country, on that occasion, naturally elicited considerable applause. The subjoined extract will give an idea of the learned doctor's views:

"We are here a happy, a loyal, an industrious, and a religious people. We enjoy the freest system of Government in the world. Our Parliamentary methods have been borrowed from the splendid experiences of England and the United States. We think we have embodied the better features of both. We make our own laws. We regulate our own tariff. We afford our people perfect liberty of action as regards their politics, their religion, and their way of life and movement. Our press is independent and free. The door to our highest offices is never shut. We have unbounded confidence in the ballot box, and our appointed officers rarely afford grounds for criticism. Two great oceans wash our shores, and the land is rich, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the choicest products of the field, the farm, the forest, and the prairie. Our soil from end to end, is abundantly watered by thousands of rivers and lakes, and population only is the demand of Canada. In time population will come. Our people are self-reliant. The best blood of France, of England, of Scotland,

and of Ireland flows in their veins, and side by side the lusty young sons of an older civilization, born three thousand miles away, are working out a destiny, which three centuries ago was begun under conditions which more than once appalled the heart, but never crushed the spirit. Side by side, English Canadians and French Canadians are developing the resources of the land, rivalling each other in a friendly way only, dwelling together amicably, and working out, with equal intelligence and hope, the political and social problems which, from time to time, press for solution."

I heartily indorse the speaker's remarks concerning the loyalty of the people, their piety, industry, and excellent moral qualities, their free government, admirable parliamentary system, their independence, the freedom of the press, and particularly, their great natural resources; but in a complete survey of a subject, the shadows of the picture must be noticed as well as the lights. The perils of the political fabric, the serious disagreements among different races and creeds, the unfortunate condition of several of the provinces, some of them heavily indebted and poor, with no signs of early improvement, are entirely overlooked. Into the ill-governed provinces few capitalists enter, and few or no immigrants, while multitudes of their own people, chiefly natives, continually move off to the United States. The prospect for the Dominion is not flattering, many writers and speakers openly declaring, from time to time, that Quebec and some of the other provinces have no other resource than an early call upon the federal government for increased subsidies in order to make ends meet. Present allowances come lamentably short of this result. And the provinces cannot safely levy heavier taxes upon the farmers, business men, and artisans, while the foreign creditors insist upon the payment of all their interest. Much discontent prevails among the farmers; they complain of constant increasing difficulties in their position, owing to heavier taxation of recent years, the greater cost of labor, and poor markets for their various products. In consequence of these drawbacks, there

has been a material fall in the value of farms, even in the best districts. The American trade is sadly missed, and will be more so, and they sigh for a Reciprocity Treaty. But I do not wish to further enlarge upon such painful topics, and therefore return to the main subject of this paper.

The intelligent and educated French Canadians are easily moulded into politicians. They have a natural taste for politics, and possess the qualifications necessary, being fluent speakers, demonstrative, and excitable, with pleasing manners, which give a decided advantage over men less attractive, though otherwise as able. The system of education favored by their clergy, of combining classical with religious instruction, although adopted for the preparation of suitable candidates for their order, has been the means of preparing many a suitable man for the political arena. Of course, as regards immediate results, the clergy soon saw that only a portion of their pupils or beneficiaries entered their ranks, the majority always drifting to the learned professions; but with true patriotism they continued to prepare the French Canadian youth for the higher callings, and start them in careers of honor and usefulness. In this way popular chieftains are prepared, the race enjoying an advantage over some others in the matter of a large proportion of college-bred political leaders. These facts explain the extent of the intellectual hiatus between a set of distinguished politicians and professionals, and a large body of ignorant peasantry. Most of the notable figures in French Canadian politics and literature have been the sons of farmers. Often, indeed, too, was their education obtained at the cost of much self-denial on the part of parents. The clergy, friends, and relatives, realizing the importance of education, often encourage in substantial ways promising young men to devote themselves to the religious and other professions. Such distinguished men as Sir Hypolite Lafontaine, Morin, Papineau, Laberge, Etienne Parent, F. X. Garneau, L'Abbé Ferland, Bedard, Sir George Cartier, Lieutenant-Governor Letellier, and many others, were of such

humble origin, beginning life as clerks in notaries' or lawyers' offices.

The fluent, quick-witted rhetoricians of this people, with fair oratorical powers, soon acquire much ascendancy over the *habitants*. This influence some of them often put to a base use. The chief strength of such politicians lies in their knowledge of human nature, and mastery over the passions. Shrewdly, by means of varied and solid inducements, they secure not a few followers in the political arena. To young lawyers they hint of promotion to the bench; to others, lucrative civil service appointments for themselves or relatives, or valuable aid to local railways and other projects in which they are interested. There would appear to be some truth in the theory that most politicians have their price, especially when we watch the course of these gentlemen. It must be admitted that such leaders have also British followers at their beck and call, men likewise willing to turn their talents and opportunities in public life to the best account, and they usually leave it not a little the better as to financial condition. Rebellious members of the House are often made tractable by other means, too, such as the sale, at fabulously low prices, of excellent tracts of land in the Northwest and elsewhere, for ranches or mining purposes.

The average peasant is not easily excited by questions of administration, accusations, and counter-accusations of corruption, extravagant management, and increase of taxation. Free mutual abuse and detraction is looked for at the hands of political opponents when they meet on the hustings, the strict limits of fact and politeness are sometimes, as in other democratic countries, overlooked. Political principles and ideals being by many little understood, worthy party interests often count for naught. One county will return a Liberal for the provincial chamber one day, and a Tory, a man of the opposite camp, for the Dominion party the next, as in Montmorency County last August, 1890. The farmer is more sympathetic and confiding than logical, and it is, therefore, easy to practise upon his credulity. The politician possessing personal magnetism or some

charm of manner will generally capture his susceptible heart; reason too readily yielding to personal prejudice. None more enjoys befooling him than the politician, who will often entertain his intimate friends, after an election campaign, with humorous sketches of how he duped the farmers. To illustrate the extent to which many of the people may be imposed upon, I shall mention the case of a notorious French Canadian politician, known to many by the sobriquet *Le Grand Moulin*, to designate his wind-mill style of oratory, doubtless. In spite of having committed his native province to all sorts of undertakings, each one more reckless than the preceding, this politician could yet stump many counties without raising a howl of indignation. While prime minister of the province, with only a numerically weak opposition to contend against, and many needy sycophants to humor and assist in various speculations, in return for their support, he ran up the provincial debt during his *régime* many millions of dollars. Notwithstanding these facts he could, because possessed of a fluent tongue and plausible manners, appear among the farmers, pretend undying patriotism, often boast of valuable services never rendered, and so befool them generally that they would return him and even his creatures to Parliament. This self-seeking politician, by such arts and the ready use of melodramatic airs, contrived to maintain himself Premier of Quebec for several years to the great injury of the province. In their native innocence many of the *habitants* cannot believe that so good a speaker (*un si beau parleur*) could be such an arrant humbug, and unprincipled schemer.

The good name and financial condition of the province of Quebec have suffered much on both sides of the Atlantic, owing to the deeds of corrupt politicians and unprincipled speculators. The province started in 1867, at the time of the formation of the confederation, equal with Ontario. The Western province has now a surplus of over seven millions dollars, while the Eastern has a debt of over twenty millions dollars. The former has also been very generous to all sorts of public or promising undertakings, inclu-

ding railroads, but taking due precaution not to legislate in a way to put much money into the pockets of contractors and jobbers. Reckless politicians, like the one above referred to, never fail in Quebec to make out a strong case for the most visionary or dishonest projects if they promise large profits or advantages to party. A gratifying contrast to such a charlatan is Hon. Wm. Joly, who was premier of the province of Quebec for about eighteen months. This gentleman's name is a synonym with all parties, races, and creeds, for probity and political honor.

One day, conversing with an able French Canadian journalist on the regrettable backward condition of education among the masses, and the lamentable ease with which quacks and plausible political humbugs can carry their points outside or inside of parliament, he remarked: "There is no such thing as public opinion among French Canadians, though the press will talk habitually of public opinion. We tell the people they think this or thus on such a subject, and whether they think so or not in the first instance, they finally persuade themselves they did originally." Without undertaking to strictly define the line of error or indifference at which a great number of those people halt in public or political action, I must admit that in this way, as also through weakness or apathy, too many come far short of duty to themselves and honest party, or country, by which all suffer and run serious danger. More knowledge, intelligent study of political questions, as well as firmness and justice in judging between political rivals, are urgently needed to secure that wise and honest system of government essential to the peace and prosperity of this important central province. No matter how trivial or improbable may be an accusation against a political opponent, if he be not eloquent and ready to reply at the instant — *donner la réplique*, and with wit or force as well, he falls at once in the estimation of the people. Even if he be undoubtedly wrong, let him make an earnest and stirring defence, a little in the *tu quoque* style, and he will be sure to win much sympathy, if he do not

actually turn the tables on a much better and honest man than himself. A politician of unenviable reputation, whose long flowing locks and charlatan looks are familiar to most of the people in the province, on one occasion was aggravated by the offensive personalities of a political opponent. He denounced from the public hustings the course of his adversary, characterizing it as the most infamous and ignominious he had ever known, stamping the base perpetrator of it as the vilest creature on earth. "But let him beware," he exclaimed, in his usual melodramatic tones, throwing his head backward and at the same time nervously raising one of the stray locks from his forehead with his right hand, "if he continue to pursue such slanderous methods, I shall follow him on his chosen ground and repay him in his own coin." (*Je le suivrai sur son propre terrain et le paierai de sa propre monnaie.*) This unique style of defence aroused the speaker's unsophisticated hearers to no ordinary enthusiasm and admiration.

One unfortunate habit of the people is that of looking to the government, or their rulers, for everything. If a bridge is wanted in a parish, a wharf or landing on a river bank, or a highway, or a public structure of any kind, the government must be appealed to through the popular representatives, or other leading citizens. Much money has been injudiciously spent in this manner, instead of the people being taught to depend upon their own efforts and resources. In Ontario we find a material contrast in this respect. Local councils or rulers look mainly to the people for local improvements, from the cutting out of the newest road into the last surveyed patch of bush, to the construction of the last schoolhouse erected for the children of the pioneer settlers. It would appear from a remark of Napoleon III. to the late Mr. Washburn, minister to France in 1870-71, that the same tendency exists among the French. "The great trouble with the French," said Napoleon, "was that they always looked to the government for everything, instead of depending upon themselves."

A Gascon politician secured his election by acclamation, by assuring the

voters he had the ear and good-will of the government, and could obtain for them a new bridge, a new schoolhouse, better mail facilities, with other advantages. On presenting himself for re-election, he declared that the ministers had been too busy in other directions to grant what he had promised them; but they might expect them at an early day. No performance followed those promises either. He again sought re-election; this time, also, assuring the voters the promised benefits were sure to come. He explained that the deputy minister of public works had informed him that the government proceeded methodically in such matters, and could not have acted otherwise. They had a long list of counties to serve this way, which came in alphabetical order, and the turn of his and their county had almost arrived. By such declarations, enforced by a genial, plausible manner, the knave secured his third election, the people not distrusting his honesty after all.

Election day in the rural constituencies is an exacting time. The *habitant*, with an air of pride and defiance wears the colored ribbon of his party in his hat or buttonhole. All work is thrown aside for the day, and he gives himself up to the pleasure of the political contest. The sightseer joins the voters on the way to and from the polls, and even the women, regardless of the weather, feel the excitement and interest of the day. The touters or *cabaleurs* call for the voters in wagons, with fluttering ribbons of the color of their chosen candidate at the horses' heads. They rake every cabin, hole and corner for a voter (*électeur*), disregarding fatigue, snubs, or rebuffs. They eloquently laud the character and merits of their favorite, drawing on their imagination, in order that, like charity, it may cover a multitude of sins. Their story of coming benefits from his election is often brighter than a fairy tale. At times they will almost use force to bring some recreant voter to the polls; and they have been known to imprison active touters or influential citizens, to prevent their using their influence in behalf of the opposite candidate, during the day of struggle. The Hon. M. P. Pelletier was

thus disposed of during the recent local elections in Quebec in 1890. The common folk have a curious habit of mixing titles in connection with candidates. During the canvass they will refer to the party candidate as "our member" (*notre membre*), though not yet elected, while after his return they will speak of him merely as "our candidate" (*notre candidat*).

A meeting of the rival *cabaleurs* on the road, either with or without a voter "aboard," usually results in that prime test of party or personal superiority, a good race. The shouts of excited competitors and lashing of horses are thus made a prominent feature of the day; and indeed the goal itself sometimes hardly arrests the contest, the foaming horses and reckless drivers, unconquered in spirit, demanding another trial on the return trip.

The French Canadians regard political events with calm enough tempers the greater part of the year, or the life of a parliament: but toward election time they become rapidly excited and perform acts — or many of them do — the like of which on other occasions would be considered very reprehensible. Different rules of conduct seem permissible in political matters. The offences committed are often injurious, and their concealment calls forth more acuteness still. The use of the ballot in French as well as British Canada has doubtless assisted in diminishing considerably those frauds at elections, formerly rather common and mischievous. All parties habitually accused each other of being the chief offenders. Some of the plain-spoken disputants occasionally plead in defence the necessity of their respective parties resorting to corruption, fraud, or violence now and then, just to prevent their opponents having it all their own way by the sole use of such rascally practices. Clever dodgers, cunning plotters, and muscular roughs all had their uses at elections in the old time, or in the pretty evenly-divided constituencies, particularly when political gladiators were the contestants, or the fate of parties hung in the balance. If the contest at the polls had been close, the excitement ran high, and the stronger



party would take possession of the polling register and fill it with votes for their candidate. Hot-blooded appeals to muscle would also occasionally follow among the bullies (*fiers à bras*). After struggles, howls, and uproar, the fracas would end with "the survival of the fittest" and their manipulation of the registers for their particular man. Afterwards, the blood of the "martyrs" often proved the seed of the lawyers and the harvest as well.

Less violence but more ingenuity is resorted to since the use of the ballot boxes. Not long ago a leading politician found himself defeated at the close of the poll. In the evening a crowd of admirers, the majority of the residents of his own village called at his house to sympathize and cheer him with promises of future more successful support. He ordered them out, with hostile looks, calling them a pack of hypocrites, for their village showed a majority for his opponent. They one and all protested they had voted for him, and offered to take their oaths in support of their statement. This led to an investigation, and the discovery that during the absence of the poll clerk at the mid-day meal, emissaries of the opposite party had entered the poll house through a cellar trap-door, opened the ballot-box and extracted some of the bulletins and replaced them with a sufficient number of fictitious ones to insure the election of their own candidates.

Experience has proved that however honest and wise may be the law in favor of legitimate elections, even in the least intelligent or progressive country, due care and vigilance are required for its proper carrying out. Among the tricks employed by rival politicians, I have heard of clerks who are paid by the public and should be fair or impartial to each side, deftly misusing their position to track the course of voters and give hints and reports in aid of some favorite candidate, who can turn this help to the best account before the close of voting. I have heard of this trick, also: one voter is sent with a counterfeit ballot, which he deposits in the box, bringing back the proper paper given him by the chief poll-clerk or returning officer; this one is

now regularly crossed and marked and given to another person, with the promise of a reward should he duly deposit it and come back with a fresh ballot, to be used again in the same way. The law has been improved of late years, with the object of rendering gross irregularities difficult, if not impossible; but vigilance and honesty on the part of its executors continue still indispensable in the public interest. Many of the rustics are liberally furnished with the material of the average politician. They have an easier or more elastic law of conscience in regard to public voting than to various other duties. They look upon the franchise as a species of private property which they have a right to sell to the highest bidder. The absence of exacting issues leaves a pretty large field open to the speculator and corruptionist. No wonder the resources of ingenuity are exhausted by the canvassers to devise means of evading the law, the most ridiculous bribes being resorted to. In certain cases, in addition to money deposited in the palms of the children or of the voter's wife, stock-breeding privileges, presents of groceries, sucking pigs of popular breeds, etc., are cleverly employed. In fact all that can be extracted from either political candidate, or from both, is considered legitimate spoil. Such patriots will visit the different election committees, accept all drinks and money offered them, indifferent as to the promised return. The warnings of the priests and exhortations of moralists will often be laughed at as idle wind. It is not seldom difficult to find out on which side they intend voting; and they are often seen to join in the jubilation of the victors when they should be mourning with the defeated party. If told their course is discreditable, they defend it with the reply that the candidate cares nothing for their interests and seeks their vote only for his own election and future advantage, often adding that he will not show himself until he desires re-election. They no doubt see too much reason to conclude that politics is too often pursued as a game mainly for individual and party advantages; and therefore believe that the candidate should pay for the votes he solicits.

Of course, all peasants are not alike in this respect. There are many who are sensitive to party views or appeals on grounds of principle, and will form opinions and honorably back them at the polls. There are also the old families connected with political traditions, who adhere to them strictly. This is so well-known to canvassers during election times that in computing the votes of a county they always place to one side a certain number known beforehand to belong to one side or the other, and consequently unapproachable or unpurchasable.

The triumphal procession immediately after the election in a constituency is an important feature of the campaign, arousing general attention and exciting unusual interest among the friends of the victor. The turnout is often attractive as regards decorations, numbers, and triumphal insignia. The party, preceded by the Union Jack, is headed by the carriage containing the new member with a guard of friends, the bulk of the voters following in a train of carriages, two-wheeled open carts, and other vehicles. A few fiddlers and clarinet players accompany the cortege. The route is generally gay with flags of various forms and colors, displays of evergreens, and triumphal arches set up in conspicuous places. Should the procession pass a schoolhouse, an address and a bouquet is often presented to the member elect. These demonstrations frequently take place by torchlight, when the effect is picturesque, and often weird, as they proceed by hill and valley. After a pleasant, jolly parade enlivened by songs in which all join, or to the strains of music, the procession returns to the house of the member, or that of some friend, where speeches follow and a round of festivities to suit the tastes and wants of all present. Such rejoicing and generous hospitality is the more welcome that treating or other favors to the voters, however slight, are now strictly forbidden by law before the elections.

The French Canadians continue to cherish kindly feelings towards *La Belle France* as the mother country of their race, the great nation of whose glory also they inherit no small share. They are proud of her, despite material changes of time

and lamentable reverses of fortune. Her power may be somewhat reduced, and her dazzling fame partially eclipsed through the bad errors and insane ambition of unworthy rulers; yet her wondrous vigor, irrepressible spirit, and invincible patriotism enable her to sweep forward again majestically to the front rank of nations, to play once more a leading part on the world's imposing stage. The very name France remains an inspiration to her children in North America, associated with scenes, events, and characters which must ever occupy a brilliant position on the historic page. The worthy descendants of the old Gallic colonists follow all the mother country's experiences, woful or glorious, with the deepest interest, sympathy, and pride. But while mindful of ancient traditions and faithful to the duties of kinship, they are sensible and patriotic enough to respect the obligations of their present position. England's policy touching Canada has reflected a spirit of justice and friendly consideration truly wise and honorable, and it has been to the present hour heartily appreciated. In this way only can colonies of vigorous freemen be retained and developed into loyal, prosperous nations. The French Canadians have acted upon the counsel of the dying soldier to his son in M. P. A. de Gaspé's classical work, *Les Anciens Canadiens*: "Serve thy new sovereign with as much zeal, devotion, and loyalty, as I have served the King of France, and may God bless thee!" M. Faucher de Saint Maurice on a memorable occasion, but voiced the sentiment of *his* race, in the remark: "The French Canadians while truly loyal to England will never forget France." It is only natural, then, that in all their patriotic banquets and public celebrations the toast of *La France* is honored in connection with those expressing the well-known loyalty to Great Britain.

One of their orators at the banquet given in October, 1890, at Quebec, to the Comte de Paris, thus apostrophized the old land:

"Oh France, dear France, who could know and not admire and love thee! Who could deny thy glory and thy genius — thy constant worship of art, thine aspirations so elevated, thy noble and

generous character! What people has loved truth, justice, and liberty more than thine—has struggled more for their triumph! What nation has a more brilliant mind, a warmer heart, or feels more deeply that constant desire for higher and better things!"

At the same public banquet in honor of the claimant to the throne of France, the distinguished guest himself, in due appreciation of the high compliment paid him, as well as of the spirit and attitude hitherto manifested towards his family by the nation under whose flag he finds welcome shelter, said :

" . . . Gentlemen, in your midst we forget that we are in exile. Is this not, in effect, a corner of France? At each step we take on your soil, we meet a familiar aspect, or a heroic souvenir. The proud and touching device of your province, is it not, *je me souviens* ('I remember')? Your old city resembles one of the towns of Normandy whose sons colonized the shores of the St. Lawrence. . . . I have seen your monument raised to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. England was generous when she inscribed on this column the names of the two great adversaries reunited in death and associated in glory."

His Royal Highness concluded an able, pathetic address with this toast, creditable to both heart and mind—"England, Canada, and France."

As already intimated, French visitors of respectability or distinction invariably meet

with a hearty welcome in this province, no pains being spared to make the travellers from *outré mer* feel at home. Until recently, it was not an unusual thing to hear a peasant say, "But our good kin will come again."

Making all due allowance, however, for the claims of kinship and legitimate community of natural sentiment, it is only right to make, at this point, particular acknowledgment of the fact that the French Canadian to-day is as sensible of the privileges of British citizenship as any other section of Her Majesty's subjects; nor would many of them return to the French rule were that option presented them to-morrow. Hon. Wilfrid Laurier exclaimed in the Dominion Parliament only the other day: "If I had my choice, I would not return to French alliance," adding: "If a poll were taken in Canada, all my countrymen would declare to the same effect." This exhibits a state of feeling no less than a measure of intelligence well calculated to render them more useful and congenial citizens than if animated by "mere French ideas," whether it be their destiny to continue British subjects, or become citizens of the American Republic in the not distant future.



# PHILIP, PONTIAC, AND TECUMSEH.

AN OLD SOUTH PRIZE ESSAY.\*

*By Caroline Christine Stecker.*



FROM the "Mauvaises Terres" of the South Dakota lately came the news of an Indian uprising, speedily quelled by the intervention of the United States troops. There came too, the news of the death of Sitting Bull. By the fate of this Sioux leader, progressive civilization added another name to its list of victims; history once more repeated itself for the benefit of the American public. The Sioux difficulty sprang out of no new causes. It is the old story of Indian wrongs, inflicted by an inconsistent governmental policy, and resulting in internecine warfare. Territorial encroachment has ever been the primary grievance of the red race. That their complaints on this score have been just must be admitted; and if under the cloak of the alleged grievance the

implacable resentment of a conquered to a conquering people has been concealed, it is not unnatural.

The savage, in a more primitive age, was essentially a child of nature. The love of country was inherent with him. We who admire the sentiment in the lines of the poet,—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!"

can surely appreciate this love of country in the Indian race. Beholding as they did the rapid invasion of their land by a foreign people, into whose hands the immemorial birthright of the red man was being transferred, it is no wonder that they were roused to desperate action. And each of the three centuries which have passed since the settlement of the Europeans in America has in its course produced a great mind, under whose direction the Indian's cherished idea of expelling the intruders seems to have been less hopeless than it might at first seem in the face of the facts. The names of the three who stand pre-eminent among many conspicuous sons of the wilderness, are Metacom (Philip), Pontiac, and Tecumseh.

\* This essay was one of the first-prize essays for 1890, the full subject as prescribed being "Philip, Pontiac, and Tecumseh: compare their characters and discuss their plans for Indian Union." Miss Stecker is a graduate of the Dorchester High School, Boston. Her prize essay of the previous year, on "Washington's Interest in Education," has been noticed in our pages; and her Old South lecture of last summer, on "King Philip's war," was printed in the December number of the magazine.

In the preparation of the present essay the following works were consulted: Adams's History of the United States, Arnold's History of Rhode Island, Bancroft's History of the United States, Church's Entertaining Passages relating to King Philip's War, Dodge's Our Wild Indians, Colton's Tecumseh: A Poem, Doyle's English Colonies, Drake's Book of the Indians, Drake's Life of Tecumseh, Dunn's Indiana, Ellis's The Red Man and the White Man, Everett's Oration at Bloody Brook, Fiske's Beginnings of New England, Gookin's Historical Collections of the Indians, Hollister's Mount Hope: an historical romance, Hubbard's Present State of New England, Irving's Philip of Pokanoket, Lossing's Our Country, Lowell Lectures on Massachusetts and its Early History, The Memorial History of Boston, Palfrey's History of New England.

From their earliest occupancy of this country, the English-speaking race admitted that the Indian tribes had natural rights to the soil they occupied, which could only be extinguished by "honorable treaty and fair compensation." As treaties can only be made between independent nations, this was a virtual recognition of the independence of the savage tribes.

It was ordained, strange as it seems, that Puritan New England should be foremost in losing sight of the fact that the Indian tribes were independent na-

tions by right. A cardinal error is apparent in her dealings with the natives: she assumed that the merely nominal submission of the Indian tribes was something more. When the Pilgrims came to New England, it was as a "friend and ally" that Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, made the first cession of a large tract of territory and entered into a treaty of peace with the Pilgrims, then few and feeble. Later, when the Plymouth settlers increased in number, they seemed to lose sight of the fact that the submission of the tribes to the British crown, which the colonists construed as acts of subjection to themselves, was in the Indian mind the voluntary submission of an ally. Regarding the savages as subjects, the English considered them amenable to English law. Now the rule of an Indian sachem was absolute; how then could he be reconciled to the interference of alien authority, or how could he brook his own arraignment before a foreign tribunal? It is here that the trouble arose which led to the estrangement of the two races.

Massasoit, the Wampanoag sachem, always faithfully maintained the treaty made on the arrival of the Pilgrims. Dying nearly forty years after that treaty was signed, he left two sons, Wamsutta and Metacom, called by the English Alexander and Philip. The former succeeded his father; but his was but brief authority. Reports came to Plymouth that he was plotting with the Narragansett tribe against his white neighbors. He was apprehended and brought before the colonial magistrates, who "issued the matter peaceably" and dismissed him to return home. Before he had got clear of English territory he was seized with a fever, of which he died; and his brother Philip became sachem.

Thirteen years passed. By this time the ancient domain of his tribe had been reduced until only two narrow peninsulas on the eastern coast of Narragansett Bay remained. What blame could be attached to the new comers? They claimed they had honestly come by the land, as a letter written by Governor Winslow in 1676 proves: "I think I can clearly say that before these present troubles broke out the English did not possess one foot of

land in this colony but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors." But Washington Irving's words throw a different light on the subject: "It may be said that the soil was originally purchased by the settlers. But who does not know the nature of Indian purchases in the early period of colonization? The Europeans always made thrifty bargains, through their superior adroitness in traffic; and they gained vast accessions of territory by easily-provoked hostilities. An uncultivated savage is never a nice inquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be gradually and legally inflicted. Leading facts are all by which he judges; and it was enough for Philip to know that before the intrusion of the European settlers his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers."

It is probable that all this time Philip was conscious of a vague injustice which he could not define. This, added to a mutual distrust, was not diminished by the frequent collisions between his tribe and the Plymouth colony. Affairs came to a crisis when, in 1674, Philip was accused, on the evidence of John Sausamon, a "praying" Pokanoket, of "undoubtedly endeavoring to raise new troubles," by "engaging all the sachems round about in a war." Without summons Philip came to Plymouth, where his protestations of innocence did not satisfy the colonists, although they "dismissed him friendly." He returned to his home at Mount Hope. The murder of Sausamon followed. This was without doubt committed at the instigation of Philip who, as sachem, had power of jurisdiction over a delinquent subject. Sausamon, in the opinion of his tribe, merited the fate of a traitor. Was it not ill policy then for the Plymouth magistrates to set aside Philip's tribal authority and mete out punishment to the executors of their chief's sentence?

This event alone seems to warrant the outbreak which followed, known in history as King Philip's war. It is unnecessary to give its minute details. Hostilities began with small depredations followed by bloodshed, at Swanzy, on June 20, 1675. The alarm of war spread at once

all over the country. Within three days, colonial troops hurried to the scene of hostilities. In less than a month Philip had fled to join the Nipmucks in Massachusetts. Bancroft thus describes the Indian conduct of hostilities: "On the part of the Indians the war was one of ambushes and surprises. They never once met the English in open field, but always, even if eightfold in number, fled timorously before infantry. By the rapidity of their descent they seemed omnipresent among the scattered villages which they ravaged like a passing storm; and for a full year they kept all New England in a state of terror and excitement."

Before the autumn was spent, town after town in the Connecticut Valley had learned to know too well the sound of the Indian war-whoop. In the winter the English declared war against the Narragansetts, who had adopted Philip's cause, and an expedition was sent to their country. The destruction of nearly three thousand of the tribe, and also of their stronghold, near what is now South Kingston, Rhode Island, was the result. Canonchet, their chief, joined Philip with his remaining warriors, and remained Philip's ablest ally until his capture. The spring saw one Massachusetts town after another consumed to ashes. But as the season advanced, the Indians lost hope. Their starving condition had induced many of Philip's allies to become suppliants for peace. His forces were thus reduced. He was hunted from place to place by the English. He retreated to Mount Hope, to the "den whence he had originally gone forth, and was shot ingloriously while, unattended, he was attempting to run away."

Philip has been the theme of much speculation. The circumstances of his life, the war which bears his name in history, his unfortunate fate, and, most of all, the ignominy with which his Puritan contemporaries have loaded his name — all have conspired to render him an object of compassionate interest. The efforts of "Washington Irving as his biographer and Southey as his bard" have insured his claim to the title of patriot, if nothing more. But there are writers who will not admit as much as this. They claim that

Philip had "no grounds of complaint against the white man." They forget to take into consideration the fact that the very nature of the Indian precluded the possibility of a clear comprehension of the Englishman's "benevolent intentions." "It is one of the commonest things in the world," says Mr. Fiske, "for a savage tribe to absorb weak neighbors by adoption, and thus increase its force, preparatory to a deadly assault upon other neighbors." Is it then improbable that Philip should have regarded the effort to convert members of his tribe as an undertaking of this kind on the part of his English neighbors?

War and pillage were the ruling interests of the Indians. With what impatience then must Philip have regarded the efforts of the English to keep peace between various tribes! A feature too of Philip's Indian faith was that the spirits of friends and kindred must be propitiated by vengeance on those who had injured the departed. Three of the sachem's subjects, one his confidential friend, had, while fulfilling his commands, met their death by the English law. Did not their blood cry out for vengeance? Defiance of Philip's tribal authority, interference in the administration of his government, total disregard of Indian custom — of all these the English had been guilty. It was a sufficient list of humiliations for a sachem to endure — one whose haughtiness of character was evinced by the reply made to the Massachusetts Governor's ambassador: "Your governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the king, my brother. When he comes I am ready."

If Philip had in truth uttered the eloquent declaration which the genius of Edward Everett has put into his mouth, I think that I have shown that he had sufficient ground for it. Philip's reputed speech to John Borden of Rhode Island, quoted by Arnold, and rejected by Palfrey as "no material for history," is not far behind Everett's words in eloquence; and if Mr. Easton's "Relation of the Indians" is of historical value, we may confidently assert that behind the "envy and malice" which Hubbard ascribes to him, Philip

cherished sentiments of a very different temper.

Whatever had been the disposition of Philip before the death of Sausamon, it is certain that after it he took no pains to conceal his hostility to the English. As regards his plan of union, there is much difference of opinion. One of our present historians writes on the subject :

"It is hard to tell how far Philip was personally responsible for the storm which burst upon New England. Whether his scheme was as comprehensive as that of Pontiac in 1763, whether or not it amounted to a deliberate combination of all the red men within reach to exterminate the white men, one can hardly say with confidence. The figure of Philip in the war which bears his name, does not stand out so prominently as the figure of Pontiac in the later struggle. This may be partly because Pontiac's story has been told by such a magician as Mr. Francis Parkman. But it is probably because the data are too meagre. In all probability, however, the schemes of Sassacus the Pequot, of Philip the Wampanoag, and of Pontiac the Ottawa were substantially the same. That Philip plotted with the Narragansetts seems certain, and the earlier events of the war point clearly to a previous understanding with the Nipmucks."

The early historians seem to have had but a vague idea of a concerted design on Philip's part. Hubbard mentions that the sachem had been "*plotting with all the Indians round about*" to make a general insurrection against the English; his authority is, however, only vague rumor from captives at Hadley and elsewhere. Cotton Mather never mentions a widespread conspiracy, nor does Increase Mather seem to have heard of one. The testimony of Captain Church is perhaps the most satisfactory. In his narrative of the war he states that it was "daily suggested to him that the Indians were plotting a bloody design; that Philip, the great Mount Hope sachem, was leader therein; and so it proved; he was sending his messengers to all the neighboring sachems to engage them in a confederacy with him in the war." And again Church mentions that he was told by an Indian that "there would certainly be war; for Philip had held a dance of several weeks continuance, and had entertained the young men *from all parts of the country*."

The opinions of our later historians on the subject are very conflicting. Palfrey makes out that, "instead of being a far-

reaching and well-organized campaign, what we commonly call King Philip's war was merely a succession of unconsidered and indiscriminate murders and pillages, taken up by one body of savages after another, as the intelligence of the attractive example of others reached them." Arnold thinks the testimony of Church and Hubbard conclusive of a concerted design, and regards the first hostilities as a premature outbreak precipitated by Sausamon's murder. Bancroft's view of the subject appears from the following :

"There exists no evidence of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of *all* the tribes. The commencement of war was accidental; many of the Indians were in a maze, not knowing what to do, and disposed to stand for the English,—sure proof of no *ripened* conspiracy."

Dr. Palfrey has certainly weighed the subject most carefully, but we cannot concede the accuracy of his opinion, for it is evident that his reverence for the Puritans has somewhat prejudiced his opinion. Furthermore, we are not inclined to defraud, as he has done, a chapter of New England history of all the elements of romance. He sees in Philip only a "squalid savage," one whose nature "possessed just the capacity for reflection, and the degree of refinement which might be expected to be developed from the mental constitution of his race." This seems to me to show as unlucky a bias of opinion on Dr. Palfrey's part as mention of the fact that Philip daubed his face with red paint. The question arises: were the ancient Celtic chieftains much higher in social status than was Philip? And yet we do not call in question the patriotic spirit of Cassivelaunus, or deny that he possessed the mental capacity to confederate the British tribes against the Romans, on the score that the Briton in all probability, painted his body blue, and that his manner of living was hardly more luxurious than was Philip's in the wigwam which Palfrey terms a "sty."

We will then assert that Philip possessed the mental capacity to plan a union of the tribes; that, moreover, he did plan one with the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Indians; that his plans



did not go so far as to include the north-eastern Indian, for if they had, instead of retreating to Mount Hope before his death, he would have taken refuge with them; that the troubles concerning Sausamon occasioned the premature outbreak of the hostilities which he was engaged in planning. This would account for the reasons adduced by Dr. Palfrey as to the lack of evidence of a widespread conspiracy; that Philip entered into the war without sufficient munition; that there was some delay on the part of the Nipmucks and Narragansetts before joining his party. It would account, too, for the tradition that Philip and his older chiefs were averse to the beginning of the war.

The magnitude of the design, and the momentous change which a more successful execution of it might have occasioned in history, must ever make the inquiry whether there is a sufficient amount of evidence of a comprehensive plan on Philip's part, embracing all the New England tribes, one of the greatest interest and importance. Were such testimony forthcoming, the claim would be proved without the shadow of a doubt to the title of "great prince, sagacious warrior, and high-minded politician," with which romancers already invest Philip of Pokanoket, maintaining with the authors of "Yamoyden," that

"He fought because he would not yield  
His birthright, and his father's field;  
Would vindicate the deep disgrace,  
The wrongs, the ruin of his race;  
He slew, that well avenged in death  
His kindred spirits pleased might be;  
Died for his people and his faith,  
His sceptre and his liberty."

Nearly a century after the death of Philip another chieftain, who, like him, boasted the blood of the Algonquin race, but whose tribal seat was in the region of the Great Lakes, opened another bloody chapter in the nation's history. This was Pontiac, the Ottawa, a warrior known and respected, not only within the limits of the three confederated tribes, Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Pottawattamies, whose chief sachem he was, but throughout the length and breadth of the Mississippi Valley.

The surrender of Quebec, in 1759, which wrought the downfall of French dominion in America, brought about a gloomy crisis for the Indian tribes. Throughout the struggle between France and England for the ascendancy in America, they had borne the marked part of a powerful nation whose alliance was necessary and who must therefore be conciliated at any cost. To the French, a race of courtiers, flattery had been easy, and it is therefore not wonderful that they managed to secure the firm friendship of the Indian tribes of the Northwest. We can judge then how deeply the latter must have felt the changed condition of affairs after the capitulation of Montreal. The English treated the Indians with studied neglect; supplies were withheld; the Indians were cheated and plundered by the English fur-traders, and treated with disrespect by the soldiers and officers of the military posts. But what most aroused the discontent of the Indians was the steady advance of the English settlements, which already were beginning to spread beyond the Alleghanies. The growing wrath of the red men was still further aggravated by the representations of the French Canadians. The latter declared that their French father, being old and infirm, had fallen asleep; that in this sleep the English had possessed themselves of Canada; but that he had again awakened, and would soon send an army to utterly demolish the English. The rising of a prophet among the Delawares, who called upon his followers to return to the primitive life of their ancestors, and declared that by so doing their original power would return and they would succeed in expelling the white intruders from the country, was another influence which combined to work up Indian passion to fever heat. With so many causes to excite the wild fury of the Indians, peace could not long be preserved. At this time Pontiac assumed direction of affairs, and by his genius changed what might have been but a momentary outbreak, into a long and well-organized campaign.

The first distinct appearance of this Ottawa chief in history had been in 1760, when Major Robert Rogers was sent to relieve the French military posts in the

Lake region, included in the capitulation of Montreal. Rogers had been detained a few hours by the great chief, but apparently only to impress the English with proper respect, for he remained on friendly terms with them for some time afterwards. Before his meeting with Rogers he had been the sworn friend of France; indeed, in the French and Indian war he had fought on the French side, and it is said that he commanded the Ottawas at Braddock's defeat. When he saw that the cause of France was a lost one, he was politic enough to make friends with the English, deceiving himself with the idea that the latter would honor him as the French had always done. But a few months were a revelation. He saw the peril threatening his race in the territorial encroachment of the English. He felt that there was no hope of deliverance from this peril save in opposing some check to the advance of the intruders. This he knew could only be done by the restoration of French dominion in the Mississippi Valley. Hence he was only too ready to give credence to the lies of the French Canadians. It did not take him long to decide upon war as the only alternative to the gradual but inevitable subversion of his race. And not only patriotism, but ambition urged him on. Before the beginning of the year 1763 the emblematic tokens — the war-belt of wampum and the tomahawk stained red — were sent far and wide among the Indian tribes of the Ohio valley, and were received everywhere with approval.

The tribes who were included in Pontiac's conspiracy were the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawattamies, Miamis, Sacs, Foxes, Menomnies, Wyandots, Mississaugas, Shawnees, Delawares and Senecas. Pontiac's plan of operation was for a sudden and simultaneous attack upon the western military posts, followed by the destruction of the English frontier settlements. The time for striking the blow was set in May, 1763. With the beginning of spring, the Indians were prepared for war. In Pontiac himself was vested the particular glory of opening hostilities. On the twenty-seventh of April a general council of the various tribes was held at the River Ecorse near Detroit. Here Pon-

tiac exerted his powers of oratory with distinguished effect. He recounted the wrongs of the Indian race; he spoke of the impending danger, and he appealed to the superstition of his auditors, as well as their passion for blood and vengeance, by relating an Indian allegory. In it the Great Spirit was supposed to say: "As for these English — these dogs dressed in red, who have come to rob you of your hunting grounds and drive away the game — you must lift the hatchet against them. Wipe them from the face of the earth, and then you will win my favor back again and once more be happy and prosperous!"

We can imagine how effective such an appeal must have been to the assembly of excited warriors. All were eager to attack Detroit, then the most important post in the Northwest. Pontiac's Indian ingenuity had already devised a plan of treachery, which was to be the first movement in his sanguinary scheme. He proposed it to the council and it was readily adopted.

On May 1st, 1763, Pontiac came to Detroit with forty Ottawas, and on the pretext of performing a calumet dance for the edification of the garrison, received admittance to the fort from the commandant, Major Gladwyn. In this way the Indians, by taking note of the strength of the garrison and fortifications, were enabled to form the best plan of attack.

On May eighth, Pontiac again presented himself before Gladwyn, with about three hundred warriors, and requested to hold a friendly council. By this means he expected to gain admittance to the fort with his warriors, each of whom carried concealed weapons under his blanket; and at a given signal these armed Indians were to fall upon the English and massacre all within the fort. Unfortunately for Pontiac, Major Gladwyn had received secret information — from whom it cannot be said with certainty — of the plot, so that he had prepared himself for the emergency. Pontiac was admitted to the fort, but barely had he entered the gateway when he perceived his good intentions were suspected. The garrison were under arms, the guards doubled, and the officers armed with swords and pistols.

Before the council began, Pontiac demanded of Gladwyn why "so many of the young men were standing in the street with their guns." Gladwyn replied, "For the sake of discipline." Pontiac began the business of the council with a speech of hollow friendship to the English. In the course of his address, he raised the wampum belt to give the signal of attack agreed upon. Simultaneously Gladwyn made a sign, and the roll of English drums and the clash of English arms resounded throughout the fort. Pontiac, knowing his design betrayed, was utterly disconcerted. Gladwyn, however, allowed the council to break up without "open rupture," and Pontiac withdrew to his camp in wrath and mortification.

On the tenth of May, Pontiac threw off all pretence of friendship, and made a furious attack on the fort. This was the beginning of a siege lasting for many months. Though Pontiac was personally unsuccessful, his allies were more fortunate. Every post west of Oswego, except Niagara, fell into their hands. Pontiac thus became lord of the whole Ohio valley. As soon as the forts were taken, war began on the western frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. Parkman thus describes the state of affairs:

"The Indian scalping parties were ranging everywhere, laying waste the settlements, destroying the harvests, and butchering men, women and children with ruthless fury. Many hundreds of wretched fugitives flocked for refuge to Carlisle and the other towns of the border, bringing tales of inconceivable horror. Strong parties of armed men who went out to reconnoitre the country found every habitation reduced to cinders, and the half-burned bodies of the inmates lying among the smouldering ruins."

While these horrors reigned supreme on the frontier, Detroit was still invested by Pontiac; but the fort held out bravely. A letter written from the fort, dated July 9th, gives the condition of the garrison at this time.

"You have long ago heard of our pleasant situation," it reads, "but the storm is blown over. Was it not very agreeable to hear every day of their cutting, carving, boiling, and eating our companions, — to see every day dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured? But Britons, you know, never shrink; we always appeared gay to spite the rascals."

On the twenty-ninth of July, a convoy of reinforcements and supplies arrived at Detroit. Captain Dalzell, who commanded it, proposed to make a sally from the fort to attack the Indians in their camp. Gladwyn was finally induced to give his consent; and in the night of July 31st, Dalzell marched with two hundred and fifty men to surprise the Indian camp. But Pontiac was on the alert. His warriors encountered the English near a small stream, called now Bloody Run, and Dalzell's forces were obliged to beat a retreat, with twenty of their number, including Dalzell, killed and forty-two wounded. This victory encouraged the Indians, and they swarmed more than ever around Detroit and Fort Pitt. To the relief of the latter came Colonel Bouquet, in August, routing the Indians at Bushy Run, on his advance, in one of the best contested battles between red and white men.

Towards the end of September, Pontiac's allies, growing tired of the siege of Detroit, fell off. Vainly trying to rally them, he was forced to abandon the siege in October, taking his stand in the Illinois country, where the French were still in possession.

The double campaign of the English, in 1764, was a fearful blow to Pontiac's hopes. On the side of the northern lakes, Colonel Bradstreet had relieved Detroit and crushed the Indian insurrection. Bouquet, on his part, had subjugated the Shawnees and Delawares. Still Pontiac did not despair. The wavering Illinois tribes were brought into alliance by the threat of their destruction. Then, determined to obtain the aid of the French, Pontiac sent the war belt to the Governor of New Orleans.

Assured that the French Father could not aid his red children, Pontiac saw that his cause was lost, and he made up his mind to accept peace. Accordingly, he took his way to Ouiatanon, and there announced to George Croghan, the deputy of Sir William Johnson, that he was ready to bury the tomahawk, and stand no longer in the path of the English. In August, 1765, this peace was ratified at Detroit. Nearly a year afterwards, Pontiac came to Oswego, and

there concluded a treaty of peace with Sir William Johnson in behalf of the confederated tribes. This sealed his submission to the English. The following winter was spent by him on his hunting grounds by the Maumee.

Although the ill-feeling of the tribes did not diminish for some time, Pontiac's movements are lost sight of until 1769, when he came once more to the country of the Illinois. Here, at the little settlement of Cahokia, the great Ottawa chief was destined to meet his fate, under the blow of a tomahawk from an Illinois Indian, bribed with a barrel of rum by an English trader. The French buried his body with military honors near Fort St. Louis. Writes Parkman, his biographer: "Neither mound nor tablet marked the burial place of Pontiac. For a mausoleum a city has risen above the forest hero; and the race whom he hated with such burning rancor trample with unceasing footsteps over his forgotten grave."

Dr. Ellis speaks of Pontiac as "the ablest and most daring and resolute savage chieftain known in our history. There have been," he says, "three conspicuous men of the native race—the towering chieftains of the forest, signal types of all the characteristics of the savage, ennobled, so to speak, by their lofty patriotism—who have appeared on the scene of action at the three most critical eras for the white man on this continent. If the material and stock of such men are not exhausted, there is no longer for them a sphere, a range, an occasion or opportunity in place or time here. The white man is the master of this continent. An Indian conspiracy would prove abortive in the paucity or discordancy of its materials. What the great sachem, Metacomet, or King Philip, was in the first rooting of the New England colonies, which he throttled almost to the death throes; what Tecumseh was in the internal shocks attending our last war with Great Britain,—Pontiac, a far greater man than either of them, in council and on the field, was in the strain and stress of the occasion offered to him after the cession of Canada."

Half a century had not passed after the

death of Pontiac when the evil which he had foreseen and tried to avert became more apparent than ever. The Indians of the Northwest were fast withering away before the steady advance of the white man. Soon after the conspiracy of 1763 the English colonies had been engrossed in their struggle with the mother country; but upon the establishment of their national independence it was impossible that the growing republic should not come into collision with the Indian tribes on the western borders.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century, settlers began to pour into the Ohio valley; with what rapidity may be seen when the fact is presented that in 1800 there were probably twenty-five hundred whites in Indiana and Illinois—in 1810, twenty-five thousand. The contact between red and white men was attended by serious evils, and as usual the Indian was the sufferer. Contrary to law and existing treaties, the settlers entered the Indian hunting grounds. A rapid diminution of game followed; hence the lands became worthless for Indian subsistence. The tribes were forced to remove elsewhere, or sell the territory to the United States government. Inter-course with the white man and the white man's whiskey led to the utter demoralization and ruin of the Indian tribes. "No acid ever worked more mechanically on a vegetable fibre," says Adams, "than the white man acted on the Indian."

The French had left, fifty years before, an after-penalty of savage warfare to the English. This the English left in turn to the Americans. Self-interest now occupied the place of sentimental attachment on the part of the Indians of the Northwest, for their principal trade was on the line of the lakes, where were the British trading posts. So they were as ready now to listen to the British, as they had been to hearken to the French Canadians. And these British traders stimulated the growth of discontent among the savages. Cessions of land by some of the Indian tribes to Governor Harrison of the Indiana Territory, in 1805, occasioned a fermentation of anger among the other tribes of the Northwest. Early in 1806

an Indian of the Shawnee tribe, claiming to be a prophet, gathered great numbers of followers about him. Although this Shawnee seems to have been less of an impostor than the prophet of Pontiac's time, his doctrine was somewhat similar. He called upon the Indians to renounce all innovations on their original mode of life, declaimed against witchcraft and drunkenness, and proclaimed that he had received power from the Great Spirit to confound enemies and cure diseases. Although he exercised much influence by means of his supposed supernatural power, he was only nominally the leader of the Indian movement which ensued—but really the agent of another, who came forward, as Pontiac and Philip each in turn had done, to champion the cause of his race. This was Tecumseh, the twin brother of the Prophet.

The aim of these two brothers, or more properly of Tecumseh, was to establish an Indian confederacy, in which the warriors, not the chiefs, should have authority and act as an Indian congress. The object of the confederacy was to prevent "piecemeal sale of Indian lands by petty tribal chiefs under pressure of government agents." Tecumseh maintained that the ownership of tribal lands was a communal ownership,—that no tract of territory could be sold by one tribe without the consent of the rest. At what time or period of his life Tecumseh resolved upon his plan of union is uncertain. It was probably before 1806. To unite the tribes as he proposed was a work so difficult that it is astounding how much he accomplished.

In 1809 several enormous cessions of land, amounting to about three million acres, were obtained by Harrison from the tribes in the Wabash valley. Creating wide-spread anger, it increased the influence of Tecumseh and the Prophet. New chiefs joined the Shawnee confederacy, which in 1810 included the Wyandots, Kickapoos, Pottawattamies, Ottawas and Winnebagoes, Miamis, Weas and Chippewas. All was quiet through the winter, but events in the early part of the year 1810 made Harrison suspect that hostilities were intended. In August he invited the brothers to a conference at

Vincennes. Tecumseh accordingly came from Tippecanoe, where was a settlement of the confederacy, with four hundred warriors. The council took place on the twelfth of the month. Tecumseh's bearing was very haughty throughout the interview. He opened the meeting with an eloquent speech, in which he declared that the Americans had driven the Indians from the sea-coast and would soon push them into the lakes; that, while his party had no intention of making war upon the United States, they were resolved to resist further cessions of land, and moreover wished to recover what had already been ceded. The governor told him plainly that the lands just ceded had been the property of the tribes which had sold them, and that the Shawnees had no right to interfere. Tecumseh broke into such violent denunciations of the United States government that the conference was broken up. Later, however, in a private conference with the governor, Tecumseh was more moderate. He stated that if Harrison would prevail on the President to give up the late purchases, and agree not to make another treaty without consent of all the tribes, he would pledge himself to remain at peace with the United States; otherwise he must seek an alliance with the British. Harrison replied that there was no probability of the President's agreement to the Indian claim. "Well," said Tecumseh, "I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into the great Chief's head to induce him to give up this land. It is true he is so far off he will not be injured by the war; he may sit still in his town and drink his wine whilst you and I will have to fight it out."

Notwithstanding ill-feeling, the winter of 1810-11 passed without hostilities. Tecumseh seemed still indisposed to an outbreak. On June 24, 1811, Harrison transmitted an address to the Prophet and Tecumseh, intended to force an issue. In answer to it, Tecumseh sent word that he would come to Vincennes to explain his conduct. On the twenty-seventh he appeared with a large following. He stated that after much trouble he had induced all the northern tribes to unite, under his direction, in a confed-

eracy, the example of which the United States had set; that he was soon to start for the South to prevail on the tribes there to unite with the others, and he hoped that no attempt would be made by the Americans to enter the new purchase before his return in the spring.

A few days later, Tecumseh set off on his mission, strictly ordering the Indians to keep peace while he was gone. Meanwhile the Americans resolved upon action. On the thirty-first of July, the citizens of Vincennes voted that the Prophet's settlement at Tippecanoe should be broken up. Harrison, exercising discretion given by the government, raised a large force, and late in September marched up the Wabash valley. On November 6, the governor encamped near the Prophet's town. The Prophet sent a pacific message, and it was agreed that no hostilities should be committed; but early in the morning of the seventh, the Americans were attacked by the Indians. A very sharp battle ensued, and the Indians were defeated. The result of this action materially diminished the Prophet's influence, for he had promised the Indians an easy victory. The incantations by means of which he had controlled their actions were discovered to be impotent.

Tecumseh returned from his southern mission to Wabash. "He reached the banks of the Tippecanoe," writes Drake, "just in time to witness the dispersion of his followers, the disgrace of his brother, and the final overthrow of the great object of his ambition, a union of all the Indian tribes against the United States,—and all this the result of a disregard of his positive commands."

Until March 1812, there was peace along the border. Then Indian depredations began again. But Tecumseh was not yet ready for war. On May 16th, a grand council was held at Massassinway on the Wabash, in which the tribes still expressed themselves in favor of peace. Here Tecumseh made the following speech:

"Governor Harrison made war on my people in my absence. It was the will of God that he should do so. We hope it will please God that the white people may let us live in peace; we

will not disturb them, neither have we done it, except when they came to our village with the intention of destroying us. We are happy to state to our brothers present that the unfortunate transaction that took place between the white people and a few of our young men at our village has been settled between us and Governor Harrison; and I will further state, had I been at home there would have been no bloodshed at that time."

Up to the time war was declared between the United States and Great Britain, Tecumseh was unwilling to strike a blow against the United States. But the declaration of June 18, 1812, altered his position. He soon after went to Malden to join the British standard.

With the British assumption of the quarrel in the northwest, it ceases to bear the character of a distinctive Indian struggle. We therefore need not follow it through all of its details. Tecumseh, indeed, remained conspicuous in every important action—at the battle of Maguaga, the capture of Detroit, the assault on Fort Meigs, and, last of all, the encounter on the Thames. It is reported that Tecumseh entered this last battle with the firm conviction that he would not survive it; and such was the case, for he fell gallantly fighting at the head of his warriors. With his fall perished the last great confederacy of the Indian tribes.

Of the three great leaders whose efforts I have tried to relate, it is hardest to judge the character of Metacom. Born in an early age, having the misfortune of being compelled to leave his biography to the mercy of his enemies, so much of his life is shrouded in mystery, or rather in oblivion, that what can be positively asserted in the case of his two compatriots is, in his case, mere supposition. It is not, perhaps, fair, then, to compare his character with that of Pontiac and Tecumseh. But surely, we can say this: that he was their equal in patriotism, though probably he possessed neither their force of character, their power of combination, nor their indomitable courage; otherwise, the results of King Philip's war would have been vastly different.

Pontiac, the Ottawa, inherited the sagacious policy of Philip, adding to it a

philosophy of his own. Very differently from that of Philip stands forth the figure of Pontiac in the pages of history, forcing even his enemies to admiration. An Englishman, writing of him in 1764, calls him the Mithridates of the West. Rogers described him thus: "He puts on an air of majesty and princely grandeur, and is greatly honored and revered by his subjects." In Pontiac was embodied the ideal Indian leader—possessing, as he did, all the strong savage qualities of his race, yet not without traits of nobility of character—patriotic, eloquent, brave, and ambitious, yet fierce, treacherous, revengeful, and subtle. His patriotism seems to have been subservient to his ambition.

Though to the Indian mind Pontiac is pre-eminently the hero of his race, to the civilized mind Tecumseh occupies that position. To us he seems a purer patriot than was Pontiac. Taking Pontiac for his model, he was an improvement on the original. Something of the baser passions seems to have been omitted in the imitation. Tecumseh did not, like Pontiac, hide treachery under a coat of dissimulation; he openly and frankly avowed his intentions. He fought for his country, with "redress," not "vengeance," as his war cry; and when the futility of his hopes became apparent, he was ready to find a manly death in the midst of battle.

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## TWO MAIDENS.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

A LADDIE sailed out on a calm blue sea ;  
 And two maidens fell a-weeping.  
 "Alas," said they,  
 "'Tis a doleful day ;  
 Mayhap nevermore  
 To the sweet green shore  
 Shall lover to me  
 And brother to thee,  
 Shall lover to thee  
 And brother to me,  
 Come back from the treacherous, smiling sea."

A good ship went down in a wild, wild sea ;  
 And two maidens fell a-weeping.  
 The years passed by,  
 And two cheeks were dry : —  
 A wife and a mother, with babe on her knee,  
 Sat crooning a tender old lullaby,  
 Nor thought of the lover beneath the sea ; —  
 But at eventide,  
 By a lone fireside,  
 A sister sat weeping for him who had died,  
 Who came nevermore  
 To the bright green shore,  
 To wander with her the sweet meadows o'er.

## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE subject of moral education in the public schools is at present enlisting more attention from teachers and the educational conventions than almost any other subject which comes before them for discussion. Rightly or wrongly, it is held by many that, whatever is to be said of the intellectual training given the boys and girls in the schools, the moral training given, the influence of the system upon character, is inadequate. How shall morals be taught in the schools? how shall we give the young people stronger and better wills and higher motives? — are questions constantly asked. As in the case of some other questions often asked nowadays in connection with the public schools and general education, no little confusion and misapprehension result from many of these discussions of morals and moral training. Many of them have been directly connected with the discussions of religious teaching in the schools; and many advocates of a kind of religious teaching in the schools which most good people in America deem unwise are rather eager, in their insistence upon the necessity of religious teaching everywhere and always in order to good conduct, to paint the moral condition of the schools and the problem of moral education vastly darker than there is any ground for. The moral condition of the public schools, so far as their own *régime* goes, is almost invariably excellent, probably better than ever before in the history of the public schools in America. There was probably never before so fine a body of men and women engaged in the work of school-teaching in America as to-day. There is no class in the community whose aims are higher, whose devotion is greater, or whose moral influence is more extensive or salutary; and what the teacher is, the school is. The greatest factor in the moral life and culture of the school, whatever books are conned there, will always be the high-minded teacher. Keep the high-minded teacher in the school, inspire the teacher with a proper sense of his vocation, and moral education will radiate from that teacher, whether the subject before the class be the Ten Commandments or the rule of three. Let this also be never forgotten: that far more moralizing than any particular study of morals in the schools is the very life and regimen of the school itself. This, if the life and regimen be worthy at all, is what — day in and day out, year in and year out — is training the child to habits of punctuality, obedience, order, neatness, attention, industry, truthfulness, respect for others, and appreciation of merit, as no amount of definitions of obedience, attention, and the rest, or of study of such definitions, could ever do. And this, we take it, is what is desired, when we talk of moral education in the schools — such education as shall make obedient, industrious, and truthful boys and girls, rather than boys and girls who can tell us cleverly and accurately what truth is, and what industry is, and what obedience is. We are of those who distrust the good of very much direct moral teaching in the schools — very much analytical study, we mean,

on the part of the young folks, of the subject of duty and duties. We would not say absolutely that moral science, well presented, has no place in the public school, in the high school at any rate; but we do believe, generally speaking, that it is a study of very questionable advantage there. We hear much said nowadays, sometimes too much, about making education concrete. If there be any place where education should be concrete, it is in what concerns the moral education of boys and girls. What is wanted here is inspiration, something that shall kindle the sense of duty, something that shall give aim and impulse to the larger and better life, something that shall give the public and generous spirit, instead of the selfish and private spirit.

We are prompted to these remarks by looking over the pages of the little book, just published, by Charles F. Dole, on "The American Citizen," which distinctly claims as its end and aim the teaching of morals in the schools. "We have in the great and interesting subjects of the conduct of governments, business, and society," says the author, "precisely the kind of material to furnish us indirectly with innumerable moral examples. The consideration of the public good, the welfare of the nation, or the interests of mankind, lie in the very region where patriotic emotion and moral enthusiasm are most naturally kindled." Mr. Dole's book belongs to an entirely different category from that of the various text-books of civil government — some of them excellent — of which we have lately had so many. It is a mingling of ethics and politics in a simple, picturesque, and enthusiastic manner, which shows in Mr. Dole a very remarkable genius as a teacher of young people. The five parts of the book have the captions, "The Beginnings of Citizenship," "The Citizen and the Government, or the Rights and Duties of Citizens," "Economic Duties, or the Rights and Duties of Business and Money," "Social Rights and Duties, or the Duties of Men as they live together in Society," and "International Duties, or the Rights and Duties of Nations." In some of these sections essentially the same subjects are treated as in the common text-books of civil government or the elementary works in political economy; but the strength of the book as a work for moral education lies in the way in which these subjects are treated, and the way in which there are mixed with them such lessons as those on the Family and its Government, the Schoolroom and its Government, the Playground and its Lessons, Personal Habits, the Principles that bind men together, the Abuses and Duties of Wealth, and the Great Social Subjects. Nothing could exceed the tact and beautiful spirit in which Mr. Dole brings home these subjects to the young people for whom his book is prepared. There is not a dull page in the book, nor a page that is not stimulating. We cannot conceive of a boy or girl being conducted through the book without being made more moral and noble by it; while we can easily con-



ceive this of many a boy and girl schooled to exact definitions of morality and nobility.

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WE have spoken in these columns of the Society recently organized for the Preservation of Beautiful and Historical Places in Massachusetts, a society of which Senator Hoar is president, and which numbers among its trustees such men as Hon. William S. Shurtleff, Philip A. Chase, Charles S. Sargent, Henry P. Walcott, George Wigglesworth, Charles Eliot, Frederick L. Ames, Christopher Clarke, Charles R. Codman, Elsha S. Converse, Deloraine P. Corey, John J. Russell, Leverett Saltonstall, Nathaniel S. Shaler, George Sheldon, Daniel D. Slade, Joseph Tucker, George H. Tucker, and General Francis A. Walker. These names are a pledge that the new society will bring something to pass; and in truth it is already actively exerting itself. It has recently engaged Mr. J. B. Harrison as a kind of missionary, to make a tour of the state for the purpose of arousing interest in the objects of the organization, of interesting local officials and the press, and making reports to the Society upon existing and proposed reservations. It was Mr. Harrison who aroused the sentiment for setting aside the land about Niagara Falls as a state reservation, and whose efforts resulted in the establishment of the great state forest in the Adirondacks. We shall watch with interest his present work; and meantime we ask the attention of our readers to the following, from the Society's latest document. It contains much information of interest far beyond the bounds of New England.

"Places of historical interest or remarkable beauty should be withdrawn from private ownership, preserved from harm, and opened to the public for the following reasons:

Because it is eminently true that

'where great deeds were done,  
A power abides, transfused from sire to son.'

Because the contemplation of natural beauty is found to refresh the tired spirits of townspeople as nothing else can.

Because the visitation of such places educates the people in the love of nature, of beauty, and of native land.

Because the private ownership of such places deprives the people of a source of education and refreshment which they need to enjoy.

Because the private ownership of such places usually results in the destruction of that special beauty or interest in which their value to the Commonwealth consists.

Because the public ownership of such places means not only enjoyment and enlargement for the people, but also, by reason of their attractiveness, an increased resort of visitors, and a corresponding increase of wealth in the neighborhood of the reservations, and throughout the state.

Public reservations in the United States have been established: 1, by national action; 2, by state action; 3, by municipal action; and 4, by private action.

1. The following are examples of national reservations:

The Yellowstone National Park: three thousand square miles of the public domain reserved from sale and settlement.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park: seven thousand six hundred acres of private land condemned and purchased.

The approaches to the Chickamauga Park: twenty-six miles of highway accepted by the nation as a gift from the States of Virginia and Tennessee.

2. The following are examples of state reservations:

The New York State Forest Reserve in the Adirondack Mountains: many thousands of acres of the state domain reserved from sale and settlement.

The New York State Reservation at Niagara: about one hundred acres of private land condemned and purchased.

The Connecticut State Reservation in the townships of Bethel and Redding (The Putnam Memorial Camp): thirty-eight acres, accepted by the state as a gift from two citizens.

3. The following are examples of municipal reservations:

Boston Common: reserved from sale and settlement by the first colonists.

Franklin Park, Boston: condemned and purchased by the city.

Institute Park, Worcester: accepted by the city as a gift from a citizen.

The following are examples of reservations secured by private persons, with the approval of various legislatures.

The Mount Vernon Estate, in Virginia: the property of a corporation, which is exempted from taxation.

The Serpent Mound Park, in Ohio: the gift of a few persons to the corporation of Harvard University. The park is open to the public and it is not taxed.

The Chittenango Falls Park in the townships of Cazenovia and Fenner, New York: the gift of several citizens to an incorporated board of trustees, who are required to keep the park open to the public forever.

The Old South Church, in Boston: presented by a large body of subscribers to an incorporated board of trustees, who hold it as a memorial, exempt from taxation.

The Longfellow Memorial Garden, in Cambridge, Massachusetts; presented by the Longfellow family to an incorporated board of trustees, whose property is exempted from taxation.

It is proposed to establish in Massachusetts a corporation to be called the "Trustees of Public Reservations." It is proposed to give these trustees the power to acquire, by gift or purchase, beautiful or historical places in any part of the state, to arrange with cities and towns for the necessary policing of the reservations so acquired, and to open the reservations to the public when such arrangements have been made. This Board of Trustees should be established without further delay, and for the following reasons:

1. Because the existing means of securing and preserving public reservations are not sufficiently effective. Every year sees the exclusion of the public from more and more scenes of interest and

beauty, and every year sees the irreparable destruction of others.

2. Because, if it is desirable to supplement the existing means of securing and preserving the scenes in question, no method can be found which will more surely serve the desired end than that by means of which Massachusetts has established her successful hospitals, colleges, and art museums; namely, the method which consists in setting up a respected Board of Trustees, and leaving all the rest to the munificence of public-spirited men and women. When the necessary organization is provided, the lovers of nature and history will rally to endow the trustees with the care of their favorite scenes, precisely as the lovers of art have so liberally endowed the art museums.

3. Because a general Board of Trustees established with power to accept or reject whatever property may be offered it in any part of the state, will be able to act for the benefit of the whole people, and without regard to the principal cause of the ineffectiveness of present methods, namely, the local jealousies felt by townships and parts of townships towards each other.

4. Because the beautiful and historical Commonwealth of Massachusetts can no longer afford to refrain from applying to the preservation of her remarkable places every method which experience in other fields has approved. The state is rapidly losing her great opportunity to insure for the future an important source of material as well as moral prosperity."

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THERE is in England what is called an Art for Schools Association. This society, whose headquarters are in London, and which has among its officers and patrons some of the best-known literary and artistic and philanthropic people of England, exists for the purpose of encouraging an interest in good art among the boys and girls in the schools, and of providing good copies of the masterpieces of art, at low cost, to be placed in the schoolrooms for the education of the pupils. The founders of this Art for Schools Association believe that it is a good thing for the boys and girls to grow up thus in daily companionship with what the world's best judgment has stamped as most beautiful, and that if this familiarity with the best works of art on the part of the school children, coming together promiscuously from all sorts of homes, can be made universal, it will do little less than revolutionize the public taste, besides adding so much to the true pleasure of life. There is no reason why in this day, when by the sundry heliotype, autotype, photogravure and other processes such excellent copies of the

great pictures can be made so cheaply, any school or any home should be altogether destitute of beauty. We note with pleasure the large number of engravings and photographs and casts that have already found their way into many of our public schools. In the hall of the Girls' High School in Boston is a complete set, we think, of casts of what remains of the frieze of the Parthenon. Our higher institutions are doing much in this direction. The art galleries of Amherst College and Smith and Wellesley and other colleges are admirable. But much more needs to be done to arouse our people to a proper appreciation of the place of art in public education. Especially, to our thinking, is effort needed here in connection with the public schools, affecting those places where almost all of our people get all the regular education that they ever get, and affecting them at the time of life when they are most sensitive and impressible. There should be no school in the land where through the years of school life the boy and girl are not influenced by the Raphael or Rembrandt or Murillo or Millet hanging on the wall. There should be no city in the land without its Art for Schools Association—or if we please, since in this country we "promote" things, its Society for Promoting the Study of Art—to see that this interest is intelligently roused and intelligently met.

But until such societies do exist in our cities, it is very pleasant to hear of individuals devoting themselves to this thing. Such an individual, such an Art for Schools *man*, is Mr. Ross Turner, the artist. Mr. Turner's home is in Salem, and it is for one of the public schools of Salem that he has done his good work, making its rooms beautiful and eloquent with the pictures which he has placed there for the culture and pleasure of the young people. Here, surely, is a hint for the educator and the philanthropist. Why may we not have in America a great phalanx of Art for Schools *men*, like Mr. Turner? When so many are quick with their money to found the library, to endow the college, to give the park, shall not this fine duty have attention also?

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WE wish to express our obligations to the Gravure Etching Company of Boston for the use of the two cuts after paintings by Halsall which appear with the article on "Mr. Burgess and his Work," in the preceding pages. The original of "The Burgess Trio"—the *Puritan*, *Mayflower* and *Volunteer*—is in the possession of the Massachusetts Yacht Club; the original of the *Volunteer* is in the possession of William F. Weld, Esq.



## THE OMNIBUS.

### SOME QUAIN'T SUPPLICATIONS.

THE question of liturgical or non-liturgical worship has called out warm discussion, and perhaps will continue to do so; it is a matter of which taste and training cause widely differing views. One argument is always in order: he who depends on a "form" is certainly sure to escape the shoals and quicksands which may wreck his less fortunate brother. He may be "cold," but at least he will not be absurd. It may be that some fervent soul, glowing with devotion, will not need to "seek words," but with ready tongue pour out his prayers and supplications; but many a worshipper has writhed as the person appointed to express the supplications and aspirations of a multitude has said things which the rules of decency forbade the listener to interrupt.

The English Civil War, which caused such an upheaval of the nation, gave opportunity to "all sorts and conditions" of religionists to display their gifts. There are said to have been over two hundred different sects in England at that period. Preaching was heard in season and out of season, and the ministrants addressed their Maker in very familiar terms.

On one occasion the Parliamentary forces had suffered a severe defeat, and a fast was appointed in consequence. On the morning of the fast-day came news of another defeat. King, a minister in Coventry, thus expressed his feelings in view of this double trial: "Lord, we thine own people come here to humble ourselves for the defeat of our forces at Banbury, under the command of Colonel John Fynes, whose brother Nathaniel Fynes but lately had showed himself a coward at Bristol, so we might expect little better by trusting him; but Lord, — which is worse than both — thou hast even now sent us the news of our army's defeat at Lestithial in Cornwall, and had we heard it sooner we would not have been humbled at this time."

On a similar occasion, another preacher took high ground, saying: "Lord, thou hast given us never a victory this long while, for all our frequent fasting. What! dost Thou mean, O Lord! to cast us in the ditch and there leave us?"

That quaint phrases were not peculiar to the Puritans, witness the prayer of a brave old Cavalier, Sir Jacob Astley, before the battle of Edgehill: "Lord, thou knowest how busy I shall be this day; if I forget Thee, do not thou forget me!" — adding to his men, "March on, boys!"

After the landing of Charles Edward in Scotland, in 1745, a Presbyterian minister in Edinburgh added to his customary petition for King George: "And for this young person who has come among us seeking an earthly crown, do Thou of Thy gracious favor grant him a heavenly one!"

Equally quaint but touching is the prayer of Hearne, the Oxford antiquarian: "O most gracious and merciful God, wonderful in thy Providence, I return all possible thanks to Thee for the care Thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with the most signal instances of this thy Providence, and one yesterday when I unex-

pectedly met with three old manuscripts, for which in a particular manner I return my thanks, beseeching Thee to continue the same protection to me, a poor helpless sinner."

An eccentric minister in Maine — to come from old England to New — was once conducting a prayer-meeting in a private house. It was a time of great religious excitement, and there were many meetings. Among the persons present on this particular evening was a woman who went about from place to place spinning, and unfortunately had not a reputation for honesty. So many skeins of yarn were reckoned a day's work, — forty threads to the knot, seven knots to the skein. But she was often known to "cheat in the count." She had now "experienced a hope," and was loud and fervent in exhortation and prayer. Elder —, who believed in works as well as faith, lifted his voice at the close of her address. "O Lord, bless Sister Lyddy," he cried, "bless her, and teach her to count forty."

— *Pamela McArthur Cole.*

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### HOW JOHN HOOKER BECAME A D. D.

*The following story is told in the Religion Philosophical Journal:* AT a reunion of the Thomas Hooker Association at Hartford, Conn., which is composed of descendants of Rev. Thomas Hooker, one of the founders of that city, and, as one of the speakers said, "as truly a nobleman as if he had been given the patent of nobility by some king, and indeed more truly so, for he derived his nobility from the King of kings," Hon. John Hooker, President of the Association, made a noteworthy speech in response to a call for remarks about the doctors of divinity in the Hooker family. He explained how, although a lawyer by profession, he was also a doctor of divinity. He placed his right to the doctorate, he said, not on the principle laid down by Xenophon, that he was a captain who had all the qualities of a commander, although he had never led an army, but on a sound legal basis.

Mr. Hooker is an able lawyer, who has had many years' experience with judicial tribunals and is the author of thirty-three volumes of reports of the Connecticut Supreme Court; and it may, therefore, be presumed that he knows what a "legal basis" is. When the fugitive slave law was passed, he was a young lawyer in Hartford, where Rev. James W. C. Pennington, a colored preacher, was settled over a church of colored people. Mr. Pennington, whose skin was very black, sought a private interview with the young lawyer and told him that he was a fugitive slave, that his real name was Jim Pembroke; and he expressed fears that he might be caught, and wanted advice. It was decided that the colored preacher should go out of the country and that Mr. Hooker should correspond with the old master, "stating to him that Jim was out of the country and that he could have no hope of reclaiming him, but that he was willing to give a little something for his freedom." The master wrote in reply to Mr. Hooker's first letter that Jim was a good blacksmith and he

demanding \$1,200 for him. This was discouraging. Months later a letter came from another man who said that Jim's master was dead, that he was administrator of the estate, and in order to close up the business, as Jim was out of the country, he would accept \$150 for him. The money was sent. Meanwhile Pennington had gone to Europe. "While abroad he went to Heidelberg and was by the famous university there made a doctor of divinity; which honor he accepted with great grace, saying that he was perfectly aware that he did not deserve it on his own account, but accepted it as a tribute to his race. So that at the time this money was sent he was a doctor of divinity."

The administrator had written Mr. Hooker that Jim was a part of the assets, that he had no power to set him free and that he could only sell him. "Accordingly on receiving the \$150," says Mr. Hooker, "he sent me a bill of sale of James Pembroke, a negro slave," and for two or three days I was the owner of Rev. James W. C. Pennington, D. D.; probably the first instance in the history of the world when a man has been known in that sense, to own a doctor of divinity. Sometimes they can be bought very cheaply, but not in this way. I had then acquired the title to him; it was in my power to set him free; and I executed the paper by which I set free James Pembroke otherwise known as Rev. Dr. James W. C. Pennington, and the deed of manumission is on record in the public records of Hartford. In doing this I merely took my hands off from him; I gave him nothing; I simply let him go out of my hands. It was one of the elementary principles of slave-law that a slave could own nothing. . . . Now the doctorate of divinity which Mr. Pennington fancied was his own property, was mine, and I never gave it up at all. So to this day I am, by the best of legal titles, a doctor of divinity, and therefore it was proper for me, if no one else responded to the call for doctors of divinity that are descended from Thomas Hooker, to present myself here, for the honor of our ancestor Thomas Hooker, as a doctor of divinity."

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A FRUGAL SWAIN.

A LOW, brown cottage 'mid the rocks,  
Banked round with blushing hollyhocks  
And tawny daughters of the sun  
Whose robes are of his treasure spun!  
My own, the humble tenement;  
'Tis here I cultivate content,  
And also — corn and Lima beans.

Before my door no elm trees grand,  
A legacy ancestral, stand;  
Instead of their majestic boles  
And lordly shadows on the ground,  
Behold a seemly row of poles  
With curling vines enwrapped and crowned.  
O pride of Lima! seemest thou  
So like some pale, scholastic brow,  
The throne of philosophic thought!  
Who would suspect there lurked in thee  
Such rampant vegetable glee?  
Hither no insect horde unclean,  
No beetle bearing on his back

The felon stripes of buff and black,  
Provokes the ban of Paris Green.  
But where thy swarming tendrils fly,  
Swings hammock-like amid the leaves  
And gleaming fine against the sky  
The net the garden-spider weaves,—  
A pensive spinster much maligned,  
To geometric tastes inclined.

You gaze far down the avenue  
Of mantling verdure wet with dew,  
Or upward look to where on high  
'Twould seem you almost might espy  
That mansion paradoxical,  
The house that was so very small,  
Where dwelt the Giant tall and grim,—  
That luckless ogre, to condense  
His length of limb, his bulk immense,  
Within so cramped a residence!  
Sure, 'twas a kind release to him  
When fate his exit-bell had rung,  
And hero Jack the hatchet swung!

Close by appears, in phalanx met,  
A friendly host, with drooping lance  
And pearl-embroidered banneret:—  
Thy gift, benignant Samoset,  
Most bland of aborigines!  
Great Solomon, who sang in praise  
Of love and herbs, did e'er he glance  
O'er goodly fields of growing maize?  
Or did he know, in all his days,  
The savor of the milky ear,  
Or steam of fragrant succotash?  
Then would his choice seem not so rash.

Wave all thy creamy tassels high,  
Brave Indian corn! Some will aver  
A wakeful, silent listener  
In breathless nights of hot July  
May hear the throbbing and the stir  
Of limpid juices in thy veins  
And crackling of thy stalwart canes,  
As fairy castanets might sound.

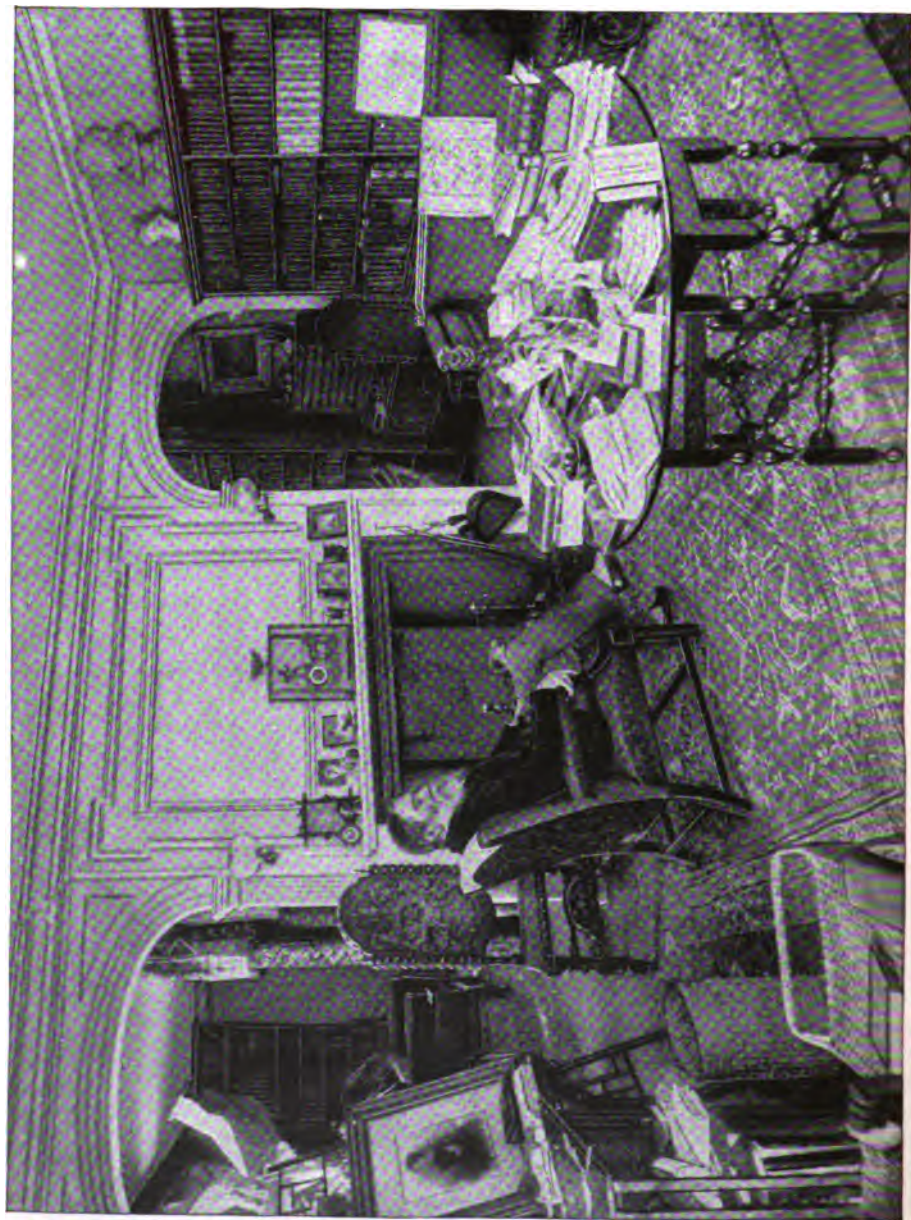
I know not!—Nature grants to me  
The sleep she gives to bird and bee;  
Her dusky tresses, all unbound,  
With drowsy shadows fold me round.

What matter, if at set of sun  
Her loving tasks are never done?  
The steadfast stars will wake with her,  
Each zephyr is her minister;  
Those watchers of the firmament  
Would scorn a spy impertinent.

Ye proud and courtly, do not waste  
Disdain on my plebeian taste—  
This mild midsummer lunacy;  
It runs so in the family,  
From ancient grandsire handed down,—  
A gardener down East was he,  
Unfortunate, but of renown;  
And now, though distant miles and miles  
That homestead,—lost by serpent wiles,—  
Where'er a garden blooms and smiles,  
Our wandering and home-sick race  
Enjoys a glimpse of Eden's grace.

— Jennie Cotton.





LOWELL IN HIS STUDY.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1891.

VOL. V. NO. 2.

## THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

*By Henry S. Nourse.*

THE builder of the earliest storehouse for books of which we have any trustworthy account caused to be inscribed over its portal the legend: PSYCHES IATREION—A Treasury of Medicine for the Soul. There are numerous well-furnished public libraries in Massachusetts not unworthy to wear the same title, although they have visibly little in common with their Egyptian prototype. Unlike those of ancient, mediæval, or even comparatively modern days, they are not merely bibliomaniacs' museums, workshops for scholiasts, or cloisters for the use of an aristocracy of literary sybarites; but rather may be said to serve as granaries, wherefrom to satisfy a popular appetite already voracious, and one that grows the faster the more it is fed. Their first aim might almost be thought to be to meet the increasing demand for mental stimulants and mental opiates; for it is not to be denied that their most constant patrons do not crave costly or rare intellectual viands, nor even strengthening food; but seek amusement, distraction from care and *ennui*, solace in loneliness, occupation in hours of idleness or weakness. Many of these, however, do derive, often unconsciously perhaps, tonics for mental debility or medicaments for the soul.

Pessimistic critics can see little that is hopeful in the unquestionably lamentable fact that a large majority of book borrowers give evidence of a low literary taste; that the average reader prefers

the brummagem to solid worth, the vapid novel to converse with genius, the buffoonery of the clown to the fancy of the masters in wit and humor. But if the censors locally elected for the duty are worthy their high calling, and do their duty in excluding that which is unwholesome, the free public library always proves a fountain of refining salutary influences. It awakens new aspirations in some, inspires effort in many, extends the intellectual horizon, and tends to elevate the standard of living in the community, and to add to the sum of human enjoyment. Not its least value is this, that it lessens the number of those whose desire for knowledge and yearning for romance find satisfaction in the distortions and exaggerations and inanities of the cheap weeklies. The youth who, by the neighborhood of a choice reading-room or library, are privileged to enter into intimate fellowship with the regal minds of the ages, to commune with "the assembled souls of all that men hold wise," can hardly fail to assimilate something of value, to absorb many instructive and ennobling lessons, and be made by it happier and better men and women, more valuable citizens of the republic. If the library served only as an anodyne to the weary and suffering, and a pastime for the idle, it would, at least, be innocent compared with the narcotics with which, but for books, these might seek solace. Literary dyspeptics are less costly to the state than dipsomaniacs.



When Mrs. Sheridan sought to flatter Dr. Johnson by telling him that she had always restricted her youthful daughter's reading to the *Rambler*, and similar improving works, he said: "Then, madam, you are a fool! Turn your daughter's wits loose into your library. If she is well-inclined she will choose only nutritious food; if otherwise, all your precautions will avail nothing to prevent her

1845, appropriated from the state's school fund a bounty of fifteen dollars to each district which should raise a like sum, and devote it to the establishing of a library. This plan of attaching to each common school a small select collection of books did not originate, however, in Massachusetts; it was inspired by a New York enactment of 1835, which has been followed, with various changes of detail,



Public Library, Dedham.

following the natural bent of her inclinations."

Long ago, Thomas Carlyle, echoing what Socrates and Cicero had said centuries before, told the world that "the true university of these days is a collection of books." In 1837, intelligent appreciation of this truth seems to have influenced the legislators of Massachusetts, when they fostered the establishment of district-school libraries, by enacting that each legally constituted school-district in the Commonwealth might found and maintain a library for the use of its children, raising for the purpose by taxation a sum not exceeding thirty dollars the first year, and not to exceed ten dollars per annum thereafter. This law failed to secure the results anticipated, until a legislative resolve which was passed in 1842, with the supplementary provisions added in 1843, 1844, and

by most of the states of the Union. The scheme has met with very unequal success; in many states having failed from the outset, or soon lost its usefulness; in a few proving more or less satisfactory, and flourishing down to the present time. The literature by this law disseminated throughout Massachusetts was of a thoroughly patriotic and healthful character, and in most respects wisely chosen by the town committees. Harper's Family Library figured quite prominently in the lists. But books especially adapted for the juvenile mind were conspicuously absent, and an unduly heavy per centage of the volumes were those "which no well-regulated library should be without." The lack of provision for replenishment with new matter soon much limited the use of the books, and in time the death of the district-school system scattered them. They contributed greatly,





Bridgewater Public Library.

and, in many towns being included with larger collections, continue to contribute to the intellectual well-being of the commonwealth.

If many instances of the unrestricted exercise of a privilege presume an undenied authority for it, it might be questioned whether the Massachusetts legislation of 1851, permitting municipalities to raise money by taxation for libraries, was

not in the main superfluous. The general act of that year seems a natural corollary to a law of 1850, which provided for the gradual abolition of the independent school-district system which had been in vogue from revolutionary times; although it is a suggestive coincidence that the first Public Libraries Act in England was also passed in 1850. The proximate impulse that led to the



Thayer Public Library, Braintree. — Gift of Gen. Sylvanus Thayer.

law of 1851 was, no doubt, the prolonged discussion in Boston of the social and patriotic need of a library which, unlike the institutions existing at that day, should be especially adapted to the wants of the less cultivated classes of citizens—a library not for scholarship, but for humanity. A special act authorizing the supply of this need was secured in 1848; and such leaders in public opinion as Josiah Quincy, Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop and George Ticknor lent their wisdom and energy to the building of the new institution upon a popular and substantial basis. Mr. Ticknor's tireless enthusiasm carried so much influence, and his liberal views have so impressed themselves upon the constitution of public libraries, that he has not inaptly been called the father of the free library system in America.

The Massachusetts law bestows upon towns and cities the right to establish and support public libraries for the use of their inhabitants, and to provide rooms

It empowered the municipality to receive and administer any devise, bequest, or donation for library uses within its limits. But the privileges accorded by this act, which received the approval of the governor May 24, 1851, had apparently been assumed by a few towns long before, under a liberal interpretation of the school library legislation of 1837–1845, and especially of the resolve of 1843, which applied to the few towns not districted. Nahant's School Library dates from 1819, having its origin in a donation to the community. Arlington's library, it is claimed, has been free to the town's people, and supported by annual appropriations, since 1837. More than a century before this state legislation, however, the idea of a town library, was no novelty in New England. Books in early colonial days, when rigid economy was compulsory, were far from abundant, were chiefly of a devotional or theological character, and their cost was so considerable that, even among professional men



Petersham Public Library.

therefor, under such regulations for their government as may be prescribed from time to time by the inhabitants of the towns, or the city councils. It authorized for the foundation and maintenance of such libraries a limited appropriation based upon the number of ratable polls.

of the highest classical scholarship, a collection of one hundred volumes was very rare. The town library, when it existed, was therefore in the form of a few folios or quartos, or perhaps a single huge, encyclopædic tome, kept in the meeting-house for general reference.



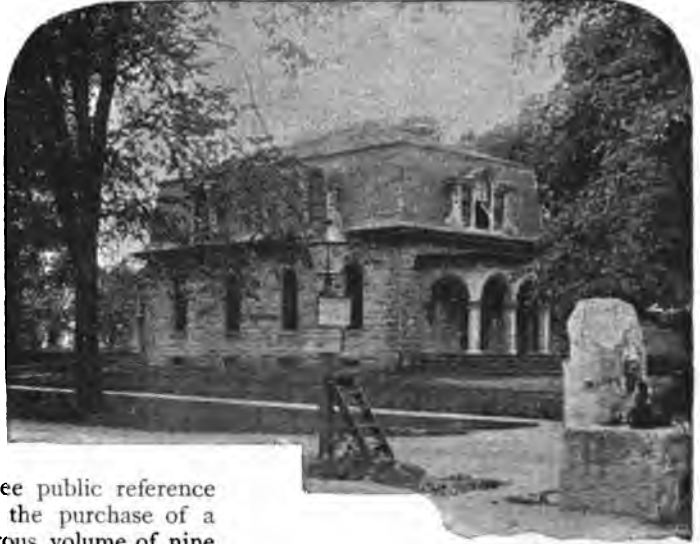
Duxbury Free Library. — Gift of Mrs. George W. Wright.

What weighty lore was stored in the first "public library" of Boston, mentioned in the will of John Oxenbridge, and under what regulations it was managed, is not discovered; but in its inception and administration the town appears to have felt no lack of the authority conferred by the legislative action of 1851. It accepted the legacy of pounds sterling and volumes which founded it from the estate of the eccentric merchant tailor, Captain Robert Keayne, and assigned a room to it in the new Market House, built in 1658. Of the original nucleus of the collection we have only this description from the will of Captain Keayne: "And though my bookes be not many nor very fitt for such a worke, being English and smale bookes, yet after the beginning the Lord may stirr vp some others that will add more to them; and helpe to carry the worke on by bookes of more vawew, Antiquity, vse, and esteeme." In 1682, the selectmen paid David Edwards thirty-four pounds ten shillings "for severall things he brought from England for ye vse of the Library,"

that sum being credited to "Captain Robert Keayne's legacie for ye vse of sd Library." In 1695, some of this literary property of Boston seems to have gone astray, for the voters in town-meeting assembled instructed the selectmen to demand wherever found, and take care of "all Bookes or other things belonging to the Library." In 1747, the Town House was burned, and with it probably Boston's first free public library.

That Concord had a public circulating library in 1672 is attested by instructions that year given by the freeholders, "That care be taken of the Bookes of Marters and other bookes that belong to the Towne, that they be kept from abusive usage, and not be lent to persons more than one month at one time." Among the chief treasures of print in Wayland's public library are some folio works of Richard Baxter, part of a gift from the Hon. Samuel Holden of London, received in 1731 for the use of the church and congregation in the East Precinct of Sudbury. Church and town in Massachusetts were then practically inseparable, the meeting-

house being the public arena where the people discussed and settled in due form all matters of local improvement and finance, as well as of parish administration. These folios formed a town or precinct library in the modern meaning of the words. The voters of Lancaster, at a regular town-meeting, March 22, 1731, established a free public reference library, by ordering the purchase of a single folio, a ponderous volume of nine hundred pages — Rev. Samuel Willard's "Complete Body of Divinity" — and instructing the selectmen to make suitable "provision for the keeping of it in the meeting-house for the town's use, so that any person may come there and read therein as often as they shall see cause; and said book is not to be carried out of the meeting-house at any



Stockbridge Public Library. — Gift of Hon. John Z. Goodrich.

time by any person, except by order of the selectmen."

Among libraries historically famous is that of the town of Franklin, established in 1785 by one who was described by the grateful pastor of the parish in a discourse celebrating the memorable event as "the ornament of genius, the patron of science, and the best of men." In the September and October numbers of this magazine, for the year 1889, were published some interesting notes relating to this old library, at Franklin, including a note from Rev. William M. Thayer, stating that ninety of its original 116 volumes still remained in the library, and giving the titles of some of the more important works. This town was named in honor of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and it was suggested to him by a nephew that he could most appropriately acknowledge the compliment paid him by giving the townspeople a



Public Library, Princeton. — Gift of Edward A. Goodnow.

bell for their meeting-house. Franklin, who was then the American minister at the court of France, had his own opinion of suitability, and sent the nephew to his and America's friend, Dr. Richard Price, with a letter in which he requested a list of books, to cost twenty-five pounds, giving preference to such works as inculcate principles of sound religion and just

are enough to give our Puritan ancestors reasonable right to a caveat against the claim that the free town library in Massachusetts is a modern invention.

Some astute thinkers have dared to blame our boasted system of common-school education for its overstimulative processes. They charge that the public schools, even of the lower grades, are



Damon Memorial, Holden. — Gift of Hon. S. C. Gale.

government. In the letter was the following :

"A new town in the State of Massachusetts having done me the honor of naming itself after me, and proposing to build a steeple to their meeting-house if I would give them a bell, I have advised the sparing themselves the expense of a steeple for the present, and that they would accept of books instead of a bell, sense being preferable to sound. These are, therefore, intended as the commencement of a little parochial library for the use of a society of intelligent, respectable farmers, such as our country people generally consist of."

About ninety of the one hundred and sixteen volumes received in 1758 have survived, and add to the weight, if not to the circulation, of the present free public library of Franklin. Research might discover many other examples of early libraries in New England, similar to those here noticed, but though few, these

too often caricatures in little of the university, devoted to the alphabet of ornamental accomplishments instead of simply furnishing, as they should, the initial training for social and political usefulness, and that they are, therefore, wasteful of youthful energy and enthusiasm, and unsatisfactory in moral and intellectual results. A rational remodelling of the methods of public instruction must sooner or later come, when some portion of the complex curriculum through which all juvenile classes are now dragged will be left to the volition of such as are richest in mental endowments, or have developed special tastes, to pursue in academic institutions, the laboratory or the public library, where omnivorous cravings or dilettanteism can be indulged without fret of examination papers or the

persistent memorizing of verbiage. The best education is self-education, that which follows the discipline of the school, being won from the study of books, man, and nature. But the public, despite the state's happy experiment of fifty years ago, has been very slow to realize the fact that, while the town library fills its highest vocation as a social factor in the community, it can also be wisely managed so as to become a potential help to the free school, a co-ordinate power in our system of education. Many of our librarians as well as boards of library trustees have, for several years, been using the literary stores in their custody with a full understanding of this truth, and with noteworthy helpfulness to teachers and pupils.

Induced by records of such experience,

and directed to expend in the founding of a free library, in any town having none, the sum of one hundred dollars for books, whenever such town shall have formally accepted the provisions of the act, elected a board of trustees in accordance with the existing state laws relating to libraries, and satisfactorily provided for the care, custody, and distribution of books. The act, in recognition of the disposition of mankind to esteem of little value that which has been won without labor or personal sacrifice, stipulates that, to secure the state's bounty, an annual appropriation must be made by the town of not less than \$50 if its last assessed valuation was \$1,000,000 or upward; not less than \$25, if said valuation was less than \$1,000,000, and not less than \$250,000; or not less than \$15 if said valuation was



Nevins Memorial Library, Methuen. — Gift of Heirs of David Nevins.

and other strong testimony to the educational value of the public library, the legislature of Massachusetts, in 1890, created a commission, whose defined duty it is "to promote the establishment and efficiency of free public libraries." The board, which consists of five members, appointees of the governor, has merely advisory powers so far as established institutions are concerned, but is authorized

less than \$250,000. The commission serves without compensation, but is allowed \$500 yearly for clerical assistance and incidental expenses. The present members of the commission are C. B. Tillinghast of the State Library (Chairman), Samuel S. Green of the Worcester Free Public Library, Henry S. Nourse of Lancaster, Miss E. P. Sohier of Beverly (Secretary),



Fitchburg Public Library.—Gift of Hon. Rodney Wallace.

and Miss Anna E. Ticknor of Boston. The commissioners met for organization October 30, 1890, and issued an earnest appeal to the towns favored by the act. They hold regular meetings on the third Thursday of each month. Such legislation as this of 1890 must, of course, meet the taunt that it is of the "grandmother type," another advance in benevolent educational despotism on the part of the state, although it in no way disturbs local control and support, but hastens

self-development by demanding local initiative as a prerequisite to the assistance granted. Already, in England, certain political economists, under the head of Herbert Spencer, are bemoaning the "burden of impotence being day by day laid on all classes by the perpetual forestalling of human endeavor in every conceivable relation of life." They bitterly protest against what, with a touch of peculiarly ingenious malice, is styled "the attempt of Free Library agitators



Hingham Public Library.—Gift of Hon. Albert Fearing.

to make their own favorite form of recreation a charge on the rates." But the arguments and oburgation of these individual philosophers will hardly be listened to with patience in a democracy like ours — at least until we are prepared to indict as superfluous and tyrannical all state and municipal regulations which hamper private enterprise with the purpose of serving the common weal; until we are willing to abolish free education because "extravagant," tending to "degrade the teacher to an automaton," and interfering with "parental responsibility;" until we abandon our national postal system as a government monopoly, perennially borrowing from the public purse to meet its deficits. The dominant tendencies all point the other way. The critics will be very few who will care to charge that this novelty in Massachusetts's legislation is a very radical advance towards

the constitution which declares: "Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue diffused generally among the body of people, being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties, and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country and among the different orders of people, it shall be the duty of legislators and magistrates in all future periods of this commonwealth to cherish the interests of literature and science, and all the seminaries of them."

The first annual report of the Free Public Library Commission covers the action of the board for three months only, and inasmuch as all steps in the main purpose of its creation had to await the motion of the interested towns at their regular March and April meetings, record of great progress was not to be expected. But the report is an unusually



City Library, Springfield.

state socialism, or deem it a mischievous intermeddling with individual effort. It does not obtrude aid in a way to paralyze local endeavor, but to encourage it. It is in direct sympathy with the clause in

elaborate one, giving a full review of past library legislation, and the present condition of municipal libraries, including a classification of them with reference to the provisions of the new law. It forms a



volume of two hundred and ninety pages, contains numerous illustrations, and is full of interesting matter not readily accessible elsewhere. Its chief feature is a comprehensive historical study of existing popular libraries, to which the chairman of the board has devoted long and careful labor. This includes brief

selves for books. This was due in great degree at least to the existence of numerous and excellent "social libraries" in all parts of the commonwealth. In the closing decade of the last century, one of the most promising signs of growing prosperity, giving assurance that the oppressive burdens inherited from the



Warren Public Library.

records of the generosity of many individuals who have founded such libraries, contributed liberally to their increase, or been prominent in the erection of buildings for them. The "solvent power of free human initiative," which Herbert Spencer and his disciples laud so much, and claim to be ultimately potent for the removal of all obstacles that can beset the path of humanity's advance, has done very much for Massachusetts in the founding of free institutions, religious and secular, charitable and educational. It is exactly forty years since its municipalities were specifically endowed with the right to levy taxes upon their citizens for the building and maintenance of libraries. At first they were very slow to take advantage of the privilege of taxing them-

long war for independence were fast disappearing, was the growth of library associations, until in each considerable village there was a group of readers and thinkers combined for the purchase of standard authors, which every one perused in his turn. The number and beneficial influence of these increased under the legislation of 1798 and 1806, which favored the incorporation of social library proprietors for the convenience of acquiring and managing property; and few towns but soon had one or more choice literary collections, cared for and slowly augmented by contributions and annual assessments paid by the shareholders. Quite often these were accessible to readers not proprietors, upon payment of a small fee per volume borrowed, or a



Free Public Library, New Bedford.



Free Public Library, Worcester.

stated sum by the year, and a few of the more wealthy or liberal associations sometimes offered their collection for reasonable public use without compensation. The free library of Oakham is a rare survival of the latter class.

A little before the middle of the present century there arose a marked increase of popular interest in better methods of farming and horticulture, which found expression in the organization of numerous local agricultural societies or clubs,

and patriotic generosity of some citizen who would not wait for the slow movement of public opinion and town-meeting discussion. But the town libraries are few, upon the shelves of which there are not many well-thumbed works of standard character, received as a legacy from collections which, though superseded, thus perpetuate their beneficent influence.

The Library Act of 1857 was the direct result of a doubt as to the legality of Wayland's action in establishing its free library, which was opened to the



Berkshire Athenaeum, Pittsfield. — Gift of Hon. Thomas Allen.

each of which soon had its small accumulation of volumes devoted to the profession that boasts itself as old as Adam. The social, district school, and agricultural club libraries, jointly and severally, laid the foundations of, and made possible, the modern town library—the library of the people, fashioned to the needs and tastes of all classes, and free to all. The historic evolution was far from uniform. Sometimes, as in Ashby, the new institution seems to have been built upon the district libraries solely; or, as in Sutton, upon the agricultural club's collection as a nucleus. Far oftener it grew out of the social library, as in Harvard and Medford, or from the union of two, or all three classes, as in Framingham and Hatfield. Some sprang full panoplied from the wise forethought

public August 7, 1850. Instead of passing special legislation, as had been done for Boston in 1848, a general law was enacted. New Bedford was the second town to take action under this law, and Southborough, the third, both in 1852, although the library of the former was not in use until 1853. Chicopee and Lunenburg established free libraries in 1853, Boston, Groton, and Peabody in 1854, Lenox, Beverly, Framingham, and Newburyport in 1855, Bolton, Harvard, Leominster, Medford, Wakefield, and Woburn in 1856. Now 175 of the 351 towns and cities of Massachusetts possess and wholly control libraries free for circulation to all their citizens; 28 have free libraries wherein the management is shared by the town with some association of individuals, or with trustees

who hold their authority by terms of a special act of incorporation or under the provisions of a founder's will; 22 have libraries free for circulation—with the exception of the Westfield Athenæum, in which the books are free for use of the

books of this richly endowed institution were free to the public to use only "on the premises," an annual fee of one dollar being required of those who desired the enjoyment of their home use. For fifteen years the associated founders of



Temple Hall Library, Mashpee

general public only in the reading-room—over which the municipality has no control, but which receive the aid of annual appropriations from the public treasury. In 21 towns there are free public libraries, in the support and management of which the municipality has no part.

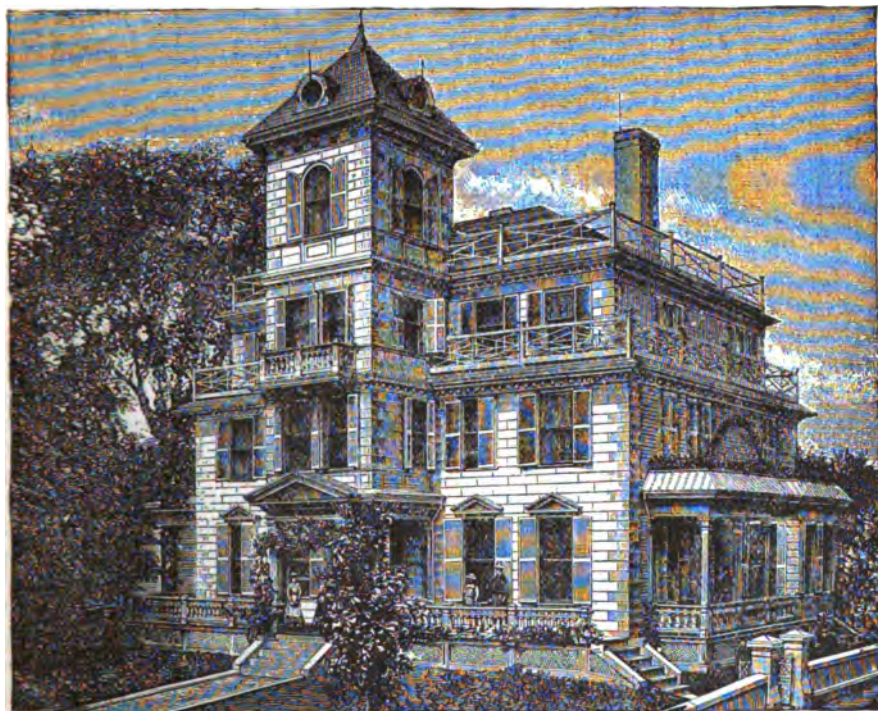
Besides the four classes thus designated, there is one other, which once had more numerous examples in the state, but is now represented only in the towns of Conway and Rockport. Early in the history of town libraries the attempt was sometimes made to derive an income from fees charged for the use of books, copying the custom among the old-time social libraries. The fee, however insignificant, of course shuts out from the privileges of the institution a majority of those who most need what the public library can and should give, and is therefore no true economy. Of this the records of the City Library of Springfield afford a remarkable illustration. Until within a very few years the

the library labored to secure such appropriations from the city as would warrant extension of privilege to the circulation of books. The desired end was at length attained May 25, 1885. At that date, under the fee system, in this wealthy city of over 37,000 inhabitants, having 55,000 volumes in its public library, there were but 1100 card holders, and the circulation was 41,000 volumes. Within a year thereafter, the card holders of the free library numbered over 7,000 and the circulation of books had risen to 154,000. So extraordinary an increase of usefulness was no less astonishing than gratifying to those who had long argued that a more liberal policy would bear fruits far outweighing the few hundreds of dollars collected in fees, and that the necessary increase in expenditure would prove in every way a sound business investment. The experience of other towns wherein a restrictive system has given place to entirely free circulation has invariably been similar to that of Springfield. The two towns that retain

the fee system cannot too soon imitate the majority.

Of the 248 public libraries hereinbefore classified, most of the smaller and some of the larger occupy rooms in buildings partly devoted to other uses, usually the town hall; but for fully one-half the whole number special accommodations have been provided, at an aggregate cost, including two or three not yet completed, of over \$4,600,000. Several are so royally domiciled as to afford a liberal education in architecture to the communities about them. The buildings as a class are among the most tasteful in the commonwealth, many of them being from happy

absorbed. They vary in style of construction through all orders of architecture, from the plain, rectangular edifice of brick known as the Cushman Library of Bernardston, the octagonal Goodnow Library of Sudbury, the little cubical fire-proof building of native stone given to the town of Cummington by the poet Bryant, to those elaborate and picturesque piles of massive masonry which owe their being to the genius of the great architect, H. H. Richardson, at Easton, Malden, Quincy, and Woburn.<sup>1</sup> They vary no less in their interior finish and furniture than in their exterior constructive features. The un-



Sawyer Free Library, Gloucester. — Gift of Samuel F. Sawyer.

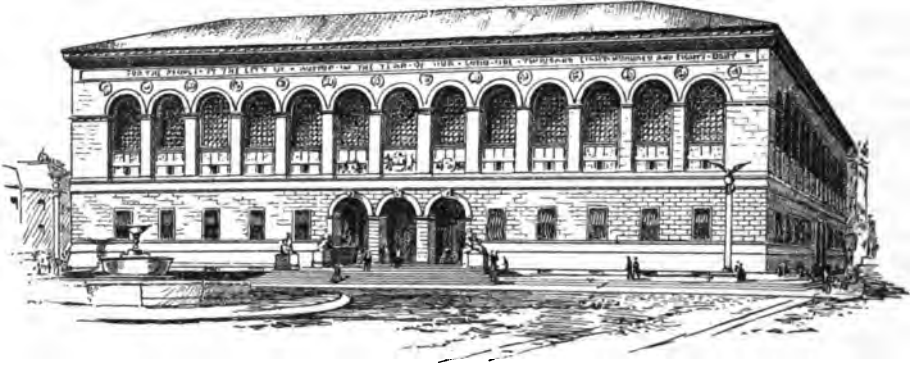
designs of noted architects. They vary in costliness from the little wooden structure built for the native Indian community of Mashpee by the Temple Hall Library and Reading-room Association, in 1888, at a cost of \$1,500, to the many-roomed palace of wrought stone which fronts upon Copley Square in Boston, in which, though incomplete, about \$2,000,000 have been

adorned simplicity of the many, that pre-

<sup>1</sup> The Woburn Library was the subject of a special article, fully illustrated, entitled "A Model Village Library," in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for February, 1890. Views of the Easton, Malden, and Quincy libraries, as well as others mentioned here, will appear in connection with other articles in the magazine, which is the reason why they are not here inserted. A view of the Manchester library appeared in the last number of the magazine. The purpose of the present illustrations is not to show the finest library buildings in the state, although some of the finest are included, so much as the various types of buildings.—  
EDITOR.

tend only to give convenient shelter and shelving for books, is in marked contrast with the sumptuous fittings in hard woods marbles and metal, the luxurious appoint-

and so useful in its object lessons, that it is strange to find that very few towns have such a museum. In the larger cities, and wherever there exist local historical,



Public Library, Boston.

ments and artistic decorations of such memorial halls as those of Manchester, Methuen, Northampton, and Fitchburg. In Barnstable, Chelsea, Duxbury, and Gloucester, private residences have been adapted, quite successfully, to library uses, the spacious grounds about them adding a charming setting too often lacking in the site of town buildings. The library buildings or halls in twelve towns — Acton, Andover, Bridgewater, Canton, Foxborough, Framingham, Lancaster, Leicester, Milford, Northampton, North Reading, and Palmer — are dedicated to the memory of the soldiers of the locality who gave their lives for their country in the Rebellion, thus appropriately serving as permanent lessons in patriotism. Among the city libraries, a few of those most richly endowed by the benefactions of individuals have special rooms devoted to art collections. The most noteworthy of this class are those of Cambridge, Fitchburg, Woburn, Malden, Gloucester, and Pittsfield. The establishment of a museum accessory to the library, containing local relics illustrative of New England domestic life in colonial or revolutionary days, miscellaneous memorials of historic persons, events or epochs, and cabinets of minerals, birds, collections from all the departments of Nature's realms, curiosities from foreign countries, etc., offers so permanent an attraction, and one so easily attainable

antiquarian, or scientific societies, the purposes of the museum are best served by such associations. Thus in Deerfield, under the wise and enthusiastic leadership of the Hon. George Sheldon, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has accumulated and appropriately preserves specimens of the clothes, furniture, farmer's and mechanic's tools, kitchen utensils, weapons of war and chase, products of home industries, scores of articles such as now are, or are becoming, very rare, which tell of vanished customs, revolutionized labor, and all the struggles and economies of that primitive rural life which developed New England patriotism, wealth, and independence. Such records of our ancestors' daily thought and work disclose a mode of living almost as foreign to the youth of to-day as the civilization of Pompeii, or the communism of the aboriginal Nipmucs; and they have not only their anthropological interest to the student, but a patriotic and educational value to the people of all classes. For the unstudious youth they do more than supplement printed history and inherited tradition, — they "create a soul under the ribs of death." Little museums of greater or less historic and scientific interest add to the perennial attractiveness, and sensibly extend the usefulness, of the libraries in Ashfield, Becket, Bridgewater, Hingham, Lancaster, Lexington, and Wayland.



Besides the annual expenditures met by appropriations from the tax levies, which amount to about \$400,000, the income of over \$2,000,000 in endowment and special funds is available for the purchase of books and support of the public libraries of Massachusetts. The number and amount of endowment funds, no less than the number of library buildings which have been erected as memorials of individuals or families, clearly point to the fact that the "free initiative," even in New England, is not always the intelligent vote of a town-meeting accepting a financial burden for the public good. Quite as often it is the generous impulse of some individual, one resolved to justify to the world his possession of superabundant wealth, or who seeks to secure for himself or those dear to him grateful and imperishable remembrance. Endowments and bequests have not been more numerous than might have been anticipated, and they may be expected to increase as wealth and taste and general culture increase; for it would be difficult to imagine a cenotaph more permanently conspicuous, and yet popularly useful, than that assured by the gift of a memorial structure, consecrated in the donor's name to the gathering and garnering of deathless relics of genius, which generation after generation will make the goal or resting place of their daily walks. The name of Munroe will not soon fade from the people's memory in Concord, nor that of Winn be forgotten in Woburn. The Ames family will long have honor in Easton, the Nevins in Methuen. Converse will ever be a household word in Malden, Wallace in Fitchburg, Clapp in Belchertown, Thayer in Braintree, Wilde in Acton, Rindge in Cambridge, Robbins in Arlington, Heywood in Gardner, Gale and Damon in Holden; and many another name has won undying local respect, at least, through well-considered beneficence.

In the 248 public libraries of the state referred to in the classification previously given, there are 2,468,000 volumes, besides pamphlets; or one and one-ninth books for each man, woman, and child of the 248 towns and cities owning them. The old town of Lancaster has long boasted possession of one of the best selected

libraries as well as the largest library in proportion to its population in the commonwealth. It now has 11,776 pamphlets and 21,585 bound books—that is, over ten bound volumes for each soul of the town. It has an annual circulation in between six and seven volumes to each inhabitant, or 29 to each family. This library is supported chiefly by town appropriations, but has trust funds amounting to \$8,200. Phillipston's free library, with 5000 volumes, ranks next in ratio of books to population, having also about ten bound books to each citizen. This prominence it owes in part to the endowment fund of \$5,000 received in 1860 from Jonathan Phillips—for the town makes no appropriation for books—and partly to that persistent decrease in population, which is so sadly universal in exclusively agricultural towns through which no railway passes. This decrease for the period of thirty years is over thirty-three per cent, a ratio of loss exceeded by but one town in Worcester County, and by but very few in the state. In Sudbury, the Goodnow Library having nearly 11,000 volumes, the ratio is about nine books to each inhabitant of the town. An endowment fund of \$20,000 gives it this rank, as the income of this only is devoted to the library's maintenance. In Cummington the Bryant Free Library has over eight volumes for each of the inhabitants, and Nahant shows the same proportion. Bernardston, with a fund of \$10,000, has six volumes to each soul; Concord with funds amounting to \$33,000, Wayland, Petersham, and Tyngsborough have each five; Weston, Littleton, Lincoln, Lexington, and Hubbards-ton four volumes respectively to each soul within their limits. The records of circulation are very defective, and it is not certain that a uniform method of reporting the facts has been adopted by librarians. Moreover the various local conditions affecting the public use of privileges offered are important factors to be considered. Hence a comparison of the statements of various librarians would be of very doubtful value. It may be inferred, in a general way, that the circumstances most favorable to a large home circulation are not so much a great num-

ber of volumes in proportion to the number of families having access to them, or the high average culture of the people, but a concentration of population, the frequent accession of new literature, opening the library every day and evening, and a liberal recognition of the popular and juvenile tastes. The hill town, with its widely scattered households and a library which is open only on Saturday afternoons—or, as is reported to be the fact in one such town, like the Sabbath School library open only on Sunday noons—with seventy-five per cent, perhaps, of its reading matter standard authors antedating the last war, cannot expect to boast a circulation of books comparable with that which is so often reported from a compact village where the library, with its cozy reading-room attached, is open three hundred days in the year, and fifty per cent of its shelving is devoted to the latest fiction, illustrated juveniles and periodicals. Given a thickly settled community in which youthful humanity predominates, as is often the case in a manufacturing town, and all that is necessary in order to obtain a phenomenal circulation is to include in the annual accessions an undue proportion of sensational or flashy novels. The social library of half a century or more ago was wont to assign the proprietors a six weeks' lease of the volume borrowed, which fact gives some true indication of the leisurely manner of reading then in vogue, a manner which the book devourers of to-day may at least excuse, for the culture it produced. Now a third part of six weeks is the longest time most book borrowers desire for the conquest of an octavo, and many librarians restrict the loan of any very popular new work to a single week. By the Baconian dictum, "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." The patrons of the old social libraries mostly read to digest, but in the free public library the tasters demand most attention. It is the taster that swells the circulation. Fortunately, from this class, by the normal development of the appetite for reading when means for its qualification are accessible, the army of book

lovers and students of literature is largely recruited.

With such variety in the administrative boards as the classification of public libraries before given discloses, it is inevitable that there should be found very variable economy of management. Those trustees who are subject to the jealous watchfulness of the tax payer are less likely to be wasteful in their expenditure of municipal appropriations than those who expend the income of private endowments. Experience also tends to show that the library wholly under municipal control is more likely to be popularly useful than the one independent of the town-meeting; and though the literary standard may not be kept quite so high as it would be by an incorporated association, it is not often seriously degraded. If, as occasionally happens, personal animosities or local politics have an untoward influence in the selection of trustees, any check from this cause will be but temporary. As at the festival of Apollo in Delos of old all hostile thoughts were banished as a profanation of the sacred rites, and Greek and Persian reverentially joined in the common cult, so into the public library the fume of faction rarely enters. It is the one spot sacred to peace. The cost of administration in the smaller towns generally seems to be reduced to its lowest terms, while among the larger municipalities an instance can occasionally be found where but a meagre share of a generous appropriation adds interest or weight to the book shelves and reading tables; an extravagant percentage having been lavished upon needlessly fine catalogues and high-salaried or numerous assistants, employed in the development and support of an elaborate system, where simple, inexpensive methods would serve the public as well or better. Sometimes a year's income, or a sum that would give from five hundred to a thousand volumes to the library, is wasted upon the printing and binding of a catalogue, which the people are expected to purchase at cost, but which experience proves must be given away, or three-fourths of the edition will remain stored in some corner, soon to become superannuated and about as useful as the



same weight of last year's almanacs. Such costly enterprises, if undertaken at all, are legitimate only in libraries the income of which is not only extraordinary but derived from other sources than taxation. The card catalogue, with manuscript lists of additions posed, in the library, and cheaply printed annual bulletins of accessions, is all that is needful in the majority of towns.

In the cities, the question of opening the library on Sunday afternoons is one that merits and has excited much debate. The Worcester Free Public Library was the first to try the experiment of admitting the people to its reading-room and to the use of books for reference, on Sunday. This it did as early as December, 1872. But seven other cities are known to have followed Worcester's example. These are Boston, Brockton, Chelsea, New Bedford, Pittsfield, Salem, and Springfield. The town of Belmont, after a trial of about eight years, has recently abandoned the custom, it being the unanimous decision of the trustees "that the benefit derived by the public was not sufficient to warrant the expense incurred in the employment of a suitable care-taker." In Worcester, every Sunday, from two hundred to three hundred persons avail themselves of the privileges extended them, and the resulting benefit to individuals and to the city is reported to be obvious and eminently satisfactory.

There were in Massachusetts, when the first report of the Library Commission was published, one hundred and three towns in which there was no library freely open to the public. But of these towns Washington has coequal rights with Becket in the library and reading-room known as the Athenæum, in the latter locality; Bradford has an association incorporated and a fund accumulating for the purpose of establishing a free library "in the near future"; Marshfield has a foundation and building fund for library purposes, which will become available in 1892; Brewster, Nantucket, and Shelburne have within their bounds valuable libraries now open to the public upon payment of an annual fee. Many other towns in the list have small association libraries supported by annual payment or

subscriptions. Thirty-five have at their late town meetings accepted the statute provisions which entitle them to the appropriation promised from the state; and the Free Public Library Commissioners are busy in the work of studying the peculiar needs and local conditions of these towns—for each furnishes a distinct problem—and have already collected and forwarded the books which are to constitute the foundations of 28 new libraries. The total population of the 103 towns, by the census of 1890, was 131,102. Only 11 of them had a population of over 2,500 each, and 52 had less than 1,000 each. Classed by counties, 19 are of Berkshire, 13 of Hampden, 11 of Hampshire, 10 of Bristol, 9 of Franklin, 8 of Essex, 7 of Plymouth, 7 of Barnstable, 5 of Norfolk, 5 out of the 6 towns of Dukes, 4 of Middlesex, 4 of Worcester and Nantucket. A majority are examples of that much-to-be-lamented decadence in prosperity which each census emphasizes anew—the blight that threatens the independent existence of those smaller rural towns which lie on the hill slopes away from the great highways of human intercourse, or possess no watercourses suitable to drive the wheels of manufacturing industries. Several are coast towns, without harbors to entice commerce or a soil that rewards agriculture. The heart and soul of these little democracies, the native youth, year by year are wiled away to the industrial and commercial centres, leaving a heavier burden in life for those remaining behind to bear. If the free library is an added inducement to content in the young, one that can serve, even in the smallest degree, to restrain this exodus from a life which is patriotism's best school, the state's small expenditure in its behalf is made in pursuance of the wisest policy.

The results of the step in educational legislation which Massachusetts has taken in advance of her sister commonwealths will be watched with great interest throughout the republic. Already New Hampshire and New York have taken preliminary action in the same direction. Others will follow if the success here equals its present promise; for at no time in the history of the republic has it been more

evident that the permanency of our institutions and national character rests upon the average culture of the people — their intelligence in the management of their own government. That culture must be self-culture — an education coming after the teachings of the common schools, wisdom gained by experience of life, personal labor and thought, aided by what other men have lived and labored and thought, as it has been told in books. The free public library becomes therefore a national need, to create and encourage a love for reading as one efficient means in raising the standard of public intelligence. Its power is greater here than in other countries, because the free school has fitted all classes to become readers, and all are ready to yield to the stimulus and enjoy the means of gratification when set before them.

To attempt, in the founding of free libraries, to impose any inflexible plan upon our New England towns, with their varying social conditions, would be neither easy nor judicious. The local situation and present or possible heritage affect even the proper selection of a list of books. But there are certain general principles which may be formulated, some of which deserve especial consideration, from the fact that they are practically ignored in a large proportion of existing town libraries. Those who would build wisely a free library in the average rural village will begin by catering to the appetites and digestion of those they wish to benefit. They will aim to win the attention and good-will of their audience before lecturing it about the higher culture. They will innocently amuse before too anxiously striving to instruct. They will try to entice the many into the habit of reading, in the sure hope that while the moiety may never rise above superficialities, a few will acquire sound literary taste, become at least thinkers, if not scholars, or be stimulated to noble aims in life; while all will be stirred to greater mental activity, or derive pleasant relief from tedium and care. From its foundation such a public library should be especially rich in lessons of patriotism directed to the young; for the hope, the very life, of republican institutions

hang upon the patriotic enthusiasm of its youth.

In many a Massachusetts town, if the student seeks for full details of its early political growth, for the stories of its founders and military or civic heroes, for even the writings of its dead authors, unless they are very famous, he must go to the musty manuscript archives at the state house and county registry, and to the great granaries of the historical and antiquarian societies,— anywhere but to the shelves of the town's own library. This is not as it should be. The town library fails in one of the most important reasons for its being, if it does not become a treasury of local history and biography, a popular repository of anything procurable, whether printed page, manuscript, or picture, that tells aught of the trials and pluck of the town's pioneers; that serves to illustrate the social, intellectual, and religious movements among its people; that preserves faithful record of accidents and incidents, saying and doings, amusements and industries, manners and customs. The garnering of such local matter need cost but little. The most valuable part of it, perhaps, will be gleanings of one or two enthusiastic searchers in the few old attics that were not ravaged during the rebellion to feed the mordacious paper mill. From a dark corner in such a garret, not many months ago, was brought to light, with many another unique local, a parchment-bound volume of ancient parish records, inestimable in value to town and church history. But the bulk of discoveries will be of "unconsidered trifles." Even these rarely fail to tell something about the lives, thoughts, or deeds of the Fathers. And what is history, whether it be of town or of an age, but a procession of trifles seen from an exalted standpoint? A chronologically arranged collection of olden-time waifs and estrays, such as can be gathered by a little, well-directed diligence in any old town, will prove of more abiding interest in a town library than most modern novels, besides subserving more useful purpose, as a mirror reflecting the manners of the past far more clearly than many a solid octavo. A like collection

of ephemeral printed locals of the day, judiciously preserved from the wastebasket, will grow more and more valuable with the march of years, and a century hence rank as historic treasure. It is a good rule to accept every gift of book or pamphlet offered. Pamphlets can be simply classified and tied in bundles, or kept in pasteboard boxes. Duplicates can be made very useful by exchanges with other libraries. The worthless or worse can be condemned to their proper limbo; but there should be a conservative hesitation in even classing things merely trivial as worthless. Books of the controversial type, if given place, should always come by gift, not by purchase

from the tax paid by the people. The reading public will, directly or indirectly, dictate in some degree what books shall be bought for their free library; but for every two or three shelves filled by purchase, another will be needed for gifts and gleanings, if the librarian and trustees in charge are properly enthusiastic and wise in their work. But diligence in accumulation is of less importance than discretion in the choice of books. For the builders of the town library should never forget that it is a part of the American scheme of free education; it is to become, in the prophetic words of George Ticknor, "the crowning glory of our public schools."



## WHEN THOU ART FAR FROM ME.

*By Philip Bourke Marston.*

WHEN thou art far from me, while days go by  
 In which I may not hear thy voice divine,  
 Or kiss thy lips, or take thy hand in mine,  
 I walk as 'neath a dark and hostile sky.  
 And the Spring winds seem void of prophecy,  
 Nor is there any cheer in the sun's shine,  
 But present Grief and future Fear combine  
 To overthrow me, when on Love I cry.  
 I am as one who through an alien town  
 Journeys alone, some wild and wintry night,  
 And from the windows sees warm light stream down,  
 While for the wanderer is no heat nor light—  
 But far, far off, *he* has a lordlier home,  
 Whereto, one day, *his* weary feet shall come.

## NEWBURYPORT.

*By Ethel Parton.*

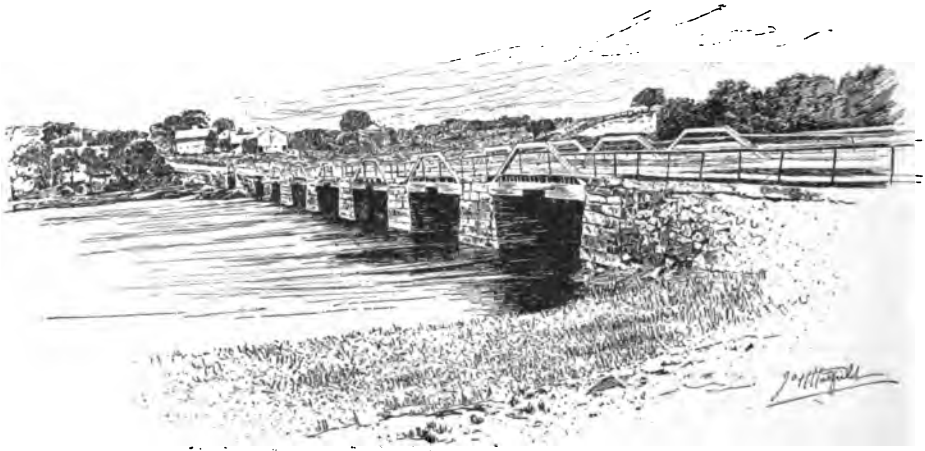


THIRTY years ago, Doctor Holmes, in the opening chapters of "Elsie Venner," gave the public a delightful description of the three old towns, each with a *port* in its name, which lie in line with one another on the New England coast as the traveller goes down East — Newburyport, Portsmouth, and Portland. Mellow with age, blessed with fine square mansions and sunny gardens, he found in them a certain Oriental character in common; while about the two first named there hung besides a glamour of departed greatness and of the social state and magnificence which belonged to the day of cocked hats and foreign commerce.

In Newburyport, the first of Doctor Holmes's trio, the era of the city's greatest prosperity is doubtless also that of its highest historic interest; nevertheless, the local annals are not without interest from the first, and there remain relics of a very early date as fine in their way as

the imposing homes of the old-time merchants.

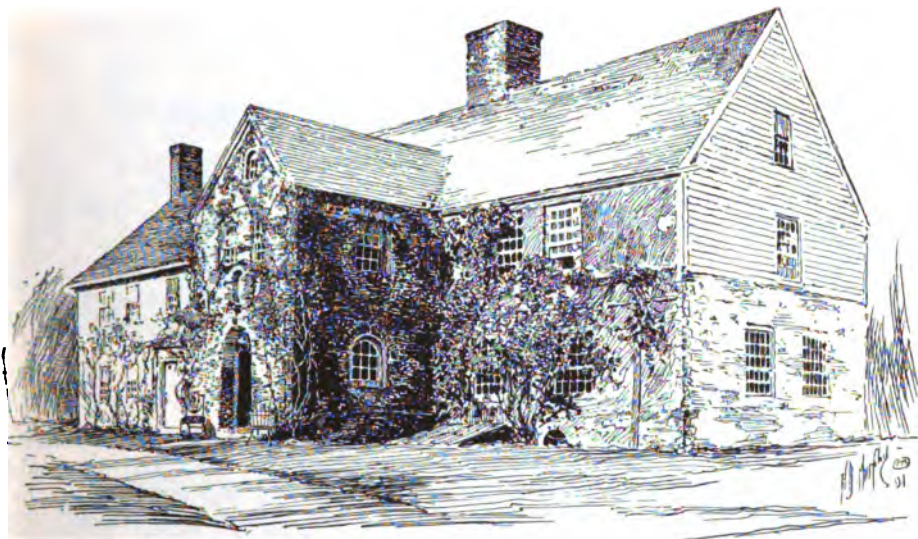
The colony of Newbury was founded in 1635 by a band of settlers who came from Ipswich, where they had passed the winter, by boat, landing upon the bank of the little river Parker, some miles south of the Merrimac, along the shores of which extends the city of to-day. Here they built their first meeting-house on a spot which they expected would become the central point of the settlement, and around it, within a radius of half a mile — a further distance being prohibited on account of danger from the Indians — were clustered the first homes of the colonists. The site was no doubt selected on account of the abundance of meadow land for pasturage, being surrounded on three sides by salt marshes which extended far up the course of the river, along its creeks, and from its mouth to that of the Merrimac, separated from the sea only by a low range of sand hills. Other settlers joined them within a few months, and the number of cattle owned among them was so large that for the first few years the salt marsh was almost essential to the existence of the community. But a few years later,



Parker River Bridge.

feeling the necessity for more good ploughing land and accessible fencing stuff, the majority of the colonists determined upon removal, selecting this time

few years ago found there a secret closet, built into the substance of the structure itself, with no access from any story, in such a way that it could have been



The Old Stone House.

a spot a short distance from the Merimac around a little green which still marks the lower end of the town. With them came their minister, the Rev. Thomas Parker, a person of much note in his day, in whose honor the settlement had been named, — he having been for some time minister in Newbury, England, before coming to Massachusetts. He took up his abode in the new house erected for his nephew, the Rev. James Noyes, who had been chosen teacher to the community at the same time that his uncle was chosen pastor; and this house, the oldest in Newbury is still standing, its inmates being sixth in descent from the original owner.

It is a well-preserved and dignified old house, time-stained, and with a sharply sloping roof, yet wearing its antiquity unobtrusively. Within, it is full of the oddity, unevenness, and unexpectedness which make the charm of so many ancient houses. But its glory is its chimney. This is a mighty structure of brick, measuring twelve feet square and looking large enough for a small house in itself. Workmen busy at some repairs about it a

reached only from the cellar. No one for many years had known of its existence, but it was doubtless designed as a hiding-place for gold or valuables, perhaps in case of Indian raids. Nothing there hidden could have been found, though the house were ransacked by the keenest enemy or even burned to the ground. The old Noyes house is 244 years old. Several other houses remain of a date but



The Noyes House.



The Coffin House.

a few years later, and of these the most interesting are perhaps the Stone House and the old Coffin house. This latter is a picturesque dark building set a little back from the street, the particular boast of which is two hearths adorned with small, square Dutch tiles, upon which are represented Scripture scenes in blue, the quaintest depicting Jonah, just delivered up, seated on the shore gazing at a whale — of a species unknown to natural history — whose ferocious jaws are provided with teeth like an alligator's. The Stone House, or old garrison-house, stands by itself at the head of a green lane. It is a building delightful to the eye, both

within and without, its chief exterior beauty being its deep and hospitable porch with great rough doorstone, arched doorway and overhanging vines. The place was formerly called the Pierce Farm, and belonged to the ancestors of President Pierce. The town at one time stored its powder here, and the old records relate that an explosion once occurred which blew out one end of the house and landed an old negro woman in her bed, safe, but astonished, among the boughs of an apple tree.

The history of old Newbury cannot be called eventful, but even its trivialities — as they now seem — make pleasant reading. Aquilla Chase and his wife are presented and admonished for picking peas on the Sabbath day. Elizabeth Randall is presented for using reproachful language to Goody Silver, whom she so far forgot herself as to call a "base lying divell," "tode" and "sow." A jury of twelve women hold an inquest on the body of one Elizabeth Hunt and return a verdict that the death of "the said Elizabeth was not by any violens or wrong dun to her by any parson or thing but by som soden stoping of her breath." There are many entries concerning earthquakes, which come frequently "with a great roeing noise" and cause much terror, but do no harm. The weather is faithfully recorded, and there is some-



Jonah and the Whale—Tile in the Coffin House.



thing pathetic in such an entry as this of January 24, 1686: "So cold that ye sacramental bread is frozen pretty hard and rattles sadly into ye plates." A difference between the Rev. Mr. Parker and his flock upon a matter of church government stirs the community to its very depth and calls forth interminable letters, protests, explanations, decisions, and appeals from decisions. Mingled with all this are the records of crops, the apportionment of land, and all the careful

reprieved and afterwards set free. During the three years of Sir Edmund Andros's rule the townsfolk keenly resented the tyrannical restraints imposed upon them; and there is a tradition that when the rumor came of the uprising against him. Samuel Bartlet, the village basket-maker and fiddler, was so eager to have a hand in his overthrow that he flung himself on his horse with his long sword hanging to the ground and rode full speed to Boston, the steel tip as it struck against the



The Old Elm of Newbury.

business routine of a growing town in the olden time.

Here and there occur items connecting the village life with the larger spiritual and political movements of the country, as that which notes how Robert Pike is disfranchised and fined twenty marks for maintaining the right of Quakers to preach; or that relating how the young Quakeress, Lydia Wardwell, is "severely whipt" for appearing naked in Newbury meeting-house as a sign to the ungodly. Moreover, the town had a case of witchcraft of its own, and its witch, one Goody Morse, was actually tried and sentenced to death several years before the great outbreak of the witchcraft delusion at Salem; but through the persistent efforts of her husband, and the clemency of Governor Bradstreet, she was

stones in the road leaving a trail of fire behind him all the way.

The home life of the people was for many years simple, primitive, and immensely laborious. There was little variety of trade. Most of the citizens were farmers, whose day's work began at dawn and ended, sometimes, at dark; though often there was husking to be done by the light of the moon or of lanterns hung in the barn, or the mending of harness and repairing of implements beside the hearth, where the women sat at their sewing or spinning. The farmers wore homespun clothes, and once a year the tailor with his goose went from house to house, staying a few days at each. The wives and daughters were notable needlewomen, and the outfit of a bride was expected to be proof of the skill of



Nathaniel Tracy.

her hands. A bride who could afford to have her wedding gown brought from England was looked upon with awe and envy, and her children were allowed peeps at the treasured garment as a special treat in after years. There were few festivals to break the year-long round of toil, and these were celebrated with hearty eating, vigorous dancing, rather too much rum and hard cider, and no attempt at elegance beyond muslin gowns and extra candles.



House of W. R. Johnson, where Tracy entertained Tallyrand.

Such was the little town, sturdy and primitive, dependent upon the soil. Very different was the city which grew from it and absorbed it a few years later, rich, prosperous, powerful, conscious of its importance, and not without a sober magnificence, finding the source of its wealth not in the soil, but in the sea, and lands beyond the sea.

The change came about naturally through the altered situation of the town itself, which, uncoiling as it were from the original little knot of houses nestled between salt marshes and inland fields, had crept slowly toward the Merimac, and now lay stretched at length along its shore with the harbor bar close in sight, and the sound of waves heard in its streets whenever the wind blew from the east. Commerce became the mainstay of the inhabitants. Ship-yards were established and shipbuilding became a thriving industry. During the Revolution, armed vessels were built in the town by government order. Privateers swarmed out of the port and rendered good service to their country, besides bringing rich profit to their owners. There were gay scenes on the wharves when the townsfolk gathered to witness the arrival of prizes or the return of one of their own victorious vessels. An English ship,

the *Friends*, from London for Boston, was captured by stratagem at the mouth of the river within view of the town. A native of the place, Captain Offin Boardman, having guessed from her movements that she was mistaken in her course, put off with seventeen companions to take advantage of her error. Hailing her and finding that she supposed herself to be off Boston Harbor, they offered their services to pilot her in; but no sooner were they allowed to come on board and gathered with their arms on deck than Captain Boardman ordered the ship's colors to be struck. Taken entirely by surprise, and most of his crew being forward, the Eng-



lish captain could but comply, and his vessel, which was well armed and proved to be loaded with coal, wine, vinegar, and live hogs for the use of the British troops in Boston, was brought into port amidst great rejoicings. But this was an exceptional event. Most of the prizes brought in were won by hard

mouth, England, where many of them remained two or three years. Nor were these the only prisoners from the patriotic port, since there were Newburyport men in the crews of vessels hailing from other places, a large number of whom endured cruel experience of British prisons and prison ships. Among the Plymouth



The Clam Houses at Joppa.

fighting, and often against heavy odds, the privateers being frequently absurdly small and ill-equipped. It was customary to put up prayers in the churches at their sailing, and there is a characteristic blending of audacity, anxiety, and piety in the note sent up to the pulpit by the captain of a little twenty-five ton sloop, the *Game Cock*, carrying four swivels and a handful of men, requesting the congregation to pray for his success in "scouring the coast of our unnatural enemies."

There was, unhappily, a dark side to this brilliant picture. Twenty-two vessels, carrying a thousand men, left Newburyport during these eventful years, and were never afterwards heard from, some perishing no doubt from storm or wreck, while others were sunk or burned in combat. Many more were lost and their fate known. The entire crews of two Newburyport privateers were consigned to the famous Old Mill prison at Ply-

mouth, England, where many of them remained two or three years. Nor were these the only prisoners from the patriotic port, since there were Newburyport men in the crews of vessels hailing from other places, a large number of whom endured cruel experience of British prisons and prison ships. Among the Plymouth

prisoners were the three brothers, Henry, Cutting, and Daniel Lunt, of whom the two former were afterwards lieutenants under the command of Paul Jones on board the *Bonhomme Richard*. Henry Lunt tried twice to escape, and in one attempt was severely wounded in striving to force himself through an iron grating, yet on his recapture he was punished by being thrown into the "black hole" of the prison, and no care given his wound until mortification set in, and he nearly lost his life. He obtained his liberty at last with many others through the efforts of Benjamin Franklin in negotiating the exchange of prisoners. A fourth brother of this family, Ezra, it may be added, was a captain in the army and was close beside General Lee at the battle of Monmouth, and within hearing of the words addressed to him by General Washington when he rode up in his historic rage and saved the day.



Launch of the "R. S. Spofford."

But perhaps the most picturesque figure, and certainly one of the most important in Newburyport during the Revolution was that of Nathaniel Tracy, a rich merchant of the place who ventured all his fortune on the sea. It was he who owned and sent out of Newburyport Harbor in August, 1775, the first privateer fitted out in the United States. Between that time and 1783 he was chief owner of 110 merchant vessels, valued with their cargoes at \$2,733,300; 23 of these were letters-of-marque, mounting 298 guns, and registering over 1,600 men. During the same time he

was also principal owner of 24 cruising ships, carrying 340 guns, and nearly 3000 men. At the end of the war there remained of his fleet of merchantmen but 13 vessels. Of the 24 cruisers but 1 was left; but he could show for them a record of 120 vessels taken from the enemy, with 2225 prisoners of war; while the sale of these vessels and their cargoes had brought \$3,950,000 in specie, of which Mr. Tracy gave more than \$1,670,000 for various public uses. Surely his cruisers, before they were lost, captured, or destroyed, had amply fulfilled their mission toward their country.

But the fortunes of their generous owner never recovered from the shock of so many and such heavy losses.

He was indeed a merchant prince, both liberal and magnificent. He possessed a town house and country seats. He had beautiful gardens, shrubbery, hot-houses, and artificial fish-ponds. He must have also owned lands beyond the bounds of his native city, for it



On the Landing at Joppa.

used to be said of him that he could travel to Virginia and sleep every night beneath his own roof-tree. He kept fine horses with splendid equipages and

is composed of different terraces. There is likewise a hot-house and a number of young trees. The house is handsome and well finished, and everything breathes



Curson's Mill.

liveries. His wife wore notable laces and embroideries, and they entertained with lavish hospitality. His house was provided with a deep, cool wine-cellar—such as many Newburyport houses can still show, although the visitor who to-day peeps into their dark recesses is not likely to behold there aught but empty blackness and ancient cobwebs; and it is related that Mr. Tracy on one occasion caught two of his negroes in this sacred precinct, one with a lifted silver goblet in his hand, filled to the brim with rare old wine in which he was just about to drink to better times. Another very different anecdote reminds us of this same cellar and its contents. Talleyrand, during his stay in the city in 1780, spent an evening in the Tracy household, with his friend the Marquis de Chastellux and two other distinguished French gentlemen. The Marquis has left a record of their visit.

"This is in a very beautiful situation," he says, speaking of the house, "but of that I could myself form no judgment, as it was already night. I went, however, by moonlight to see the garden, which

that air of magnificence accompanied with simplicity which is to be found only among merchants. The evening passed rapidly by the aid of agreeable conversation and a few glasses of punch. . . . At ten o'clock an excellent supper was served. We drank good wine, Miss Lee sang, and prevailed upon Messrs. Talleyrand and de Vaudreuil to sing also. Towards midnight the ladies withdrew, but we continued drinking Madeira and Xery. Mr. Tracy, according to the custom of the country, offered us pipes, which were accepted by M. de Talleyrand and M. de Montesquieu, the consequence of which was that they became intoxicated and were led home, where they were happy to get to bed. As to myself, I remained perfectly cool, and continued



Lord Timothy Dexter.  
FROM AN OLD PRINT.

to converse on trade and politics with Mr. Tracy."

It may have been the pipes that so overcame M. de Talleyrand and his friend, but I think we may doubt it without uncharitableness, since it was then no

as that of "The Hon. Tristram Dalton, lady, and suite." Newspapers of the day contain advertisements of porters, gardeners, waiters, skilled ladies' maids, and others whose services are required only where life is carried on liberally and



The Old South Church, and Birthplace of William Lloyd Garrison.

very uncommon occurrence for natives of the place, bred up in that custom of the country, to suffer in the same way.

Nor was Mr. Tracy's establishment by any means the only one conducted on a magnificent scale. The wife of Tristram Dalton, another wealthy merchant and the first Massachusetts senator, "rode out bride" in a coach with six white horses decorated with wedding favors, coachmen and footmen in brilliant new liveries, and accompanied by four outriders. His return from the seat of government with his family was announced

luxuriously. Teachers of dancing and fencing were in request. Dinners, balls, and other festivities were frequent, and beside private entertainments the city boasted an elegant assembly-room with parlors and drawing-rooms attached, where the beaux and belles displayed their grace, their laces, and their French velvets on the dancing floor, while their elders played at cards. Jellies, fruit, cakes, wines, and hot punch were the favorite evening refreshments, with the "whips" of delicately flavored cream which preceded the introduction of ices. Syllabub, an earlier favorite, a mixture of milk, wine, sugar, and spice, served

from a glass bowl standing upon a little square table made for the purpose, had not wholly gone out of fashion, though its place was being rapidly usurped by tea. The costumes were often of great richness, the finest fabrics being especially brought from Paris and Lyons to the ladies of the Port.

Nor was this society brilliant merely in an external sense. There was a small proportion of roystering young blades whose antics met with more toleration than would be granted them now, while it was considered one of the plainest

rules of friendly courtesy to overlook entirely the occasional excesses at festal times of gentlemen of sedater character. But during the twenty-five years of the city's great prosperity, the open-handed patriots, Tracy and Dalton, were but two in a group of notable men, among whom were numbered Theophilus Parsons, in whose office were the three brilliant young students, Rufus King, Robert Treat Paine, and John Quincy Adams, studying law at the same time; the Rev. Edward Bass, afterwards first bishop of Massachusetts; Theophilus Bradbury, judge and member of Congress; Jonathan Jackson, long in the public service; Ralph and Stephen Cross, ship-builders and patriots; and Jacob Perkins, the inventor, then employed in making for the government, dies for the stamping of coin, and plates for stereotyping bank bills. Other rich and generous merchants there were too, and always a sprinkling of fine old sea captains and dashing young officers, at home for a sight of wife or sweetheart between two privateering trips or merchant voyages.

The first of the series of disasters that befell the thriving city—the third in Massachusetts, only Boston and Salem outranking it in importance—was great and sudden.

The Embargo was proclaimed in December, 1807; the city's trade was soon reduced to a few coasters and smugglers; the wharves were lined with idle ships and crowded with muttering sailors; the sound of hammers ceased

in the ship-yards, and snow drifted winter long through the ribs of unfinished vessels on the stocks. The first anniversary of the issue of the Act of Embargo was signalized by the tolling of bells, firing of minute guns and hanging of flags at half mast. A procession of sailors with crape on their arms marched to the sound of muffled drums, escorting a dismantled ship on a cart, bearing a flag inscribed "Death to Commerce." A young man dressed like an old sailor stood on the quarter deck with a spy-glass in his hand, beside whom was a



The Whitefield Cenotaph.

painted motto, "Which way shall I steer?" Every little while he cast the lead, as if taking soundings among shoals, and on arriving opposite the Custom House the car was halted and he made a speech reflecting severely upon the Government.

Four years later occurred the great fire of Newburyport, which swept away in a night the very heart of the city, clearing a tract of sixteen and a half acres and consuming nearly two hundred and fifty buildings, many of them among the most valuable in the place. The loss was about a million — not very terrible in this day of treble and quintuple millionnaires, but a calamity of appalling magnitude in that more moderate time. Prompt and generous help was sent from cities, religious societies, and individuals, the city of Boston leading with \$24,000. One of the best-remembered gifts was that of the Shaker communities of New Hampshire who sent five wagon loads of wisely selected goods — food, clothing, bedding and the like — such as were among the first needs of the burned-out citizens. On the road a driver of one of the loads was asked to sell some of

it was the accident of his thus losing his employment which caused him to leave the town and enter elsewhere upon that career with which the world is familiar.

Following close upon the fire came the War of 1812. Disapproved throughout New England, it was nowhere more heartily detested than in Newburyport. An adventurous minority, it is true, saw in it a chance for further privateering, and some very brilliant achievements were the result of the little fleet which they sent forth. The sloop of war *Wasp* — named doubtless for the famous *Wasp* of the fight with the *Frolic* — was built and manned at Newburyport, and sailed thence with a crew of young and green hands (all of whom were sea-sick for the first week out), a few days after celebrating Washington's Birthday by a ball on board. In three months she took and destroyed twelve British merchant vessels



Brown Square.

his commodities. "The goods are not for sale, friend," was the answer, "but if thou art a sufferer, take what thou needest." None were taken, and the wagon reached Newburyport with its load unlightened. One of the burned-out storekeepers was an uncle of George Peabody with whom the famous banker was at the time employed as clerk, and

and sent a thirteenth into port, having been several times fiercely engaged with armed vessels of greatly superior strength. Her fate was long unknown, but it was at last made certain that she went down at sea in the night, after having fought a British frigate until quite disabled. Fifty thousand dollars of prize money was distributed by the government to the heirs of

her officers and crew. Yet in spite of a maritime record like this, much of the Newburyport shipping remained hauled up at the wharves during the years of the war, useless, the masts crowned with those inverted tar barrels for the protection of the rigging, which were jocularly known as "Madison's Nightcaps."

The period of depression in the city's

years ago has not been replaced ; while the largest has been emptied of its looms, men and machinery being now employed in the South ; nor is it likely to be used for the same industry again.

Shipbuilding experienced a moderate revival, and old men can remember seeing eighty vessels on the stocks at the



High Street.

fortunes was about as long as had been that of its wealth and importance. There were no large capitalists left ; after so much disaster and so many losses men had become timid and slow to risk their money in large enterprises ; many of the old trades had been of necessity abandoned and others did not quickly take their places, and commerce had betaken itself to other ports. But at the end of nearly a quarter of a century, matters began to mend. Very gradually the city ceased to decay — then began once more to live. Some of the ancient industries were revived, and new ones were introduced. A cotton mill was built. Others followed, and at one time it was supposed that Newburyport was destined to become a factory town of which this business should be the chief support. But it does not now appear that this expectation is to be realized. A mill burned down some

same time. But it decayed again, and for six years no vessels were built. Now, though work in the old ship-yards has been resumed and the number built tends to increase, it is not yet a large one. Several other businesses are carried on in the place, which are interesting from the length of time they have been established. The new fancy for gold beads, for instance, creates a demand which Newburyport does much toward supplying, but it is no new fancy there. Since the time when the string of little yellow spheres constituted the sole and cherished adornment of the frugal farmers' wives, there has been a Moulton of Newburyport engaged in their manufacture. The business was founded at least as early as 1717, and possibly, as recently discovered records seem to show, a quarter of a century before that.

The manufacture of shoes in the New

England towns dates back to the middle of the last century, when small coasting vessels carried the produce of their farms to New York, returning with hides, which, during the long winters when no farm work could be done, were made by hand into shoes. Later, the use of machinery of course changed the entire character of the business, and its introduction into Newburyport under the new form is due

easy walking and driving distance of the town,—the High Street of which indeed continues on through Newbury across the River Parker and is lined on both sides, as it merges from a street into a country road, with farms, fields of onions, and plenteous apple orchards. The farming lands of the Newburys are in many parts so singularly fertile, green and beautiful as to suggest a scene of rural Old



The Mall.

to a few persons, of whom the present mayor, Mr. Elisha P. Dodge, has been the most prominent. It has so grown and thriven that we now not infrequently see the city referred to in the direct if unpoetic English of the newspapers as one of the "shoe towns" of Massachusetts. Cinderella should be its patron lady, for the shoes made there are chiefly of the feminine gender.

The Newburyport of to-day yet keeps, amid much that is modern, many things reminiscent of each of its different stages of development. Set apart from the mother colony of Newbury in 1764 as a separate township, the boundaries of which were later altered and enlarged, Newburyport lies along the Merrimac in a strip too narrow to include much beside the city itself. But Newbury and West Newbury, its near neighbors and relations, abound in ancient farms within

England rather than of New England. There is, too, an unusual persistence of the old names and ownership, that reminds one of the older country. Kent's Island, for instance,—a farm occupying a "Marsh Island" so like that of Miss Jewett's story as to have been claimed for its veritable scene—bears the name of one of the original settlers, to whom it was granted in 1647, and still belongs to the same family. The estate was entailed to the oldest male heir, and so descended until an unforeseen trouble arose—the birth of twin sons, of whom not even a tedious legal suit and investigation could decide which was the elder—in consequence of which the property was equally divided. In Oldtown, as that part of Newbury adjacent to the city called, everybody is cousin to everybody else, and some of the ancient names have become so common as to serve hardly





Theophilus Parsons.

better than no name at all. A stranger is entirely bewildered, and even among natives brought up under the shadow of the family tree there is confusion, and some curious devices are resorted to, to distinguish different members of the family.

The Oldtown church, which replaces a much older edifice destroyed by fire, is not especially interesting; but the little graveyard opposite it, occupying a partially terraced slope descending to a pond, contains a number of such epitaphs as delight the antiquary. That of Timothy Noyes, who died in 1718, reads thus :

“ Good Timothy in  
His Youthfull days  
He liued much  
Unto Gods prayse  
When age came one  
He and his wife  
Thay liud a holy  
& a pious life  
Therefor you children  
Whos nams are noyes  
Make Jesus Christ  
Your only Choyse.

The lower waterside region of the city, called Joppa, possesses interest alike through picturesqueness and association. Its dingy houses and clam sheds at the verge of the tide are hardly pleasing in themselves, and if at some times one's nostrils are there filled with the delicious savor and saltness of the sea breeze, at

others they encounter a very ancient and fish-like smell, which the native of Newburyport does not wholly enjoy, and the inland visitor still less. But the river view, seen at first in glimpses between the houses and further down in its full breadth and beauty from the long open stretch of the sea wall — this view is entirely beautiful.

The Merrimac, widening to its mouth, there spreads sparkling over the broad expanse of the Flats, full and blue at high tide with white sails skimming its ripples; at low tide leaving in the curve of the shore wide stretches of green eel grass, shallow water, and glistening mud where the clammers wade and bend at their work. The two points, Salisbury, and Plum Island, a light-house brilliant in dazzling whiteness upon the latter, mark where the river narrows again two miles below to meet the sea, and the line of white-caps, if the wind is fresh, can plainly be seen breaking across the bar. If it blows hard, their steady roar is in



Statue on the Mall.



Caleb Cushing.

one's ears ; and after listening awhile it is not difficult to distinguish the separate crashing stroke of each great wave. If it blows a gale, spray fills the air and drives across the street ; thick yellow flakes of foam strike against the windows of the opposite houses, where some fall

entire crest of a wave of especial height and violence will sweep across the narrow roadway and whirl its dying eddies against the threshold of a dwelling. Some of the Joppa houses still retain the little railed platform on the roof, which in the city's seafaring day was used not to enjoy the view, but to scan the sea for incoming sails. Often have the women of the household crouched there in squally weather, the family telescope steadied on the railing before them, gazing at the tempestuous white fury of the South Breaker, a perilous shoal well known to mariners, extending seaward from Plum Island, where some black mass of wreckage would be tossed and tumbled and dashed to pieces as they looked. Nor do all the tragedies of the waterside belong to time of storm.

It was on the 15th of March, but in bitterly cold weather, that a boy, a fisherman's son, playing about the street, chanced to look out upon the harbor, and saw there a boat manned by five men. He continued his play, but some time after looked again, and noticed that it



Residence of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

back and some adhere, while others hang, a strange burden, on the boughs of the lilac bushes at the door. In the wild gales of the equinoxes or the fierce storms of winter, it sometimes happens that not spray and foam only, but the

had made no progress. He thought it odd, but went on playing, looking up again and yet again to see the boat still in almost the same position. At last his curiosity was sufficiently aroused to impel him to go into the house for a telescope.

Looking through that, he observed that the men, though sitting in their places as if to row, were not rowing. He spoke to a neighbor, and soon a dory was manned and put off to investigate. As they approached, they saw the men in the other boat sitting straight and still, each in his seat as if nothing was amiss, — only, they

ories of old-fashioned sermons of vigorous doctrine and frequently of violent politics, of long-drawn hymns “deaconed out” verse by verse, of prayers for vessels outward bound, of the annual contribution taken up the Sunday before Thanksgiving for the ransom of captive sailors in Algiers — the Old South has



Residence of Hon. E. P. Dodge.

did not row nor move. As they came nearer they saw why. Every man was dead, with staring eyes wide open. Their boat, it was ascertained, had been capsized, but they had succeeded in righting her and climbing into her. There, drenched with the icy water, the mercury at zero, their oars lost while they struggled in the river, they had sat helpless, and had frozen stark and stiff in sight of home. One of them was the father of the boy who had first discovered the drifting boat.

Not far from Joppa, but nearer to the heart of the city, stands the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, commonly called the Old South Church, one of the buildings most full of historic associations. Besides such memories as it shares with other old churches of the place — mem-

other claims upon public interest. There George Whitefield, to whose eloquence the founding of the church was due, often preached. Almost next door to it he died on the morning of the Sabbath when he had expected to preach there once again; within its precincts his bones now lie, and a cenotaph of marble has been erected to his memory. It does not cover his remains, however, for his bones are underneath the pulpit, and can be viewed by the curious visitor. The bones of the right arm were once stolen from the coffin and taken to England, but were restored several years later by the conscience-stricken possessor, accompanied by proofs that the restoration was genuine. It is certainly a singular fate, that the bones of the great English preacher should thus be on ex-

hibition in a New England church, like those of a saint in Catholic Italy. The first minister of the church, a friend of Whitefield, the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, assumed his charge in 1746, having himself urged at his ordination all the reasons he could find against his fitness, concluding by asking the congregation if they still desired him for their minister. Their reply being in the affirmative, he accepted the call, and the services proceeded. He must have been a man of unusual force and spirit. At the outbreak of the Revolution, when patriotic feeling ran high, many ministers treated the burning questions of the hour from the pulpit,

Ezra Lunt was the first to come forward before the eyes of the congregation; others followed; and before the meeting broke up there had been raised within the church walls the first volunteer company organized for service in the Continental Army. Afterwards, under Captain Lunt, it rendered a good account of itself at Bunker Hill.

Yet another interesting scene was enacted there during the Revolution. The expedition against Quebec under Benedict Arnold, which embarked from Newburyport for the Kennebec, was quartered in the city for several days, the troops being in part accommodated in the rope-

walks of the place, while others camped near Oldtown Green, and the higher officers, Arnold, Aaron Burr, Daniel Morgan, Henry Dearborn, and others, were lavishly entertained by representative citizens—a courtesy which was repaid by treating the inhabitants to a grand review before their departure. One day of their stay was Sunday, when the troops, with flags flying and drums rolling, marched to the Old South, where their chaplain, the Rev. Samuel Spring, had been invited to preach.

Tradition tells us that citizens crowded the galleries and every available standing point elsewhere, but the body of the church was given up to the soldiers, who were halted in the aisles until his arrival. As he entered and passed through their lines to take his place in the high, carved pulpit—a stal-



Hall in the Dodge House.

and urged their hearers to the resistance of tyranny. But Jonathan Parsons did more. He closed one of his sermons with an appeal to his hearers to form volunteer companies, and invited such as were ready to enlist to step out into the broad aisle. There was no hanging back.

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wart, handsome, bright-eyed young man, six feet tall and of fine military carriage — they presented arms, then stacked their muskets in the side aisles, and took their seats, and the service began, the preacher's text being, "If thy Spirit go not up with us, carry us not up hence." Two days later, amidst a tumult of

the Sabbath." But of the sixteen others, most are modern and of religious, not historic, interest. Two, however, have pleasing associations and traditions. The church of the First Religious Society (Unitarian) does not date back further than 1801, but is notable for its fine, old-fashioned architecture. The inte-



Hall in W. R. Johnson's House. — Formerly Tracy's Country Seat.

popular excitement, the expedition embarked upon eleven transports, and glided out of the harbor on a fine breezy morning, with music on the decks and white sails shining in the sun. But some of those who had heard the young minister's discourse had been so pleased and impressed, that when in two years' time the new North Church desired a pastor, a letter was written inviting his acceptance of the charge. He was still with the army, and his reply, dated "Ticonderoga, August 12," declined the offer on the ground of his engagements as chaplain. But no sooner was he released from those engagements than he accepted the renewed request. He was for forty-two years the pastor of the North Church of Newburyport, and was father of the noted Gardiner Spring of the Brick Church, New York.

Newburyport is well provided with churches; so well that it is not difficult to believe the statement of an old local geography, that the place has always been remarkable for its "strict observance of

rior remains substantially unaltered to-day, and the minister still preaches from a tall pulpit reached by two narrow flights of stairs, lifted so far above the congregation that every time he sits down he becomes invisible. The present building replaces one which occupied the site of the present Market Square, and was purchased and destroyed by the city. It was in front of this former church that a crowd of ship carpenters, under the lead of Eleazer Johnson, made a fine bonfire from a pile of boxes of tea, some time before the Boston Tea Party had made the destruction of the hated article a favorite act with patriots. The spire of this church was once struck by lightning, and as Benjamin Franklin chanced to be in town, he of course visited it to investigate; a letter of his is preserved in which he minutely describes the effect of the electric fluid, and its manner of passing from the belfrey to a room below along a clock wire "no bigger than a common knitting needle," which it "blew all to smoke."

The society was organized in 1725, and the Rev. John Lowell settled as its first pastor. A curious fact in its history is that Mr. Fox, at one time its minister, was the first to introduce the idea of Sunday-school picnics to the people of the staid old city, who were at first

than can Newburyport, and every summer sees an almost universal outflocking of the inhabitants to enjoy them. The two beaches, Salisbury and Plum Island are in particular the scene of summer long festivity.

The Episcopal Church of St. Paul's had for its minister during the Revolution, the Rev. Edward Bass, afterwards first bishop of Massachusetts. He cannot have been as ardent in his politics as the other clergy of the town, or he could hardly have made, nor his congregation have accepted, the compromise which was effected in the church service. He would not pray for the success of the patriots, and his flock would not allow him to pray for the king, so all prayers of a public and political nature were omitted entirely. He was nevertheless occasionally hooted in the streets as a Tory. Nor were his supporters in England satisfied with his half-way position, and they withdrew the



Pulpit of the Old South Church.

greatly shocked and then much amused thereby. It struck them as undignified and absurd to see a minister driving out into the country in a wagon with a crowd of young folks and a pile of lunch baskets. The spectacle, now so familiar, excited laughter and ridicule, and these gay and simple pioneer picnic parties were dubbed derisively "Fox's Caravans." The fashion soon became popular, however, as indeed picnics without the special countenance of the church had been from a very early day. No city can show a more delightful variety of attractions of wood and field, riverside and seaside,

assistance formerly given him, on the ground that had he been truly loyal he could not have remained in such a nest of disaffection as Newburyport. The church lost by theft a few years ago a silver communion service given by William and Mary to King's Chapel, Boston, and by the society there, which was already well provided, presented to the younger and poorer church. A former rector of St. Paul's, Rev. William Horton, left a public bequest in the form of a sum of money to build an almshouse, which was erected three years ago in a beautiful rural situation on the outskirts

of the city, and is a fine and substantial building.

Among other buildings of note in the city is the Public Library, founded in 1854 by Josiah Little, with a gift of five thousand dollars, since supplemented by others from citizens and friends. George Peabody in 1868 gave it fifteen thousand dollars. Within recent years an annex has been built through the munificence of the late Mr. Michael Simpson, and a reading-room established and maintained by Mr. William C. Todd. The library building was originally the town house of Nathaniel Tracy. It has been enlarged and altered of necessity to accommodate both the books and the public; but the two rooms are preserved in one of which George Washington held his reception on his visit to the place, while the other was used for the same purpose by Lafayette. The latter contains many interesting portraits, the property of the Historical Society, while autographs and other relics are displayed in different parts of the building. Next door to this fine old edifice stands the fine new one of the Young Men's Christian Association, recently completed, the generous gift of Mrs. George Corliss, as a memorial of her husband.

But the charm of Newburyport is its High Street, three miles in length, winding in beautiful curves along the summit of the slope upon which the city is built, lined on both sides with trees, the noble old elms in many places meeting in an arch of green above the roadway. On the upper side of the street many of the houses are set back upon the Ridge, a higher crest of the slope, and are approached by lawns or terraces. The houses are both of the old style and the new, mingled not inharmoniously; but to the eye of a stranger the old—square, dignified, ample, simple in outline and hospitable in suggestion—would seem to preponderate, lending as they do its distinctive character to the street. Not far from midway of its length is a public park, encircling a pond, which tradition states was created in a night by an earthquake in the early days of the town. This pond is in a deep depression surrounded by green terraces, which are in

turn surrounded at their upper level by broad walks shaded by drooping elms. Close back of this park rise the two old Burying Hills; at one end of it is a statue of Washington by Ward, at the other a large grammar school; the building of the High and Putnam schools is opposite to it, and the Court House stands within its precincts. Green Street, which leads from it to the river, shows at the foot of its shady, sloping avenue a delightful glimpse of blue water; and of this the citizens can never be deprived, since land has recently been secured there for a future riverside park. Few cities can show a more pleasing and characteristic public ground than the park already existing, nor a more fit and attractive situation than that of the one to come.

Newburyport is associated with the



St Paul's Church.

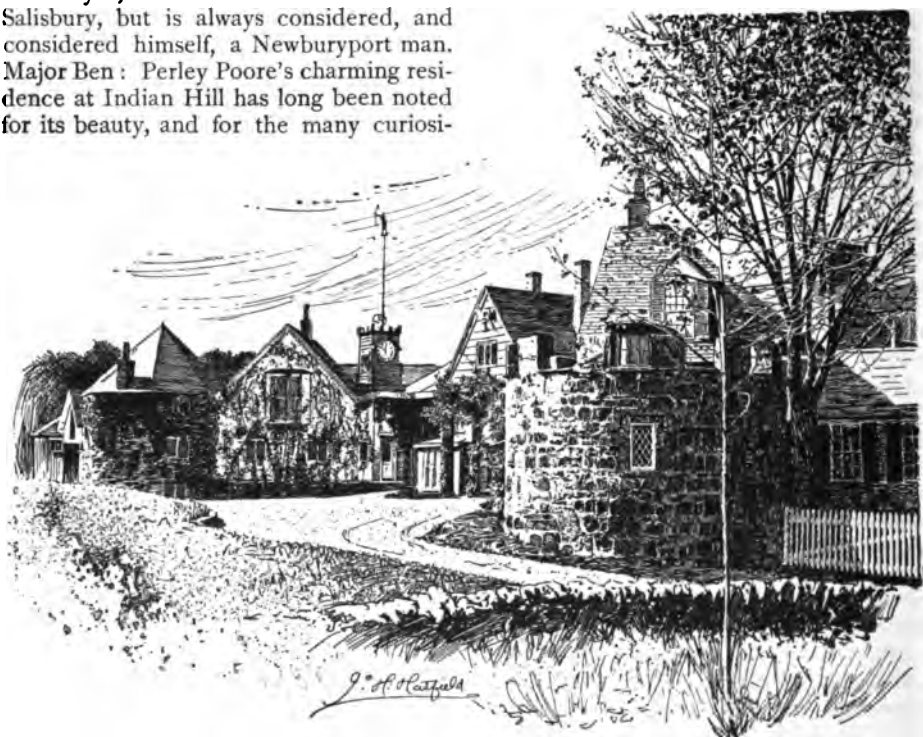
names of a number of noted persons, besides those already mentioned. William Lloyd Garrison was born here, in a house still standing, next but one to the Old South Church. From the age of fourteen to that of twenty-one he was a printer in the office of the Newburyport



The Leigh House, Newbury.

*Herald*, and the first paper which he edited was published in Newburyport. A fellow-townsmen, Isaac Knapp, was his partner in the publication of the famous *Liberator*. Caleb Cushing, the city's first mayor, was born across the river in Salisbury, but is always considered, and considered himself, a Newburyport man. Major Ben: Perley Poore's charming residence at Indian Hill has long been noted for its beauty, and for the many curiosi-

ties collected within its picturesque walls during the late owner's lifetime. General A. W. Greely is a native of the place, and it is a pleasing incident that on the return voyage after his terrible



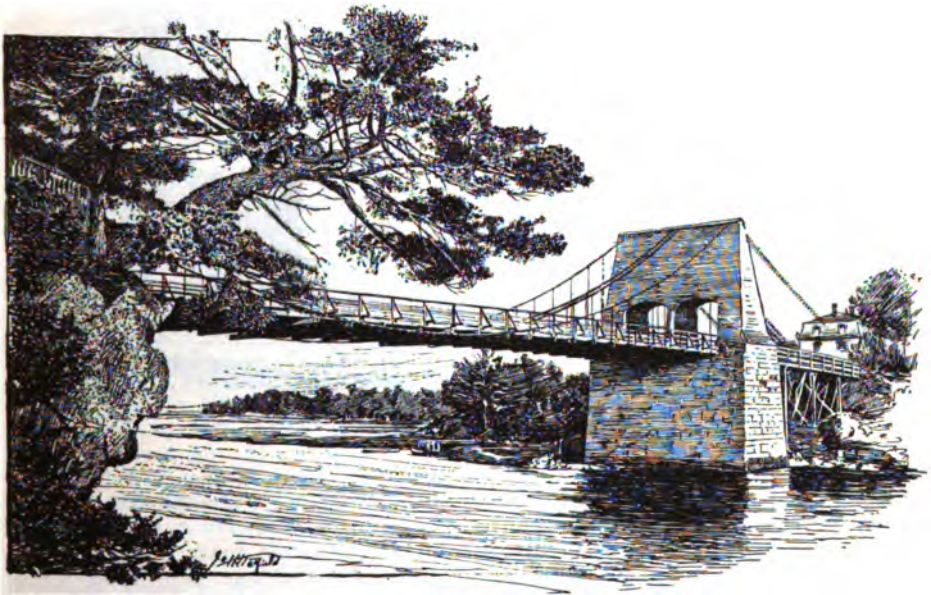
Indian Hill Farm.



Arctic sojourn, the ship in which he was on its way to Portsmouth, first neared the coast off the mouth of the Merrimac, thus giving him for his first sight of his own country the familiar outlines of the Old-town hills and the white spire of a church near his home. William Wheelwright, the great projector of public enterprise in South America, was also a native of Newburyport, and remembered the city of his birth in his will, bequeathing to it a hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of scientific education, the income of which is at present expended in sending students, to the Institute of Technology in Boston.

of tobacco, with a motto above, in Latin, "In essentials, united ; in non-essentials, liberty ; in all things, charity." The name of another poet, the late John Boyle O'Reilly, neither a native nor a resident of the city, is yet one closely connected with it. A lover of the old town, his face was well-known upon its streets ; he had within it many personal friends, and was a frequent visitor to the large Parochial School, where all the children knew and welcomed him. A reading circle recently founded bears his name.

The poet Whittier, born in Haverhill and long a resident of Amesbury, has



Chain Bridge.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's beautiful home, Deer Island, midway of the Merrimac and connected with the Newburyport shore by Chain Bridge, the oldest suspension bridge in New England and a most picturesque structure, is well-known to the public through pictures and descriptions. The ancestors of both Longfellow and Lowell were Newbury men ; and Mr. Lowell preserved at Elmwood the panel which formerly adorned the mantelpiece of the Rev. John Lowell of Newburyport. Upon it is a painting representing a group of ministers seated around a table bearing a bowl and a dish

spent much time in Newburyport, and seems to belong to it as much as to either of the other towns. He has indeed made the Merrimac the most musical of our rivers, and bestowed upon the inhabitants of its whole seaward valley the delight of dwelling in a region lovely not alone in its natural aspect, but filled with the beauty of a poetry that uplifts and glorifies alike its traditions, household tales, and visible nature. If no line has here been quoted of the many he has written at once apt and beautiful, descriptive of scenes and persons mentioned, it is only through fear of the temptation to quote too much.



The Y. M. C. A. Building.

Almost every portion of the Essex landscape has somewhere been touched by Whittier; and upon no portion has he dwelt with greater frequency than upon the places round about old Newburyport.

John Pierpont, the writer of hymns; George Lunt, the poet; Hannah Gould, a literary light of some magnitude in her day, whose verses celebrating what Dr. Holmes rather slightly calls that "stately vegetable," the old elm of New-

bury, are not yet forgotten; John B. Gough, the temperance orator — better known to the old town, however, in the days of his shame than those of his fame; Colonel T. W. Higginson, once the young minister of the old Unitarian church; Jane Andrews, most inspiring of teachers, and writer of exquisite stories for children — all these names, too, belong more or less intimately to the city's history.



## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*By Edward Everett Hale.*

IF any journal in the world should express love and regret upon the death of James Russell Lowell it is the *New England Magazine*. For he has been a New Englander, through and through, of the best stock. And since he knew what he was, or indeed that he was anything, he has been proud that he was a New Englander. No person has understood our dialect better than he, no one has used it to more purpose, no one has gone to the root of our character and history better than he, no one stood for us more loyally when fools or knaves attacked us, and no one has done us more credit in the fields of literature and history.

And we remember how much of his life has been given to the periodical literature of New England. Before he was twenty years old he was an editor of the college magazine, *Harvardiana*. In 1842, he was one of the pack-horses, who worked in the team of my brother's magazine, the *Boston Miscellany*. The masterly papers he published there, in prose and in verse, immediately commanded attention. The essays on the Old English Dramatists, were first published there. So soon as that magazine was given up, therefore, when his friend Mr. Carter projected the *Pioneer*, as a sort of successor to it, with just the same form, type, and purpose, he became the editor of the *Pioneer*. It speaks of the school in which all these young men were bred, that the page, the type, the width of columns of these magazines were taken from the two-column pamphlet editions of Chapman, the English publisher, in which, at that time, they were reading their Browning.

It was in 1843 that the three numbers of the *Pioneer* were published,—and that the *Pioneer* ceased to be. This was fourteen years before Messrs. Phillips and Sampson gave the dinner party at which the *Atlantic* was born,—and Mr. Lowell then became its first editor. Mr. Phil-

lips,—who should be gratefully remembered as a true publisher, a spirited and forward-looking man, to whom Boston, not to say American literature is largely indebted,—convoked a party of gentlemen to dine with him and his partner Mr. Sampson. At that party there were present, I think, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Parkman, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Underwood. I will not dare name other guests. When the dinner was wellnigh ended, Mr. Phillips made a little speech, in which he said that the firm of Phillips & Sampson were going to establish a magazine. He said: "We do not pretend that we can write such prophecies as Mr. Emerson, such history as Mr. Prescott and Mr. Parkman, such poetry as Dr. Holmes or Mr. Lowell; but we do pretend that we know the American people better than any of you." This was perfectly true,—and each of these gentlemen knew it. All of those I have named, excepting perhaps Mr. Emerson, became contributors to the new magazine, and Mr. Lowell for some years was the editor in chief—with the constant assistance, I believe, of Mr. Underwood. Afterward, at the request of Ticknor & Fields, he took charge of the *North American Review*,—and he continued this charge, in connection with Professor Norton, for several years. Mr. Lowell was, therefore, his life through almost, one of the honorable craft of editors. He is to be remembered first of all as the most distinguished editor of New England magazines.

Mr. Lowell, like his kinsman Dr. Holmes, has again and again, in joke or in earnest, dwelt on the advantage to any man of having a good New England ancestry. Dr. Holmes has insisted on the value of having this ancestry made up in part of old New England ministers; and I think we could find passages to that effect in Mr. Lowell's backward-looking glimpses. He had this good

fortune. His father was, for half a century and more, the beloved and honored minister of the West Church in Boston. This was the radical church of its day when it was under the ministry of Mayhew, who has been called "the John Baptist of the Revolution." Mayhew met Sam Adams in the street one morning, and said to him, "Adams, we have communion of churches; why do we not have communion of states?" And from those words of his, it is said, grew the Committees of Correspondence, which ripened into the Confederacy, which ripened into the Union. The West Church never lost its attitude of independence. Dr. Lowell would never take any theological name, which should part him from other Congregationalists; and his successor, Dr. Bartol, has always been true to such tradition. The grandfather of Dr. Lowell was also one of the New England ministers. He was one of those who preached sermons when young men went out to fight the French, and preached sermons again in memory of their death when they had been slain in battle. He was of Newburyport, and for two generations the family counts as of Essex County. But Lowell's grandfather, he who comes between the Newbury minister and the Boston minister, is the John Lowell to whom Massachusetts men owe the phrase in our constitution, "All men are created free and equal." Lowell was in the Constitutional Convention of 1780. He introduced into the Bill of Rights this passage from the Bill of Rights of Virginia, with the avowed determination of emancipating every slave in Massachusetts; and the freedom of every slave followed as soon as that constitution went into effect. There is a good sort of grandfather for the author of the "Biglow Papers!" Farther back they were Boston people for a generation; but the origin of the family is in old Newbury. A John Lowell arrived there in 1639, with a son who was also John Lowell, and he was a cooper. In those days they spelled it Lowle, but the other name has got too well established to permit anybody to change it back again. To this day, New York people, unless they have the advantage of a New England education,

pronounce the name Lowle or Lole. But this may be as they say "chick'n." The city of Lowell in Massachusetts is named in honor of an uncle of the poet Lowell, a son of the constitution-maker, who was among the first to see that Massachusetts was to become a manufacturing region, and to introduce the manufacture of cotton. Another relative, a son of this gentleman, is the John Lowell, Jr., who, dying without issue, made the people of Massachusetts his heirs by establishing the free courses of education which are known in Boston as the Lowell Institute, so admirably administered to this day.

My own personal relation with Lowell began when we were both boys in Harvard College. He was a little older than I, and was one class in advance of me. My older brother, with whom I lived in college, and he were most intimate friends. He had no room within the college walls, and was a great deal with us. The fashion of Cambridge was then literary. Now the fashion of Cambridge runs to social problems. But then we were interested in literature. We read Byron and Shelley and Coleridge and Keats, and we began to read Tennyson and Browning. I first heard of Tennyson from Lowell, who had borrowed from Mr. Emerson the little first volume of Tennyson, — which, by the way, contains some poems which have never been printed elsewhere. We actually passed about Tennyson's poems in manuscript. Carlyle's Essays were being printed at the same time, and his *French Revolution*. In such a community, — not two hundred and fifty students all told, — literary effort was, as I say, the fashion, and literary men, among whom Lowell was recognized from the very first, were special favorites. Indeed, there was that in him which made him a favorite everywhere.

The Alpha Delta Phi was introduced in Cambridge in those days. It was formed without the knowledge of the members of the government, and in actual defiance of college laws. This, of course, made it all the more interesting. It was a purely literary society, and the members were eager to do good literary work in it. Practically, the little

society of Alpha Delta Phi edited *Harvardiana* for 1837 and 1838. Lowell went into this enterprise eagerly. He contributed some little poems, but more of his work was in short essays, and he wrote two numbers of what they called "Skillygoliana." All magazines then followed the lead of *Blackwood*, and this was their faint imitation of the miscellaneous chat with which every number of *Blackwood* ended. Then there was what one might call the stereotyped imitations which college magazines of those days thought it funny to print. The Hasty Pudding Club in those days had two orations and two poems in every year. The poems of the class of '38 were by Lowell and the late Rev. J. F. W. Ware. Here are a few lines from Lowell's poems. It should be remembered that railroads were a novelty in those days.

"Perchance improvement, in some future time,  
May soften down the rugged path of rhyme,  
Build a nice railroad to the sacred mount,  
And run a steamboat to the muses' fount!  
O happy days! when "steaming" to renown,  
Each bard shall rise, the wonder of his town!  
Oh happy days! when every well-filled car  
With stubborn rhymes in rugged strife shall jar,  
And every scribbler's tuneless lyre shall squeak,  
While whizzing swiftly up Parnassus' Peak!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fain would I more; — but could my muse aspire  
To praise in fitting strains our college choir?  
Ah, happy band! securely hid from sight,  
Ye pour your melting strains with all your might; —  
And as the princè, on Prosper's magic isle,  
Stood spell-bound, listening with a raptured smile  
To Ariel's witching notes, as through the trees  
They stole like angel voices in the breeze, —  
So when some strange divine the hymn gives out,  
Pleased with the strains he casts his eyes about,  
All round the chapel gives an earnest stare,  
And wonders where the deuce the singers are,  
Nor dreams that o'er his own bewildered pate  
There hangs suspended such a tuneful weight."

It was a matter of course that he should be chosen the poet of the class. The feeling of the class was as distinct then as would now be the feeling of those who survive, that here was the poet of New England. And Lowell wrote, with more care than he had then given to anything, his class poem. But at that time he was

incurring college censure, chiefly for non-attendance at morning chapel. It is to be remembered that this meant being up and dressed and present at six in the morning, if it was then light enough for the chaplain to read, — and as the sun rose later the hour for chapel was pushed along to match it. I remember that Lowell had a curious superstition that if he were only in place Monday morning, the "faculty" would see him there, and that that would answer, with evening chapel regular, as it was. But it would not answer. The bolt fell, to the distress of his near friends who had been hoping to pull him through. It was perfectly known that the government did not want to dismiss him. His father was the intimate friend of all of them, and everybody knew his promise. He was in no sort a rebel against college rules or systems. He was a sufficiently good student, and every one knew how well his literary work was done. I remember that he always received forty-eight, which was the highest number which could be given for themes, by the critical Edward Tyrrel Channing, who had marked his characteristics at that early time. But Lowell could not bring himself to prayers, and accordingly, when the last term came, he was suspended, and sent to Concord for the rest of the term. The indignity was added that he should not be present at Class Day, the last day of the term, to deliver his own poem. Sadly the class had to print the poem, which is now among the rare nuggets of American literature, and to go through their ceremonies without a poet. I have heard in later years, what I did not know then, that he rode down from Concord in a canvas-covered wagon, and peeped out through the chinks of the wagon to see the dancing around the tree. I fancy he received one or two visits from his friends in the wagon, but in those times it would have been treason to speak of this.

"We must go! for already more near and more  
near  
The tramp of the paleface falls thick on the  
car —  
Like the roar of the blast when the storm-spirit  
comes  
Is the clang of the trumps and the death-rolling  
drums.

Farewell to the spot where the pine-trees are  
sighing  
O'er the flowery turf where our fathers are  
lying!  
Farewell to the forests our young hunters love,  
We shall soon chase the deer with our fathers  
above!

"We must go! and no more shall our council-  
fires glance  
On the senate of chiefs or the warrior's dance,  
No more in its light shall youth's eagle eye  
gleam,  
Or the glazed sight of age become young in its  
beam.  
Wail! wail! for our nation; its glory is o'er;  
These hills with our war-songs shall echo no  
more,  
And the eyes of our bravest no more shall look  
bright,  
As they hear of the deeds of their fathers in  
fight!

"In the home of our sires we have lingered our  
last,  
Our death-song is swelling the moan of the  
blast;  
Yet to each hallowed spot clings fond memory  
still,  
Like the mist that makes lovely yon far distant  
hill.  
The eyes of our maidens are heavy with weeping,  
The fire 'neath the brow of our young men is  
sleeping,  
And the half-broken hearts of the aged are  
swelling,  
As the smoke curls its last round their desolate  
dwelling!

"We must go! but the wallings yewring from us  
here  
Shall crowd your foul prayers from the Great  
Spirit's ear,  
And when ye pray for mercy, remember that  
Heaven  
Will forgive (so ye taught us) as ye have for-  
given!  
Ay, slay! and our souls on the pinions of prayer  
Shall mount freely to Heaven and seek justice  
there,  
For the flame of our wigwams points sadly on  
high  
To the sole path of mercy ye've left us — to die!

"God's glad sun shone as warm on our once  
peaceful homes  
As when gilding the pomp of your proud swell-  
ing domes,  
And his wind sang a pleasanter song to the  
trees  
Than when rustling the silk in your temples of  
ease;  
For He judges not souls by their flesh-garments'  
hue,  
And His heart is as open for us as for you;  
Though he fashioned the Redman with dusker  
skin,  
Yet the Paleface's breast is far darker within!

"We are gone! The proud Redman hath melted  
like snow  
From the soil that is tracked by the foot of his  
foe;  
Like a summer cloud spreading its sails to the  
wind,  
We shall vanish and leave not a shadow behind.  
The blue old Pacific roars loud for his prey,  
As he taunts the tall cliffs with his glittering  
spray;  
And the sun for our glory sinks fast to his rest,  
All darkly and dim in the clouds of the west!"

I have looked in vain in Mr. Cabot's  
"Life of Emerson" for any allusion to  
Mr. Lowell's making Emerson's acquaint-  
ance at that time. I should like to know  
whether they did not meet then, and I  
have some vague impression that they  
did. Lowell was already an enthusiast in  
what it is fair to call the worship of Mr.  
Emerson. In "My Study Windows," he  
says of the first Phi Beta oration, which  
Dr. Holmes calls "our literary Declara-  
tion of Independence," that it was "an  
effort without any former parallel in our  
literary annals, a scene always to be trea-  
sured in memory for its picturesqueness  
and its inspiration."

Mr. Lowell never maintained any ani-  
mosity against the college for the suspen-  
sion which sent him to Concord. In  
fact, he profited by the time he spent  
there. He was under the tender and  
satisfactory oversight of Dr. Ripley and  
Mrs. Ripley, — names loved and honored  
in all New England memories, — and un-  
doubtedly spent the months to great ad-  
vantage. Let the young reader observe  
that he was always a reader. To the end  
of his life he enjoyed reading, read with  
an iron memory, and knew what he was  
reading for. He left college well for-  
ward in lines of literary life which were  
really not known at that time by many  
men much older than he who had literary  
aspiration. Here is a little note of his,  
which I find in an old portfolio, which  
must have been written in 1839 or 1840,  
— that is to say, when he was about  
twenty years old. I think the note worth  
copying, as showing his interest in a line  
of research which is not yet followed by  
many students, and which then was known  
by an even smaller proportion of thought-  
ful men.

"WEDNESDAY.

"DEAR L., — I have been at the book-auction

and bought Jacob Behmen's "Philosophy," small quarto, for \$1.10, ditto "Epistles" for \$1.45, and Randolph's "Poems" for \$.55. Burnham ran me up, but they are good books. I have just got a letter from the Man. Come up this evening if nothing prevents, will you?

J. R. L."

In 1838, the career of letters did not exist in New England. For a man to say that he was going to live as a man of letters would be as if a man should say to-day that he was going to live as the director of steam air-vessels. Nat. P. Willis was perhaps the only instance of a man who had given himself to letters, and his success was not such as to excite ambition in that line. Lowell certainly knew that, in theory, he must attach himself to one of the established professions, and he studied law. The habit of the time was for a pupil to take three or four terms in the Cambridge law school, and spend the rest of these years in some lawyer's office. His name, therefore, will be found as a Bachelor of Laws on the Cambridge catalogue of the year 1840; and for the practice of his profession he studied in the office of Mr. Loring, a gentleman distinguished through New England as a counsellor and advocate and for the dignity and true loyalty of all his work, in court or before the public. But Mr. Lowell did not pretend, and nobody else pretended, that he studied law with any great enthusiasm. He and Story, his classmate, with many of their other friends, were marked as men of letters. He opened his office virtuously. It was in the building at the foot of Court Street, on the site of that which was well burned out a year ago. In the Boston *Miscellany* in 1842, he gives an amusing sketch, which he calls, "My First Client," which is probably more than half true.

"I sat in my new attorney's office. I had just been admitted to the venerable fraternity of the Bar. As I turned my admiring gaze from one part to another, I thought — perhaps it was prejudice — that I never saw a room into which, as from a natural taste and instinct, the wronged and oppressed portion of the community would flock more readily. It seemed exactly suited to the circumstances and wants of that numerous and highly respectable class of our fellow-citizens. It was large, well lighted, and of easy access. It had no carpet, nor any other sign of comfort or taste, both of which are generally esteemed in-

compatible with extensive legal attainments. One side was occupied by a large book-case, the green silk behind whose glass doors made an impenetrable mystery of the learning within, and whose mahogany had assumed a sympathetic similitude of hue with law-sheep."

Then follow two or three pages of amusing incidental good precepts for incipient attorneys, and at last the first client appears.

"I was aroused from my reverie by a shadow against my glass door. It was a client-like shadow. It had a well-to-do-in-the-world look, and a litigating one withal. It was a shadow that would pay well. It was perhaps a shadow that had a claim on the Ocean Insurance Office. I was sure it was not Peter Schlemel's shadow, because that was pinned up forever in Hawthorne's 'Virtuoso's Collection.' That it was the shadow of a real man admitted not the shadow of a doubt. My cottage in the country, with the white lilac and the honeysuckle in front, and the seat just large enough for two under the elm-tree, drew ten years nearer in as many seconds. I debated in my own mind the figure for the carpet in the back parlor, and decided to leave it to my wife. I determined, if I met Jones, to buy that bay mare he had spoken of so highly. I should take little Tommy to the Boston Museum to see the man swallow himself (as he had done under the patronage of the Emperor of Russia, and several other great princes) and whom I thought the greater wonder, inasmuch as most men are such impostures that they must find it easier to make their friends swallow them than to do it themselves. And little Mary *should* have the rocking-horse, — that was certain.

"The door opened, and a man, whose face I dimly remembered, came in. He was certainly somebody I had met somewhere. It was very flattering in him to remember me. I asked him to take a chair, at the same time putting an easy arm-chair in the place of the very hard one with forward-sloping, slippery bottom, which I keep for bores. He did not sit down, but, taking off his hat, eradicated a small file of papers from the mass of red bandanna and other merchandise which filled it, and, selecting one, handed it to me. It was doubtless a succinct statement of his case.

"I was right. It read as follows, and was a model of its kind.

"Thomas Mortmain, Esq. to John Brown, Dr.

"To 2 tin signs, at \$1,	\$2.00
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.25
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.25
" " " " " " " " " " " "	6.00
" " " " " " " " " " " "	50

\$11.00

"Rec'd payment."

I am afraid that the first client was the last. But the publication of "A Year's Life," his first volume of poems, as early



as 1841, challenged the attention of every one in America who knew what poetry was. It is what it says it is. It presents many memories, tender and even personal, of the year of his engagement with Anne Maria White,—to whom he was married in 1844, and with whom he lived in the happiest union conceivable until her death in 1853.

We write of schools and college as the scenes of a man's education. A happy home and a wife with whose life his life was absolutely one were Lowell's education to the life before him. Miss White was a charming girl,—of remarkable genius, of perfect simplicity, of exquisite beauty, of entire self-forgetfulness, who was willing to enjoy the luxury of love. And Mr. Lowell was a young man, of almost exactly her age, with an eye for every beauty of nature, as she had, curious in literature as she was, with the in-born love for rhythm and melody which she had, unselfish and careless of circumstances, as she was. They had both grown in the fearless school of religion; they had been taught to love God and to love their neighbor—and both of them did so, "from native impulse, elemental force." Neither of them had ever supposed that they were children of wrath, or were in any danger of hell. They saw each other; they talked with each other on the most serious themes, as on the slightest; they walked together; they loved each other. There was the natural doubt whether they should not wait before they were married till a more fixed income was secured by the husband. But he had a home in his father's house,—a home where his father loved her as a daughter,—and to that home he carried her. Their marriage was in 1844. He was twenty-five years old, and she was twenty-one.

Never were love's anticipations more real; never was a home more happy. It is fair to say that the necessities of married life, that his wife's eager and close connection with the philanthropic endeavors of the best transcendental schools, quickened him to his best work. If there were an innate vein of laziness in his constitution, such as that avoidance of morning chapel intimated,—

her eager determination that this world should be a better world drove that away, and set him to work in lines far nobler than the study of laws of rhythm or of the structure of verse. He would have said himself, that if there had been no Maria White there would have been no "Biglow Papers."

She died in 1853. They had had two children, one of whom died young. Mrs. Lowell's poem, "The Alpine Sheep," addressed to a friend who had lost a child, has gone everywhere,—with a word of courage that hardly any other words have borne.

"When on my ear your loss was knelled  
And tender sympathy upburst,  
A little spring from memory welled,  
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst."

After her early death, Mr. Lowell printed, privately, and not for publication, twenty of these poems. Some of them, like "The Alpine Sheep," had been already published. That is one of the perfect poems. "The Morning Glory" is, perhaps, not so widely known.

#### THE MORNING GLORY.

WE wreathed around our darling's head the morn-  
ing glory bright;  
Her little face looked out beneath, so full of love  
and light,  
So lit as with a sunrise, that we could only say,  
She is the morning glory bright, and her fair types  
are they.  
So always from that happy time we called her by  
that name,  
And very fitting did it seem, for sure as morning  
came,  
Behind her cradle-bars she'd smile to catch the  
first faint ray,  
As from the trellis smiles the flower, and opens to  
the day.  
But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of  
blue  
As turned her sweet eyes to the light, brimmed  
with sleep's tender dew;  
And not so close their tendrils fine round their  
supports are thrown,  
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea  
called all hearts to her own.  
We used to think how she had come, even as  
comes the flower,  
The last and perfect added gift to crown Love's  
morning hour,  
And how in her was imaged forth the love we  
could not say,  
As on the little dewdrops round shines back the  
heart of day.

We never could have thought, oh God! that she  
 would wither up  
 Almost before the day was gone, like the morn-  
 ing glory's cup;  
 We never could have thought that she would bow  
 her noble head,  
 Till she lay stretched before our sight withered  
 and cold and dead!

The morning glory's blossoming will soon be  
 coming round,  
 We see their bows of heart-shaped leaves upspring-  
 ing from the ground;  
 The tender things the winter killed renew again  
 their birth,  
 But the glory of our morning has passed away  
 from earth

In vain, oh Earth! our aching eyes stretch over  
 thy green plain;  
 Too harsh thy dews, too cold thine air, her spirit  
 to detain;  
 But in the years of Paradise, full surely shall we  
 see  
 Our morning glory beautiful twine round our dear  
 Lord's knee.

In 1855, Mr. Lowell was appointed Mr. Longfellow's successor as the Smith Professor of Modern Languages at Cambridge. This was fourteen years after he published his first volume of poems, — twelve years after he edited the *Pioneer*. The years had been well spent. Almost every year saw a new volume of poems or of prose essays. In July, 1851, he crossed the ocean with his wife and child. They spent the winter in Rome, and renewed the old daily intimacy with their dear friends, William and Emily Story. They returned in December, 1852. He was active in political work, more with his pen than on the platform; and the "Biglow Papers" made him known where no mere literary reputation would have gone. All the same, he was all the time a student. He lectured a good deal in the Lyceum courses in different parts of the country. In the winter of 1854-1855, he delivered his first full course of twelve lectures on the British poets, in the series of the Lowell Institute, founded by his cousin, and bearing the family name.

I bid young poets and young critics and young authors to observe that these years in which his reputation was made in England and America were years of hard work. There was, perhaps, a streak of indolence in his physical make-up, which hindered him in matters requiring bodily endeavor. But none the less he

was always at work. He is to be counted in as on the side which says in literature, that if you mean to publish anything it must be finished before you publish it. He stands with Horace at the beginning of that list and Dr. Holmes at the end of it. There is none of the happy-go-lucky nonsense, — the "go as you please" craziness. He does not send an editor a copy of verses, saying, "I have just dashed this off," or, "I could do a great deal better." When he can do better, he does. Mr. Higginson, his neighbor and friend, has preserved an anecdote which tells us how very early in life he had laid out a course of personal reading and study on the methods of English verse-writing; and to the day of his death he would have been the first authority on the mere mechanics of poetry, as well as a sympathetic enthusiast in its noblest flights. He was "a maker and a poet," — yes; but he would as soon have been a farmer without plough or hoe, or a printer without types, or a singer when born dumb, as he would have pretended to be a poet without diligent study of what other poets had done, and of their ways of doing it.

In 1855, as has been said, he was appointed Smith Professor at Cambridge. The charge implies a general supervision over the study of the modern languages of Continental Europe and their literature. It had been well filled by Henry W. Longfellow since 1836, — and with him, as with Mr. Ticknor, his successor, Lowell had lived on friendly, even intimate terms. He gave himself loyally and diligently to his college duties. He was an admirable lecturer, — and he did not disdain the work of teaching a language itself, if he had not a fit teacher at hand. I remember that at one time, in some vacancy of other teaching, he taught both Italian and German. He was always kind to young men; and any one who had at heart a real cultivation in language or literature was wellnigh sure of his personal friendship.

Six years after, the war broke out. Immediate relations of his were among the most distinguished young officers of the Massachusetts contingent; and the death I dare not say of how many of

these fine young men in the very crash of battle called out all the noblest sympathies of those around him, and seemed to bring him more than ever into every effort, public or private, by which he could help in the struggle. The "Commemoration Ode," which is spoken of by critics the most competent as the American poem most likely to stand forever among the first in our language, is a fit monument of such duties.

This may be a fit place to say that whenever it was his place to appear as a speaker, his manner was absolutely simple, and in the same proportion natural and effective. He was wholly at his ease before an audience, and knew nothing and therefore needed none of the acquired arts of elocution.

In no reference to Mr. Lowell's life should his invariable kindness be forgotten, particularly as it was shown to young and unknown authors. There is a general feeling that editors, as such, dislike young authors. My experience has been exactly in the other direction. I have edited magazines and newspapers myself; I have been on familiar terms, which I may call in many cases the terms of friendship, with Mr. Hale of the *Boston Miscellany*; with Mr. Lowell, Mr. Bowen, and Dr. Peabody of the *North American Review*; with Mr. Alden of *Harper's*; with Mr. Gilder of the *Century*; with Mr. Mead of the *New England Magazine*; with Messrs. Merriam, Mabie, and Abbott of the *Christian Union*; with Mr. Ward and Mr. Richardson, of the *Independent*; with Mr. Thorndike Rice of the *North American Review*; with Mr. Metcalf of the *Forum*; and Mr. Walker of the *Cosmopolitan*; and in every instance I may say that those men were eagerly on the lookout for ability, freshness, for what I call a light pen, among authors as yet unknown. Certainly, Mr. Lowell was most careful in this regard. If he read, in a magazine of which he had no charge, something which he thought good, he would write a note of sympathy or encouragement to the author. You remember him as interested in the first steps of tottering young authors, to whom he would gladly lend a hand.

I do not know how far his diplomatic

career was a surprise to him. The election of President Hayes was due, in large measure, to the determination of thoughtful and conscientious men that their opinion should be respected in the choice of candidates; and they never had any reason to regret the share they took in that election. "It was such a pleasure," as one of them once said to me, "to wake up in the morning and not to be afraid to read your newspaper," for the four years of that perfectly clean administration. The newspapers have told the interesting story of the way by which Mr. Kasson, who had been appointed to Spain, exchanged that post for the mission to Austria, so that Mr. Lowell was sent to Spain. I was afterwards in Spain, with letters of introduction from Mr. Lowell, and was in a position to see how cordially and gladly he was received among cultivated men. His knowledge of the Spanish language was admirable when he went there, but he at once took the most careful pains that his pronunciation and accent should be more accurate; and during the time of his stay there he made himself the friend of everybody who was engaged in the improvement and uplifting of Spain itself. If the government had thought, or if anybody had thought, that his appointment there was merely the appointment of a literary man to a place of literary leisure, such people were mistaken. He was always a man of genius, who understood the demands of office, and he never would have undertaken any duty to which he was not willing to lend himself. So it proved that his correspondence was accurate, that it enlightened the secretary of state on just the points on which he wanted to be enlightened. And thus, as a perfect matter of course, when a vacancy occurred in the mission to England, Mr. Lowell, probably more to his surprise than to that of anybody else, was appointed there.

A curious incident delayed his transfer to England. The health of Mrs. Lowell at that time was so delicate that she could not be moved from the room in which she was. Mr. Lowell, therefore, wrote to Washington that he should be unable to accept the appointment which

was so honorable to him. Just at this moment it befell that the curtains of Mrs. Lowell's bed took fire. Nurses and attendants were frightened out of their senses, she alone retaining her presence of mind. She, who had been helpless but just before, sat up and gave directions for extinguishing the conflagration, and, in one word, she received such vitality, if one may so speak, that she was a new person. The physicians were delighted with the result of this fortunate misfortune. They told Mr. Lowell that no difficulty would follow her removal; and it was thus that, I think by telegram, he withdrew the letter which he had sent to Washington. To the fortunate incident of the lighting of a bed-curtain with a candle was due Mr. Lowell's diplomatic career in England.

Of that career this is hardly the place, and I am hardly the person, to speak in detail. But it belongs to the best lines of American diplomacy. Our diplomatic service does not train men to the diplomatic profession. Franklin used to say that he won all his successes by telling the truth; and he certainly was all the better a negotiator, that he never stepped upon the lower steps of the diplomatic ladder. This country has never appeared to better advantage in the eyes of thoughtful people in Europe, than when it sent such men as the Everetts, Mr. Irving, Mr. Motley, Mr. Abbot Lawrence, Mr. George Bancroft, Mr. John Bigelow, or Mr. Lowell, into its diplomatic service, — men, none of whom had been trained in the lower grades, as they are called, of what is called the diplomatic profession. With England our relations are specially intimate. We do speak the same language; some of us think we speak it better than she does. Our cousins are there, our grandfathers' gravestones are there, and we have as good a right to Shakespeare as they, and a good deal more right to Milton. Somebody who can rightly express the inborn sympathy which makes the two nations one is of more use to both nations than anybody who knows only the fine details of histories of forgotten treaties, or of the points on which former ages have managed to differ.

His diplomatic correspondence is excellent reading. I wonder that no publisher has made a collection of these letters, which are the property of the public. I had meant to give some passages from them here, but I must reserve them for some other opportunity. His career in England made him a personal favorite there, as he was already in America. It was said, on high authority, that no man not an Englishman was so widely loved and honored. And he gained this hold on men's regard by gaining a hold on their respect. No American has been more true to the principles on which alone our Republic stands, nor are there any better statements of those principles than there are in some of his addresses.

An effort was made, at some public meetings of Irishmen, to show that he had been sluggish, or worse, in the failure to attend to the interests of naturalized Irishmen who had been arrested in England. The correspondence shows, on the other hand, the most diligent care. But it was perfectly true, as he says in one of his letters, that "naturalized Irishmen seem entirely to misconceive the process through which they have passed in assuming American citizenship, looking upon themselves as Irishmen who have acquired a right to American protection, rather than as Americans who have renounced the claim to Irish nationality." In an earlier letter he had called attention to Parnell's letter of Paris, February 13, "in which he makes a distinction between the American people and 'the Irish nation in America.' This double nationality is likely to be of great practical inconvenience whenever the coercion bill becomes law. The same actor takes alternately the characters of a pair of twins who are never on the stage simultaneously."

The innate humor of Mr. Lowell shows itself in almost all these despatches; — and who knows what good things have been left out! Congress is very hard on the State Department, and compels it to cut down the despatches to the minimum, so that it is to be feared that we lose what might be the most readable things. He ends one of these Irish despatches by saying, of a man who lived in Ireland thirteen years, and then claimed to be

an American: "I cannot help thinking that the British government would be justified in questioning the final perseverance (if I may borrow a theological term) of adopted citizenship under adverse circumstances like these."

Probably it was an advantage to both countries that the Foreign Secretary was the late Lord Granville. Between him and Mr. Lowell there existed warm personal regard. Lord Granville once wrote to Mr. Lowell to ask him to dinner. He said in the note that it was absurd to give so short notice as he gave to "the most engaged man in London." Lowell replied, "'The most engaged man in London' is very glad to dine with the most engaging."

Since his return from England, Mr.

Lowell's health had not been strong. For some years he was resident with his daughter; but he enjoyed his return to Elmwood, after the lease had expired under which it had been occupied in his absence. Still he said to me one day when I met him, "Yes, I am glad to be at Elmwood. — but the house is full of ghosts." Since he had lived there before, the second Mrs. Lowell had died; Cambridge was not the Cambridge of his boyhood nor of his college professorship. Still, he was always cheerful, singularly cordial to visits of strangers, who must often have bored him badly, and quite ready to lend a hand wherever there was an opportunity. His was one of those lives which we were not ready to part from.

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## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*By Sarah K. Bolton.*

THE great trees murmur at the midnight hour;  
The birds in silence wait:  
A soul is passing to the Fount of Power, —  
Elmwood is desolate.

Lover of nature, lover of his race,  
Learned, and true, and strong:  
Using for others, with surpassing grace,  
The matchless gift of song, —

When clouds hung darkest in our day of pain,  
He prophesied the light;  
He looked adown the ages for the reign  
Of Brotherhood and Right.

Proud of his country, helping to unbind  
The fetters of the slave:  
Two worlds their wreaths of honor have entwined  
About an open grave.

Great in his simple love of flower and bird,  
Great in the statesman's art,  
He has been greatest in his lifting word  
To every human heart.

He lived the lesson which Sir Launfal guessed  
Through wandering far and wide;  
The giver must be given in the quest:  
He gave himself, and died.



Mont Saint Michel.

## MONT SAINT MICHEL.

By A. M. Mosher.



THE interest which all musical Americans are now feeling in the *Parsifal* is a quite sufficient reason for asking the company of some in a visit to the scene of so many of the legends of the Round Table; although surely no ulterior inducement need be urged for a visit to beautiful Mont Saint Michel.

Standing boldly off the coast of Normandy, at the point where Brittany comes to touch hands with her sister province, rises Mont Saint Michel. In reality this gigantic rock stands in an estuary of the river Couësnon, which separates the two provinces. According to old chronicles, both Normans and Bretons claimed the Mount, and some mildly scornful rhymes passed to and fro. The Bretons put it thus :

*"Le Couësnon dans sa folie  
A mis le Mont en Normandie."*

to which the Normans retorted :

*"Si bon n'était Normandie  
Saint Michel ne s'y serait mis."*

Normandy, whether by the gentle logic of her rhymes, or by more material methods, appears to have gained undisputed possession, and to-day has for rival only the Bay of Cancale, which at high tide turns the Mount into an island, while in low waters one may reach the place on dry land.

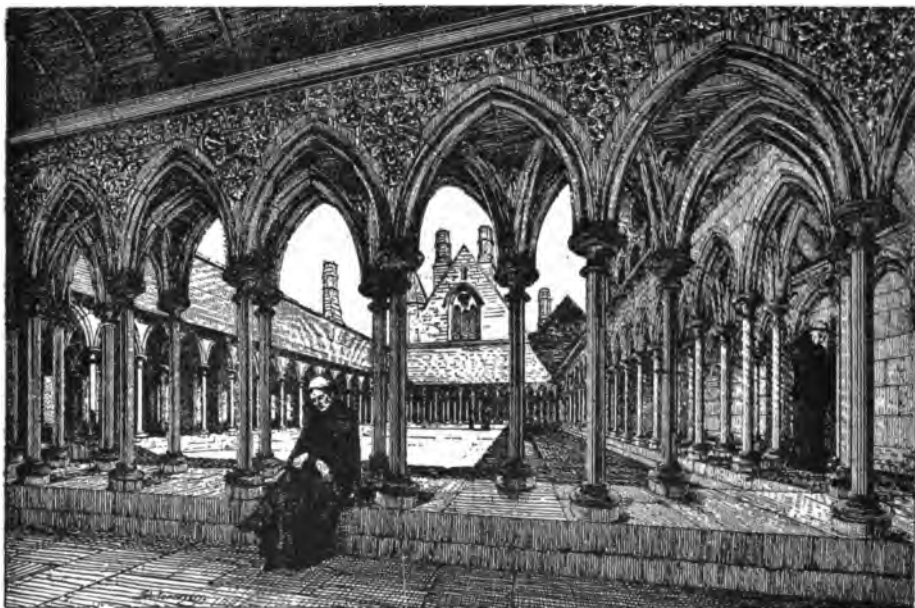
An English poet has named Cancale "the blue, savage Norman bay" — savage, because when the tide rises, instead of the gradually advancing and receding waters, one great wave sweeps to the base of the rock and surrounds it; and woe betide the belated traveller if caught in its swift course. At low tide the danger is no less, because of the quicksands, which for centuries have been a terror to pilgrims and travellers, many thousands having perished in their treacherous snares. Several years ago, a road, raised to a point of safety, was constructed, and to-day the journey is made without danger.

Mont Saint Michel was already famous in those days when brave knights rode away to the wars of the Holy Land. To-day it is valued as a monument of art, and for its ecclesiastical, military, and civil history. "Rock, city, stronghold, cathedral"—representing the idea of chivalry through Charlemagne, and of Christianity through St. Louis, it stands, one harmonious mass of grandeur and beauty.

We had turned our backs on Paris at the moment when that city loses the charm which May bestows, which June holds fast to, which July has not quite taken away, but which August has shattered. For when the nightingales of the Woods of Meudon have ceased their singing, and the little balcony-café's along

large, have lost their charm. What wonder, then, if the surest road to comfort seems to lead shorewards? and what wonder that of all places we choose Mont Saint Michel? A day there, even under dull skies, must be set down among the white days. How then when under the bluest of skies touched with white woolly clouds, with a cool sea air, and the full of an August moon to lend charm to the scene at night?

All the way down from Paris we felt and acted like four children let loose upon a holiday. One of us is a scholar with archæological tendencies; another, a veritable poet, a dreamer of dreams; a third carries a sketching book, and that conglomeration of utensils which a student at the Julian studio in Paris is seldom



The Cloister. — A View taken from the Gallery.

the Seine near St. Cloud, where in spring-time we were sure of quiet suppers, with gay chats over our *bifteck au Chateaubriand* and Romaine salad,—the slow, yellow sunset and plashing river-boats being the best of the feast—when these joys are at an end, because the crowds seek our favorite nooks, then the heart turns elsewhere. The boulevards, now resonant with the voice of the world at

seen without; the fourth is only a person who cannot paint, but sees pictures, who cannot rhyme, but feels poems, and as for archæology, would rather toss up an omelet or whisk together a Welsh rarebit than read a musty book or remember a musty date; indeed, people say that her artistic and poetic capacities have vented themselves in her omelets and rarebits. Here then were four points

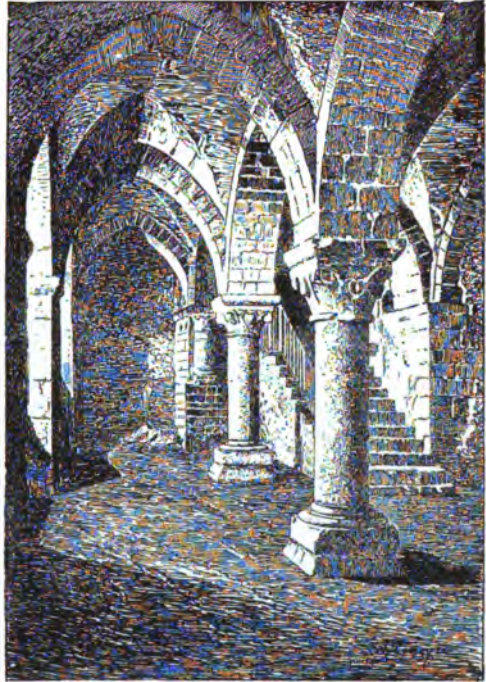


of view from which to see Mont Saint Michel, and all four found their satisfaction.

The journey through Normandy is a joy. Millet's brush has turned into pictures the green fields, pretty cottages, and quaint churches of his native province. His "Sower" surely went forth to sow among these fields and streams. Could we catch sight of the interior of the thatched cottage past which our train rushes, we should doubtless see his "Woman at the Churn." Off there on that green slope we see a little church with a ragged stone wall around it, and flocks of birds about the tower — a perfect mate to the "Church of Gréville" which adorns the walls of the Louvre. Three hours hence, at the sound of the sunset bell, that couple at work in the field, a half-mile away, will stand with bowed heads, and we should see "The Angelus" as Millet saw it before he gave it to the world. Thus Millet everywhere. A peasant woman carrying a hamper of cream cheeses daintily arranged, each in its tiny straw basket lined with fresh grass and clover, comes into our railway carriage, and three blue nuns, looking like beauties in their faultless pale blue robes with white girdles, also join us, all being bound, as we are, for the Sacred Mount. It is nearly sunset when we reach Pontorson — a pretty little Norman town, famous as the old fief of Bertrand du Gueslin. We are glad to leave the railway carriage, and we speedily climb to the top of the queer old diligence which will take us to the end of our journey.

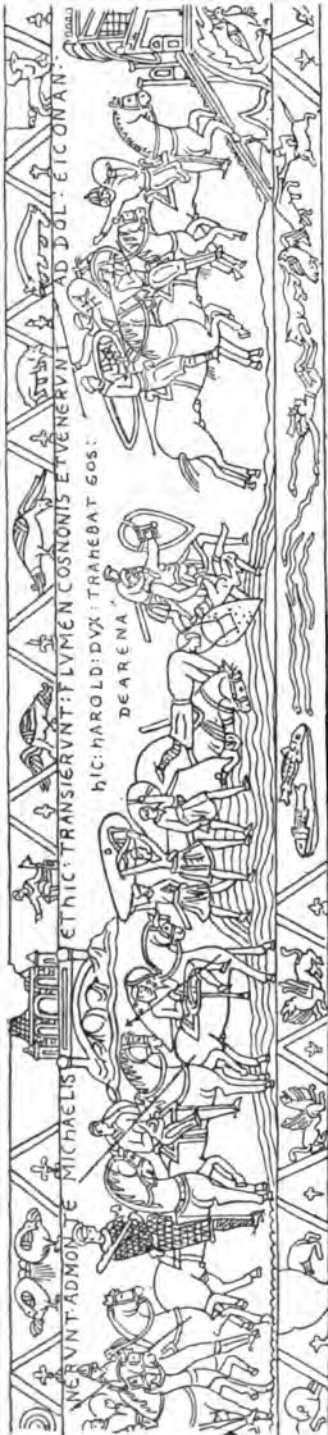
Miles of sand lie between us and the Mount. The heat of the sun is tempered by the fresh air from the sea. The sky, softly blue, seems like a silken tent spread over us. No noise is heard save the dull roar of the tide, which will soon sweep landward. The flocks of sheep feeding upon the salt marshlands know this sound of warning, and simply betake themselves to safer pastures. The swing of our sleepily old diligence, rolling noiselessly along the sands, provokes quiet

fancies and reverie. We think of the old-time pilgrimages made hither. Charlemagne in his day, the pious king St. Louis, and kings and emperors of less piety came as pilgrims to the Mount. It is related that on the 8th of June, 1450, Duke Francis of Brittany made a famous pilgrimage, to obtain from heaven the repose of the soul of his brother Gilles, who had some time before died imprisoned in the castle of his brother Francis. And much need there was that



Galerie de l'Aquilon.

this soul should be quieted; for strange tales were whispered from castle to castle of the poisoning of Gilles of Brittany in his castle-prison, and that it was Duke Francis himself who had done the deed. A restless ghost, liable to appear at unexpected moments and corners, must have lessened the pleasures of Duke Francis's life in his *Château de la Har- douinays*. At all events, he desired that a mass should be said for the soul of his brother in the basilica of Mont Saint Michel, and hence it came to pass that the fine old town of Avranches, ages ago con-



From the Bayeux Tapestry.

quered and reconquered by the dukes of Normandy and Brittany, and so long quarrelled over by French and English kings, but to-day holding its ecclesiastical place in grim state, on this June morning in the fifteenth century was full of excitement. The mass was to be held at noon. At eleven o'clock a cannon fired from the Mount announced the fact of low tide — a special attention paid to Duke Francis and his suite, who otherwise might have been swallowed, ducal crests and all, in the dangerous quicksands, and the restless soul of poor Gilles might even now be loitering in limbo.

At the moment of the firing of the cannon, all the bells of Avranches rang out a noisy peal, and the gates of the castle swung open to let pass the noble cavalcade, and, with drums and trumpets sounding and banners flying, the start was made. It is related that Duke Francis was very pale that day and trembled in his saddle, and his face wore a troubled look. The dukes of Brittany, we know, led strange lives, and were given to unhandsome doings. The veritable Bluebeard's castle was not far from that of Duke Francis, and the ungente recreations of that ungente man were the talk of the province even in those days.

All these queer tales come into the mind as we plod our way, following a motion that only a Norman diligence has the kink of achieving. But now we round a curve, and lo! as if swung against the sky, whose blue is fast turning into gold as the sun goes down, looms the mighty Mount, all shining in the sunlight, its walls and towers and heaped-up battlements ablaze, while at its base the grays and violet blend hazily into a harmonious mass, turning the solid masonry into the dreamy lines of some fantastic castle. Oh! wonder of wonders. Even so Mont Saint Michel shone out in the middle century days, and we feel ourselves set back into those times. Tales of the crusades, of knights and the old dukes of Normandy and Brittany come to the fore. The legends of the Mount flash into the mind. So given over to the mediæval spirit are we, that we might easily mistake that flitting cloud that seems to touch the western wall of the abbey, for the "White-veiled Fairy of the Sands," the same who saved the life of her cavalier-lover Aubry, he being cruelly imprisoned in one of the dungeons of the monastery, made by digging into the solid rock. Flitting along the sands in the moonlit midnight, on these errands of love, no wonder the creeps went down the backs of the super-superstitious Normans, who whispered strange tales to their children of the "Veiled Fairy of the Sands." Only her true knight

knew, when she whispered "Aubry" into the one small opening of his dungeon, that the voice was a girl's voice, and that the bread and wine were actual food and drink brought by his "Reine." He whispers his thanks and his love. The whispers seem to her to come from the bowels of the earth—so deep and underground are these dungeons. She shivers, half for love, half for fear, and speeds away, flitting, flitting over the sands, to return with each successive midnight. It is the memory of this old tale that causes the little cloud to resemble the white-veiled fairy, and bring to mind other old-time stories of monks and knights and sets the rhythm of the middle ages agoing in the fancy.

There is no knowing how long this dreaming might have gone on had not our diligence put an end to it by coming to a full stop; and instead of knights and dukes and fairies we see everyday nineteenth-century travellers descending from their places and hurrying to the gateway.

Entering the town, which is mostly one street, encircling the base of the rock in a gradual ascent, we are confronted by a bit of French history in the shape of two pieces of cannon, abandoned by the besieging English in 1434. We pass through a second gate and, following the queer, narrow street, find ourselves at the entrance of the most enticing of kitchens.

The day has grown into twilight, deepened by the high walls and narrowness of the streets; and the interior of Madame Poulard's kitchen affords a good subject for a picture, one that Teniers would have delighted in.

Before a deep, broad chimney with its roaring log-fire stands our famous hostess, sung by poets, painted by artists, and known all over France as "the Queen of Mont Saint Michel." Two rows of

chickens, strung upon long spits, revolve slowly before the fire, and have reached that climax of color and crispness that might tempt a saint into the sin of gluttony. Madame herself, standing in the firelight, holds a six-feet-long handle of a large frying-pan, in which an omelet fit for the gods is forming and browning. Madame is pretty, brunette and bright-eyed. Her hair is faultlessly arranged;



Street in Saint Michel.

she wears the daintiest of collars and cuffs, and a large blue apron protects her tidy black gown. She has never been known to lose her temper and she has never lost her complexion, albeit for a score of years she has roasted the chickens and cooked the omelets that have made famous her little hostelry. We must not, however, give to our hostess the credit of having invented the rare omelet that gives the name to her little





The King's Gate and Watch Tower.

inn. It is to the clergy of France that we owe this, as well as many another good dish. Monks of two orders gave the name to the famous Chartreuse and Benedictine liqueurs. The delicate Floguard cakes, the sausages of the Abbé Lamouroux, the sauce of the Abbé Bergougnoux, yea, even the historic omelet of Mont Saint Michel, the secret of which has come down through centuries from the ancient abbés of the place—all have come from the clergy. Meanwhile, Madame's omelet, tossed lightly from the pan to the platter, has come to the table; we have eaten and drunk of her good fare, served by her own hands; we have taken our coffee outside, sitting at one of the small tables in the narrow street; the poet and the scholar have sat lost in their thoughts and looking things unutterable over their cigars; and it has come to be

ten o'clock, with the twilight of that region still upon us. To-morrow we are to explore the monastery which crowns the summit of the rock. Sleep should come between, and we go to our dormitories.

In this unique inn there is no office; no hotel clerk presses a button, and, by virtue of a bell-boy, a glib order and a lighted candle, launches us into the assigned quarters. Instead, each traveller receives from the hostess a smiling good-night, and a small paper lantern lighted by a bit of candle inside, and bearing outside the legend "Poulard." A narrow flight of stone stairs brings us from the little street to the top of the inner wall of the town; we cross a bastion, round a tower of the eleventh century, creep timidly through dark arches, climb long flights of stone steps, mossy and worn, and at last reach the building where the sleep-

ing-rooms are. Each separate bedroom is as it were a balcony built out from the rocky mountain, and commands a splendid view. We look down into the narrow street where we lately took our coffee, and see other little lanterns like ours dancing hither and thither; we look up into the mysterious arches and windows of the monastery standing solemnly up there against the night sky, or we look out and away across the sands to the sea. Whether below, above, or seaward, all is weird and shadowy and dreamy in the light of the August moon which, swung low in the sky, looks red and swollen out of its natural size, and seems to be drooping earthward. This moon has witnessed strange scenes in her time. Far away there where the Bay of Cancale now lies shining once stood vast oak forests, and therein Druids celebrated their mysterious

rites and offered their horrible sacrifices. An ancient rhyming monk of the sixth century has sung of this forest, which bore the name of Scissy. Black-robed priestesses garlanded with vervain, swinging their lighted torches, their white arms gleaming in the streaming light as they swung and circled among the shadows of the sombre oaks, must have made a weird picture under a moon like this !

Such matters and fancies fill our minds, and to say that our quartette slept much that night would not be to tell the truth. The solemn antiquity of the place made havoc with the nerves of the man of dates ; the poet rhymed his thought and set his song asinging ; the little painter perched herself in her casement and caught bits of the scene in pastel ; and the fourth body thought long upon the historical omelet, and laid schemes for securing the secret of its perfection. But lest injustice be done her, let us say that her's was the last head of the four to betake itself to sleep ; for not until the moon had gone down into the waves of Cancale, and the star lagging after had vanished, did she disappear from her window. At last the bats and the night-birds had it to themselves—the Mount slept. Madam Poulard, too, rested from her labors ; and not until the coffee and fresh rolls and butter were brought to our rooms did we rise to meet the next day's plans. At ten o'clock a guide came to conduct us through the monastery.

We are indebted to legends and tradition for whatever is known of Mont Saint Michel before the eighth century. The disappearance of the druidical forests where the Bay of Cancale now is, is an undisputed fact, well proven by the character of the deposits in the soil. Just how this transformation was brought about has always been clear to the Gallic mind, through the "Legend of the Breton Flood," which is one of innumerable tales stored away in Breton families, like so much linen and silver, passing down through many generations, and told to the children of Normandy and Brittany to-day. This particular legend is an agreeable one, and is said to have been arranged expressly for the benefit of a bishop of St. Malo. It relates that "as

the waters increased, Amel the pastor and Penhor his wife, together with their child, Raoul, were upon the point of being submerged. At the moment when the peril is greatest, Amel places Penhor, holding the child in her arms, upon his head for safety. As the water still rises Penhor places the little one upon her head. The flood mounts higher and higher until only the blond hair of the child and a bit of its blue dress appear upon the surface of the water. An angel, flying heavenward, perceives upon the water this bit of blue and gold, and says, 'There is a little one who belongs to me,' and proceeds to raise it. She finds it difficult, because attached to the little Raoul is Penhor his mother, and she in turn is held fast by Amel the husband. The angel, smiling, drops a tear as she holds this 'grappe des cœurs'—this cluster of hearts—and will not separate them." The legend adds, "Families in which there is love on earth remain united even in heaven."

There is also a Norman legend of this same flood, of a much less delicate and tender quality. Indeed, when one knows what weird and horrible tales serve as bedtime stories for the little folk of these coasts, one is not surprised at the quiet, serious, even sad faces of the children one sees there. Fancy the effect of such a paragraph as this, from a legend concerning Judas Iscariot, when put into nursery rhymes, and whispered into the ear of a half-asleep child :

"St. Brandan met Judas upon a rock in the middle of the Polar Sea. Judas passes one day of each week there, in order to cool himself from the fires of hell. A garment that he had given in charity to a leper is suspended before him and tempers his sufferings, etc." The Norman small boy goes off into dreamland on such like stories, as a German child would doze off on a Grimm tale, or an American baby on its Mother Goose.

In the druidical days, and through the Roman conquests, indeed until the eighth century, the Mount was called Tombeleine ; several legends serve to account for this name. Later on Saint Michael came upon the scene, and there-

after played a great part in France, both in church and state. The pagan idea of deity, as a god of force, a fighting god, expressed by Odin and Thor, found satisfaction in St. Michael, slayer of dragons, who also had been a prince of the Chosen People—a patron saint in their synagogue. We now see St. Michael becoming the guardian of the Church and of France. He it was who furnished the vial of oil at the baptism of Clovis, the first Christian king of France. He also drove the Germans from the soil; and having accomplished these things he cast eyes about the coasts of France in search of a spot worthy of him, and a fit person to serve his purpose. Mount Tombeleine and Saint Aubert then came into conjunction.

Near Avranches, in the year 660, St. Aubert was born. His family was rich and noble. In those days a man who had not slain at least one dragon could lay small claim to distinction in the best circles. St. Aubert had slain his monster, and in the year 704 had been made Archbishop of Avranches. He loved solitude, and was wont to dream and meditate in the forests of Scissy. The story goes that in this forest, Michael appeared to St. Aubert in a dream, commanding him to build upon the summit of Tombeleine an edifice in honor of him. St. Aubert at first put no faith in the vision—nor did the second appearance move him; but a third manifestation and command to go to the mountain and remain there until his task was ended convinced his doubtful mind. It is claimed that the finger of the archangel, in the strenuousness of his appeal, chanced to make its impress upon the forehead of St. Aubert, and some ardent polemics have been the result; but the skull of St. Aubert, treasured among other relics in the church of St. Gervais at Avranches, with “an oblong opening in the right parietal bone, large enough for a finger to enter it,” ought to settle the matter surely! The story proceeds: St. Aubert goes to the mountain accompanied by a multitude of peasants, singing hymns as they march thither. Great difficulties are overcome in miraculous ways. Fresh water being needed, Michael finds a way

out of the dilemma by piercing a rock, whence a fountain bursts forth! This still exists. St. Aubert's edifice was at first little more than a grotto, but finally a small temple was raised and a college of twelve monks established. Aubert died in 725, seeing his work already venerated by the whole world, Tombeleine thus became Mont Saint Michel, and the cross took the place of the dolmen.

Already many pilgrimages had been made to the Mount. The old French King Childebert went in great pomp and placed his royal crown at the feet of the statue of the archangel which surmounted the temple. In 713, Pope Constantine sent many valuable relics to St. Aubert. Saints, popes, kings, and peasants conspired to glorify the Mount, with which great victories and many miracles are associated. Charlemagne, with his military, political, and intellectual power, added much to the fame of the place. To him, St. Michael was the celestial chevalier of France, and the figure of this saint was emblazoned upon the banners that led his great armies wherever they marched. His pious attentions to the shrine of Saint Michael were not without their influence abroad, and Mont Saint Michel became, if a modern word may be used to express a mediæval condition, a “fad” among kings, popes, and people.

Throughout the “Song of Roland,”—that early epic of France, Mont Saint Michel figures under its most ancient surname: “*Ange du Peril*.” Afterwards it came to be called “*Saint Michel du Peril*”; finally “*Saint Michel au Peril de la Mer*,” which name it still holds. Roland and Oliver and Ogier, the Dane, figure in the old legends of the place, and a story is told of St. Efflane, who had married a princess more beautiful than the day, but had left her to go and spread abroad the faith in Brittany. He landed at Mont Saint Michel at the moment when his cousin Arthur was about to attack a horrible dragon whose breath was fire and whose eye was like lances. He is said to have assisted Arthur out of his strait by a miracle.

Naturally the legends of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table abound at

the Mount, since Brittany claims to have contributed to literature these wonderful Arthurian legends. Says one chronicler: "Arthur, son of the Duke of Cornouailles, married Guinivère, daughter of a duke of Brittany, who died in 542." Arthur slays the terrible giant who had lived for seven years upon young children only, but who had by way of variety one day seized upon the Duchess of Brittany and carried her away to his cave on Mont Saint Michel. Arthur and two chosen knights rode alone at night to the Mount. Arthur, leaving the two at the foot, went up alone to the encounter. "At the crest of the mountain he sees the giant sitting at supper, gnawing on the limb of a man, warming his huge frame by the fire where three damsels turned three spits, whereon were spitted, like larks, twelve newly born children." The struggle which follows Arthur's furious attack is thus described: "They fiercely wrestled and both fell, rolling over one another, then tumbled, wrestling and struggling and fighting frantically, from rock to rock till they came to the sea." Arthur, having won the battle, desires the Duke of Brittany to "build a church upon the Mount and dedicate it to the Archangel Michael." Thus Mont Saint Michel figures in the Arthurian Legend fully two hundred years before we meet it in that of St. Aubert.

The stories of Tristram and Isault and of Sir Galahad are linked with those of the Mount, and the legend of Parsifal (in English, Percival), follows. After a series of striking adventures, Parsifal comes to the Court of Arthur, then held at Nantes, in Brittany, where, after giving proof of his chivalry in various exploits, he is received into the order of the Knights of the Round Table. He sets out in quest of the Holy Grail, suffers some trials, and being expelled from the Circle of the Knights wanders for four years in despair. He is received once more into the Brotherhood. He is purified by suffering, and becomes a true Knight of the Holy Grail—an order representing spiritual chivalry, in contrast with the Knights of the Round Table, which order represents the glories of secular chivalry.

Poets and novelists have found rich material in the legends of Mont Saint Michel. The Lutheran Uhland employs one of the best known, called "*La Croix des Grèves*," in a poem beginning:

*"Es ist die Kirche wohlbekannt,  
Sankt Michael von Berg genannt,  
Am Ende vom Normannenlande,  
Auf eines hohen Felsen Rande."*

Paul Féval also has written charming stories in which these legends play a part.

After the death of Charlemagne, in 814, the monastery continued to increase in power and glory; but it was the first Duke of Normandy who was to add lustre to this glory. Rollo, desirous of expiating former iniquities, bestowed rich gifts upon the monastery. Thus Pope of Rome, King of France, and Duke of Normandy joined in making glorious this shrine of Saint Michael—a rare triumvirate of power and influence!

Under the rigors of Rollo's reign, many families sought safety within the walls, among others, the family of Bertrand du Gueslin—that Breton of Bretons; and here dates the origin of the little town at the base of the Rock.

In 996, Duke Richard I., grandson of Rollo, established at Mont Saint Michel the Benedictine Monks, then come to be the most celebrated order in Europe. Richard II. added greatly to the structures of the monastery, intrusting the details to Hildebert II., fourth abbé of the Mount. The transept and a part of the nave, built by him, remain to-day.

Early in the eleventh century, the audacious young Norman Duke, *Robert le Diable*, was having his day. In fact, Falaise, where lived the pretty Harlette who won his heart and gave to Normandy her William the Conqueror, is not far from Mont Saint Michel; and to-day we see the women of Falaise at their work, at the same spot on the river bank where the little Harlette bent over her washing when Robert spied her from his window and fell captive to her beauty. The mad pranks of Robert had given material for many tales connected with Mont Saint Michel; but the deeds of his son, William the Conqueror, contributed



much more gloriously to its history. For the Mount makes its first and only appearance on any tapestry, in connection with the story woven by Duchess Matilda's fair hands, as she sat among her women and sang the praises of her gallant lord in the curious web of the Bayeux Tapestry. The story is told, how Duke William had invited his Saxon guest Harold to go with him to conquer the great Conan, Earl of Brittany. They came to the river Couësson, and the Tapestry describes the disasters which befell them and their army in crossing the treacherous quicksands which surround the Mount. Above this panel is the legend: "*et hic transierunt flumen.*" Another panel shows Harold dragging two of his companions out of the quicksands, the inscription above reading: "*hic Harold dux traherat eos de arena.*" The Mount figures comically in the drawing, both as to the elevation and architecture of the minute temple perched on top of a green hillock.

Abbé Robert de Torigni seems to have brought with his advent a period of prosperity for the abbey. During the thirty-two years of his government, 1154-1186, "the study of the sciences, letters, poetry even, received a fruitful impulse." But to King Philip Augustus are due the most magnificent additions to the abbey, especially the north battlement named *La Merveille*, while the great St. Louis, during his pilgrimage in 1256, increased the fortifications and built the north tower, thus assuring the defence of the abbey. The place suffered many times from lightning, but the ruined parts were as often restored. King Philip the Handsome, after a pilgrimage, rebuilt the town and undertook many enterprises there.

From the year 1314, Mont Saint Michel became an important point in the wars of the period, and was guarded in the interests of the kings of France as well as of the Holy Michael. King Charles VI., late in the fourteenth century, when on a pilgrimage, confirmed Abbé Le Roy as captain of Mont Saint Michel. He was the first of the abbés to place armories upon the walls of the abbey. His coat of arms ornaments the stalls of the choir which he rebuilt in 1389. It was during the reign of Charles VII. that the longest

siege made by the English occurred, lasting from 1423 to 1434, and ending in the English abandoning their artillery, two pieces of which we saw as we entered the first gate of the town. This obstinate resistance was made under command of a monk, John Énault, supported by valiant Norman warriors, thus preserving to France the only point on the coast that has never been surrendered. While this famous siege went on at Mont Saint Michel, the Maid of Orleans was fulfilling her sacred mission of driving the English from France,—this short but brilliant episode of the Hundred Years War, covering the years 1428-31 only. And so goes on the history of Mont Saint Michel. Thirty-four abbés successively governed the place. In 1615, Louis XIII. named Henry of Lorraine as commandant; his son the Duke of Guise succeeded him. Then followed the troubles with the Huguenots, and the thrilling story of Montgomery appears among the records of Mont Saint Michel.

As we wander with our guide through the gloomy arches, seeing on one hand the dungeons,—veritable holes, whence prisoners were seldom brought out alive—and on the other the oubliettes, all those underground horrors which some writer has called "the black entrails of Mont Saint Michel," we feel a sense of despair and our hope is chilled; we are oppressed with the stories these granite blocks tell us. Some event in the history of France is recorded at every turn. Here in one of the lower vaults of the abbey stood the Iron Cage of the Cardinal. In the darkest of the dungeons, Dubourg, imprisoned by Louis XIV., died of cold and hunger, gnawed by rats. Through these gloomy corridors walked the Man with the Iron Mask. It is a dark, a terrible record!

The crypt named *des gros piliers* excites our wonder—twelve enormous pillars, each one twelve feet in circumference. But it is a relief to leave these dismal regions, and ascend to the more cheerful *salle des chevaliers*, which shows the human side of the monastery. It is pleasant to imagine the gatherings of knights in the mediæval times, when, bent on quest or tourney, they were wont

to flock to the Mount, where they were sure of right royal entertainment ; for the monks of Mont Saint Michel were noted for their hospitality. What turning of spits and unearthing of rare old wines took place then ! What fires must have roared in their wide-throated chimneys, inside of which a score of knights could stand ; what rattling of armor and clanking of spurs and greeting of brothers-in-arms rang through these spacious halls !

What words could describe aright the beauty of the basilica and the wonderful cloister, with their two-hundred columns of polished porphyry, no two carved in the same design ! A legend of this cloister tells that the sculptor Gaultier was a prisoner in the monastery, whose liberty was promised him as a reward for carving the pillars of the cloister ; but when he had finished this work of greatest beauty, he went mad and threw himself into the abyss beneath.

So we wander on, up and down, — and outside we stand on giddy heights. From one of the towers we admire the delicate flying buttresses ; from a parapet we see the pinnacles. and the dainty stone carvings of the *escalier des dentelles*. We find ourselves in grim company up among the

gargoyles — dogs, dragons, griffins, all sorts of fantastic and impossible beasts, a solemn and silent company, sternly guarding the secrets they know.

Louis XIV. turned parts of the abbey into a prison. Louis XV. continued to use it in the same way. In 1790, the monks were dispersed and the entire abbey was used as a prison, into which the revolutionists hustled three hundred priests of Avranches and Rennes. Finally, the Convention converted the place into a state prison. In 1811, Napoleon made of it a house of correction, and the Restoration turned it into a central prison of correction. Many mutilations are the result of these various changes. The prisons were abolished in 1863 ; but between the years 1793 and 1863 more than fourteen thousand prisoners had been placed at Mont Saint Michel. In 1865, the abbey was leased to the bishop of Avranches for a term of nine years, and he, aided by Napoleon III., made many repairs. It has remained for the Society of Fine Arts to do justice to the value of this historic spot, by purchasing it, thus restoring to France a monumental treasure, alike valuable to archæologist, artist, historian, and poet.

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## THE UNDERCURRENT.

By C. H. Crandall.

THE times drag on. Why is it thus that men  
Are but the subjects of dull, soulless things,  
When God said unto them : Be ye as kings ?  
Why is there such applause tumultuous when  
One man becomes what all were meant to be ?  
Why see so many faces at life's *fête*  
Hard-formed and blinded with an irksome weight,  
Men gazing hard for what a child may see ?  
Why is life's dew thus dried in early morn ?  
The answer falls as lightning from above : —  
*More than my spirit do ye prize your dust !*  
O ruin-fronting rabble, ye do turn,  
With eyes averted, from your angel — Love,  
A demon leads you, and his name is Lust.

## THE INNOCENT.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.



It was in the evening, and the party assembled at the Harford's country place in Virginia was grouped about a glorious wood fire that glowed and flamed up under the high-shouldered mantel-piece, with its wreaths of fine wood carvings belonging to the Grinling Gibbons period of decoration, barbarously painted by the preceding generation and restored by the present one. It was a fire to draw reminiscences, stories, old memories, strange adventures, sighs and laughter out of Timon of Athens. It was a room of rooms to talk in, with its wainscotted walls, its ancestral portraits, its rows of English classics (first editions, that would have made the mouth of the bibliophile water with envy), its polished floors, its serious old mahogany furniture as background for much modern elegance and luxury. It was the time when people talk best, — somewhere near midnight, say; and it was a party of all ages and both sexes; people who knew each other well, but not too well; people who were not dull, not tired, not engaged, not even too much in love, although there were young men and maidens among them.

They had been "telling stories" for an hour; and a highly respectable lean and slippered pantaloon of an old justice had been talking of a *cause célèbre*, that had been "the most remarkable that he could recall in the course of a long professional career, and a wide acquaintance with the criminal classes." A good deal of comment, grave and careless, had followed his narrative. Suddenly Theodora Grey — "one of the Greys of Hatton," as the pantaloon would have called her, he being a Virginian of the old school, and as much in the habit of classifying people into families, as if they had been plants

instead, and he a botanist of the strictest sect — sat bolt upright in her chair and took the words out of his mouth, her face bright with the thoughts that animated her.

"The criminal classes," she quoted. "Don't talk of the criminal classes, judge. The ground is hollow beneath your feet. Oh, *I've* got a story that I shall insist upon telling, whether anybody wants to hear it or not! — a regular Miss Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Gaboriau, of a story, — *my* connection with the criminal classes."

The judge looked shocked. A Grey of Hatton connected with the criminal classes was an idea that positively refused to enter his respectable head; in all its hoary or sunny days, and in all its wide experience, it had never encountered anything so astounding, or reflected that the poles of virtue and vice, respectability and disreputability, are really shaded into each other so finely that it is only the All-seeing Eye that can tell where one begins and the other ends. "There is none good. No! not one," and "Call thou nothing common nor unclean," were not texts that the judge had pondered over. His creed would have shown families like his own and the Greys set distinctly on the right hand, as sheep, who could do no wrong that society was not bound to forgive; and the rest of the world as distinctly set on the left, as goats, from whom everything or nothing was to be expected. So he arched his eyebrows and said, "You jest, Miss Theodora. Ah! let me see. You are thinking of that rascally factor of your grandfather's — Higgs, Briggs, some such name." His aristocratic memory could not be burdened with such a patronymic. There was no such family as the Higgses in Virginia.

"O Theodora, tell your story!" exclaimed Anna Barstow, a gushing and giggling maiden of this period, who was as eager to hear a new thing as any Athenian of old, and feared besides that

the flood-gates of anecdotage were about to be opened upon her.

"Oh, no! not that," said Theodora, ignoring the interruption and addressing the judge. "Miggs the name was. It was dreadful, wasn't it? He ruined my grandfather almost, you know. No, this is quite a recent thing comparatively, and vastly more interesting, I can promise you.

"About six years ago—I feel myself growing impressive already, you all look so interested,—no it was seven years ago, the winter I came out—I went to New Orleans to be with Kate. My married sister," she explained to a gentleman on her right, whom she had met three weeks before, and with whom she had had such an almost unbroken *tête-à-tête*, after the manner of country-houses, that he already knew more about her and her family than if they had met casually in London or New York for fifty years running.

"Ah! yes,—Mrs. Manning," he replied, with a little nod, placing her without the least difficulty, although Theodora was one of five girls, four of whom were married, all the way from California to Paris.

"Yes," resumed Theodora. "Well, it was delightful there—New Orleans always is delightful, in season and out of season, to me; its gutters and all its vices are so much more to me than the virtues of any other place,—"

"Miss Theodora!" exclaimed the judge. "A Virginian talking of"—

"Go on, Theodora," urged Anna Barstow, cutting him short again.

"Yes, I can't help it," said Theodora, going on and looking at the judge. "The climate is so delicious, for one thing. I hate cold weather. It always makes one feel vaguely unhappy about everything, although I am as strong as—as—"

"Samson," put in Mrs. Barstow, a nervous wreck in bombazine, who had been knitting up the ravelled sleeve of her cares into an afghan, for five years past—a huge and ineffably hideous affair, six by six, and intended, she said, "just to lay over her feet when she wanted to lounge on the sofa,"—which was saying

a great deal, for her feet as well as her industry.

"Yes. Well, I was delighted to find that mamma and I were to be with Kate for the whole winter," said Theodora; "and now, I warn you, my story is really going to begin! The very first Sunday after I got there, the rector of Kate's church (I mean St. Boniface), an Englishman, and a great friend of the house, came to call; and in the course of his talk he told us about the Mothers' Meeting, and the Guild tea, and gave the parish news generally, and then said that there was a great deal of sickness and destitution that winter, and that it was a grief not to be able to relieve it more fully. And then he said, 'An application of some sort is made to me every day. Yesterday, for instance, I had a most distressing appeal—not that it was so painfully urgent, but that it should be made at all! The fellow was a gentleman, an English gentleman! His name is Seymour. He is a son of Sir John Seymour, Governor of the Bank of England. Such a pleasant, manly young fellow—hardly more than a lad! It seems that he has quarrelled with his father, and been kicked out, and thought this just the place to make a future in. He has been here three weeks now, and hasn't got anything to do, and his money is all gone, and the poor boy is in an awful way. His harpy of a landlady has seized his luggage, if you please. So he came to me, very properly, as a clergyman and a fellow countryman. Family quarrel, apparently! Sad things, family quarrels,—everybody right, and everybody wrong, and no getting anybody to concede anything or yield an inch! I felt awfully sorry for him, of course. And I can't doubt him. You never heard a straighter story. And then he is evidently such a simple-hearted lad. So I did what I could. But we of the cloth are not gold mines exactly, and are bad things to fall back upon when people quarrel with the Bank of England. I really don't see what is to be done. I am boarding myself, you see; otherwise, I would shelter him until he could look about him a bit.' The moment he had finished Kate burst out with—"

"Is there such an institution as the

Bank of Scotland?" interrupted Miss Monroe, a spinster with a thirst for accurate information.

"Not to my knowledge, madam," said the judge, with a benignant wave of his hand, "although under the charter of union with Great Britain—"

"Theodora, we are waiting," said Anna Barstow impatiently.

"Yes, I know," replied Theodora smiling. "Well, Kate, you know, is the kindest, most warm-hearted, impulsive creature in the world." (The gentleman on the right, encountering her glance, nodded confirmation). "So she said, 'Oh, if that is all, don't worry about that. Send him right up here to us. We'll take care of him for a month or so, and I'll make Rob find him something somewhere. Rob ought to—I remember his telling me that he met Sir John Seymour in London when he was there, and went over the bank with him. And oh, the money in it! And now to think of this poor, foolish fellow being out here without a cent! It's too dreadful! And it was just like a coarse wretch to keep his luggage, and turn on him! Mind you tell him, Mr. Curtis, that Rob is away and can't call, but that we know his father, and insist on his making us a nice, long visit. Do go and have his luggage sent right out of that horrid woman's house, and pay whatever he owes, and let me know what it is.'"

"Mr. Curtis seemed rather surprised by the success of a dimly seen 'chance for his *protégé*,' and by the infectious nature of his own enthusiasm. It reacted upon himself, for he thanked Kate warmly, agreed to do as she suggested, and colored when mamma said, 'Hadn't you better wait until Robert returns, dear? What would he say?' 'Rob always says, "Do as you please and you will please me," mamma; you know that, perfectly well,' was Kate's reply, and Mr. Curtis said warmly, 'Have no fear, Mrs. Grey. The boy is a boy to all intents and purposes, and is a perfect gentleman, I assure you. If I know anything, I know an English gentleman when I see one.' 'Oh, that is all right, of course,' Kate said. 'Suppose you bring him up to call first—tomorrow. It will be less awkward for him,

less embarrassing. His position is such a mortifying one. And then when he goes I will write him a formal invitation and say that I hear he is travelling for pleasure in this country, and that I hope he will like it as much as I did in England, and that as I am so much in the debt of his countrymen for their extreme hospitality, my husband and I would be gratified—Oh, I'll make that all right! Do you bring him to call,—about four, Mr. Curtis?"

"What are the correct hours for calling in New Orleans? Among the *best people*, I mean?" asked Miss Munroe.

"In my time"—began the judge.

"Miss Grey, you are not comfortable. Let me put this at your back," said the gentleman on her right; but he got only a smile in acknowledgment, as Theodora continued:

"When Mr. Curtis had gone, mamma still looked very dubious, and said, 'Katherine, what will your brother James say to this? Have you thought of that?' And Kate laughed and said, 'Oh, Jim is sure to say that we shall all certainly be robbed and murdered, and advise me to shut my doors in poor young Seymour's face, and see to all the bolts from garret to cellar. You know Jim is always sure when the day is warm that there's going to be an earthquake; but all the same it never comes. Don't you worry, little mother. It is all right, I tell you. *How* would *you* like it if Jim happened to get stranded in a foreign country, and was suspected and ill-treated, and not admitted into respectable families? Just tell me *that*.'"

"A great risk, I must say," said the judge. "But my father used to say that even a rogue might be the better for association with honest men, and misfortune has put many an honest gentleman below the salt around our mahogany. I trust you had no reason to regret your timely hospitality."

"It seems to me that your sister should have thought of *you*, Miss Theodora," said the gentleman on the right.

"Should you say, now, that Americans are not well received abroad?" asked the spinster opposite.

"Wait a minute—chain six, loop, knit

two, and repeat. I *can't* keep it in my head," said Mrs. Barstow.

"Go on, Theodora. You were saying —" said Anna Barstow.

"Very well," said Theodora, going on. "Next afternoon two cards were brought up; that of our clergyman, and a narrow bit of pasteboard on which was inscribed in plain text, 'Mr. Seymour;' 'Junior Carleton' had been traced out, and the address of the flinty-hearted landlady substituted. Kate and I both examined it, and agreed that it was very nice, and we went downstairs together. Mr. Curtis shook hands with us and introduced his friend, with whom Kate shook hands warmly. I bowed, and while the other three members of the party were carrying on a triangular talk about the weather and so on, I took a good look at Mr. Seymour, as well as I could without seeming to stare rudely. He was very tall, very slim, very fair, as rosy as a girl. His eyes were blue, set in a long, narrow fashion, extremely candid in expression. 'Candor, the limpid clearness of a child's eyes, the innocence of an animal's,' was what I thought of them. His nose was long, but handsome for all that. His forehead, a retreating one, was redeemed by a lot of soft little waves of light hair, that gave him a 'good-little-boy-out-for-a-visit' air. His whole appearance was eminently gentlemanlike and very youthful. He had the manner, or rather the absence of manner, of a well-bred English youth, quite careless of the impression he is creating, at ease without being forward. He talked little, and said nothing — nothing in the least original, or startling, or clever, that is. He seemed immensely good-natured and a trifle clumsy, and more than a trifle stupid, but responded pleasantly to Kate's efforts to be friendly, and kind, and hospitable. I had a few words with him before they left, and partially echoed Kate's fervently expressed hope that he would 'give us the great pleasure of a *long* visit.' He thanked her cordially, in simply constructed staccato phrases, such as 'Thanks, awfully,' and 'You are very good, really,' and agreed to all that was proposed. 'It is really most kind of you,' he repeated, just as he was putting on his hat.

"'Not at all,' said Kate, determined to make the way of the forlorn foreigner as satin-smooth as possible, and rob the affair of the abnormal air, speaking cheerfully and chattily as of an everyday occurrence. '*Not at all*. My husband and I are quite devoted to entertaining any and every Englishman who comes to New Orleans, for we have immense arrears to pay up in the way of hospitality. You can't think how much kindness we have received in England. And then, my husband knows your father. Didn't Mr. Curtis tell you? O yes! He breakfasted, or dined, or walked, or something with Sir John, and went over the bank with him, when he was in London. I really forget what they did exactly, but I know he liked him immensely.' Mr. Seymour stopped caressing his hat and said, 'Oh, he did, did he? Met the Governor! Mr. Curtis hadn't mentioned it. Let me see — when was that?'

"'Oh, a long time ago, five years, quite,' said Kate.

"'Very nice to meet friends of my father, I'm sure. When did you hear from him last, might I ask? He doesn't waste much ink on me, nowadays. I was such a little chap then, don't you see. I don't remember hearing him speak of Mr. — ah, Manning.'

"'Oh, you wouldn't, of course — the acquaintance was so very slight? And we have not had any correspondence with him, ever. It was only a pleasant coincidence, knowing him at all,' explained Kate.

"'Oh, yes — quite so — most pleasant,' Mr. Seymour agreed, and again caressed his hat.

"'And you will come to-morrow, won't you? I shall send for your luggage at one, shall I?' asked Kate, having previously made sure from Mr. Curtis that it was redeemed and that all was 'settled'; and he thanked her quietly again, accepted quietly, and bowed himself away.

"'What a shy, nice young fellow,' said mamma as soon as he was gone, and Kate had sunk on the nearest sofa and demanded breathlessly, 'Well, what do you think of him?' 'My dear, I think he is *charming*! Such good manners, such

a frank, honest expression, — delightful ! Did you see how careful he was to screen me from the draught, and how nice about getting the cream and sugar quite right for my tea ? And bidding me so especially goodby, too ! Our young men are never civil to an old woman scarcely, and when they are it is so evident that

ence, and that Sir John was a curmudgeon and *not nice* ; and finally that it would be delightful if he should take a fancy to Bessie Turner, who was rolling in money and a dear little thing, and would make the ‘very nicest possible wife for him.’

“Kate wrote her husband a perfect



He was awfully comfortable.

they consider it a dreadful tax upon their time and courtesy ? One can see that he has been most carefully bred and trained in the best drawing-rooms of England. As a Seymour he would be, naturally. I knew he was an English gentleman the moment I saw him. And really there are few things more charming than a high-born, high-bred English gentleman, young or old. He seems quite a boy. Don't you think so ?

“‘Yes,’ said Kate, — ‘and how simple he is ! I like him so much. Don't you, Theo ?’ And I replied that I did, — for I did ; and we all agreed in a grand feminine chorus that he was *extremely nice* ; that it would be *very nice* to have him visit us ; that it was monstrous for a father to turn his son out on a cold, cold world for nothing except a family differ-

ence, and that Sir John was a curmudgeon and *not nice* ; and finally that it would be delightful if he should take a fancy to Bessie Turner, who was rolling in money and a dear little thing, and would make the ‘very nicest possible wife for him.’ We understood her, for our minds were choke-full of the same subject ; and mamma said decidedly, ‘My dear Katherine, it is only necessary to look at Mr. Seymour and hear him talk for five minutes, to know that he is a perfect gentleman ;’ and we all went to bed.

“Kate, always a charming hostess, outdid herself next morning in little preparations for the coming guest. He should see that we knew how to receive misfortune within our gates, and how to honor it, too. So all the morning long she was flitting into the room that was to be Mr. Seymour's, with fresh flowers, with writ-



ing materials, with flasks of *Jean Maria Farina* and bay rum, and what not. The room was Jim's when he was at home, and as sacred as a shrine, as a rule, when he was absent, he being the most particular of men. All of Jim's possessions were recklessly displaced and consigned to closets, — all except his favorite Turkish dressing-gown and fez, which with his meerschaum and a package of *périkue* and an armchair made, as Kate justly expressed it, 'a comfortable, suggestive corner.' Rob's shaving-stand and its appurtenances were brought down, and his liqueur-stand filled, for other corners. Heaps of books and periodicals and late papers were heaped on his table, and a student-lamp (taken out of my room), placed beside them. Kate sent her maid out and bought a pair of slippers, there not being a shoe in the house that would

fit an English foot. His bath was prepared, and enough towels, sponges, gloves, straps, and Coudray soaps filched from a private and sacred store of such things that Jim kept in his wardrobe to have satisfied the most fastidious supporter of zinc institutions.

"In the course of the morning, the exercise of our benevolent sentiments had so expanded the family heart that it became a *furor* of feeling for an innocent exile whom a wicked parent had basely banished from his heart and home, — for a martyr. That women love a martyr was shown very clearly. Even Glaudine, the maid, on being given the tragic outlines of the sad story, by Kate, with certain reserves (her mouth full of pins, as she 'did over' the pincushion), even Glaudine was all softness and sympathy, and presently volunteered 'with

the permission of Madame' to add a whisk-broom to the toilet outfit; and Kate, as a last touch, bade farewell to every fear and got down a box of Jim's "Reinas" and put them on the mantel, in case 'the poor fellow should be eccentric enough to prefer a good cigar to a pipe.' Mamma, at the last moment, brought down a Bible and Prayer-book and put them on the table near his bed, together with her pet album of English views, photographs that 'might remind the poor boy of home.' At two, his luggage came, and as to quantity and quality was so British that we could but smile as it was brought in. Boot-trees, sticks, gun-case, travelling-clock, despatch-box, dressing-case, two 'boxes' fairly papered with labels,



He was so careful of mamma.

a Gladstone bag, three umbrellas, a medicine-chest, — they were all there, and a lot of parcels not to be identified besides. At five came Mr. Seymour, swinging a fourth umbrella, and walking briskly. He was received warmly, the whole garrison presented arms, as it were, and he was duly installed. We had rather dreaded breaking the ice; but there seemed no ice to break. He showed no sort of embarrassment or confusion, he was not depressed or mortified, or anything that was likely to make us or himself uncomfortable, and accepted the strange position in which he found himself without demonstration of any kind, which we set down as a triumph of good-breeding over circumstances; he talked simply and naturally, blushed rosily and engagingly; 'hoped we shouldn't find him a tremendous nuisance,' had five o'clock tea with us, and disappeared to dress for dinner. He looked extremely well when he rejoined us in full canonicals, so much so that mamma whispered to me, 'What a thing *race* is! How good blood *tells*!' as we went in to dinner.

"'You have made me awfully comfortable,' he had said to Kate previously. 'It was really awfully good of you, and I am sure I am awfully indebted.' He looked very pleased and grateful, and colored higher and higher with each 'awfully.' His talk all through the meal was of the most commonplace character; but his manners were so good that they would have covered a multitude of platitudes, and we all read in each other's eyes that we liked him, and thought him a manly, modest, ingenuous youth, a delightful Desdichado, — not witty, not agreeable, it was true, but still delightful. We had a pleasant evening together, and he helped to shut up the house, turned out the gas in the lower hall, laughingly quoting Kate that he was to make himself quite at home, and saying that he 'must really be made useful,' and went to bed a member of the family, to all intents and purposes.

"And a very great honor for him, I am sure. Wouldn't you like a footstool, Miss Theodora?" said the gentleman on the right.

"Hum, hum!" said the judge, and said no more.

"Would you use *dark brown*, the very *darkest* shade, or *light brown*, *almost* on the yellow, next?" asked Mrs. Barstow of everybody in general.

"I know what's coming! You were all robbed and murdered that very night! Don't stop, Theodora," exclaimed Anna Barstow. "Oh, delightful! — dark lanterns and knives, and all that, don't you know!"

The gentleman on the right, at whom she was looking, was so moved at the thought of an even possible past danger for a certain person, that he was impelled to protect her even at that date by putting his chair two inches nearer her's.

"Robbed and murdered, indeed!" said Theodora sidling into the opposite corner of her chair, and hoping devoutly that she did not look as conscious as she felt. "You couldn't imagine a pleasanter member for any family than Mr. Reginald Pomfret John de Bathe Seymour made. That was his name. We saw it on his letters, and admired its aristocratic sound and culminating consequence vastly."

The gentleman on the right, having been cruelly christened "*Jeremiah*" and further doomed to be known as "*Pillsbury*," felt afresh and more keenly than ever before how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an absurd name, especially when you are thinking of asking the most charming woman in the world to exchange a pretty one for it. With instant and complete comprehension Theodora hastily resumed her story.

"He spent six weeks with us, and I must say that his conduct was faultless. We were never done telling each other what a good fellow he was, though we could not deny that he was dull, without accomplishments or resources, and rather heavy, consequently, on our hands now and then. But always so amiable, so gentlemanly, holding Kate's skeins, plunging after my scissors if I chanced to drop them, shutting doors, opening windows, moving about the drawing-room like a cat, without ever displacing or knocking over anything! So different from Rob, who always stumbled over two chairs and a footstool whenever he left

the room, and broke three of Kate's best pieces of bric-a-brac in one year! And then his behavior to mamma! Every morning he knocked at her door, and brought her down to breakfast, which was more than Jim had ever dreamed of doing. 'James has no idea of the deference due a woman of my age and station, to say nothing of my relation to himself, although he is a good son in the essentials,' said mamma. Every evening, when she sat on the veranda, he saw that she had the chair she liked, her shawl or book, or whatever it might be. Her wishes were commands, her commands obeyed with a pleasant eagerness that was most winning, as of a pleasure conferred instead of a service rendered. He never seemed to forget or neglect her, had always a pleasant word and smile for her, never seated himself until she either took her chair or left the room, and liked her extremely, I am sure. 'She's got a look of my mother,' he said one day, — and that pleased mamma most of all. He actually went to work and made a very pretty screen of bamboo and Japanese paper for her room. He played by the hour with the children, and seemed to get as much fun as they did out of it. He gathered roses by the handful in the garden every morning, and arranged them in the vases most tastefully. He was great friends with all the animals — the horses, the cat, the dog. He spent hours in catching chameleons, and would exclaim, 'See! the beggar,' delightedly, when one of them would puff himself out like a pouter-pigeon. He took long walks and brought us back flowers from the swamp. He went shooting and brought us back birds. He went fishing and brought us back fish. He was never tired of catching tree-frogs, was enchanted when he found one in the key-hole of the front door and another sound asleep in the heart of a rose, and when he was tired of them would put the 'little chaps' down on the grass as gently as though they had been babies and he a woman. He would play at cat's-cradle on the veranda for a whole morning with a neighbor's child, with the most perfect patience and good-humor, saying that he 'liked little kids, of all things.'

He went to church regularly with us and put his rosy face in his hat before service *a l'Anglais*, and then looked to see that we all had hassocks. He took a class in Sunday school at Mr. Curtis's request, and created quite a sensation among the young ladies who had other classes across the way, he was so evidently a good-looking and distinguished stranger. I passed by one day and heard him saying, 'It's tremendous work hammering this Calvary catechism into your heads, young 'uns! I never was a clever chap myself, but you needn't mix'em all up as you do; Moses wasn't the strongest man, and Adam wasn't the meekest man at all, and I've got the birch for less in my day, I can tell you.'

"He was always most polite and considerate to the servants, who liked him to a woman. We had no men about the place. He seemed to care very little about society, but made no objection to going out with us, was wonderfully popular and made much of, especially by certain *mondaines*, and the Anglomaniacs were a unit as to his perfections. A Liverpool bagman, commercially received and socially disliked, brought up in the fear and admiration of a lord, said of him at one party, that he was 'a toppin' h'aristocrat and no mistake; an out-and-outer!' and added that 'there was no mistakin' an English gentleman, and that there were no what-would-be-called-in-the-old-country gentlemen in America at all,' — by way of being particularly civil to his host, and showing that he knew whereof he spoke.

We, of course, had kept what we knew of Mr. Seymour to ourselves, and he was generally thought to be a prize matrimonial, instead of a detrimental. All the manœuvring mammas were sweetly civil to him, all the ambitious young women prepared themselves to be translated to another and higher sphere. *Du reste*, he was young, good-looking, good-mannered, and made the one appeal that the most hospitable of communities can never resist, in being a stranger. His social success was therefore really remarkable; but it did not turn his head in the least. He remained simple, modest, stupid, irreproachable.

He did not inaugurate so much as a single flirtation; and when the greatest coquette of the day showed him no small favor, he said that he wondered what she meant when she said thus and so. Altogether I was so much struck by all these circumstances that I christened him 'The Innocent,' and talked of him always as such when Kate and I, before retiring, reviewed the events of the day, sitting in her dressing-room. Once or twice, three or four times indeed, he lapsed into little

susceptibilities. She treated him as though he had been the Prince of Wales in exile. She was always all goodness and graciousness to him, and never permitted herself the luxury of being dull or preoccupied, lest he should fancy that we were tired of him, and that he was an unwelcome guest. It was for a week an agonizing problem with her how to give him the money she suspected he needed for his small personal expenses. At last she hit upon the plan of putting ten



"He Played by the Hour with the Children."

vulgarisms of speech or behavior, that struck us as extraordinary; but Kate always accounted for them on the ground that his life as a child had been so unfortunate, and he left to maids and grooms, as he had told us, owing to his wicked father's indifference and aversion. As for Kate's treatment of him, you can fancy nothing more entirely, beautifully, delicately kind and considerate. She was all nervousness lest something should be said or done to wound his diseased

dollars at a time in small change in a certain vase on the drawing-room table, and saying to us collectively: 'If anybody wants any money for car-fare or anything, it is in the pink Minton bowl in there,' and further perjuring her dear soul by telling him that it was a habit of ours to help ourselves from a general fund of this kind. We all went solemnly through the farce of going trippingly across the room to this vase, and extricating small coins from it when we were going out, by way

of example—an example followed by Mr. Seymour.

"Mr. Seymour's wishes, wants, probable feelings, actual needs, were studied, met, pondered over, prayed over almost, all during his stay; and rather than have hurt his feelings, I do believe that Kate would cheerfully have been minced and served on toast. She was vexed with Rob for writing that he 'hoped it was all right,' and perfectly indignant with Jim's letter to mamma, in which he said: 'Get rid of the fellow as soon as possible. What is Kate thinking of? She must be mad—taking a fellow with no known antecedents, credentials, nothing, into her house! Rob has spoiled her entirely.'

"'Isn't that too like Jim for words?' she cried to me. 'Jim wouldn't take St. Paul in without perfectly satisfactory letters of introduction, shipwrecked or not.'"

"Well, it is all very well to call him 'the apostle of Great Britain,' but he would certainly not be received there now-a-days without something of the sort," said the gentleman on the right; "and" (with a meaning glance at Theodora), "under the circumstances, I think your brother was perfectly right,—perfectly right."

"Letters are of the first importance when one goes abroad, are they not, Miss Grey? I am told that however evidently refined and accomplished one may be, one is ignored completely without them," said the spinster.

"That is not my experience," said the judge. "Perhaps I have had exceptionally good fortune, but the fact is that when I was abroad I found no difficulty whatever in taking my proper place among gentlemen. It had not occurred to me to take any precautions in the matter, it seemed so entirely a matter of course. And to be quite frank, I cannot say that I should have particularly cared had it been otherwise,—or mortally affronted. In my own state, of course, non-recognition would have meant something very different, but abroad—However, as it chanced, I had nothing to complain of. I remember I fell into conversation with the Duke of Ledford in a railway carriage, in Sussex, and we ex-

changed cards at parting, and he was really most polite in urging me to make him a visit. And afterwards I met the Chancellor of the Exchequer at my hotel in London, and we had a number of talks about matters of general interest, and there was no stiffness, no pretence, whatever."

Theodora, are you *never* going on?" asked Miss Barstow. "What happened? How long did he stay?"

"Why this happened," replied Theodora, as she accepted a fan from the gentleman on the right. "One day, as I was walking around the garden, Mr. Seymour joined me. His face was very much flushed. He looked troubled. His sentences were more staccato and choppy than ever. And troubled he was,—might well be,—as appeared when after some sympathetic remarks and questions he told his tale. His father was thought to be dying. His sister had written him to return at once, as he was in further danger of being disinherited, thanks to a scheming step-mother. He had no money. His efforts to get or earn some had been a failure. It was all 'miserable,' he said, and he looked miserable enough. He unbuttoned his coat and got out two letters, which he gave me in support of his statements; and I said all the kind things that I could think of, and promised to consult Kate and see what could be done. I went in, found Kate, and went into secret session with her over it, with closed doors. Together we talked it all over; together we read the two letters. The first was written in a large, bold hand on the paper of the 'Guards Club,' and ran as follows:

"'DEAR SEYMOUR:—Your letter of the 15th followed me up to Town. Sorry to see that things are going so ill with you. You certainly have had a confounded run of luck, or America is a humbug. I always said it was all rot, going out there. I'd help you out of the muddle with all the pleasure in life, but the fact is that I am in the hands of the Jews, myself, and have only three shillings left of my last fiver. I've half a mind to put on my swagger suit and go down to the 'Oaks' and cheek the Governor out of a fifty pound note before he could catch his breath! I've got a cab at the door and must be off.

"'Yours faithfully, HERBERT DE VERE.'

"Kate smiled. 'That seems genuine

enough, she said, giving expression to long-repressed doubts.

"The second letter was an unpretentious production after the striking pot-hooks, huge square envelope and crest of the De Veres. It was written on ruled paper, in a semi-educated hand. It was not well expressed or indeed well spelled, and most final and fatal of all, it smelled of musk. Kate cried out 'Too!' and 'Pooh!' and made a very wry face as she took it and then handed it back and bade me read it. I did so. It was long, rambling, was signed 'Your fond sister, Maude Egerton Seymour,' and the gist of it was a deceived father couchant, dying alienated from his only son; a wicked step-mother rampant, with teeth and claws like a griffin; and a sister regardant, who implored her brother to return to England at once. When I had finished and folded it, Kate and I exchanged glances, and I said firmly, 'That is not the letter of an English lady, Kate. Look at the handwriting, and the nursery-maid English: "*what-ever* shall I do if you don't come soon," — and then that smell!' And Kate, the dear, loyal thing, said, 'Oh, well, you know, Theo, how they have been neglected in childhood! I dare say *she* was left to the servants, too.' This seemed to account for everything, and we then went on to consider ways and means of helping the Innocent. As to means, we were only modestly furnished; but Kate said she had a way of managing if necessary, and did not think it necessary to go into particulars. At dinner that day she atoned for some disloyal thoughts by an even increased cordiality to her guest, and after dinner he opened his heart to her fully — so fully that she came up stairs with tears in her eyes and told me that I ought to be perfectly ashamed of myself to harbor base suspicions against Mr. Seymour, and added that she had been feeling a good deal disappointed in me lately, for I had never been the same girl since I had lived with Uncle Bogardus in Paris for two winters. And I felt this to be so unjust that I had some words with her, and we both went to bed in a small tempest of grief and wrath. Next morning Kate went down town early.

She came back in excellent spirits, and meeting me said, 'Are you such a goose as to mind anything I said last night?' And then she kissed me and whispered so that mamma should not hear, 'I've got the money! I sold that ring that Mrs. Dill gave me when I married, and was only too glad of an excuse to get rid of it. Only don't tell Rob, for he likes Mrs. Dill, and it has always been my belief that she was engaged to Rob with that ring once, she was so sweetly sweet when she gave it to me, and talked with such reserve of him.'

"Well, Mr. Seymour looked as bright as she did at luncheon, and that very afternoon began to pack. We all helped him; we were all extremely sorry to lose him. We all felt suddenly re-inspired with untold faith in him. We all gave him little souvenirs of one kind or another, which he took with genuine affection shining in his blue eyes, and honest gratitude mantling itself in the vivid blushes of his always rosy cheeks. Mamma was quite overcome. 'Go down, Theodora,' she said, 'and tell him that I particularly wish him to accept that Turkish fez and dressing-gown of James's, that he has found so comfortable.' She put him up Jim's Himalaya travelling-rug, which was almost equal to giving him Jim's front teeth. Kate presented him with Rob's brandy-flask, given him by Mrs. Dill on his marriage. When the time came to say good-by, we were all on the verge of tears, — what with his dying father, his wicked stepmother, the uncertainty as to whether he would be cursed and disinherited, or blessed and forgiven, and the certainty that we should never see the charming young fellow again, — our own poor, forlorn, unhappy Innocent! He felt it himself. His face got redder than ever, his utterance choky, and when he bolted into his cab at last, I am certain that he was a most unhappy man. We thought we had seen the last of him, but we were mistaken, for presently he bolted back again, holding a bouquet that one of the children had given him through the window of the carriage. 'Mrs. Manning,' I heard him say to Kate, who was alone on the veranda outside, 'you have given me a great deal too

much money. I can't, I won't take it all. A hundred and fifty will be quite enough to take me—home. Here! take this.'

"'Oh, no! no! I can't really! I can't indeed,' said Kate. 'Pray keep it, Mr. Seymour. You *must*. Something might happen. And you are so far from

millionnaires from the cradle to the grave! Poor fellow! I never *said* anything, but I *thought* horrid things, sometimes, after talking to Theo,—and that was just as bad—*worse, far worse!*'

"'The midday post brought a letter from Rob, in which he said that he was coming home, and that he hoped 'the



A Dash, a Flash and He was Gone!

home! I wouldn't for the world have you placed in a false position where you were not known. I insist upon your keeping it, and you can return it at your convenience, you know.' Then there was a silence, and then I heard him walk away, after saying, 'You are so good. I never can—good-by!'

"'Oh, poor fellow,' said Kate, when he had driven off and she had joined me. 'Poor fellow, his eyes were full of tears, and he almost shook my hand off. Such a grateful heart! and we have really done very little. Oh dear, I wish I hadn't doubted him, ever? I can't forgive myself, and all because he wasn't prosperous; just as if everybody can always be

Britisher had got his remittances and been restored to his friends.' It brought another from Jim, who said that he was coming home, and that if that Englishman had not already been kicked out of the house, it would give him the greatest possible pleasure to perform that office for him. In a week they both came. They arrived late at night, and next morning (my room was next to Jim's) I heard the sound of doors—cupboard, closet, wardrobe doors, being opened and shut, and Jim walking excitedly up and down his room. I laughed, for I knew what was going on, and Jim's wrath never alarms anybody, it is tempered with so much kindness and generosity.



Then I heard him give the bell a furious jerk, and when Glaudine answered it, I heard him, 'what-the-mischief'-ing and 'what-the-devil'-ing her, demanding to know what had become of about fifty of his most private, particular, and sacred possessions. Her timid replies did not satisfy him, and her respectful manner gave him no peg on which to hang a quarrel and vent his anger, so I heard him bounce into mamma's room overhead presently, when every possible concession and explanation was given, and restitution promised; but all the same a grievance the whole episode was to him at that time, and a grievance it has always remained, and it has colored his views about every English institution, from whitebait to the land laws. How he abused poor Mr. Seymour! Taken with Rob's laughing and chaffing remarks, we got very sensitive on the subject, which did more to divide a united family than anything else has ever done. 'It is that dressing-gown,' said mamma to me. 'James has the best heart in the world, but I have never been able to get another at all like it. And then you know poor Reginald Seymour was so unfortunate as to spill some ink on his new carpet, and it can't be matched, and James was always particular from a child, like his dear father.'

"At the end of the season, mamma and I came home, and that summer we all went to England very unexpectedly. In all that time not one word or line had reached us from Mr. Seymour. But the first person introduced to us at the very first dinner that we went to in London was Miss Maude Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour. Kate and I both beamed at her, and Kate said, 'I am so glad to meet you, Miss Seymour. I know your brother Reginald very well. He stayed with us last winter, and we liked him so much.' Miss Seymour looked as though she were amiably inclined to 'do the civil,' as her brother used to put it, but seemed also much puzzled. 'My brother Reginald,' she said. 'Oh, here in London I suppose you mean!'

"'Oh, no. In New Orleans, where we live. We have only just come to

London,' said Kate. 'Allow me to present my husband to you.'

"'In *New Orleans*! That's in America somewhere, isn't it,' asked Miss Seymour. 'Reginald has never been to America.'

"'Why, he spent six weeks with us, I tell you, last winter—all January and part of February,' exclaimed Kate.

"'That is impossible,' said Miss Seymour calmly. 'Reginald was with us in Italy all winter, and never left us for a day.'

"'He was,' said Kate. 'But how can that be when he was with me?'

"'Reginald was not with you, excuse me, he was with papa and me at Mentone first, then in Florence and Rome,' said Miss Seymour severely. She looked at Kate coldly, and repeated, 'He has never been in America at all.'

"'Well, I certainly met a gentleman who called himself Reginald Pomfret John de Bathe Seymour, and said that he was the son of Sir John Seymour, the Governor of the Bank of England, and that he had a sister named Maude. Why, I read one of your letters to him,' said Kate with warmth, resenting her tone a little.

"'That is papa's name and my name, and Reggie's name. But my brother has never left home. He is a confirmed invalid, and you can't have read my letter, for I never wrote him in America in all my life—he was never *there*,' Miss Seymour insisted.

"Dinner was announced just then, and Rob laughed out, loudly, and whispered '*Sold!* little woman; regularly *sold!* I always said so. Jim must know this,' and Kate turned away angrily from them both and took the arm of her escort, and would not so much as look at Rob while the meal lasted, she was so vexed. The moment it was over and the ladies went upstairs to the dressing-room, Kate seized my arm, and together we tackled the Seymour, and told her all about the affair. She listened placidly, but with reserve, remarked several times that it was 'very curious,' repeated all that she had previously said, and whenever we met her afterwards—as it happened quite often—was distant and distinctly avoided us, evidently having labelled us

in her mind as 'queer,' or 'shady,' possibly as 'dangerous.' She made Kate so angry by this that she declared that she 'should not believe one word that girl had said; that charming Mr. Seymour was much more likely to be what he had declared himself to be, than that, etc., etc.' And it was so funny to see the superb scorn with which Kate treated her when they met at the American minister's! But between ourselves, we were aghast, staggered, obliged to admit that there was 'something wrong,' something rotten in — New Orleans. Mamma alone refused to doubt, and would not be convinced. 'He was a mere boy — such a charming boy,' she said; and Kate said, 'He was always playing with the children;' and I said, 'He was much too stupid to have played such a part;' and while we were talking Rob's cab drove up, and he came back from our banker's with our letters.

"I say, Kitty, I've news for you as *is* news,' he said when he came in. 'I've a letter from Canada asking me what I know about my friend Sir Hugh Le Despencer, who stayed with me in New Orleans last winter. He's staying with the Ashtons there, and they are delighted with him. He introduced himself to them as a friend of ours, if you please. Here's a go, Mrs. N.' There's a note for you, enclosed, from Mrs. Ashton; read it, — read them both.'

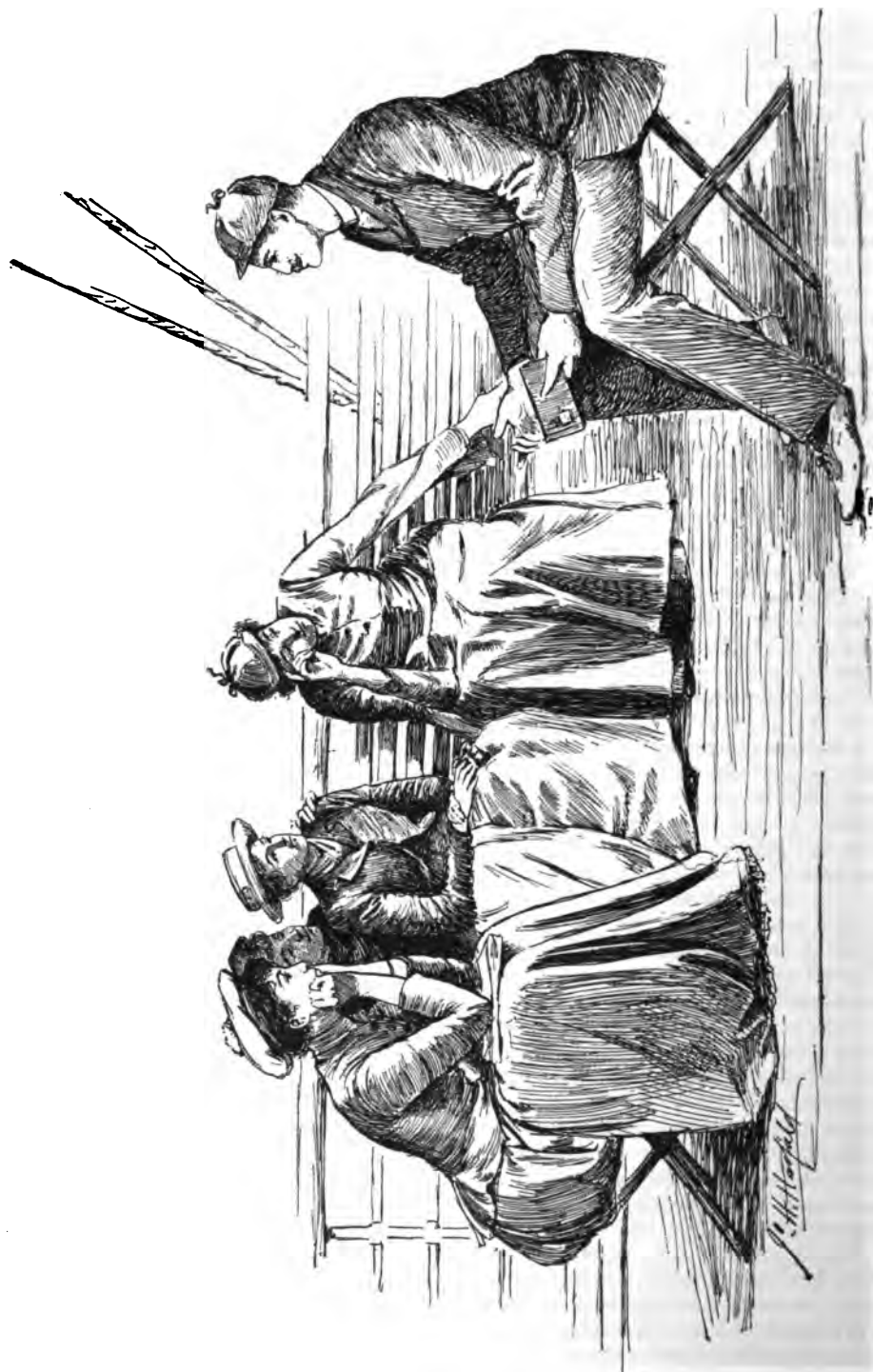
"It can't be him,' cried Kate, regardless of grammar. 'It isn't Mr. Seymour at all, — it is some other man?' 'Do take off those boots, Robert, they creak abominably,' said mamma.

"*It is, it must be the Innocent!*' I cried; and Kate and I fell upon the letters and devoured their contents. Summarized, they amounted to this. Sir Hugh was charming. They had been charmed to meet such a great friend of ours, and with such late and full news of us, and all our doings. Sir Hugh was stopping with them. It was delightful to have him do so. Sir Hugh was a great favorite in society and invaluable at home, so kind to the children, so beautifully attentive to dear mamma, for whom he had made 'a most lovely bamboo screen.' It was very sad that he should

have quarrelled with his father, but fathers were often so unreasonable, and all the Despcncers were noted for their tempers. Sir Hugh was not at all clever, certainly, but one could see in every act and word that he was a *gentleman born*. Harry had lent Sir Hugh twenty pounds when he first came, and had introduced him to Mr. Duncan MacIntyre, the Premier, who had been most kind to him. Sir Hugh had been recently called back home to be reconciled to a dying father. and Mrs. MacIntyre, a woman of independent fortune, had given him a check for a hundred pounds in the most delicate manner possible, which would certainly be a service for the time being to poor, dear Sir Hugh, in his awkward position, and would certainly be returned. Sir Hugh was full of gratitude to, and admiration for, each and every member of the Manning household, and it would be pleasant to know more about a mutual friend, so we must write by return post.

"Gracious mercy, *Rob!* *It is* the same man? My goodness! He must be an adventurer! He must have taken in the Ashtons just as he did us! He has seen them all in our album, and heard us talk about them, of course! Oh, isn't it dreadful! I *can't* believe it, Theo. He was so good and gentle with baby! He had tears in his eyes when he went away,' said Kate, moved to tears herself almost; 'and I liked him so much, — and just think what he was to mamma! I can't believe it. If you laugh, Robert, I shall perfectly hate you.'

"Mamma still insisted there was some mistake — perhaps Sir Hugh had come into a property and changed his name! — and at last went to her room. Rob did not laugh then. He was too much annoyed himself about the whole affair. The Ashtons were intimate friends of many years standing, luckily, — Colonel Ashton in command of a regiment of the Household troops stationed in Canada. Rob wrote him at once and enclosed a check for the twenty pounds Sir Hugh had borrowed of him as our friend, and begged his acceptance of it, told him the whole story, regretted that the MacIntyres had lost so much, and in time had his check returned, and heard from



"They heard him read Keble, and Robertson's Sermons."

the colonel that Sir Hugh had disappeared, and that Mrs. MacIntyre had made him the thirty-nine articles of her faith, and declared that adventurer or not, he was heartily welcome to what she had given him,—but that he was nothing of the sort. Nobody could deceive *her* about an English gentleman. ‘I thought *I* knew one,’ added the colonel; ‘I could have sworn that that fellow was one, and I have known a good many of them, and shoals of men who, alas! were once English gentlemen—on the Continent, and all over the world, blackguards of every variety. It is not remarkable that your wife, an American lady, should have been victimized, when I, a man, and an Englishman of no small experience, have been completely taken in. I liked the fellow. My wife swears by him still, and her mother, who is a Frenchwoman, and a very prejudiced one, declares that he is the only polite and agreeable Englishman that she has ever known. So you see there is no one here who bears him any malice, much less you, or yours.’”

“*He* was quite evidently a gentleman,” said the judge, and nodded approvingly.

“I suppose now that there is a great deal of feeling between the French-Canadians and the English?” inquired the spinster.

The gentleman who had been on the right, but unable to bear the thought of Miss Theodora “actually under the same roof with — with a — *anything*,” had picked up the poker and viciously mended the fire, thereby relieving his feelings in some measure, now said, “I can’t think how they could have subjected you to such an association,—I really can’t, now.”

“What next, Theodora? I hope something that will make “crillies” run down my back,” gushed Miss Barstow. “I hope he turned up one night in London, or at some country house, with a crape mask on, and carried his shoes and a dark lantern in his hand. Ugh!”

“Not he,” said Theodora. “I may as well say at once that we never saw him again; but we heard of him often enough, although we did not at the time know it.

“After spending a year abroad we came

home, and two years later one of my cousins, May Carruthers, wrote me a confidential letter. A great friend of her’s wished to know, ‘for private reasons that need not be made known,’ whether we had ever heard in England of a very charming man, Lord Vivian Vavasour, who had been for some weeks creating a great sensation in Cincinnati. ‘My uncle, Mr. Boehm of Boehm & Company, bankers, Paris, who is staying with them, says that nobody could deceive him as to being an English gentleman,’ wrote May, ‘and the moment he set his eyes on Lord Vivian he knew that he could be no other than a man of distinguished lineage, and of the best *ton*, but still my friend has reasons for wishing to know a great deal more; in fact, all that is to be known.’ I wrote disclaiming all knowledge of Lord Vivian, and very soon had a second letter from May. Lord Vivian had disappeared, and had forgotten to return a very valuable diamond ring that May’s friend, a belle and beauty, had given him to wear; had gone off owing Uncle Boehm fifteen hundred dollars, owing to some irregularity of a check drawn by him, but of course it would be explained—fifteen hundred dollars was nothing to a Vavasour.

“Three years later a friend of ours, a lawyer, on a visit here, was giving an amusing account of the capture of a *chevalier d’industrie*, Viscount Tollemache, in San Francisco, by the New York detectives. Pinkerton had sent out two of his best men he said, and they found the fellow, the petted, curled darling of the best circle in the city. The leader of the German was his shadow. The mothers, daughters, and dudes lived for him, and babies licked the spoon, as the advertisements say. Any entertainment that he graced was a grand success. Any affair that lacked that honor was more or less of a failure. All the beauties were scrambling for a seat in the Peeresses Gallery, and the belles schemed to get so much as a button from his uniform when he appeared in his naval toggery. The grandmothers to a man were all on his side, and bets were being made at the clubs as to how much the leading fathers would give as a *dot* for the daughter whom he might

select. All the clubs had given him cards of admission, and meant to renew them indefinitely. All the would-be fashionable youths were dressed after him, and his popularity was something phenomenal. Pinkerton's men were staggered. They were old foes in the force, and were on their mettle. They disagreed about the case, and both went to work cautiously and independently. Viscount Tollemache was living at the best hotel, paid his bills, had no vices, was universally admitted to be 'a perfect gentleman,' and considered irreproachable in his conduct. The detectives saw him for the first time at the theatre. 'Nothing in it; wrong scent,' said A. 'You can't fool me when it comes to an English gentleman. I was gamekeeper to the Earl of Seaforth in the old country for fifteen years.' 'I'm not so sure of that,' said B. 'He looks the swell, but I've been longer in the force than you, and I've seen more paste diamonds in consequence. I don't say he is, but I don't say he ain't, neither.' They both worked for a month, and then on the same day ran him down from different starting-points, were reconciled, arrested him, and took him to the hotel. Arrived there, they took him to his room. He offered no sort of resistance. And then, unfortunately, they began to discuss the conduct of the case. Each claimed the entire credit of the capture. They both got more and more angry, excited, absorbed. Meanwhile, Viscount Tollemache, unobserved, slipped nearer and nearer to the window behind them; a dash, a flash, and he was gone!

"Two years after that, a friend of ours introduced Jim to an English gentleman who had, as he said 'gone in for' an orange plantation in Florida. They spent several days at a country-house together, and one night in the smoking-room, when they chanced to speak of English immigration to this country, Jim mounted his favorite hobby-horse, which is the reckless way in which Americans open their doors to any and every Englishman, with or without credentials, taking his position, character, respectability, for granted if he presents none, and never being at the pains of verifying such as he may

have provided. His views, so far from provoking opposition, were heartily echoed by his companion. 'You can't be too careful,' he said. 'Why, only last year, I was regularly done myself. I'll tell you how it happened. I drove into my post-town one day, and went up to the station where I had some matter to look to, and there I saw a tall chap walking about, and I saw at once that he was an Englishman. I took a good look at the fellow and said to myself, "I can't be mistaken in an English gentleman," so I went up to him and said my name was Charteris, and he said his name was Bellamy, and we shook hands, and then we had a good deal of talk about people and things at home, which was very agreeable—at least to me. He knew a lot of my people, and had seen my brother a few weeks before, and his cousin, Montagu Bellamy, had married a cousin of mine, Mabel Effingham, and I knew quite well who he was, had often heard my brother speak of Dick Bellamy, Hightowers's brother in the Guards, at least. So the upshot of it was that I asked him to make me a visit. He was down there, he said, to look at some plantations, and I carried him off home that very day in my dog-cart. He spent several weeks with me, and all went well. My wife was charmed with him, and my mother-in-law quite in love with him, and no wonder, for he was positively tender to her,—always shutting doors, fetching shawls, and picking up pocket handkerchiefs—you know the sort of thing. Yet the fellow was not a drawing-room poodle merely, he was a capital shot, and caught more fish in a week than I could in a year. So everything went on for some time and at first I had not a shadow of suspicion that anything was wrong, but finally he did one or two little things, said something that struck me as not at all the thing I had a right to expect from him; and then he talked one day rather too much about that stupid banker of his in London, and I got uneasy. So without saying a word to the ladies, I went into town and wired my cousin St. Albans in Canada, and he wired back, "Your friend is a swindler." The fellow must have seen something in

my manner and have taken fright, for without waiting for me to return, he had gone, leaving a note for me, "pressing business, etc., etc.," as I found when I got back, and saved me the trouble of kicking him out. And about a year later, some relatives of my wife in Boston gave us all the news we have ever had of him, for he turned up there, looked them up at once, presented himself as Lord Alfred Manners, and swindled them out of nine hundred dollars, captivated the entire community and departed "universally regretted" as the obituary notices put it.'

"As an Anglophobist, Jim was highly gratified by this recital, and wrote us all about it by the next post, having made some confidences in return, you may be sure, and compared notes with Mr. Charteris, greatly to their mutual entertainment.

"Some little time after this a friend of mine went abroad; and this friend had the strength of mind to keep a diary of his European tour and not merely to intend to keep one. And on his return to this country I found matter for reflection in his account of that very commonplace transit, a voyage from New York to Liverpool. Soon after starting, he said it was rumored that there was a criminal on board who was to be delivered up to English justice; and as everybody was in that vacant state of mind in which a reported nautilus sends half the passengers to one or the other side of the ship, and confidences had been exchanged between entire strangers that surprised confider and confidant ever afterwards, such thrilling tidings naturally caused a pretty stir. By night a hundred different rumors were afloat about the affair, and the ladies all in a buzz appealed with swift instinct to the captain. The captain sifted the stories and admitted the fact. There was a criminal on board, charged by John Clapp of London with forging an acceptance of a bill of exchange for one hundred pounds sterling, and arrested in Montreal. He was to be turned over to the police authorities of Liverpool, and was in his charge and that of a detective. 'Oh! poor thing,' said the ladies. 'What does he look like?—

Have you seen him?—Can't we see him? Do let us see him!—What will his sentence be?' The captain shook his head at the last demand, and answered the last question: 'There is no saying; but he will probably get six months at hard labor in Clerkenwell Prison.' And then he said, 'I have had several talks with the fellow. You'd never take him for a criminal—in fact it isn't proven, you know. And I have my doubts! I'm giving him the benefit of them in my treatment of him, allowing him a good deal more liberty than is generally accorded. He's a particularly nice fellow, quite the English gentleman, really, and in my position I know, coming into contact with so many of them, and belonging as I do to the Naval Reserve, as it were in the Royal Navy, practically. I am confident that I am right that far. He may be entirely innocent of the offence with which he is charged. He may be a bit of a scapegrace, a sprig of nobility sowing wild oats over in America, is my theory; but a gentleman born, a gentleman bred, I'd lay a thousand pounds! Not a clever fellow, but sound views; *detests* Gladstone; very good-looking fellow, too.' The ladies on hearing this unanimously resolved that see him they must, could, would, and should. See him they did, on deck, and heard him, too,—for what should he do the next evening (Sunday) but burst out with Hymns Ancient and Modern, Moody and Sankey, Adam's "Holy Night," and Gounod's "Ave Maria," all sung in a rich, sweet, if not particularly cultivated tenor voice! The captain was human, and yielded to the pressure; and once knowing the truth, there were not ropes enough on board to keep the ladies away from Mr. Lionel Dalrymple Bouverie. The consequence was that the ladies talked to him, heard him talk, heard him sing, saw his profile against several good sunsets, heard him read Keble, and Robertson's Sermons, learned that he was a nephew of the Bishop of Sodor and Man (Soda & Man, a wag on board put it, alluding to a well-known combination ordinarily expressed as a Soda & B.), and the feminine mind was made up. There was a mistake somewhere, a conspiracy. A man with a good

tenor voice, and such a name, a classical profile, an uncle who was a bishop in the English church, a forger!—preposterous! The ladies did not brood over the matter in the cabins merely. They sent him wine, books, notes. They talked themselves, each other, and their male belongings and slaves on board into a firm belief in a blackly wronged Bouverie, shot baleful glances and sarcastic little speeches at the anti-Bouverites, a respectable minority, chiefly male and middle-aged. A subscription list was taken around for the purpose of furnishing Mr. Bouverie with legal advice and protection, and his popularity stood even this supreme test. By the time they reached Liverpool, even the detective had ceased detecting, all barriers had been burned away by his ardent admirers, and he mingled with the passengers as a victim. The captain had sent his own servant to wait on him, two school girls from Topeka had begged for a lock of his hair, and other fair ones for photographs, and in all the autograph books on board nearly was to be seen in huge dashing characters, 'Lionel Dalrymple Bouverie,' opposite such appropriate verses as Tennyson's 'Oh! selfless man and stainless gentleman!'—with the name of the steamer and date. My friend was a wretch of an Anti-Bouverite. He declared that it was his belief that the gentleman in question got a good round sum in loans alone from susceptible sentimentalists, having detected three such in the act of giving him a roll of bank bills,—three old ladies. He talked by the hour with a particularly meek little man from Utah who was 'most sure' and willing to 'bet his bottom dollar' that 'that there man was the same man that was out in Salt Lake City two years ago and played about the smartest confidence game off on a merchant there of the name of Pope, William D. Pope, pretended to be adjuster for some estate in England, and worked the thing in so fine with what he knowed of the law in both countries and the family, that he had cleared out with a pile and hadn't never been heard tell of, though a reward for a thousand dollars had been offered by Jefferson Ott, Pope's lawyer, who was

mad enough to have killed him on sight, most.' My friend was foolish enough to repeat this, but the ladies were a match for him. They had found out from the stewardess that the little man was a Mormon, and a Mormon could not give evidence against the nephew of a bishop, say what he might. They told the Victim, who remarked without heat, 'What extraordinary tales do get about, to be sure!' and was said by them to have taken it 'as a Christian should.' But as much cannot be said for the detective, when in the confusion of landing at Liverpool and in consequence of the relaxation of all discipline, the bogus nephew of a venerated prelate slipped out of his grasp, baggage and all, as neatly as possible, leaving him in a swearing, tearing fury, quite painful to witness.

"Lastly,—dear, dear! just look at the clock! I had no idea it was so late, but my story is nearly done—lastly, I went on to New York last winter to be bridesmaid to my friend, Edith Williams, and at the wedding I met the best man, who proved to be an old acquaintance, Comte de Grenouillac. I had known him in Paris very well and was glad to see him again, saw a good deal of him when the wedding was over. He gave me a full account of himself, and I could almost have shut my eyes and imagined myself back at the Hotel Verville, where he used to dine every Sunday with Uncle Bogardus and me,—it was so familiar, the sound of his high, chirruping voice, his queer French-English; these had not changed, although the little man was so bronzed, bearded, altered otherwise, that I did not recognize him at first. 'I am bacheldore! *Je roule partout comme les balles.* I come to arrive from the Indes,' he explained. He had been all around the world and had had many strange adventures. He related a good many of them to me, and in this way it came about that we 'returned to our muttons,' as he always would say. For one morning he told me of a visit he had made to the Governor-General of India, of the house-full of guests assembled there, and their mode of life, amusements, and so on, and finally of a 'young English' who was of the party, '*tres poli et distingué*



*pour un Anglais;* but not clever the least in the world, *quoique* handsome as I could not imagine, the ladies say; but '*essentiellement le John Bull.*' He went on to say how he was '*named Airle de Valdegrave,*' how he had created '*furor*' '*un succes fou*' and then '*Helas!*' fragility of glory of this planet-here, honors of the popularity—there arrives *un coup terrible!* Another young English *le beau Secrétaire de Milord*, rival of Airle Valdegrave, has the suspicions, send *télégramme* to Angleterre, and Lady Valdegrave send back word "*Ce n'est point mon fils? Il est ici.*" What do these *drôles* of English! They explode not, speak nothing! The *Secrétaire* assembled with all in smoking-room, gives the paper to Valdegrave, and he, as cucumber cool, goes to Milord, admirably makes compliments, *ses adieux*, all regarding, tears the paper and puts it in the fireplace, *et puis—*' Here the count kissed his fingers as to a vanishing friend. He was full of enthusiasm. A Frenchman could not have done it better in his opinion. He had cried '*Bravo! Bravissimo!*' in himself, he said. And of one thing he was certain. The fellow was '*English gentleman, pur sang if menteur* of the occasion.' The comte said that he had been '*yaires*' in England, and had '*grandmawther dame d'honneur de sa Majesté la Reine d'Angleterre—naturellement,*' on that point he was *connoisseur* and could not be deceived. Well, Kate and I gave always our New Orleans Roland in exchange for each of these Olivers, as they came in, and would always say to each other when we heard them, '*Can that have been the Innocent?*' And we always ended by agreeing that it was impossible. But all the same it was the Innocent in every case.'

"He was the cook, and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And the midshipmite,  
And the boatswain tight,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.'

"And this is how we found it out; there is nothing mysterious or remarkable about that, whatever. I picked up the New York *Trumpet* one morning, and there it all was. The Innocent had been at his old tricks, and had been arrested.

There were two columns of him, giving first his picture, which we recognized instantly, and then his history. The article was headed '*A Bogus Britisher.*' His latest achievement had been getting a large sum on false pretences from an eminent lawyer in Maine, to whose daughter he was engaged. His *rôle* and name, Willoughby Podmore, Q. C., *alias* Reginald Pomfret John de Bathe Seymour—how it stared at us—son of Sir John Seymour, Governor of the Bank of England, *alias* Sir Hugh Le Despencer, Lord Vivian Vavasour, Viscount Tolle-mache, Herbert De Crespigny, R. N., Lord Alfred Manners, Mr. Bellamy of the '*Blues,*' Lionel Dalrymple Bouverie, etc., a long list. He was the son of an English gamekeeper, employed by a great noble, in the west of England. He was one of the cleverest and most noted swindlers known to the police, and there were a great many people in Canada, America, England, Australia, New Zealand, who had loved and mourned him. He had served two terms at Dartmoor; and by comparing dates we saw that he had been shipped to the West Indies after the first one, and had come from there to us in New Orleans. Numbers of his victims had declined to prosecute him, '*generally his female friends who supplied him with enough money to have comfortably supported a man of less extravagant tastes.*' His various exploits were narrated, and then came a personal description. We devored it. Weight, height, coloring of hair and eyes, age—all corresponded. There could be no sort of doubt. And when it came to '*mole on left leg, piece gone from lobe of right ear,*' we couldn't stand another word. '*Crillies*' ran down my back, I assure you, and Kate turned so sick and faint that I had to get her some camphor and a fan. '*To think of his having stayed under our roof! The change from Dartmoor to Honeysuckle Cottage and us must have been rather striking, I should hope,*' I said to Kate. '*I have no doubt that he is going about the world this minute describing himself as our most intimate friend.*' '*Don't talk of it. It is too dreadful for words,*' cried she, and would not hear anything more at the

time. Now she always insists that there must have been some good in him somewhere — 'so gentle with baby, and then the tears in his eyes when he said good-by, Theodora. He couldn't have put *those* there!' Mamma has never been able to bring herself to do more than speak of him as that 'misguided, unfortunate youth.' Marked copies of the *Trumpet* poured in upon us for two weeks, and two of them came from Rob and Jim who were both away. We had weakly hoped that they might not see it, but when did an article of this kind ever escape the wrong eyes? Being so abundantly supplied, I sent a few copies off myself, one to Miss Seymour, one to Mr. Charteris, and others to the acquaintances of that mutual friend, the Innocent. And now my story is done!"

"I have done a sprig and a half of embroidery, and knitted two squares since you began," said Mrs. Barstow, holding

them up and smiling with satisfaction.

"My dear, we are all very much indebted to you," said the judge, rising with some difficulty, and making a beautiful, low bow over the hand she extended as she said good-night.

"It wasn't much, after all," said Anna Barstow discontentedly; and adding, "Good-night, everybody," she took herself off.

The gentleman on the right lighted Anna's bedroom candle for her as she passed him, and got a giggle and glance of the quality known as "killing" in return. It did not kill or even wound him, and presently he was performing the same office for Miss Grey. But the candle would not light at first, went out, had to be rekindled, and of course there was no harm in talking while this was being done. And no fingers were burned, though some were held rather longer than usual.



## POSSESSION.

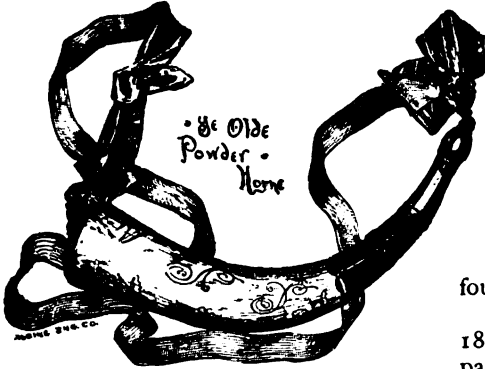
By E. O. Boswall.

EAGERLY, with flying feet,  
The tide comes in!  
Possession must be very sweet,  
For eagerly, with flying feet,  
The tide comes in.

Slowly, with reluctant feet,  
The tide goes out.  
Possession must be very sweet,  
For slowly, with reluctant feet,  
The tide goes out.

## GENERAL BUTLER'S BOYHOOD.

[From the manuscript of General Butler's forthcoming Autobiography. With the consent of General Butler, and by the kindness of his Publisher, Messrs. A. M. Thayer & Co., of Boston. The illustrations are also loaned by them, being taken from those which are to appear in the book.]



MY paternal grandfather was born in Woodbury, Connecticut, of Irish descent, and of a most strictly Irish Presbyterian family, as his own name Zephaniah, and his uncles', Levi and Malachi, most plainly show. The branches of the family were numerous, and the names of those who were of the proper generation to take part in the War of the Revolution will be found in the local history of that contest wherever Connecticut men took part, whether in Pennsylvania or Wyoming, or in the western reserve of Ohio.

Zephaniah went to Quebec with Wolfe, and I have the powder-horn which he bore, dated April 22, 1758.

He went from Connecticut to the town of Nottingham in New Hampshire, and married Abigail, daughter of General Joseph Cilley. They had several children, the youngest of whom was John, my father, who was born May 17, 1782. He married Sarah Batchelder of Deerfield, New Hampshire, June 5, 1803. By her he was the father of three girls, Polly True, born June 8, 1804; Sally, born March 11, 1806; and Betsey Morrill, born January 9, 1808. The last of these is now living at Nottingham, New Hampshire, the widow of the late Daniel B. Stevens, Esq. Mrs. Sarah Batchelder Butler died February 23, 1809. John

Butler then married Charlotte Ellison, July 21, 1811. She bore him three children. The eldest, Charlotte, born May 13, 1812, died in August, 1839. The second child, Andrew Jackson, was born February 13, 1815, and died February 11, 1864. The third, Benjamin F., was born at Deerfield, New Hampshire, November 5, 1818, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Upon the breaking out of the war of 1812, John Butler applied to the war department for permission to raise a company of light dragoons among his neighbors. Permission was granted, the company was raised, and he was commissioned its captain on the 23d of July, 1812.

Captain Butler served with his troop on the northern frontier until he broke his left leg. The broken limb was so badly set that he could not thereafter wear a boot, and he resigned his commission. Unwilling to remain idle while the war was going on, and having a taste for the sea and shipping, he sailed from Portsmouth in a privateer fitted out by himself and his friends. He did some harm to the enemy, and in return therefore he received a commission from the government to be the bearer of despatches to General Jackson at New Orleans. He carried out his mission and was thus enabled to make the acquaintance of General Jackson, for whom he entertained the highest respect and admiration. Hence, having a son born on the 13th of February, 1815, he named him Andrew Jackson.

The war being practically ended, as the battle of New Orleans was fought after the treaty of peace had been agreed upon, my father turned his attention to mercantile voyages, going several trips to the West Indies and Spanish Islands on the coast of South America. While so engaged he took letters of marque under

Bolivar, and with his vessel formed a part of Bolivar's expedition. When Bolivar crossed the Cordilleras, my father returned to the West India Islands, and, in order to refit, landed at the Island of St. Christopher (St. Kitts), one of the British Islands. While there he died of the

with some success. My Uncle Benjamin took charge of my brother in his younger years, and so long as he lived looked after him. My mother and my younger sister went to live for a period with my Uncle William and my grandmother on my father's side. They owned and carried on a small farm in Nottingham, New Hampshire.

It is, proper, however, that something should be said of that mother, whom I love, honor, and revere beyond any other person ever on earth. Her father and mother were Scotch Presbyterians. My grandfather, Richard Ellison, when a young man, had fought at the battle of Boyne Water for King William, and had received some reward which enabled him and his wife to come to America. He joined the colony about Londonderry, New Hampshire, and took up a farm at Northfield, on the Pemigewasset, or main branch of the Merrimack River. Here he had several children, the youngest of whom was my mother. He and his family removed to Canada about the time of my mother's marriage. They were respectable and honorable people, and were cer-



Captain John Butler.—The Father of Benjamin F. Butler.

yellow fever, *el vomito*. So did some portion of his crew and one of his officers, I believe his first officer. That pestilence and its terrible results was among the first diseases of which I remember ever to have learned from my suffering mother. I mention this because it made so indelible an impression on my memory that it impelled me, when I was older, to investigate that scourge to such extent as I might, and this investigation had some effect upon my conduct of affairs in later life.

The death of my father in St. Kitts, and the irrecoverable loss of what he had there, left my mother in a state of comparative poverty. But against it she struggled with wisdom and vigor, and

certainly long lived, for my mother's sister lived to exceed the age of one hundred and four years.

I, at four years of age, was thought to be a puny child,—probably the results of my mother's anxieties and fears for my father during his absence. Quiet, gentle, and eager to learn, I was taught my letters by my mother and given a slight advance in the spelling-book. In the summer I was sent away to school at Nottingham Square. This was quite two miles away from our home, especially as the last half of the distance was up a very steep hill, on which the Vermont traders in the winter, going down to Portsmouth with their sleighs heavily loaded with produce, sometimes had to

double up their teams. I attended that school for six weeks, and learned to read with but little difficulty. I remained at home during the autumn, and then it was that our shoemaker gave me the book of all books for a boy, "Robinson Crusoe." The question was not whether I wanted to read it, but whether I could be kept from reading it, so as to do the little matters that I ought to do, and was able to do, called in New Hampshire nomenclature, "chores." My mother, laying aside her labors which were quite necessary for our support, taught and explained the book to me with great pains. But being a religious woman of the strictest sect of Calvin, she thought that I ought not to have so much secular reading without some Christian teaching; and so we struck a bargain that I should learn so many verses in the New Testament if she would help me read so many pages in Robinson Crusoe, she agreeing to explain both to me. My reading, thereupon, was almost continuous, scarcely anything but eating and sleeping intervening. To force me out of doors to take required exercise, she was obliged to send me on errands, and make me get up the cows from the pasture, the limit of which was about a mile away. I had to get up early in the morning to drive them forth, and go out late in the afternoon to drive them back; and as they were by that time likely to have wandered far off from the opening of the lane into the pasture, it gave me, in the course of the day, about two miles to run. The nearest boy lived a mile from us, and as he had his own duties to attend to, I saw very little of him.

Every fair evening, before her labors began by the light of the candle, and when I had no light to read by, my mother, wrapped up if it was cold, used to sit teaching me the names of the stars and constellations. These she had learned of her father, who was somewhat of a scholar. She told me about the signs of the zodiac, and about the rising and setting of the sun. I remember once she stood in a very terrific thunderstorm by the window fearlessly, —I now suppose that I might be like fearless,—and explained to me all that

she knew—or was then known—of the lightning. She told me never to be afraid of it, because it was in God's hands; that if He willed my destruction by it, it was not to be evaded or shunned, and, therefore, was not to be dreaded. When the evenings were dark, her labors with her needle began earlier.

In the following winter, my mother and my uncle provided a home for me in Deerfield, with Aunt Polly Dame,—no relative of mine save that she was aunt to all the world. She was a good old lady, taken care of by her daughter, and sat in the corner spinning flax on what was called "the little wheel," to distinguish it from the "great wheel" on which wool was spun.

I went to school, and I think was liked by my teacher, for I was not a troublesome scholar, except in the way of asking very many questions, and of seeking



Mrs. Charlotte Ellison Butler.—The Mother of Benjamin F. Butler.

explanations about matters which I was not infrequently told did not concern me. The school at Deerfield Parade lasted longer than that at Nottingham. I remained during the summer term, reading everything I could find, almost committing to memory the almanac, and



vexing everybody who came into the house for explanations regarding the signs of the zodiac. Upon this last matter I could get no further information, the usual answer being that it did not concern me. But this did not prevent my asking the next person that I thought could tell me. I appropriated the full astronomy of the almanac, and profited much by it.

In the winter of my sixth year, I walked from my home every morning down to Nottingham Square to school, carrying my dinner in a little package. Provision had been made, that if it became stormy, I was to be taken into the tavern near the schoolhouse, and there kept until the weather cleared and the roads were again passable,—which they sometimes were not for three or four days. I then learned that there was a

according to the chapters. But when they began fighting with each other, I got mixed up, because, according to my understanding, the first of these ought to have passed away when the others came on the scene. My reading did not interfere with my school lessons, which I pursued with a great deal of eagerness and pleasure, and also with much success, owing to a tenacious and exact memory. Before I was seven years old, I could answer all the questions in Whelpley's *Compend of History*, a very bulky volume, the answers having been picked out for me to learn, by being marked by the master's pencil. I remember now one example which will illustrate the sort of instruction that I received; that is to say, I learned the words, but what they meant was then utterly uncomprehended. For example, one of the questions was



Birthplace of Benjamin F. Butler at Deerfield, N. H.

small town library there, and of all things that a boy of that age should read, I was allowed to take from the library Rollin's *Ancient History*,—and I read it.

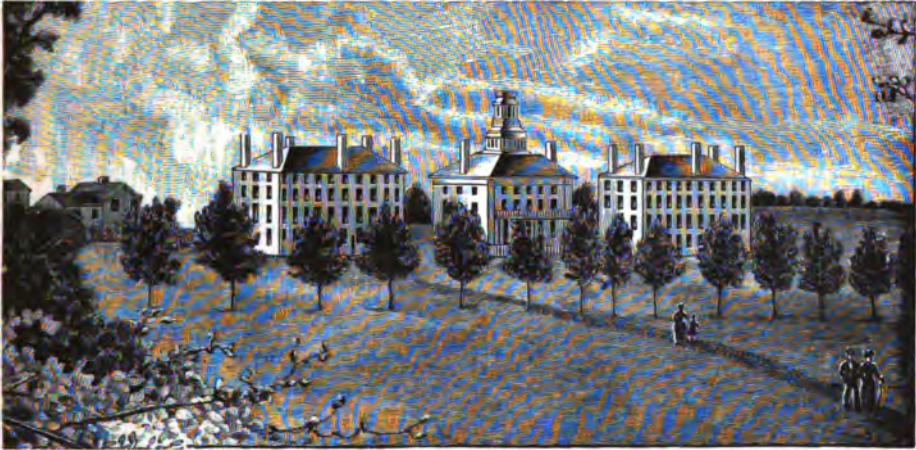
I had not the slightest knowledge of chronology, and I thought the events in the history followed one after another in point of time,—the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans,

substantially this, as I remember it, and although I have not seen it for more than sixty years, I think I state it accurately: "If these States had not declared their independence, what would they now be?" Answer: "Little better than British Provinces." But what a British Province was, I had no earthly idea, and I asked the teacher one day. He had

seventy scholars beside myself, and I do not now blame him for not answering me. He told me that he did not have time to explain it to me. Well, I do not think he had.

But there was another part of my education which was thoroughly instilled, — the traditional history of the Revolution, and its battles and events. Two of our neighbors were Revolutionary pen-

taken, and sometimes saved by the faithful musket of the husband or father. Then they came down to later times, — the opening of the Revolutionary War, the massacre at Lexington, and the battle of Bunker Hill; and so talked on until I had as deep-seated a prejudice against a red-coat as our turkey gobbler exhibited to a red petticoat, when he drove my sister into the house. Thus I was



Waterville College in Benj. Butler's Student Days.

sioners, and our kitchen fireside was a very pleasant resort for them, as the cellar was furnished with an unlimited quantity of cider, which was drawn for them in a tall, yellow earthen pitcher with an overhanging lip dropping away from each side. To fill it three-parts full, and then bring it up from the cellar, was about the extent of my physical ability; but that I was to do. Then they would take down from the mantel-tree some red peppers which hung on a string under the gun, and cut them up and put them into the cider. Next, they set the pitcher down on the hearth before a blazing fire, held up by a forestick, — a stick about four feet long and eight inches through, — so that the cider would get very much heated; and then it was drunk with a gusto that almost makes me wish I had some now if I could enjoy it half as well. Then followed stories of the Indian wars; of garrison houses, and of women running from the fields of corn, pursued by savages, and sometimes over-

taught that the highest achievement in life was to get behind a stone wall and shoot a Britisher, and I longed for the time when I should grow up to do it. So thoroughly was this drilled into me, that in after life it was a matter for reasoning on my part whether I should treat an Englishman decently.

The difference between this feeling and that which I had toward the Frenchmen, who fought us with the Indians, and who helped the savages scalp us, was that the French were poor fellows who did not know any better; and besides, the French had helped us in the Revolution against the British, so that we would forgive them, but the Britishers, never!

As time wore on, I was literally adopted by my grandmother, my grandfather having died several years before. She was a very remarkable-looking woman, who stood about five feet eleven inches in her stockings. She was then in the neighborhood of eighty years old, and walked with a stick, yet she was as erect as ever,



will  
and was the most imperious person I have ever seen, to everybody but me. She had a most inflexible will, apparently never yielding to others, and subjecting all others to herself. She read to me, but inasmuch as she read as she had been taught in her youth, it was almost unintelligible, and this caused some difficulties between us. For example, she always pronounced w-o-u-l-d as if it were spelled w-o-o-l-d, and s-h-o-u-l-d as if spelled sh-o-o-l-d, and she taught me that the



Miss Sarah Hildreth in 1839. — Five years before her Marriage with Mr. Butler.

FROM A DAGUERROTYPE.

name of the sign of conjunction (&) at the end of the alphabet was ampersand, a word which I learned afterwards, from an old spelling book of her generation, was really "and per se." She told me the history of battles as they were known and seen by her, the daughter of a general and the mother of a captain in the first and second wars with England, and all the pathetic incidents of the wars, like the capture and death of Jane McRea, who was surrendered to the French, and scalped by their Indian allies, in the northern part of New York.

✓ She told me, boy as I was, of the injustice of the men toward the women, and toward their own younger brothers, in assuming to enforce the law of primogeniture, and how, when they failed to pass it in the constitutional convention of New Hampshire, the men made their

wills so as to accomplish the same thing, giving substantially all to the eldest son. I revered her.

She ate two of her meals at the same time as the rest of the family, having a table to herself, and I alone had a place at it, generally sitting on the elbow of her arm-chair. She also taught me fully to understand her politics, which, so far as I could understand them, were that there ought not be any kings, princes, barons, nobles, or knights. She never said anything against aristocrats, and my memory of her now is that if ever there was a high-priestess of the aristocracy, she was one, and especially did she dilate upon the fact that her family, the Cilleys, was the best in the state.

4 Can any one doubt where I learned my political status: democratic politics in government and personal aristocracy?

I give these details, although they may seem puerile. In time, they had great effect upon the bent of my mind, though not much then, because the most of what was said I did not understand. But I remembered it all, and it came up to meet every emergency of thought later on. Hence my democracy; for her's was the only political teaching I ever had until I learned political economy from the books, and that was no teaching at all.

My grandmother died at the age of eighty-four. A severe cold brought her life to an end, when her physical and mental strength were apparently as good as ever. Her sister, Alice Cilley, married Captain Page and went to Maine, first settling in Hallowell, and afterwards living in Cornville with one of her children. I never saw her until after I went to college in Maine, and I may possibly have occasion to refer to her hereafter. She died in 1849, at the age of ninety-nine and a half years, and was able, the summer before she died, to mount her own horse without assistance, and ride out some three miles to visit a neighbor.

I attended a partially private school or academy at Deerfield until I was eight years old. In this school almost every branch of practical learning was taught except the languages. There were many young men in the school, and some young women. My teacher was Mr. James

Hersey, afterwards postmaster of Manchester, New Hampshire, a city which had no existence in those days. His specialty was English grammar, — at least he made it so with his pupils, — and he was the most intelligent teacher of the English language I ever knew. He saw to it that we were thoroughly versed in the rules, and explained the difficulties of construction of our language with great clearness, so that even I, the youngest, understood them. His favorite exercise was parsing. We used very different text-books then, from those now in use. Among them were Pope's "Essay on Man" and Cowper's "Task," and I remember I got my first feeling of hostility to slavery from being called upon to parse a half page beginning "Is India free, or do we grind her still?"

Our teacher taught us to construe verse, — that is, to render it into prose, so as to show the grammatical construction of the parts. There was a sort of constructiveness about that putting of verse into prose which chimed in with my love of putting things together; and I became quite an adept. I speak of this because an incident regarding it had an effect on my whole after life.

It had been debated whether it was not desirable that I should go to college, for my mother's most ardent desire was that I should become a Calvinist Baptist clergyman. Ways and means were pretty narrow, and it was doubtful whether the plan could be carried out. Boys went to college in those days at the age of from twelve to fifteen. Judge Josiah G. Abbott of Boston, one of the ablest gentlemen now at the bar, with whom I have practised for many years and know how thorough his training was, went to Harvard at twelve.<sup>1</sup>

There was an examination at our school at which all the Methodists and other clergymen, and principal men of the vicinity were present. The first class in parsing was called, and I, naturally in size and every way, was at the foot of it. We had "Pope's Essay on Man" as our text-book; for in those days there were no easy books for children, — none of

the thousand treatises that have been invented since to teach children not to think, and that are at the present day, I believe, a great hindrance to intelligent education. I remember this paragraph was the opening one of the recitation:

"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?  
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."

"Parse lamb," said the master to the pupil who stood at the head of the class. He tried.

"Wrong; next." He tried.

"Next." He tried, and so down through the class, some eight in all. Then came my turn.

I said: "Lamb is a noun in the objective case and governed by dooms."

"How do you know that?" said the master.

"Because I construe the paragraph,



Benjamin F. Butler in 1839  
FROM A DAGUERROTYPE.

"Thy riot dooms the lamb to bleed to-day; had he thy reason, etc.'"

"Right," said the master; "take the head of the class."

I did so; and it was the proudest event of my life. A consultation was held by all those who had a right to be consulted, and it was decided that I should be sent to Exeter to be fitted for college, with the hope that a free scholarship might be found for me. I continued my studies, and late in the

<sup>1</sup> Alas! I have lost my friend by death since this sentence was first written.



Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler.

following autumn I went to Exeter. Here I commenced the study of Latin, and soon afterwards that of Greek. I must say, truthfully, that my learning at Exeter did not amount to much. To be sure, I acquired the Latin grammar with a certainty of memory that was excelled only by my uncertainty as to the meanings of the rules it contained. My learning was nothing but memorizing. It was the same in the study of Greek. I was far too young to appreciate the beauties of the "Iliad," but I was reasonably well taught in the conjugation of Greek verbs.

I attended the Unitarian Church, as the rules of the school required. Boy-like, I was confused by the new doctrine of one God and the Son of Man, as opposed to the doctrine of the triune God, — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I had been taught the latter, and I could not

permit myself to have any doubts concerning it.

In 1825, there was springing up on Pawtucket Falls of the Merrimack River, the second great manufacturing town in Massachusetts, Waltham on the Charles being the first. This town, afterwards Lowell, was then known as East Chelmsford. It had a growth unexampled in those days, and almost equalling the mushroom growth of towns in some of the western States at the present day. The constitutional convention of 1820, by a new section, made cities possible in Massachusetts, fixing the limit of population at which any town could become a city at twelve thousand. This was the population of Boston, and that town became a city in 1822. But in 1836, Lowell's population had increased to twelve thousand, and she became the second city. A clergyman, who had be-

friended my mother, built a house in Lowell for her to occupy, and by his advice I came to Lowell from Exeter at the end of the winter term in 1828, and studied my Latin at home during the spring and summer. Seth Ames, afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, kindly permitted me to read Virgil in his office. He amused himself in hearing my recitation of the text, and taught me to scan the versification of the original. Later in the year it became necessary that I should earn some money, and my mother got me a place at Meecham & Mathewson's, the Franklin bookstore, the only establishment of the kind in the town. I remained with them until December 18, when the Lowell High School was established, through the exertions of Rev. Theodore Edson, rector of St. Anne's Church. Mr. Edson, having come to Lowell in 1825, remained as rector of St. Anne's for over sixty years, most respected and most loved by his fellow-citizens. To him more than to any other, Lowell owes its school system, which, during its whole existence, has been one of the best established, most thoroughly cared for, and most highly successful of kindred institutions in the State. Mr. Edson was a brave man as well as a good man. When he perceived the right thing to do, he did it, regardless of personal consideration, or of danger to himself.

Kirk Boot, who discovered the advantages of this locality as a water power, was then the leading mind in Lowell. He had been an English cavalry officer, and his family had occupied what was known as the Boot estate in Boston, since changed into the Revere House. He was a very positive man, and inclined to be imperious toward everybody, especially toward those who stood in apparently dependent relations to himself.

The edifice of St. Anne's Church and the parsonage attached, had been built by the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, and, as I have said, Mr. Edson, the young clergyman, had been installed therein. Mr. Boot had built for himself a mansion not far from it. He was a

devout Episcopalian, and had a highly ornamented pew of large dimensions, after the manner of English squires in parish churches. To support this church, the operatives of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company were taxed a small sum, — I think thirty cents each month, — and this sum was deducted from their wages. Mr. Boot, from his training, was not as much impressed as Mr. Edson was with the necessity for the education and welfare of the common people, who were, of course, the operatives in the mills. Almost all of the land on which the town stood was held by the proprietors of the Locks and Canals on the Merrimack River. They sold off this land, and they also sold the water power furnished from the Merrimack River by a dam. This dam was put across at the head of Pawtucket Falls, although the law said that there should be no dam, because it would affect the navigation of the river. The water was conducted through the new town of Lowell, at first by a canal, which had been established by the Proprietors of the Locks and Canals about the year 1792, for the purpose of taking boats around the falls.

With a foresight as sagacious and remarkable as was the persistency with which the scheme was carried out, Mr. Edson, in connection with a committee of the citizens of the new town, determined that two squares or commons, the North and South Common, should be dedicated to the public use. It was done; and the commons remain even to this day the breathing and recreation points of the citizens. That enterprise for the benefit of the laboring man and woman and their children was not composed by Mr. Boot, as the land was comparatively valueless. But Mr. Boot was astounded when the young clergyman proposed that two schoolhouses, costing more than \$20,000, should be erected for grammar schools, — one on the corner of each park. A very considerable number of buildings for primary schools, then termed infant schools, had been hired and put in use in various parts of the town, but up to that time, anything like instruction of the elder classes of children was not provided for, save that two

or three small rooms had been hired for that purpose. The taxation of that day for those new grammar school buildings of brick would be borne substantially by the manufacturing companies and the Proprietors of the Locks and Canals. Mr. Boot declared that this could not and would not be done. A town meeting was called, to appropriate for such expenditure by the town. Mr. Boot appeared in person and opposed the proposition. He was backed by the managing agents of the several mills. They made speeches against it. The proposition seemed not to have the slightest chance, when in one corner of the hall stood up a slender, smooth-faced young gentleman of winning manner and graceful ease of speech, and declared to the meeting that it was necessary for the instruction and training of the children of the people of the town that the appropriation should be passed. He was surprised and chagrined, he said, at the opposition of the representatives of the manufacturing corporations, because it was necessary for the safety of their property and the insurance of its value that the manufacturing community which they were drawing around them, especially the younger portion, should be thoroughly trained and educated, that they might know their duties as men and women, and their rights as citizens and freemen.

His speech was called at that time radical in an almost unheard of degree, although it was accompanied by an appeal for religious instruction in connection with the secular instruction. But it evi-

dently was carrying the meeting. The debate was extended by several replies, no man speaking in favor of the proposition save the young clergyman. Nevertheless it was apparent that if the vote were to be taken then the appropriation would prevail. Accordingly, a motion to adjourn to a day in another week for its consideration was made and carried by its opponents. During the adjournment Mr. Boot informed Mr. Edson that any further advocacy of this proposition would so far meet with his disapprobation that he should withdraw from his church and from attendance upon his ministration; that he should give his attendance and influence to another religious society, and that all support of St. Anne's in any way by the manufacturing companies would be withdrawn.

Few young pastors of the fashionable churches of the town, and certainly very few of the not very popular religious persuasion, would have been found at the next town meeting under such discouraging influences and surroundings. The day of the meeting came. The young pastor was there. With a firmness equalled only by the eloquent appeal made for his fellow-citizens of the coming generation, he answered every argument against the proposition, and after a long debate the vote was taken and the proposition was carried. The schoolhouses were built and occupied. In the upper story of the southernmost one a Lowell High School was taught. Here I received, if not the most part, the best of all my educational teaching in my preparation for college.



## LOWELL'S "PIONEER."

By Edwin D. Mead.



THE history of the magazines which have failed is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of literature, and one of the most pathetic. The

New England fields especially are strewn with these dead magazines; and seldom has the old word, "whom the gods love die young," received more striking illustration than here,—with such peculiarly high hopes and fine ideals and good promise have been born so many of these New England magazines destined to early death. No other of these short-lived journals has been quite so famous as the *Dial*; but the old *Massachusetts Magazine*, born just as the republic was born in 1789, the old *New England Magazine*, started by Mr. Buckingham in 1831, to which Dr. Holmes contributed the first of his papers bearing the title of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," the *Massachusetts Quarterly*, with which Theodore Parker was identified, the *Radical*, launched so bravely by Mr. Morse, Mr. Hale's *Old and New*, and a dozen other New England magazines were so remarkable in various ways that they all deserve to have their biographies written.

Among all these New England ventures loved of the gods, no other was quite so short-lived as that which is just now brought back to special remembrance—Lowell's *Pioneer*. It was born in January, 1843, and lived three months. Then the publishers failed, we are told in the books, and this was why the bantling died. And this is undoubtedly the truth; but in order to get the whole truth we doubtless need to add the notice printed at the bottom of the last page of the last number,—to which we have not seen any reference in the books:

"The absence of any prose in the present number of the *Pioneer* from the pen of Mr. Lowell,

and the apparent neglect of many letters and contributions addressed to him personally, will be sufficiently explained by stating that, since the tenth of January, he has been in the city of New York in attendance upon Dr. Elliot, the distinguished oculist, who is endeavoring to cure him of a severe disease of the eyes, and that the medical treatment to which he is necessarily subjected precludes the use of his sight except to a very limited extent. He will, however, probably be enabled, in time for the fourth number, to resume his essays on the Poets and Dramatists, and his general supervision of the magazine. R. C."

R. C. was Robert Carter, Mr. Lowell's associate editor and proprietor. This notice was the end of the *Pioneer*. The fourth number never appeared; but the notice shows that when this third and last number was published, immediate death was not anticipated, and also shows that Mr. Lowell was utterly disabled and had been so almost from the time of the preparation of the first number, so that the new magazine—most hazardous of all risks—was really getting on as it could, without its editor. It is no wonder that it died. Had Mr. Lowell remained well, with his remarkable inventiveness and energy, we may be quite sure that the experiment would somehow have been continued longer.

Yet magazines had a way then of dying in the very act of announcing their plans for the future. The Boston *Miscellany* died that way just before the *Pioneer* was born. The Boston *Miscellany* lived just a year, we think,—the year 1842. Nathan Hale was its editor, and Lowell wrote almost as much for it as he did for the *Pioneer* itself—it was the first magazine with which he was really identified. At the end of 1842, Mr. Hale retired, with a valedictory,—introductions and valedictories were prominent features in that time—and it was announced that he would be succeeded by Henry T. Tuckerman. But he was not succeeded by Mr. Tuckerman, and the number of the Boston *Miscellany* containing his valedictory was not succeeded by any other number. Whether this was because the

# THE PIONEER.

A

Literary and Critical Magazine.

J. R. LOWELL AND R. CARTER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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JANUARY, 1843.

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VOL. I.—NO. I.

Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself  
as well to create good precedents as to follow them.

LOEB BACON.

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BOSTON:

LELAND AND WHITING,

67 WASHINGTON STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.



"publishers failed" we do not know; but promptly the next month the *Pioneer* appeared, and Mr. Hale speaks of this, in his article in the preceding pages, as the successor of the *Miscellany*. Certainly it was much the same kind of a magazine; its pages looked like those of the *Miscellany*, and its contributors were largely the same. The editor's Introduction was as follows. We give it entire, as it is a characteristic expression, and the first important one, of those views of our American literature which continued to control Mr. Lowell, and of which the next notable expression was in the "Fable for Critics."

DR. JOHN NORTH, a man of some mark in his day, wrote on the first leaf of his note-book these significant words: "I beshrew his heart that gathers my opinion from anything wrote here!" As we seated ourselves to the hard task of writing an introduction for our new literary journal, this sentence arose to our minds. It seemed to us to point clearly at the archwant of our periodical literature. We find opinions enough and to spare, but scarce any of the healthy, natural growth of our soil. If native, they are seldom more than scions of a public opinion, too often planted and watered by the prejudices or ignorant judgments of individuals, to be better than a upas-tree shedding a poisonous blight on any literature that may chance to grow up under it. Or if foreign, they are, to borrow a musical term, "recollections" of *Blackwood* or the quarterlies of Wilson, Macaulay, or Carlyle—not direct imitations, but endeavors, as it were, to write with their cast-off pens fresh-nibbed for Cisatlantic service. The whole regiment comes one by one to our feast of letters in the same yellow domino. Criticism, instead of being governed as it should be by the eternal and unchanging laws of beauty which are a part of the soul's divine nature, seems rather to be a striving to reduce Art to one dead level of conventional mediocrity—which only does not offend taste, because it lacks even the life and strength to produce any decided impression whatever.

We are the farthest from wishing to see what many so ardently pray for—namely, a *National* literature; for the same mighty lyre of the human heart answers the touch of the master in all ages and in every clime, and any literature, as far as it is national, is diseased, inasmuch as it appeals to some climatic peculiarity, rather than to the universal nature. Moreover, everything that tends to encourage the sentiment of caste, to widen the boundary between races, and so to put farther off the hope of one great brotherhood, should be steadily resisted by all good men. But we do long for a *natural* literature. One green leaf, though of the veriest weed, is worth all the crape and wire flowers of the daintiest Paris milliners. For it is the glory of nature that in her least part she gives us all, and in that simple love-token of her's we may behold the type of all her sublime mys-

teries; as in the least fragment of the true artist we discern the working of the same forces which culminate gloriously in a Hamlet or a Faust. We would no longer see the spirit of our people held up as a mirror to the OLD WORLD; but rather lying like one of our own inland oceans, reflecting not only the mountain and the rock, the forest and the redman, but also the steamboat and the railcar, the cornfield and the factory. Let us learn that romance is not married to the past, that it is not the birthright of ferocious ignorance and chivalric barbarity,—but that it ever was and is an inward quality, the darling child of the sweetest refinements and most gracious amenities of peaceful gentleness, and that it can never die till only water runs in these red rivers of the heart, that cunning adept which can make vague cathedrals with blazing oriels and streaming spires out of our square meeting boxes

"Whose rafters sprout upon the shady side."

We do not mean to say that our writers should not profit by the results of those who have gone before them, nor gather from all countries those excellencies which are the effects of detached portions of that universal tendency to the Beautiful, which must be centred in the Great Artist. But let us not go forth to them; rather let us draw them by sympathy of nature to our own heart, which is the only living principle of every true work. The artist must use the tools of others, and understand their use, else were their lives fruitless to him, and his, in turn, vain to all who come after: but the skill must be of his own toilsome winning, and he must not, like Goethe's magician's apprentice, let the tools become his masters. But it seems the law of our literature to receive its impulses from without rather than from within. We ask oftener than the wise king of Ashantee, "What is thought of us in England?" We write with the fear of the newspapers before our eyes, every one of which has its critic, the Chorus of his little circle, self-elected expounder of the laws of Nature—which he at first blush understands more thoroughly than they whom nature herself has chosen, and who have studied them life-long—and who unites at pleasure the executive with the judiciary to crush some offender mad enough to think for himself. Men seem endowed with an insane alacrity to believe that wisdom elects the dullest heads for her confidants, and crowd to burn incense to the hooting owl, while the thoughtful silence of the goddess makes them mistake her for her bird.

We boast much of our freedom, but they who boast thereof the loudest have mostly a secret sense of fetters.

"License they mean when they cry liberty;"

and there is among us too much freedom to speak and think ill—a freedom matched with which the lowest of all other slaveries were as the blue tent of Heaven to a dungeon—and too little freedom to think, and speak, and act the highest and holiest promptings of the eternal soul. We cheat to-morrow, to satisfy the petty dunning of to-day; we bribe ourselves with a bubble reputation, whose empty lightness alone lends it a momentary elevation, and show men our meanest part, as if



Circ.—Frontispiece of the first number of "The Pioneer."

we could make ourselves base enough to believe that we should offend their vanity by showing our noblest and highest. Are prejudices to be overcome by grovelling to them? Is Truth no longer worthy of the name, when she stoops to take Falsehood by the hand and caresses her, and would fain wheedle her to forego her proper nature? Can we make men noble, the aim and end of every literature worthy of the name, by showing them our own want of nobleness? In the name of all holy and beautiful things at once, no! We want a manly, straightforward, *true* literature, a criticism which shall give more grace to beauty and more depth to truth, by lovingly embracing them wherever they may lie hidden, and a creed whose truth and nobleness shall be insured by its being a freedom from all creeds.

The young heart of every generation looks forth upon the world with restless and bitter longing. To it the earth still glitters with the dews of a yet unforfeited Eden, and in the midst stands the untasted tree of knowledge of good and evil. We hear men speak of the restless spirit of the age, as if our day were peculiar in this regard. But it has always been the same. The Young is radical; the Old, conservative: they who have not, struggle to get; and they who have gotten, clinch their fingers to keep. The Young, exulting in its tight and springy muscles, stretches out its arms to clasp the world as its plaything; and the Old bids it be a good boy and mind its papa, and it shall have sugar-plums. But still the new spirit yearns and struggles, and expects great things; still the Old shakes its head, ominous of universal anarchy; still the world rolls calmly on, and the youth grown old shakes its wise head at the next era. Is there any more danger to be looked for in the radicalism of youth than in the conservatism of age? Both gases must be mixed ere the cooling rain will fall on our seedfield. The true reason for the fear which we often see expressed of a freedom which shall be debased into destructiveness and license, is to be found in a false judgment of the natural progress of things. Cheerfully will men reverence all that is *true*, whether in the new or old. It is only when you would force them to revere falsehoods that they will reluctantly throw off all reverence, without which the spirit of man must languish, and at last utterly die. Truth, in her natural and infinitely various exponents of beauty and love, is all that the soul reverences long; and, as Truth is universal and absolute, there can never be any balance in the progress of the soul till one law is acknowledged in all her departments. Radicalism has only gone too far when it has *hated* conservatism, and has despised all reverence because conservatism is based upon it, forgetting that it is only so inasmuch as it is a needful part of nature. To have claimed that reverence should not play at blind-man's-buff had been enough.

In this country where freedom of thought does not shiver at the cold shadow of Spielberg (unless we name this prison of "public opinion" so), there is no danger to be apprehended from an excess of it. It is only where there is no freedom that anarchy is to be dreaded. The mere sense of freedom is of too pure and holy a nature to consist with injustice and wrong. We would fain

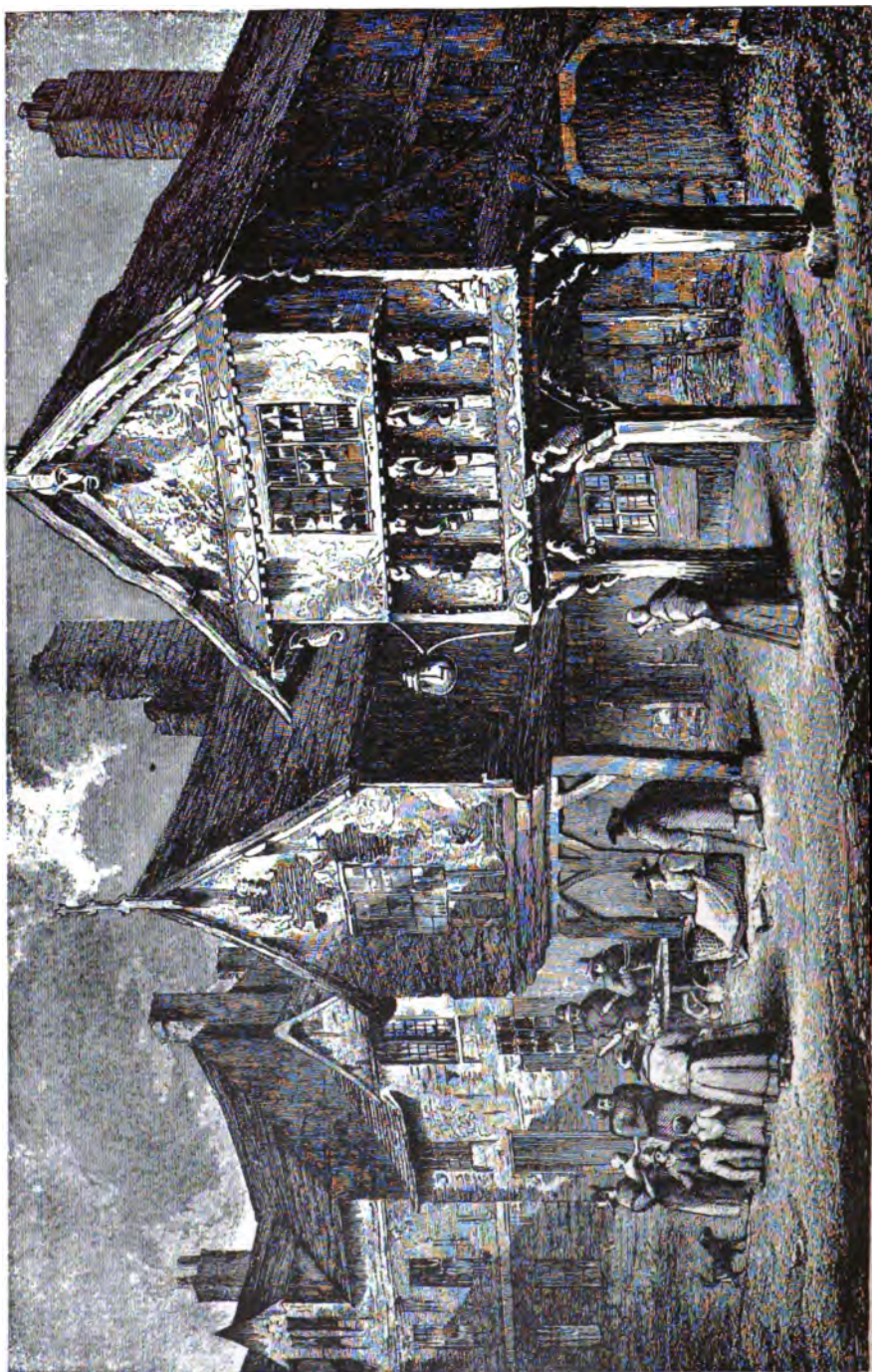
have our journal, in some sort at least, a journal of progress, — one that shall keep pace with the spirit of the age, and sometimes go near its deeper heart. Yet, while we shall aim at that gravity which is becoming of a manly literature, we shall hope also to satisfy that lighter and sprightlier element of the soul, without whose due culture the character is liable to degenerate into a morose bigotry and selfish precisianism.

To be one exponent of a young spirit which shall aim at power through gentleness, the only mean for its secure attainment, and in which freedom shall be attempted to love by a reverence for all beauty wherever it may exist, is our humble hope. And to this end we ask the help of all who feel any sympathy in such an undertaking. We are too well aware of the thousand difficulties which lie in the way of such an attempt, and of the universal failure to make what is written come near the standard of what is thought and hoped, to think that we shall not at first disappoint the expectations of our friends. But we shall do our best, and they must bear with us, knowing that what is written from month to month, can hardly have that care and study which is needful to the highest excellence, and believing that

"We shall be willing, if not apt to learn:  
Age and experience will adorn our mind  
With larger knowledge: and, if we have done  
A wilful fault, think us not past all hope,  
For once."

The *Pioneer* had forty-eight pages in each number, or about one-third as many pages as the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE; and it was illustrated with what the prospectus called "engravings of the highest character, both on wood and steel." The steel engravings in the first number were certainly well executed. There were two of them — Flaxman's "Circe," engraved, as were almost all the pictures in the three numbers, by John Andrews, and a picture by G. Cuiitt, entitled "Two Hundred Years Ago." These were the only illustrations in the first number, aside from the "emblematical marginal drawings" which accompanied Mr. Lowell's poem, "The Rose," and which the *Advertiser*, in its notice of the magazine, pronounced "a beautiful novelty in the line of magazine embellishments." These drawings, with the poem, occupied two pages, and were highly praised by other papers besides the *Advertiser*. The first of these two pages is reproduced herewith, as showing the style of illustration which so won the admiration of the *Pioneer's* constituency. The second number contained a sentimental picture entitled "Genevieve," "designed expressly for the *Pioneer*, by





G. C. Cutt, del.

"Two Hundred Years Ago."—From the first number of "The Pioneer."

W. H. Tappan, Engraver.

I. B. Wright," illustrating Coleridge's poem, "Love," and two outlines from Flaxman's well-known illustrations of Dante. The third number contained another of Flaxman's outlines, and an etching by D. C. Johnston, illustrating a passage in Dickens's "American Notes;" there was also a coarse woodcut of Flaxman placed at the head of an article on Flaxman, by W. W. Story. This completes the list of the illustrations in the three numbers, all of which, except the Flaxman outlines, are here reproduced. The table of contents of the first number was as follows :

## INTRODUCTION.

Hudson River: A Poem, By T. W. Parsons;

Voltaire, A Poem.

Aaron Burr. By John Neal.

The Follower: A Poem.

The Cold Spring in North Salem: A Poem. By Jones Very.

Sixteenth Exhibition of Paintings at the Boston Athenæum, 1842. By I. B. Wright.

Acceptable Worship: A Poem. By W. H. Burleigh.

The Armenian's Daughter. By Robert Carter.

Sonnet. By J. R. Lowell.

Academy of Music—Beethoven's Symphonies. By J. S. Dwight.

Longing: A Poem. By W. W. Story.

The Tell-tale Heart. By Edgar A. Poe.

The Poet and Apollo: A Poem. H. P.

The Plays of Thomas Middleton. By J. R. Lowell.

The Rose. By J. R. Lowell.

LITERARY NOTICES:—Hawthorne's Historical Tales for Youth; La Fontaine's Fables; Nature, a Parable; The Salem Belle; The Career of Puffer Hopkins; American Notes for General Circulation; The Rights of Conscience and of Property; Sparkes's Life of Washington; American Criminal Trials; Confessions of St. Augustine; Life in Mexico.

## FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Lowell's own contributions to the second number were a charming essay on "Song Writing," which subject he promised to "resume at some future day," and the sonnet "To M. O. S.," besides three or four book notices. The third number contained from his hand only the sonnet entitled "The Street."

Nathaniel Hawthorne appeared as a contributor to the second number of the *Pioneer*, his "Hall of Fantasy" being the opening piece in the number; and to the third number he contributed "The Birth-mark." Poe contributed something to each of the three numbers,

and so did Parsons. Whittier's "Lines written in the Book of a Friend" were printed in the second number; and in the last number there was a poem by Elizabeth Barrett, "The Maiden's Death."

On the inside cover pages of the second number, the publishers printed a number of notices of the first number, which had appeared in "the most respectable journals of the country," felicitating themselves that "the verdict of the press had been unanimous in favor of the *Pioneer*." These notices are almost as varied as those which Lowell himself prefixed to the "Biglow Papers," and we should like to quote many of them, as showing the impression which the *Pioneer* made upon the newspaper fraternity of 1843. The *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the *Boston Bay State Democrat*, the *Boston Daily Mail*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *New York Union*, the *New York Tribune*, the *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, and N. P. Willis's *Brother Jonathan* are the papers heard from. The *Bay State Democrat*, whose notice is the only one which we can give, wrote :

There is something refreshing and invigorating in the work, and we have to thank the editors for a delightful evening's entertainment in perusing its contents. The introduction, by one of the editors, probably Mr. Lowell, is bold and manly; and if the strong, clear, and somewhat original ideas there expressed are lived up to in the future conduct of the work, we predict for it a wide and honorable popularity in the literary world. Among the best articles, we notice a graphic sketch of Aaron Burr, done in Neal's best style; but there is contained in this article some uncalled for and disgraceful allusions to the patriot Jefferson, that any American, at this day, ought to be ashamed to pen. Neal can command public attention by his talents, without dabbling in such filthy puddles as the partisan slang against that great and good man. For the *poetry* of the number not much can be said. It is about as good as the usual run of magazine poetry, and serves as an agreeable relief to the eye, after a close application to the solid columns of the prose matter. From this, however, we must except "The Rose," which is a very pretty affair, and the novel style of pictorial illustrations that accompany the piece will, we think, commend itself to general approval. The critique on the last Athenæum Exhibition of Paintings is racy and spirited. It is by I. B. Wright. His fondness for the art is evidently deep, and chastened by a correct taste; and his playful satire is admirable. The "Armenian's Daughter" is a



"Genevieve." — From the second number of "The Pioneer."

highly interesting and well told tale; author not stated. J. S. Dwight's paper on Beethoven's Symphonies, as performed by the Boston Academy of Music, is well written, and calculated to excite an increased interest in the performances of that society. We like Mr. Dwight's style much; with a soul full of his subject, he seems to sit down and discourse of it to the reader in a rich and flowing strain of unaffected eloquence. The "Tell-Tale Heart," by Edgar A. Poe, is an article of thrilling interest. It is the tale of an unconscious madman. We must try to copy it for our readers soon. The critique on the Plays of Middleton, by the senior editor, is a paper of great power, well calculated to set one a thinking for himself, and this is the greatest merit of critical notices. But this is more; it is a profound investigation into the spirit of poetry, and an able defence of its influence over the mind. If Mr. Lowell, or any other man, could come up to the ideas advanced in the article, in his poetical productions, he would be the poet of the day, and age. The beauties of Middleton, as illustrated by the editor, are highly attractive. The literary notices by the editors are just and discriminating, and betray sound judgment and refined taste. The embellishment of the work, besides the wood illustrations of "The Rose," are two splendid steel engravings by J. Andrews.

The *Transcript* was "glad to perceive a sensible omission in the usual fashion plate of popular periodicals." All of the literary magazines of that time had published fashion plates. The *Boston Miscellany* had done so. The *Pioneer* abandoned the custom with some vehemence, remarking to its readers, with reference to the Flaxman outlines which accompanied its second number, that "in real value they exceed a host of tawdry fashion plates."

The *Tribune*, referring to Mr. Lowell's word about creeds, in his Introduction, said:

"This may be all well enough, but we cannot understand what definite meaning the writer attaches to a creed which consists in freedom from all creeds. If he intends precisely what he says, he seems to us to use words without meaning; but if he means a creed not framed upon others, carrying its worth in its truth, not in its having been believed before, he ought to have said so."

But by far the most interesting of these newspaper notices is that from the *Brother Jonathan*, by N. P. Willis. One can imagine Lowell sanctioning or directing its appearance with the rest—for very likely he did direct it—with much the same humor with which he afterwards prepared those imposing notices from

the *Higginbottomopolis Snapping-turtle* and the *Salt-river Pilot*.

"J. R. Lowell, a man of original and decided genius," said the reviewer, "has started a monthly magazine in Boston. The first number lies before us, and it justifies our expectation, viz., that a man of genius, who is merely a man of genius, is a very unfit editor for a periodical."

He then proceeds with his bill of particulars against the new magazine, and much of his criticism is, to our thinking, quite valid; but his generality reads rather queerly now, as we remember the notable editorial capacity displayed by Lowell in connection with the *Atlantic* and the *North American*.

To many Boston people, turning the pages of the *Pioneer*, the article on the Exhibition of Paintings at the Athenæum, by I. B. Wright, and that on the Academy of Music Concerts, by John S. Dwight, will have a peculiar interest. Mr. I. B. Wright was evidently a man of singular versatility. He was the designer of the picture of "Genevieve" in the second number of the magazine, already spoken of, and he was the author of a remarkable production, entitled "Dream Love," of which instalments appeared in the second and third numbers, and which was still "to be continued" when the magazine died—a production which was a kind of cross between "an eloquent article," as which the editors described it, and the "namby-pamby love tales and sketches," of which they announced that none were to be admitted to the pages of the *Pioneer*. His article upon the Athenæum Exhibition, which seems to have been a pretty large one, including a considerable number of works by the old masters, as well as works of the contemporary Boston artists, is an interesting revelation of the conditions of the art life of fifty years ago. There is much "fine writing" in it, and some wholesome and courageous criticism; and the closing reflections upon "the deadly hand of the past" which lay so heavily upon the Boston painters of 1843, crushing out their genius and making poor imitators of them, suggests that Emerson's "Nature," which was then half a dozen years old, had been read by Mr. Wright.





*Dickens and the Artist in Boots*

From the third number of "The Pioneer."

"Are there no faces and forms, are there no lives and deaths, burials and marriages, within our own land, and next our own doors? Shines not the sun upon America, gilding and coloring its landscape with as various hues as when the masters breathed the atmosphere of this earth? Is nature used up? Is character gone? Is virtue extinct? Is vice rooted out? Where were the old masters that taught the old masters? Where was their Italy but in their eyes and soul?"

Mr. Dwight's articles upon the Academy of Music and Beethoven's Symphonies show the same fine culture and true feeling in the field of music that have been shown in everything in his whole career as a musical critic, which, beginning before the *Pioneer* was born, and continued in uninterrupted vigor to the present day, constitutes him in many respects the most remarkable figure in the musical life of Boston. The opening of the first article, in which the writer felicitates himself and Boston upon the manifestly better patronage of the best things in music, will be entertaining reading for those who attend the present symphony concerts.

Robert Carter, who was Mr. Lowell's

associate in his magazine enterprise, had come to Boston from Albany only two years before, but at once formed a strong friendship with Lowell, which lasted until his death in 1879. He was of just the same age as Lowell, and full of the same pioneering, reforming spirit. He was afterwards, for a time, private secretary to Prescott, the historian; he was a helper of Kossuth; he became the editor of the *Commonwealth*, and a leader in the organization of the free-soil party, and he did much newspaper work of a high quality. It is stated that he left a volume of memoirs which remains unpublished. If any part of the volume relates to Lowell and these old days of the *Pioneer*, it certainly ought to see the light. To the *Pioneer* itself he contributed a serial story, entitled "The Armenian's Daughter."

Lowell's own poetical contributions to the *Pioneer* were all adopted afterwards into his published collections—as, we think, were all the poems contributed to the Boston *Miscellany*. His prose contributions do not appear in his collected works. Not the least interesting of these

were some of his book notices, especially the notices of Dickens's "American Notes" which was just then arousing the waspishness of superficial American folk, and of Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery." The notice of Dickens was as follows:

"AMERICAN NOTES, for General Circulation."

By Charles Dickens. This book has been too widely read to need any elaborate criticism on our part. There are one or two points in it, however, on which we wish to say a word. The book has been loudly complained of as *superficial*, and as vilifying our country and its institutions. We do not think that it can fairly be called superficial (in a derogatory sense), because it was not intended to be deep. Mr. Dickens's philosophy has always been rather of the eyes and heart, than of that higher and more comprehensive kind, with which the inner eye and the soul have to do. Such a traveller as De Tocqueville is properly expected to give a philosophical analysis of our government and its operations, and philosophical conjecture as to its ultimate tendencies and results. But we could not rightly expect from Mr. Dickens anything more than the necessarily cursory observations of one who has shown himself to be the keenest and shrewdest observer of his time.

To judge from the tone of a large share of the criticisms on this lively *jeu d'esprit* (for such it may be rightly called), it would seem that our people imagined that, because they had admired Mr. Dickens's other works, he had no right to do anything but admire everything of theirs in turn. The Americans are the only nation who appear to think that they can say what they please of others, and that others have no right to say what they please of them. Mr. Dickens's remarks on *slavery* seem to have raised the greatest storm of indignation, and yet the greatest part of his chapter on this system, which (call it crime or misfortune) is surely the darkest plot on our national character, consisted only of quotations from our own newspapers. If the eyes and mouths of our own countrymen are to be forever sealed on the question which more nearly concerns their interest and honor than any other, they should thank God for what little light they are *permitted* to gain from an intelligent foreigner, whose vivid exposure of the abuses of his own system of government give him the better right to strike at those of our own. A man of genius, like Dickens, is a citizen of the world, and belongs as much to America as to England. If our narrowness and cowardice in this matter are not outgrown, we might as well publish expurgated editions of Shakespeare and all others who satirize and revolt at tyranny (as all great minds must),—nay, of the Declaration of Independence itself.

The greatest and deepest fault we have to find with the book is the too frequent eulogy of brandy and water, and the ill-concealed satire of the temperance reform—a reform which has been and is doing incalculable good throughout the land; which is spreading peace and innocence where only degradation skulked before, and which is insuring stability to our free-

dom, by teaching men to set free and respect *themselves*, without which they can have no true reverence for anything.

The notice of Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery" is the most interesting of the notices, chiefly on account of the strong words on the anti-slavery reform, into which Lowell was already throwing himself.

"POEMS ON SLAVERY." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Cambridge: John Owen. This is a little volume which we think likely to do a great deal of good. Professor Longfellow is perhaps more widely and popularly known and admired in this country than any other writer, certainly than any other poet; while many of his poems have been translated into German by Freiligrath, and Bentley has now and then the good taste to steal them for his *Miscellany*. In this instance we think the popularity—*interdum vulgus rectum videt*—a proof of merit in the author. His style has just enough peculiarity to render it attractive, and, at the same time that it is strongly tinged with romanticism, the structure of the verse, the rhythm of the melody, and the development of the sentiment are so gracefully simple as to be even at once with minds of the highest and lowest range of education. Such a man as this, so well known as a polished scholar of general literature, so always welcome to every fireside as a poet whose muse has never in any way spotted the virgin white of her purity, will find a ready hearing, when he comes as a pleader on either side of a vexed question, with many who to all others would be resolutely deaf.

We do not join in the torrent of eulogy upon the fearlessness and nobleness of spirit evinced by the author in publishing this little pamphlet, because we think that it is yielding quite too much to the exacting spirit of evil to say that a man does any more than his simple duty to his instincts when he espouses the cause of right. It is always an argument of greater courage in a man (so far as that goes) to deny and refuse the divine message that is sent to him, as it always is sooner or later, for in so doing he causes his guardian angel to hide her face from him in sorrow, and defies the Spirit of God in his own soul, who is thenceforth his most implacable foe and one that always vanquishes at last. The sentiment of anti-slavery, too, is spreading so fast and so far over the whole land, that its opponents are rapidly dwindling into a minority. Moreover, such praise, if any there be, should be given to the early disciples and apostles of this gospel, men and women who have endured for their faith such spiritualized martyrdom as the refined nineteenth century is still tenacious of inflicting. There, for instance, is William Lloyd Garrison, the half-inspired Luther of this reform, a man too remarkable to be appreciated in his generation, but whom the future will recognize as a great and wonderful spirit. There, too, is Whittier, the fiery Koerner of this spiritual warfare, who, Scævola-like, has sacrificed on the altar of duty that right hand which might have made him acknowledged as the most passionate lyrist of his time. There is the tenderly-loving Maria Child, the au-



1.

In his tower sate the poet  
Gazing on the roaring sea,  
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it  
Where there's none that loveth me.

2.

"On the rock the billow bursteth  
And sinks back into the seas,  
But in vain my spirit thirsteth  
So to burst and be at ease.

3.

"Take, oh sea, the tender blossom  
That hath lain against my breast,  
On thy black and angry bosom  
It will find a surer rest.

4.

Life is vain and love is hollow,  
Ugly death stands there behind,  
Hate and scorn and hunger follow  
Him that toileth for his kind."

5.

Forth into the night he hurled it  
And with bitter smile did mark  
How the surly tempest whirled it  
Swift into the hungry dark.

6.

Foam and spray drive back to leeward,  
And the gale with dreary moan  
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,  
Through the breakers all alone.



1.

Stands a maiden on the morrow,  
Musing by the wave-beat strand,  
Half in hope and half in sorrow  
Tracing words upon the sand.

2.

"Shall I ever then behold him  
Who hath been my life so long, —  
Ever to this sick heart fold him, —  
Be the spirit of his song!

The First Page of Lowell's Poem, "The Rose." — From the first number of "The Pioneer"

thor of that dear book, "Philothea," — a woman of genius, who lives with humble content in the intellectual Coventry to which her conscientiousness has banished her — a fate the hardest for genius to bear. Nor ought the gentle spirit of, Follen, a lion with a lamb's heart, to be forgotten whose fiery fate, from which the mind turns horror-stricken, was perhaps to his mild nature less dreadful than that stake and fagot of public opinion, in dragging him to which many whom he loved were not inactive, for silence at such times is action. And Channing, a man great and original in perceiving, elucidating and defending those moral truths which others were the first to discover. When we see these, and such as these, denounced as self-interested zealots, by those who have never read a word of their controversial writings, we know not whether to be most surprised at the fearless ignorance, which classes such widely different natures together, or at the contending simplicity which receives such oracles for gospel, and is pleased to accept that as knowledge which is truly but the over-running of surplus ignorance. That some of them are "unguarded in their expressions" we allow, but a great idea has seldom time to waste in selecting what Hotspur would have called "parmaceti phrases," and the spirit of reform does not usually make a fiery spirit more mild. Luther was the greatest blackguard, as well as the greatest reformer of his time, and Milton threw dirt (not, however, without a few chance fallen rose leaves in it) at Salmasius, not only without stint, but with an evident satisfaction. Men who feel that they are in the right are prone to indignation at those who oppose them, and those who do not live in glass houses sometimes make it their profession to throw stones.

To return, Professor Longfellow rarely or never touches the deepest instincts of our nature, but he runs over the wide scale of natural sentiment with the hand of a master. His strength lies in what we may call the spiritual picturesque. His mind is of a reflective cast. He has little passionateness, and his thoughts run so readily into soliloquy, that we think a more strict self-judgment would have deterred him from ever attempting the dramatic form of expression. He has remarkable delicacy and grace, sometimes rising into vigor, of diction, and a delightful spirit pervades all that he writes, which is never (as is too often the case) belied by the private and personal character of the author, who in an eminent degree attracts the love as well as the admiration of his

friends. We know no writer whose poems tend more decidedly to elevate and refine the feelings of his readers, and so to purify the source of their thoughts, while at the same time he cultivates their romantic sentiment, thereby increasing the nicety and extent of their sympathies.

There is no use in quoting from any volume of Professor Longfellow's. His poems have such a wonderful faculty of domesticating themselves by every fireside in the country, that they are everywhere recognized inmates. Some of those in this little volume seem to us to be deficient in force, and without enough certainty of aim. Perhaps the best in conception is the "Slave Singing at Midnight," and the best in expression "The



John Flaxman. — From the third number of "The Pioneer."

Slave's Dream," a subject which we have seen handled before, but never so beautifully. There is nothing of the spirit of controversy in these pages, and though we might be tempted sometimes to ask for more energy, yet we are sure that those writings do most good which strive to make the beauty of the right more apparent, rather than those which inveigh against the loathsomeness of the wrong.

There is an interesting review of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," which had then just appeared. It is impossible to give this here in full, but we quote its opening paragraph for the sake of showing the rather severe opinion which

Lowell held of Macaulay in 1843, and which very likely remained his opinion.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY is the best magazine writer of the day. Without being a learned man, he has a vast fund of information always at command, the accumulation of a quick eye, and a retentive memory. Always brilliant, but never profound; witty, but not humorous; full of sparkling antithesis, polished, keen, graceful, he has more talent than any prose writer living. He is a kind of prose Pope, in whom we can find no great ideas, no true philosophy, but plenty of philosophizing, who never writes above his reader's easy comprehension, and whose sentences we always acknowledge as lucky, rather than admire as new or beautiful. He has thoughts enough, but no *thought*. His analysis of character are like a professor's demonstrations in the dissecting room; we see all the outward mechanism by which the spirit made itself visible and felt, but after all, only a dead body lies before us. He galvanizes his subjects till they twitch with a seeming life, but he has not the power of calling back the spirit and making it give answers from the deep. In short, he is not a genius. In politics, he is a whig; one of that party which is neither conservative nor radical, but which combines in its faith some of the faults of both, and whose doctrine seems to be "reform, as far as *we* are concerned." His sympathies seem to be fashionable, rather than the result of a warm heart or philosophic thought. If there were a Greek or Polish revolution, he would forget that freedom spoke any other language but that of Leonidas and Sobieski, and, overlooking the struggling mass of degraded humanity that pined and murmured around his very door, would satisfy his classic sympathy for the advance of man by writing Greek and Polish war songs, to be admired by everybody to-day, and then to retire upon such precarious pittance of immortality as is furnished by the charitable corner of a country newspaper.

There is no word which Lowell wrote for the *Pioneer* which is not interesting as read to-day. There are many passages from the essay on "Middleton," and from the essay on "Song Writing," which we should like to set upon a second circulation; but space is left us for only a single passage from the latter essay,—a charming pastoral picture, which, put into the dialect of Hosea Biglow, would be the counterpart of "The Courtin'."

WE confess that the sight of the rudest and simplest love-verses in the corner of a village newspaper oftener bring tears of delight into our eyes than awaken a sense of the ludicrous. In fancy we see the rustic lovers wandering hand in

hand, a sweet fashion not yet extinct in our quiet New England villages, and crowding all the past and future with the blithe sunshine of the present. The modest loveliness of Dorcas has revealed to the delighted heart of Reuben countless other beauties of which, but for her, he had been careless. Pure and delicate sympathies have overgrown protectingly the most exposed part of his nature, as the moss covers the north side of the tree. The perception and reverence of her beauty has become a new and more sensitive conscience to him, which, like the wonderful ring in the fairy tale, warns him against every danger that may assail his innocent self-respect. For the first time he begins to see something more in the sunset than an omen of to-morrow's weather. The flowers, too, have grown tenderly dear to him of a sudden, and, as he plucks a sprig of blue succory from the roadside to deck her hair with, he is as truly a poet as Burns when he embalmed the "mountain daisy" in deathless rhyme. Dorcas thrills at sight of quivering Hesperus as keenly as ever Sappho did, and as it brings back to her, she knows not how, the memory of all happy times in one, she clasps closer the brown, toil-hardened hand which she holds in hers, and which the heart that warms it makes as soft as down to her. She is sure that the next Sabbath evening will be as cloudless and happy as this. She feels no jealousy of Reuben's love of the flowers, for she knows that only the pure in heart can see God in them, and that they will but teach him to love better the wild-flower-like beauties in herself, and give him impulses of kindness and brotherhood to all. Love is the truest radicalism, lifting all to the same cleared level of humble, thankful humanity. Dorcas begins to think that her childish dream has come true, and that she is really an enchanted princess, and her milk-pans are forthwith changed to a service of gold plate with the family arms engraved on the bottom of each, the device being a great heart, and the legend, *God gives, man only takes away*. Her taste in dress has grown wonderfully more refined since her betrothal, though she never heard of the Paris fashions, and never had more than one silk gown in her life, that one being her mother's wedding dress, made over again. Reuben has grown so tender-hearted, that he thought there might be some good even in "Transcendentalism," a terrible dragon of straw, against which he had seen a lecturer at the village Lyceum valorously enact the St. George,—nay, he goes so far as to think that the slave-women (black though they be, and therefore not deserving so much happiness) cannot be quite so well off as his sister in the factory and would sympathize with them if the constitution did not enjoin all good citizens not to do so. But we are wandering—farewell, Reuben and Dorcas! remember that you can only fulfil your vow of being true to each other by being true to all, and be sure that death can but unclasp your bodily hands that your spiritual ones may be joined the more closely.

## THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTH.

*By A. D. Mayo.*



It is not easy to-day to comprehend the full significance of the revolution in American society inaugurated by the late Civil War. A few of the most obvious effects of the great war are known to all. The complete destruction of the most powerful aristocratic class in Christendom, as far as concerned its direct influence upon national affairs; the abolition of the semi-feudal institution of American slavery, and the elevation of five millions of people, to all the rights of American citizenship; the overthrow of the leading industrial system that had prevailed nearly three centuries, in a country as large as Europe outside the Russian Empire; the bitter struggle, perhaps not yet over, that has accompanied the readjustment of civil, social and financial relations between the two races that people sixteen great states,—these and other results of that tremendous conflict are already apparent to all. But other and less obvious consequences are beginning to appear, in the slowly developing life of the new republic. These changes, revealed or hidden, in the midst of which we live to-day, may be summed up as the radical transformation of an Anglo-Saxon, semi-aristocratic into an American, democratic order of human affairs. Until the breaking out of the war, American society, in the old East and through the entire South, was a gradual broadening of the aristocratic order of British civilization from which it sprung. No less in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, than in Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans, were the claims of superior race, family, inherited wealth, culture and social station acquiesced in, with only a prospect of gradual change. Thirty years ago Emerson said: "Old England extends to the Alleghanies; America begins in Ohio." The emanci-

pation of the southern negro and his recognition as a full American citizen completed the process, begun by the naturalization of the immigrant European peasant in the North, and cast into the trembling balance of national affairs a make-weight which has finally committed the Union to the cause of popular government and republican society.

There are still powerful organizations and influences on the ground that fiercely challenge that result, and threaten new conflicts of these tendencies on new issues. What is implied by the term "Bourbonism" in the South; the concentrated influence of a zealous and able priesthood in more than one division of the American church; the attempt, in certain quarters, to rally the cultivated class, by a sort of literary Free-masonry, to distrust in American ideas; the affectation of narrow cliques, in all social centres, to bring in the European ideal of a superior social caste; the prodigious and rapid centralization of vast industrial interests in the grasp of gigantic corporations,—here is certainly a counter current, not to be overlooked and not without great influence, either for wholesome restraint or mischievous obstruction. But, however protracted may be the struggle, and however numerous the changes of scenery in the shifting drama of the future, no thoughtful man can long doubt on which side the victory will rest. For evil or good, the democratic idea is bound to prevail in American affairs. That idea is not communistic, anarchical or subversive of inevitable gradations in society. It is the progressive reconstruction of human affairs around the idea that every human being shall have fair opportunity to develop what has been given him by his Maker, with the corresponding obligation that every human being is bound to use his superiorities and successes for the uplifting of all. Said Lord Napier to a distinguished American clergyman, forty years ago, "Great Britain is on the same



inclined plane as the United States. You are only a little farther down the grade than we." The complete outcome of the American experiment in our New World will be the emancipation of mankind through every nook and corner of the inhabited earth. We can baffle, embarrass, and complicate the movement through its entire progress. We can plunge this continent into new and bloody wars. We may so hinder the preparation of the "common people" for their future dominion, that the rule of the many shall become the dominion of a mob, only mitigated by the stolid resistance of the select minority. But if we bear ourselves in wisdom and patience, the coming in of the people's day will not be the sunset of liberty, but the sunrise of a nobler social order than has yet been known to mankind. One of the logical results of this condition of affairs is the theme of the present essay.

When I speak of "The Woman's Movement in the Southern States" I encounter the risk of a varied misapprehension. The enthusiastic advocate of "Woman's Rights" may fancy I am about to announce a grand rally to the standard of woman suffrage, and all things inscribed on that banner, among the southern sisters. A "stalwart" politician may suspect that I am about to reveal the existence of a far-reaching conspiracy among the mothers of sixteen states to train their offspring for another war against the Union. The summer correspondent, whose knowledge of southern womanhood is confined to the observation of the crowd of handsome lady loungers on the piazzas of southern watering places, may query whether there is any "movement" at all in these slumbrous realms of "good society." Yet others may think I am to tell the wondrous story of a resurrection into superior womanhood among the freedmen and "poor white trash." It is concerning none of these specially, though of something including them all incidentally, that I write.

I am not speaking on this delicate theme "as one having authority," although I have seen many things. A northern man, Puritan by descent, aristocratic in

the grain, with liberal democratic and cosmopolitan theories in religion and public affairs, educated by thirty years in Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio, I never had an intimate acquaintance with one woman of southern birth until a dozen years ago, and had scarcely travelled in the South until "called" on the ministry of education in which I have been engaged for the last twelve years. But my opportunities during these years for looking into southern society as it is being shaped by the generation of young people born since the opening of the Civil War have been, perhaps, unusual, certainly very widely extended. That overlook includes a perpetual journeying through all these states during the entire school year, with constant public addresses, inspection of southern schools of all grades, entertainment in the homes of every class, frequent preaching in the churches of all denominations, with the friendly personal confidences of great numbers of representative men and women. And, without changing a single feature of my theory of American society and with no consciousness of having been swerved from the right line of fidelity to fundamental American principles by the friendliness of these people, I have come to a few conclusions possibly novel to some of my readers, but welcome surely to every one who rejoices in the name of American woman.

Perhaps there was never a more complete ignorance of the actual condition of society between two sections of the same country than between our northern and southern states for a generation previous to the late war. Whatever of intimate commingling had existed in the earlier days of the republic had almost passed away in the growing estrangement that came of the continued exasperation of the slavery controversy. The northern people who travelled South were chiefly of the sort who sympathized with southern institutions, and saw only the sunny side of that land. Our white southern visitors were entirely of the ruling class, on errands of business, pleasure, or politics, commonly the guests or associates of their special northern friends. Mutual distrust and misapprehension ruled the



hour. Slavery was a picturesque drop-curtain, which shut away the real condition of the southern people from the North as completely as its prototype before the stage.

Among these figures, the southern woman of the ruling class (for the North saw no other) was prominent. The ordinary idea of this type of American womanhood, even among the masses of intelligent people of the North, was a woman of tropical nature, with fascinating person and manners, a despot in society, often eccentric and imperious after the style of the "leading lady" on the stage, averse to labor, contemptuous of self-support, listless and tempestuous by turns, a tyrant among her slaves, and a fury in sectional politics, the most influential factor in the impending war. And still, although the past twenty-five years has virtually thrown open the southern states, and the entire region from Washington to Texas swarms with winter tourists, the old notion dies hard. I am asked a dozen times a week, by excellent people, in all parts of the North, if I do not find the southern women filled with bitterness over the results of the war, and if the southern girl of the period is not that contradictory nondescript, at once a listless, shiftless, superficial butterfly of society, and an artful conspirator against the peace of the nation. True, I have noticed that whenever two young women of similar capacity, culture, and social status are brought together, from Massachusetts and South Carolina, a new mutual admiration society is imminent. The most enthusiastic crowd that an elderly gentleman can pilot through the glories of Back Bay, Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, Concord, and the Harvard campus is the flock of bright southern girls which every season brings on its flight to our northern summer schools. Still, the average New England or western community obstinately holds on to the picture of the southern woman painted on the drop-curtain, and half suspects a northern man of being the victim of a sentimental craze, who ventures to tell the story of the new woman's movement at the South as it looks to unprejudiced though friendly eyes. I do not pretend to know all

about these matters of which I write, — and many a southern woman might honestly believe me wrong in my diagnosis of southern social affairs; but I do know more than the majority of my northern friends.

It should be said, in the first place, that the popular northern idea of the southern woman of the leading class, before the war, was largely evolved from the realm of romance. That the superior woman of the South was characterized in those days by the early development of personal charms, a winning social grace and friendliness, and an ambition for social superiority in that concentrated her education on social culture, was doubtless true. But the notion that the leading class in the South was distinguished by superior descent or eminent culture from a similar class in the old northern states was untrue. The best "old families" of both sections came from similar original British stock, — the great intelligent, progressive middle class that has created the new republic and reconstructed the Great Britain of two centuries ago.

The opportunities afforded by foreign travel and education of the ordinary American type for girls half a century ago, for the growth of fine womanly qualities among these classes, was very evenly distributed through the states east of the Alleghanies. While the southern schools for girls were sufficiently numerous and well-appointed to meet the ordinary demand for the education of the young woman of the better class — the only woman who was schooled at all — and many of the more favored girls were sent North or to Europe for better training; yet, on the whole, the "female seminaries" of the old North, imperfect as they may have been, were the better of the two, and the average of book-learning and the scholarly habit more marked among the young women north than south of Washington.

Yet the southern woman of thirty years ago was just what the woman of New England, Pennsylvania, or New York would have been, had her grandfather removed to Georgia or Texas, and had she been reared amid the influences of the southern country life of that remote

era. The North saw our southern sister at the most and least attractive angles of her life,—as the brilliant idol of society, and as the listless victim of an indolence largely the result of enervating climate, unwholesome habits of living, and the demoralizing environment of a servile class. But the southern woman the North did not see was of the same essential type it loves and honors at home. On a thousand lonely plantations, often in unwholesome and discouraging surroundings, born into a state of society from which no woman could escape, the majority of the planters' wives and daughters bore themselves, in those old days, with the same womanly devotion, intelligence, quiet energy, and daily self-sacrifice that everywhere characterized the superior American woman of the past generations.

Indeed, while all the advantages of slavery were monopolized by the negro savage, who was changed by two centuries of servitude into the "American citizen of African descent" we beheld in 1865, and while the aristocratic man of the South did seem to reap undeniable results in the enjoyment of personal, social, and political power, the heavy end of that lot was always lifted by the woman. The Christian wife and mother could not but look with silent dismay down into the black, bottomless gulf of temptation that yawned below the cradle of every boy. Her husband's slaves were a mob of half-civilized children, always under her feet, and her life at home, with many redeeming attractions, was a daily service of toil, anxiety and often, half-hopeless effort to hold things together and do her full duty as mistress of the mansion. The prevailing idea of womanhood forbade her to step out upon a multitude of paths open to her sister of the North. To teach, to engage in any industrial calling of self-support, except on the compulsion of dire necessity or from the impulse of genius, was not for her. No rage for religious speculation tumbled the placid waters of her country church, and the Protestant clergy had practically as thorough control of her education as the Catholic priesthood assumes for the young women of their flocks to-day.

That such a life, with its peculiar romance and excitement, was a powerful stimulus to deep thought and brooding sentiment, giving to the character of the southern woman that undertone of pathos and intensity that still hangs about her like the sad and almost tragic refrain of her whole life, we can easily understand. That it developed a type of woman most powerful in her hold upon the men of her own section, and, as she comes to be better known, destined to be more largely influential than ever before in the national life, we cannot doubt. The finest fruits of aristocratic society are always garnered by the best women. The South, before the war, was rich in excellent women who, like their sex everywhere, committed body and soul to their own order of social affairs, were the most precious of the manifold treasures of that mysterious land.

Said a northern soldier's wife :

"I lived a while, during the war, in a camp of Confederate prisoners, as the wife of the commander of the post, whose duty it was to open the letters that came to these men from their families and friends. As I looked at the photographs of women that came in these letters, I couldn't wonder that these men were ready to fight to the death under the powerful spell of those eloquent faces and flashing eyes."

We are hearing great things nowadays, and I have seen in my numerous visitations, something of the vast mineral treasures of the South, almost undiscovered before the year 1860, now promising to surpass the richest deposits in any land. But the one mine from which the South will gather pearls beyond price, in the upward lift to its enlarging destiny through the years to come, is the marvelous treasure-house of its young womanhood,—in the days of the mothers hidden from the nation by the drop curtain of slave society, now opening, in the deeper realms of life, moving to its rightful influence and its own peculiar place in the American sisterhood to whom we look for the redemption of the land.

The great broom of war swept the eleven seceding states of the South almost clean of effective white manhood through four awful years. For the first time in the history of these states, the white

women of every class were left in virtual possession of the home life. The South, in 1860, was a vast, sparsely populated country, with but one great city south of Washington, the superior people dispersed through the quiet plantation life of the old *regime*. There, far from the alarm of invasion, the vast majority of these women, through four terrible years, carried in their arms the entire home life of these states; not only bearing the burdens so nobly assumed by their northern sisters, the management of children and the work for the soldier in camp, field, and hospital, but, in large measure, occupied by the management of more than four million slaves, in a state of wild suppressed expectancy such as only they could comprehend. How wonderfully well they went through that awful period; how, day by day, their faculty of administration grew apace; how they thought and pondered and wept and prayed and suffered on, thousands of the best of them in the grip of relentless poverty,—all this was veiled from us. What we did hear was the very obvious fact that the woman, South, even, beyond her sister in the North, was a flame of fire in the cause she had been educated from her cradle to believe was the cause of God, and that its overthrow would involve the destruction of all good things given to her in this world.

And the strange thing, even yet not fully comprehended by many of our sisters of the South, is that no schooling less stringent than the frightful ordeal of a destructive civil war, which virtually exhausted the life of an entire generation of women, could have brought the woman of the South up to the threshold of the magnificent opportunity on which her foot is planted to-day. Neither we nor she could have seen how, beyond the smoke and dust of war, the glory of the Lord was on its way for her deliverance, and that the downfall of the cause for which she so bravely gave her life was to be the signal for an uplift of which she had never dreamed.

For the one thing needed by the southern white woman, of every class, a generation ago, was emancipation from the spell cast over her executive energies

by the very constitution of society into which she was born. With an excess of chivalric devotion to women, that to our cooler northern temperament appears almost romantic, the southern man, in the old time, never fully understood that the most genuine worship of woman is shown by the large appreciation of her nature and her place in the modern world and the ready offer of the helping hand in every honest and womanly effort to do her best for her country and mankind. Chivalry, always the same in essentials, flowers out in varied expression from age to age. The knight of five centuries ago, in Europe, was a stalwart brother, clad in cumbrous brass or sheathed in shining steel, ready to break his own heart or crack his rival's head in behalf of a blooming damsel who could probably neither read nor write, but whom he adored as "queen of love and beauty." The American knight of to-day is a fine young fellow in citizen's dress, who gives his hand, with his heart and his pocket-book in it, to his little sister, his pretty cousin, or his youngish maiden aunt, saying, "Go, dear, to the university and study to your heart's content,—and when you come home with your diploma in your reticule, we'll crown you queen of love and beauty and princess of light." It is beginning to be understood among the noblest women of the South that in no way save by the complete wreck of the old order could the young woman of to-day be found, like the wise virgin, with lamp trimmed and burning, awaiting the bridegroom,—the woman's "calling and election" in the "grand and awful time" which our eyes behold.

The slaveholders of the South, in 1860, did not number the present population of Boston, and the entire body of people personally interested in the institution could hardly have amounted to three of the eight millions of the white people of the South. That class, in 1860, was the most powerful aristocracy in Christendom. It ruled the American republic, plunged the nation into a civil war, and almost swung the two foremost powers of Europe over to itself. In 1865, that body of people was more com-

pletely overwhelmed than any similar class in modern times. Not only was its political domination in national affairs forever gone, but it was reduced to almost absolute poverty, without the severe industrial executive training that makes poverty the lightest of all burdens for the young man and woman of the North. Not one in ten of these old respectable families has emerged from this financial wreck, or will ever stand again on its feet in the old way. Of course, the woman bore the cross in this complete prostration of loftiest hopes. In 1865, many thousands of the women of the leading class of the South were left with a less hopeful outlook for the life of comfort and household ease so dear to every woman than multitudes of the servant girls that swarm the pavements of our northern towns on the evening of a summer day.

But to another class of southern women this experience came in another way. Far more numerous than the throng of suffering women of the better sort was the great crowd of the wives and daughters of the non-slave-holding white man. Under this class, minus the fringe of "poor white trash," the tramps of the South in all but their lazy determination not to tramp, must be included a variety of people, from the reckless woodsman in the pine forests of the Atlantic and Gulf Coast, through the vigorous farmers of the Piedmont realm, over among the two million dwellers in the interminable mountain region, as large as Central Europe, that extends from Harper's Ferry almost to within sight of the lovely capital of Alabama.

Of the white women of these various classes we at the North knew nothing — and know very little to-day. That many of them were ignorant, often vulgar and weak in their womanhood, living in strange discomfort, we have been told, with variations, by the omniscient metropolitan reporter, by the omnipresent drummer and, later, by the novelists of the South, who have penetrated to their homes. But the other side of the story has not been told. These people are almost wholly of the original British stock that peopled the New England and

the Middle States, radically kind and confiding, their vices and follies rather the faults of neglected children than of the depraved class that is the terror of our great American towns. Hence we need not be surprised to learn that to this class the war brought a great era of emancipation and found in it a people ready to step out into the light before the country.

The first result of peace was to bring multitudes of the men of this class forward as buyers and owners of better lands than they could obtain under the old order of affairs. All over the South, especially on the beautiful slopes and in the vast mountain regions, we see the rising homes of these new folk. We meet their boys in all the growing villages. They swarm in Texas. The city of Atlanta, has almost been created by them, with Senator Joe Brown as their "best man." In the schools for girls, these shy, awkward, shut-up maidens are carrying off the prizes and going forth as teachers. They are the "factory girls" in the new cotton mills, and are ready to work, as they are taught, in the various ways by which thousands of American women are earning honest money. If I were twenty years younger, I would go in, as a missionary of the education of the head, the heart, and the hand, at Harper's Ferry, and only come out for supplies, till not only was my hair gray, but my head bald, and I ready to embark on the long journey to the Beyond. One of the noblest of the good women teachers of North Carolina, who established a school for girls in the chief town in that wonderful upland world of the old North State, writes:

"The prospects for my boarding-school for the more favored young ladies of the vicinity are excellent. But oh, for money, money, money, to educate the poor, dear ignorant girls of this glorious mountain land!"

What can be done with the children, even of the lowest class of this sort, the "trash" of the coast country, may be known by sitting on the platform of Amy Bradley's Tileston school, in Wilmington, North Carolina, and looking into the faces of four hundred of them, — as fair to look upon as our own little New Eng-

land boys and girls. Our North is rich in the honors of philanthropy; but no work done for the uplift of the children will shine with a brighter record than the twenty-five years' service of Amy Bradley, a Boston schoolmistress, in the draining of the Wilmington "Dry Pond," through the steady financial backing of Mrs. Mary Hemenway, who, not content with her gift of \$125,000 for the education of the poor of that locality, and her munificence to the colored folk at Hampton Institute, has now built on even broader foundations, in her school of elementary learning and industrial arts in a suburb of Norfolk.

And what of the negro women—the three millions of them between the Potomac and the Rio Grande? What has emancipation and a generation of freedom done for them? For the vicious, weak, and foolish, what liberty always does at first for an enslaved race—barring the ferocity that always flares out from a similar emancipated class in the lower regions of European life. Let us not forget that our Freedman is the latest comer who knocks at the door of the world's new civilization. The colored ancestry of the most civilized of these people dates back less than three hundred years; while probably a third of them would find their grandfathers of a century ago in the jungles of the Dark Continent. Among these women are as many grades of native intellectual, moral, and executive force, to say nothing of acquirements, as among the white people. The plantations of the Gulf, the Atlantic Coast, and the Mississippi bottoms swarm with negro women who seem hardly lifted above the brutes. And I know a group of young colored women, many of them accomplished teachers, in Washington, D. C., who bear themselves as gently and with as varied womanly charms as any score of ladies in the land.

The one abyss of perdition to this class is the slough of unchastity in which, as a race, they still flounder, half-conscious that it is a slough,—the double inheritance of savage Africa and that one hateful thing in slavery for which even good old Nehemiah Adams could find no excuse. But here things are mending,—

a good deal faster than the average southern man will allow, though all too slow to justify the fond enthusiasm of those elsewhere who only know the negro as the romantic figure in the great war, and the petted child of the Christian church in the North and foreign lands. I have looked upon many thousands of these girls, in the schools established by the splendid philanthropy of the North and in the local public schools of the southern country; and I am sure that in the midst of this wild, weltering sea of unstable womanhood is slowly forming a continent of pure, honest, Christian young women, who have before them a nobler mission field than the women of any civilized land, in the redemption and training to personal morality of their sisters of the South.

For here is the fulcrum over which any lever that would lift the younger colored people must pry. No readjuster politician, preaching a gospel of repudiation; no clamor for the right to eat and sleep and ride and study in the same place as the white man; no craze for the higher education, or any device of mental or industrial culture that leaves out of account the foundations of a solid and righteous life; no ecstasy of sentimental or passionall religion that floats away soul and sense in a deluge of muddy emotion; nothing but the severe training of more than one generation of these colored girls in the central virtue of womanhood can assure the success of this entire region of American citizenship. Until the colored woman has her feet securely planted on that rock, all that any or everybody can do for her race is like treasure flung into an abyss. As she gains on that path, all good things will come to her and hers. The radical disability of the negro to-day is the fatal disability of a feeble morality. In all else, though not an imitation white man, notably no revised edition of the Anglo-Saxon white man, he has a wealth of nature and a speciality of gifts that will bring him out one of the most useful and, by all odds, the most picturesque of the characters in our manifold American life.

And now, how are these women of the

South, the various grades and classes of them, bearing themselves at the opening of the great day of woman's destiny through these states of the Southland? For we need not fancy that the southern woman, of any class, is going back to the place where we saw her a generation ago. The old places have passed away. She cannot be the same Lady Bountiful on the plantation; she cannot queen it, as of old, in Washington, or be the same kind of southern portent abroad, the same "low-down" white woman of the mountains, the same slave mother, even the same reckless companion of the white man's folly, as in the days gone by. There are plenty of women in all these states who do not know this; who will still pine for what is forever gone, or wreck themselves in frantic struggles after what can never be to them what it was to their mothers, even if obtained. But in any thoughtful estimate of woman-kind we must leave out the conventional sisterhood, foolish or respectable, that never looks beyond the hour and drifts, like one of the great flowery grass-islands of the shallow bayou. When we write of the southern woman's movement, we mean the movement of all women in the South who "having eyes, see, and having ears, hear," and having souls welcome the call of God and go forth, oftentimes under a cloud of local prejudice, but more and more coming to be known as the leaders of the higher society in every state. How are these young women meeting the call? What is of far more importance to some of us, what can the women of the North do to help them in these toilsome early years?

The South of to-day is still an all-outdoors country, as large as Europe outside of Russia, its eastern slope and southwestern empire in some ways contrasting like our own East and West; yet its oldest states, like Virginia and the Carolinas, in many important respects a border-land, to be waked up and thoroughly populated, in the same manner as our new Northwest. In all these states, leaving out half-a-dozen border cities, there is but one town of metropolitan dimensions and character,—New Orleans; a dozen others, some of historic

importance, others of recent growth, of fifty thousand and upwards, and a larger number of between five thousand and twenty thousand; in all, not so many people gathered in proper city life, in the thirteen states below the border, as in New England. The vast majority of the superior families of the South still abide in a quiet country or village life which, in all save cheapness of living, is below that of the corresponding region in any northern state in the opportunities for personal culture and diversified industry, so valued by our American young women of ability and spirit.

Through these vast areas, in all these states, common schools have been established, chiefly since 1870, better than ever were thought of before, but in most places outside the larger towns, lamentably ineffectual to meet the needs of the people. School districts five miles square,—such muddy miles in winter, such blazing miles in summer; log or indifferent frame schoolhouses, with all sorts of substitutes; teachers, paid twenty dollars, thirty dollars, possibly forty dollars a month, and "find themselves" for a term of three to four months in the year in the Gulf region, from four to five elsewhere; the absolute separation of the races in all schools controlled by the southern people;—these drawbacks to education in the country bear heavily on the white girl.

The agricultural life of all these states is improving; but a plantation in central Georgia or a stock-farm in southeastern Texas is about the slowest coach in which an ambitious American woman can be "booked" for her life journey. The bright young men are flying from this life in crowds. They cannot be expected to stand by the "old folks at home" and fight out the battle of their changing system of labor, when every growing county town, little city, and, especially, the rising empire beyond the Mississippi are beckoning them to the rewards of active enterprise. One of the chief hindrances to the rapid change of southern country life is this drifting away of the young men, who would naturally become the leaders in all progressive things, leaving on the ground so many of

the unenterprising, vicious, idle youth, who have only vigor enough to stand up to the home crib and eat their fill. So, more and more, with notable exceptions in every state, the country, which was the stronghold of the old southern society, is left to the negroes, the poorer white men who come in and buy or rent the farms, and the women of the old families, who must stay where there is a house to cover and a granary to feed the home flock. Into such a life as this, bereaved of so many influences, outside the home enjoyed by the young women of other portions of the country, myriads of southern girls are born; and there they must stay, unless they develop an energy of which the most enterprising girl is not always capable, to push out, get a fair education from a neighboring academy, contriving meanwhile to get money enough to meet reasonable demands for dress, and the little outings that vary the monotony of the home. There are few of the avenues for industrial success open which invite the northern woman who would care for herself. Such occupations imply a concentrated population, with money to spend and a growing taste for expensive living. To a limited extent a portion of these girls are occupied in the old style "fancy work," which is sold in the cities. Some of them go to the towns and find occupation in the ordinary wants of a village of a thousand to five thousand people, where every avenue of domestic labor and the rougher outdoor labor is occupied by colored women, the abler of whom are making their way into occupations that are monopolized by respectable white women through the North.

At present, the one broad avenue out of this quiet country life is school-teaching. Here the young women of the better class are rapidly coming into almost complete possession. The young men fit for this work are largely seeking other and more lucrative employments. The average boy of twelve, even in the cities, leaves school, at least to begin to play "little man," and keep the wolf from the door. The daughters of the humbler white families, with increasing exceptions, are unfit for this work, save in remote localities and ignorant districts.

So these young women of the old plantation families, a generation of whom have come up since 1860, are now, under the supervision, often merely nominal, of a limited number of "superintendents," teaching the new public schools of the South. In places where the colored youth are not up to the work, they are in the negro schools, in Baltimore and Charleston largely in the ascendant.

It would awaken the most indifferent to a lively sympathy, to see how thousands of these young women are toiling for the moderate education that will fit them for this work, as well as to obtain the ordinary culture of a woman in good society. The most enterprising girl of a numerous household will, in some way, get together the one or two hundred dollars for which a year's schooling can be had in one of the academies that dot the country at intervals all over the South, and were the only schools of the mothers. Many of them were overthrown, but have been largely re-established, mostly without endowments, often with good teachers, working on meagre wages, the authorities turning every way to handle the crowd of eager applicants who often, not able to face the moderate expense, are willing to pledge their future for any assistance. In one of these schools this good girl, probably overworked, often does a remarkable amount of solid study in a short time, leaving when the funds give out. Their wisest teachers speak of the constitutional sensitiveness of great numbers of these young women, the inheritance of a generation born in a revolutionary period, as a serious drawback to the intense and prolonged effort they attempt to make. This girl goes home to take the neighborhood school, or finds a better place elsewhere, and uses her little earnings to pay her debt or pull up her sisters below, the whole family being harnessed to her, till the load is drawn, the harness breaks, or the brave daughter marries and is relieved by the next in turn.

Under this pressure, in country and city, very early marriages, into which the element of support largely enters, are inevitable. However social philosophers may deplore what they are pleased to call



the American decline of marriage, and however hateful may be the social rot of easy divorce, we are inclined to think that the evil resulting from these very early marriages of immature, half-educated girls—with the fearful break-down of health and happiness, including its reflex action on the masculine South—is a yet more serious social portent than frequent divorce, which all thoughtful Christian people deplore. Be that as it may, when the Southern people are for the first time getting upon the ground a system of education for the masses, it is little short of a providential interposition that so large a proportion of the choice young women of sixteen states are thus brought into the profession of instruction. To realize this fact we must imagine the entire wealthy and cultivated class in a northern state suddenly reduced to almost absolute poverty and the foremost young women of these families driven for a livelihood to teach in country district, village, and city schools, with the ladies of rich, well-known families, employed in the seminaries of secondary instruction. It brings the finest culture and the consecrated young womanhood of the South into direct contact with the masses of children,—a beautiful “object lesson” in the divine way of lifting up the lowly and binding “all sorts and conditions” together by an enduring social bond.

Fifteen years ago, these schools were largely taught by elderly men and women who had lost their all, and were qualified only as the ordinary woman or man of a superior class may be for this difficult work. But now the younger women are coming in; and by their prodigious efforts to attain academical education, their attendance in multitudes on the summer institutes now held in all the states, in exceptional cases by visitation to the North at vacation schools, they are rapidly preparing themselves for this good work. A more attractive, inquisitive, “plucky” crowd of young women is not to be found in this or any country. They are doing more valuable work for the children, under greater hindrances, for smaller pay, than any class of women anywhere.

Outside of this, there is coming up in all the prosperous southern cities a moderate interest in opening new industrial avenues for white women. In every one of them there is the nucleus of an association, and in most of them an active society of ladies for the encouragement of home work, which will possibly grow into a school for artisans. Few of these movements have reached an influential stage of development, and the girls wishing to fit themselves as teachers in such ways must still rely to a large extent upon instruction from without.

Just below this class is coming up, in some portions of the South, a crowd of the daughters of the poorer white people of the hill and coast country, to co-operate in this educational work. Some of the girls' seminaries that I have visited are largely filled with this class of students. With all sorts of drawbacks, often with lack of health and home culture in manners, and with no previous habits of application, they yet show no fatal lack of ability. Indeed, many of the finest pupils in all these schools are from such homes. One young woman, to whom it was my office to present a prize for superior scholarship in English literature, at the end of two years' schooling had written a critical essay on one of Shakespeare's plays which brought another testimonial, from the Shakespeare Society of London. Yet this fine student was preparing to go back to her mountain home, to teach on the poor wages of the village school, to repay her brother the loan for her own education, his only opportunity for a two years' outing. My life for a dozen years past has been lived among such experiences as this, and I have come to realize, almost with a flaring up of fiery indignation, the supreme folly and intolerable selfishness of the awful luxury and wasteful expensiveness that confronts me on coming homeward to the great centres of social recreation, after three-fourths of every year passed amid such longing for the bread and water of life. The women of our country have it in their power to educate every good girl thus struggling for the knowledge which must be the outfit for self-supporting woman-

hood, by giving the margin that, beyond all reasonable claim for comfortable and even elegant living, now goes over into the social abyss.

The great want of the better sort of colored young woman for the elementary schooling and industrial training which will make her an effective teacher, a worker in the church, a leader in the society of her people, and a Christian wife and mother, is being supplied by a group of admirable schools, largely supported by northern funds, though partly by tuition fees paid in money or in labor. Money judiciously given for student aid to these schools goes to a good place. A great work could be done in southern cities by establishing an annex to the public schools for the training of large numbers of colored girls in home industries, skilled housekeeping and the many ways of getting a living now opening to them. In every community there are bright graduates from the schools, from worthy families, who, leaving their studies at twelve or fourteen, have nothing to do but hover about a crowded country home, swarm the town pavements, and fall away under such temptations as beset all who live in this style. If these girls could be offered a thorough training of a year in a good school of housekeeping, or the many trades and industries by which a young woman can live, the present fearful condition of southern household service would be reformed, these children saved from abject poverty, shiftlessness, and impurity, and a great many would all the time be marching out of the slough of despond toward the uplands of a wholesome social life. A plant of a few thousand dollars in any southern city would purchase and furnish a suitable house among these people, where a good white or colored woman could live, making it a model home, receive her classes, train her pupils in practical homemaking and, as opportunity offered, introduce new departments, till it became a centre of the better life to the whole aspiring class in the town. If a northern woman with tact and common sense, she could interest the best of the Christian workers of the town in her enterprise, and there might be awakened a

new understanding and sympathy between the good working women of both sections. Thanks to a few noble women and the wise administration of the public school system of Washington, D. C., this feature of the education of these people is now being rapidly developed there — though still far from sufficient to meet the dire necessity. We must do a prodigious amount of such work during the next twenty years, or by and by we shall have a black slough at the bottom of American society whose malaria will taint every palace and make republican government a chronic conflict. It would be best that some of these industrial homes should not be under the control of churches or connected with private or public schools, but be independent centres of good living, attracting by their own merits. These homes should at once be established, on a large scale, in every considerable southern city. Each of these towns is now educating a large number of bright young colored girls, who are all the time exposed to the demoralizing influence of the multitude of idle and vicious negroes, the pest of southern society. The time is at hand when only a thorough system of vagrant laws, with truant schools, possibly compulsory industrial schooling, will save the cities and villages of all these states from the unendurable nuisance of becoming a paradise for all the drift of every color and condition in the South.

Anybody can run out these lines of thought, and conjecture the result of this sympathetic movement of the Christian women of the country toward the thousands of young white women in the South, who need all that can be offered — all the more because they are not asking for themselves. And it does not require the imagination of a Zola to portray the result of letting the daughters of these millions of emancipated slaves come up ignorant, vulgar, lazy, the great American sewer under the back windows of every respectable home.

All that any wise and loving woman hopes for her sex in the new republic is hoped and prayed for by thousands of young women in the South. For good or evil, the woman of the South has

made an irretrievable forward movement in the past thirty years. She must be the most influential factor in the upper realm of the new southern life. The home, the school, the church, the lighter industries, literature, art, and society will be her preserve. What she makes the new South, our children will find it, a generation hence. Shall they find it another hostile land, threatening new revolutions, or shall it be to them a land of welcome and of patriotic union with all that is best and most precious at home?

But why, somebody may ask, talk to us of these things? Cannot the women of Texas and Louisiana and Alabama take care of themselves, bring up their own families, educate their sons and daughters, live in their own way without our help? Have we not enough to do here in New England, New York, in the West, and beyond the mountains, to keep the northern end of the Union from going to the bad, that we must be burdened with this record of the trials, temptations, and needs of our sisters in the South? I have, more than once met just this word, as I have urged these claims of the South upon us. It has the twang of the query of the oldest bad boy of Mother Eve: "Am I my brother's keeper"? After that, we seem to hear, chanting down through the centuries, the other song: "Whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, in my name, shall in nowise lose his reward."

But we write to the young women of our country, born in this glorious morning hour of the new republic, who must press onward if that republic is to be saved for the noblest civilization possible to this new age. To these young women of the North, we say: These young women of the South, your sisters and mine, are now doing so much to help themselves, are working and reaching upward so bravely after the best, that it should bring a blush of shame to the brow of any woman or man to speak those careless or cruel words that so easily fall from thoughtless or heated lips. Leave to the machine politician, to the narrow sectarian churchman, to whoever has neither interest nor ambition above the miserable petting of self, the poor amusement of bluffing sweet

charity and heavenly justice with arguments like these. Leave to the soulless satellite of fashion, to the stolid herd mired in gross comfort and smothered in stupid content in handsome environment, the conviction that the chief end of the woman of the upper class in America is to build a little social paradise, fence it in with a high hedge, and put a snapping terrier at the gate—leave it to such to go their way with this poor apology for not hearing a divine call. But let the young sisterhood that lives for what is the highest and wisest and holiest, make haste over the borderland, bearing gifts of love and hope and good cheer to the thousands who are only awaiting their coming to run forward with welcome in their outspread hands, and thanksgiving in their overflowing hearts that, after a forty years' wandering of the fathers and mothers through a wilderness of blind contention closed by desolating war, we, their sons and daughters, find ourselves, at last, on the other side of Jordan, to abide together in the promised land. Believe nobody who declares that the young women of the South are haters of their country; enemies of the North, proud and disdainful of the sympathy of good American people anywhere. There is nothing between the young women of the North and South save their ignorance of each other, and the difficulty of getting hold of each others' hands. If a thousand of the better sort of girls from Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas could live for three summer months with a thousand of a similar class from Massachusetts, Ohio, and California, there would be a thousand new friendships and a rush of letters, North and South, which would wake up the drowsiest postmaster at the cross-roads, and bring two thousand fine fellows to the "anxious seat," with inquiring minds concerning their sister's new dearest friends. There is no duty or privilege more imperative or inviting for the well-to-do young women of our northern states, than to put themselves in communication with their sisters in the South, by all the beautiful, beneficent devices so easy to any young woman really bent on having her own splendid will in her own womanly way.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.

*By S. Frances Harrison.*

**I**N the year 1749, a curious money transaction took place between England and her colonies in North America; the sum of about one million dollars being conveyed across the ocean, divided up into hundreds of stout casks and solid chests. The money was mostly in Spanish dollars, presumably some of the recovered Spanish treasure that was in those days the universal bone of contention and golden goal of the nations. Some of these old Spanish dollars are still sometimes to be seen in New England farm-houses, in the pockets of hoarding fishermen, or made into brooches for the belles of inland towns. Copper coin also came in abundance along with the Spanish dollars, and twenty-seven carts or trucks were required to convey all this precious cargo from the wharf to the provincial treasury in the town. We may imagine the rapidity with which the news was circulated, and its effect upon the population of young Boston; we may imagine the delighted Tories standing in their open doors and at their open windows to watch the carts go by, while here and there a group of half-discontented colonists showed by their bearing that first glimpse of hostility afterwards to deepen into the defiance which would awake a revolution. These murmured among themselves that all the gold in the Spanish mines — nay, all the treasure that Sir William Phipps had seen with his own eyes and which was so wonderful that it had sent some of his sailors mad — would not recompense the colonies for what they had done.

Five years before, France and England had again declared war, and the attitude of the English colonists towards the French in Canada was properly and loyally antagonistic, as every one knows. William Shirley, an English lawyer, was at that time governor of Massachusetts, and among other designs he had entertained for the subjugation of the French was an expedition against the strong city

of Louisburg, situated on the island of Cape Breton, near Nova Scotia. Readers even of superficial histories know something about this expedition; how it was raised in an incredibly short period by stalwart New Englanders, assisted by an English Commodore and fleet, and what its results were. But not very many know much about the actual town of Louisburg, what it consisted of, and how the expedition proceeded. A certain remarkable Samuel Waldo of Boston, — Brigadier Waldo he is usually called, — is an excellent authority on these points, and we are enabled by perusing some of his letters and proposals from 1730 to 1759, the year of his death, to get a very clear idea of this once famous fortress, named after the King of France and guarded jealously by the soldiers of France as the key to his majesty's possessions in America. To-day, when we are shown two tiny dots on the map, called St. Pierre and Miquelon, and told that they represent the French possessions in America, we instinctively turn to some such forgotten character as Brigadier Waldo for information with regard to the times when Quebec was not the only walled and fortified city in North America.

Samuel Waldo was born in Boston, in the year 1696. He was, in common with most men about him, actuated very early in life by sentiments of independence and by admiration of all successful qualities. In 1731, he established a paper mill, and in other ways laid the foundation of a handsome fortune, although he has not always been considered a perfectly straightforward man of business. From the year 1730, he had been intimately connected with the Province of Nova Scotia, and, in fact, received in that year the whole of the Stirling grants in that province. A short sketch of the checkered history of these lands will be in order, as laid down by Samuel Waldo himself.

In 1621, Sir William Alexander ob-

tained a patent to hold under the Crown of Scotland the land now known as Nova Scotia, which he sold in 1630 to Claude de la Tour, a famous Frenchman of those days. The next entry in the original document is<sup>1</sup> 1631: "Lewis Thirteenth gave the Government of Nova Scotia to Charles de Sieur Estina, Sieur de la Tour." Twenty years after, 1651, — "Lewis Fourteenth being informed of the Progress and Improvements made in Acadia by the Sieur de la Tour confirms him in the Post of Governor and Lieutenant-General, and in the Property of the Lands before granted to him." The next entry is three years later — 1654: "Cromwell took Possession, and Charles de Sieur Estina, son and heir of Claude de la Tour, coming to England and making his claim under Sir William Alexander, then Earl of Sterling, and the Crown of Scotland, Cromwell allowed it." In 1656, these lands passed into the keeping of Sir Thomas Temple, and after many vicissitudes and three treaties, Breda, Ryswick, and Utrecht, John Nelson, nephew of the aforesaid Sir Thomas Temple, parted with "the whole to Samuel Waldo of Boston, in New England." It appears that there was a slight difficulty in settling his claims and entering upon his possessions, for in 1723 the record says, "the within-mentioned Samuel Waldo is now in London, and is desirous of bringing forward settlements on the said Land, whereby a strong and useful colony may be established there, and serve as a curb to the growing power of the French in that Part of the World, to which end he proposeth," etc. Two promises only did he require from the government — positive confirmation of his right and the establishment of a well-equipped garrison, and other signs of government.

For his own part Waldo was full of promises, and evidently possessed a very pushing character. His first proposal runs as follows:

"To begin upon the Immediate settlement of the said Tract of Land by a considerable number of Familys from Switzerland, the Palatinate, and other Parts adjacent where he has now some contracts depending for a large number of Familys

who are to settle on same Lands . . . the first settlement to be made on or near St. Mary's Bay, which is the nearest good Land to the Fort of Annapolis Royall." . . .

The second proposal was to the effect, more generous than at first sight might appear, that the said Samuel Waldo would pay towards the support of the home government in this province a quit rent of *one shilling for each and every hundred acres* of land, the said quit rent to become payable in ten years after taking up any of the said lands. His third proposition is even more generous. He petitions to settle two thousand families at least within ten years from the date of establishment of government, and that "without putting the Crown to any more expence more than as before mentioned, which is an expence it has been at for above twenty-eight years past, and without having effected the settlement of Ten Familys on the Whole Tract of Land." His magnanimity almost outdoes itself when, in the fourth and last proposal, he promises to "mark and lay out for His Majesty's use, as a Nursery of White Pine Trees, in one or more Bodies where the same may be found most abounding with such Trees, and lying as near as possible to the Sea, or near some Navigable Rivers." This truly magnificent offer is followed by an eloquent and exhaustive peroration on the general features and physical advantages of the colony:

"It may soon become of great service to the Kingdom of Great Britain in taking off many of its Manufactures in Exchange for Hemp, Flax, Masts, Iron, and all other Navall Stores which this Country is very capable of producing, As well Furrs, Fish, Oyl, and Whalebone, besides furnishing the Sugar Colonys with Provisions, Boards, *Slaves*, and other necessaries. It will add to the Revenue by the Quitrents about £20,000 per annum; and add to the Honour of the Crown in extending and securing the Dominions, and the Trade and Fishery of the Nation, enlarging its number of subjects by the Addition of Foreign Protestants from the Palatinate, Switzerland, etc., and securing its northern Colony and Limitts, and that, too, with very little if any expence to the Crown. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this fine Country will no longer lie unimproved and neglected, especially as the French in that neighbourhood are doing everything that is possible to extend their Dominions and settlements, and have begun to make encroachments on the English rights in the Western Parts of the Province of the

<sup>1</sup> Canadian Archives. Report for 1886.

Massachusetts Bay, and in the Northern Parts of Nova Scotia. . . . Such a colony as is here proposed to be erected in Nova Scotia, joyned with the other Northern Provinces, may, with the assistance of Great Britain, be able to curb the *growing power of the French in Canada, or Nova France*, and finally be a means for the King of Great Britain to acquire and hold the *sole Sovereignty of all North America*."

Read in the light of subsequent events, this document bears marked testimony to the feelings of a man who, whatever else he was, was British to the heart.

It will be seen that Waldo was one of the first to sound that warning note, which was ere long to ring through the forests and farms of Acadia.

To revert now to the year 1745, when an expedition was first suggested against Louisburg by the Assembly of Massachusetts, it seems perfectly clear that the moving mind in this convention was Governor Shirley. Certain British officers arriving at Boston from Louisburg, reported a mutinous state of affairs in the French garrison, which kindled the idea in Shirley's mind that now or never must the scheme be tried. At first the assembly declined to support the motion, fearing the superior numbers and tactics of the French, but finally agreed to attempt the reduction of Cape Breton with 3,250 volunteers, depending also on help from the royal authorities. On the 25th of January, 1745, preparations began, and the reader who may be anxious for a more picturesque account of these proceedings than I can give, can be referred to no better place than Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair." That it was a rash undertaking is certain, but there was a spirit of daring and of patriotism in it which carried its projectors through to success and made their fame. Bells rang, drums beat, all the old firearms in the country were brought out and polished, and seven weeks after the little colonial force was ready to start under the command of General Pepperell, Brigadier General Waldo, Colonels Moulton, Hale, Willard, Richmond, Dwight and Gridley. Pepperell was a wealthy merchant and, after much consideration, was chosen by Governor Shirley to undertake the command. Everything went as well as could be expected until a message was received,

the day before the sailing of the New England fleet, that Commodore Warren refused to co-operate. I do not see that much blame can attach to the English commander, for the odds were tremendous and were more clearly known to him than to the raw and inexperienced forces he was asked to ally himself with. Shirley communicated with the home government, and later the fleet sailed away for Louisburg, where it was much wanted. The disposition of the New England troops was in this wise: Massachusetts contributed in all a force of 3,400 men, including artillery, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gridley and Colonel Dwight, men for whale boats, and a company of carpenters under Captain Bernard; Connecticut sent one regiment under Wolcott, governor of the province; New Hampshire one regiment, under Colonel More; and about thirteen boats in all were furnished from all three Provinces. About thirty-four guns was the extent of their artillery; and with this insignificant force — for such it was — these men, Pepperell, Waldo and Wolcott, advanced upon the massive stone walls and parapets of Louisburg. The city of Louisburg itself — while strictly a fortress, walled and bristling with hundreds of cannon — was still a city, divided rectangularly by streets as ordinary towns are, extending about five miles each way, from north to south and from east to west. A walled city, to denizens of the New World, is always an object of great interest. As the tourist who should pass outside the picturesque pile of Chepstow Castle or Haddon Hall and think he is seeing all when he sees the curious loopholes, the slits that serve for windows, the half-ruined towers, the glimpse of turret and archway, never seeking to inquire for the green sward of the back *parterres*, the sloping terraces, the wealth of life and beauty and quaint mediæval charm behind the doors, so the reader who looks at Lieutenant-Colonel Gridley's map of Louisburg and estimates it as a fortress and nothing more, makes a very great mistake. Behind those solid walls, which the powerful Louis never dreamed would be dismantled twice by the English, lay a town, alive, human, confident, nursing the fallacious hope

that its safety lay in its barriers and bridges, and that no enemy could ever disturb them. Everything in the construction of this mighty fortress was arranged with an eye to the glory of France and with the thought of the splendors of the old land. The gates were the Queen's Gate, Dauphin Gate, Frederick's Gate, and the Maurepas Gate. Bridges to all these led over the ditch which surrounded the city. Proceeding west after entering Queen's Gate we should first of all have passed the Queen's Bastion; then walking along the ramparts we should have passed into the main citadel, around which were clustered the barracks, the governor's apartments, the chapel and the guard-house. After making the tour of these buildings, we might emerge upon one of the many places d'armes where the French soldiers would doubtless have been engaged in military exercises. A square place beyond the first place mentioned was the general parade ground; and in what we should call the next block was situated the nunnery. Returning to the ramparts by way of the Place d'Armes, we should have encountered the immense lime kiln, ordnance store, and general storehouses; and walking northwest we should have reached the Dauphin Bastion and Dauphin Gate, defended by an immense circular battery. Retracing our steps and walking due west, we should have passed the Frederick's Gate, Battery la Grave, crossed a long bridge over a pond of considerable size, and reached the Maurepas Bastion. From here we should have proceeded almost due north, gained the Brouillan Bastion, passed the picquet line, glanced at the Prince's Bastion and, turning a few yards west, gained again the Queen's Gate and the bridge, by which we had entered. This route would have followed a kind of irregular circle and will serve us as we traverse in thought the mighty fortress so superbly planned and erected.

The 30th of April is usually given as the day of the arrival at Gabarus Bay—a bay so large that the “entire British navy may ride in it with safety.” The first engagement took place that day, the colonial forces suffering no loss, but the French losing eight men killed and ten

taken prisoners. Waldo comes into sight on the 2d of May, when a battery of thirty guns was deserted by the French in the most inexcusable hurry, they having been alarmed by the burning of several storehouses in the harbor of the town. The following day Waldo's regiment seized these guns, thereby winning a most important position. Upon this signal victory, if it may be called such, the English troops proceeded at great risk and much personal suffering to erect five batteries against the town, mounted with the few guns they had brought with them. On the 16th of May the great west gate and flank of the citadel were destroyed by a small circular battery supported by Richmond's regiment. On the 20th of May Tidcomb's battery was erected and afterwards was “of great service in destroying the circular battery.” On the 26th of May an attempt was made to take the great Island battery of thirty twenty-eight-pounders, by which the English lost sixty men “killed and drowned” and one hundred and sixteen taken prisoners. This repulse only stimulated the colonists to greater endeavors, and on the 11th of June, Gorham's regiment erected a small circular battery on the northeast mainland, by which the French guns were eventually taken.

Finally on the 17th of June, after a siege of forty-nine days, Louisburg capitulated, and thus a decisive and ominous blow was dealt at the power and possessions of the French arms in America.

Various have been the opinions expressed by writers of that day and of this with respect to the peculiar circumstances under which this signal feat was achieved. Some chroniclers have recognized in it the superior moral administration and personal force of the Saxon Protestant race; others have contended that the whole affair was a matter of chance, a historical accident for which the Fates alone were responsible. The curious sequel was that by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, Louisburg was in a year or two ceded again to France, and thus all the suffering and privation, all the peril and prowess of the colonists and their English allies was lost, or comparatively lost.



Waldo, however, never lost sight of his favorite project. We find preserved in the archives<sup>1</sup> a copy of a long letter which he wrote on the 7th of November, 1757, to the Right Hon. William Pitt, giving a great mass of "intimations," and very shrewd ones too, as to methods of military procedure in case a further attempt at the reduction of Quebec should be determined on. The best time for the expedition, he writes, would be "about the latter end of April or the beginning of May, the coast being then clear of ice, the weather then good and daily growing better, and no annoyance then arising from Foggs." He concludes: "It can't reasonably be supposed that Louisbourg, by effectual measures being taken, can hold out above fourteen days after being invested, but should the siege continue a month it will afterwards be the very best season in the year for an attempt upon Quebec, in which, with good pilots and a sufficient force by sea, and

one that can be depended on to join in aid by land, the wished for success may be expected."

From his very comprehensive letter, accompanied by two careful plans, it may be inferred that Samuel Waldo had made the most of his unusual opportunities. If his name be not an illustrious one, it is at least deserving of remembrance. That Britain was not blind to the endeavors of her New England subjects to secure her rights in North America appears from the fact of that million dollars which arrived in Boston Harbor in 1749. Hawthorne has said that "every warlike achievement involves an amount of physical and moral evil for which all the gold in the Spanish mines would not be the slightest recompense."

"But we are to consider that this siege was one of the occasions on which the colonists tested their ability for war and thus were prepared for the great contest of the Revolution. In that point of view the valor of our forefathers was its own reward."

<sup>1</sup> Canadian Archives report for 1886: Secret and Miscellaneous Papers, 1756-1761, page 74.

## JAN JANSEN, SHEEP-HERDER.

*By Charles Howard Shinn.*

THERE was a sheep-herder in the Kern River country, California,—a blue-eyed, yellow-haired man, who used to write me letters. He will never write any more; he is dead, and the little flock that he tended so well, and which provided him with his food and clothing, is astray in the mountains, destroyed by wild animals, or gathered into some ranchman's larger flock.

Jan owned his sheep and herded them himself. His range—and a good one it was, though small—lay between the forks of the river, an enormous promontory accessible only by a narrow trail between the rocks. He had no relations in the state, and, as he often wrote me, wanted no company except his books

and his sheep. But when I first met Jan he was a wealthy and handsome young fellow, the pride of his township, and considered the best "catch" in the region for any one of the bright-eyed farmers' daughters. Poor Jan, to lose all his possessions except a few old books and a few silly sheep, and to die in the mountains with no companion except his dog! Poor Jan? Well, I am not so sure about that. His letters never struck me that way. Sometimes they were so sweet and kindly, so simple, childlike and invigorating, that I used to say to myself: "Happy Jan! fortunate, plucky Jan!"

Still, it was a grave disaster, and men talk of it to this day, down in the "Dutch

settlement" out on the moist lands in the heart of the valley, where the Jansen farm lies. It goes by that name still among the old folk, you know.

The Jansens were Danes; but Low Germans, High Germans and all the Scandinavian people come under the general phrase "Dutch" in our part of the country. When Jan came over, a jolly, sweet-tempered, lovable fellow of twenty-two or three, just out of the best schools of Copenhagen, he sometimes tried to explain that he was anything except Dutch or German, that he was a Dane, with Ogier the paladin, and Cnut the conqueror, for his heroes. It was of no avail, however; he was always "Dutch Jansen" to the end of the chapter.

The elder Jansen came to California early in the fifties. He left the mines alone, and planted cabbages, which he took to a sloop that plied on the sloughs, and sold for twenty-five dollars a wheelbarrow load. He bought more land, and raised more cabbages to buy more land with. Then his wife, who had been a faithful money-getter, died suddenly and left Jan, the only child. Jan, when ten years old was sent to Copenhagen, like a bale of goods, in charge of bluff Captain Baggé of the wheat-clipper *Jutland*. There were relatives in Copenhagen, nice, dignified, official people, who moved in diplomatic circles, and were much ashamed of the cabbage garden, whose one redeeming virtue was that it was so far away from Denmark. Among their friends they talked occasionally of their eccentric millionaire cousin, who owned a large estate in California, and when a pretty girl said: "I suppose he grows oranges and has a vineyard," they said: "Certainly." And they burned the letters in which the elder Jansen spoke so proudly of his acres on acres of cabbages, beets, cucumbers and onions, all so profitable, and so dreadfully commonplace.

Little Jan was very bright, and was made much of by his fine relatives, who came to look upon him as almost their own son. They made plans to keep him with them always, to have him get into the Government service, and marry the chief counsellor's second daughter. They

brought him into notice in the proper directions, and affairs went so well that by the time Jan graduated with honors, there seemed to be no more promising young man in all Copenhagen. They would not have wished for a change in any direction except one, and really that was but a slight matter, a thing to be outgrown in a little while.

The fact was that Jan at twenty-one was almost too gentle, too thoughtful, too willing to give up his way, when no principle was involved, and altogether too stubborn about some foolish notions. Perhaps he stayed too much with that poet and story-maker, Hans Christian Andersen, who liked the young man exceedingly. Perhaps he was trying to write books himself, and that were a foolish piece of business, not half so sensible as to be a district magistrate, or an Under Inspector of Forests, with an official residence, and a pension after twenty years' service. But the best way to cure the lad's distemper, said his relatives, was to fetch him fairly on the path that led to matrimony. Wherefore, the counsellor's second daughter was invited to spend a fortnight at the country house, and it was strongly hinted to quiet Jan that she was lovely, modest, well-to-do, and uncommonly in demand. So deftly was all this managed that hardly less than a miracle could have prevented the desired result. Hardly had the fortnight half gone before the good aunts and uncles would have refused to give a rix-dollar for a guaranty of their scheme, so much was Jan interested in the pretty girl. Nor, to say truth, was she indifferent. Then came that unfortunate letter.

It must needs be told that Jan's mother had possessed the greater share of the family acumen. She had first suggested cabbages, and the plank walk to the slough; she had counselled land, and more land, and yet more. When she died, the elder Jansen ceased to be aggressive, though Jan thought that his father could hold what he had. But here came a long letter, the first from the old man for nearly a year, and it was full of things to make the son reflect. Railroads were racing up the valley, anxious to get the traffic; new towns were blos-

soming out from tents new-pitched to-day to orderly communities, and three-story buildings of a month later; mighty speculative enterprises, long vaguely foreshadowed, had suddenly burst upon the quiet farms of the "Dutch settlement." And who so willing, so active, so ready to take stock in the brickyards, the lumber syndicate, the new hotel, the street cars to Milpitas, as the merry-hearted old cabbage-grower? How everything had prospered, too; the original six acres of the truck farm on which the Jansens had begun life was worth a hundred dollars a front foot for business blocks in the new county seat! Yet there was an underlying note of anxiety. "If this goes on, you shall be three times over a millionaire," wrote the elder Jansen; and a minute later, "every one is in it"; and yet again, "It is not possible that prices can go back now."

"Poor father!" said Jan, remembering some of his mother's last words, impressed strongly on his mind by earnestness and repetition, "I am going out there to help him." He left Copenhagen two days later, and he never went back.

There was plenty of talk when Jan Jansen came home to the California farm. His father was thought very rich, director in many companies, and a shrewd man of business. Jan was his only child and heir. Besides, he was most pleasant to look upon, and as bright and modest as he was handsome. His English speech was better than if it had been perfect; it had the most entrancing little ripple and accent, that you hoped he could never lose. As I said at the first of this story, he was "the pride of the township."

Jan threw his whole weight into business, and pretty soon found that, as he suspected, matters were serious. Interest charges ate up the income. Lands, houses, and securities sold at a profit had been bought back for another rise, and were dependent in the last analysis upon local politics. The other town at the end of the valley wanted to be the county seat, and the new settlements in the foothills might turn the scale. Wise speculators were hedging on the sly, but Jansen

had no margin left to work on. So all that summer, Jan, who had not forgotten Copenhagen, wrestled with the finances of the family. The old man leaned more and more on his patient, deliberate, straightforward methods. The careful, conservative banking element said among themselves that there was good stuff in young Jansen. Here a sale of land at cost, there a debt refunded at lower interest. No more waste or speculation. The few men who were on the inside began to think that Jansen's resources were larger than they had supposed. The young man knew as election-day approached that even if the county-seat was moved, the property could be sold so as to "clean up" a few thousand dollars. "Enough for Copenhagen," he thought, "for people live quietly there."

Rising tides of contending parties; undercurrents, black and corrupt; fiery speeches and clangorous brass bands; seething saloons, running with beer and brandy!—wilder and more turbulent beat the public pulse all that last week, till Jan thought he was in the midst of civil war. Then the election, the great crowds struggling and shouting, the gleams of hope alternating with despair. Midnight: all the telegraph wires sang pæans for the village on the other side of the valley; Jan went home to comfort his father, and plan for the sale of the farm.

The elder Jansen was visibly broken long before the famous county-seat election contest was over with. It lasted six months, and all the prominent lawyers took part. The old county seat crowd put up the money—all but the Jansens. "The elections were fair enough," they said. "Whiskey, bribery, illegal voting? Possibly—and on both sides." None of the politicians took any comfort from this view of the case. Major Sourmash often referred to the Jansens as "refugees, sir, from the monarchical institutions of Europe; unable, sir, to understand our republican system. The impressive spectacle, sir, of a free people appealing to the judiciary to regulate the elections is wholly lost upon Dutch aliens."

Jan worked day and night until he

understood exactly how affairs stood. At least he thought he knew. "Father," he said, "if you will draw that fifteen thousand dollars out of the Savings Bank, and let all the land go, every acre, we shall have about twenty thousand dollars left to invest as we please."

"My boy," was the hesitating answer, "it is not in the bank now. I am sure it is just as safe."

"Where is it?"

"Lent to Wilhelm Elerhorst for better interest. He is good as wheat; every one trusts him."

Jan struggled with himself. He did not know why he felt so badly over the fact. Elerhorst was reputed to be very rich; it was true that many of the neighbors let him keep their surplus funds, sometimes without interest. A genial, generous fellow, one of the pioneers of the valley, and yet—Jan determined to ride to town and ask about Elerhorst's standing. He found the ex-county seat shaken as by a whirlwind. Men were gathered in groups, talking loudly and crying for vengeance; women and children were clustered about, listening to the talk; extras from the press of the local newspaper were being passed around. He rode up and took one that was taken and given in silence. These were the headings, a full-face screamer: "Wilhelm Elerhorst Disappears. Defaulter for Thousands of Dollars. Many Farmers Ruined."

Jan folded the paper up, put it into his pocket, and went home without a word. The old man grew weaker, and lost his interest in affairs, but Jan held on, paid up every debt, and went to the mountains with his father. There the worn-out pioneer died and was buried. The boy came back for a time, and lived in a small cottage, the first that his parents had built after cabbage-growing began to pay. He moved his library, his manuscripts, and personal effects to the old house that he had kept because it was worth so little, and for the first time for two years he had a long rest, and began to read and study again.

There was an old banker in San Francisco who had watched Jan Jansen's career with much interest. He wrote him

and made a flattering offer. "We can use your business talent, your firmness and honesty. You can have a place in our bank." Jan knew how unusual such an offer was, and it had an attractive side; in Copenhagen bank cashiers were somebody, and he knew he could work his way up to that. Yes! he would accept; in a day or two he would go to the city to thank his friend, and to begin work.

A neighbor drove past, and tossed him a letter—Danish; the seal of a relative at whose house he had lived so long. Such friendly and pleasant letters as the aunts and cousins wrote! He broke the seal and read to the end; he put the letter in his pocket and went to the sloughs. He took a boat and rowed for hours along the wide, lonely channels of blue, still waters, till the tulés and cat-tail walls changed to low marsh-grass expanses on the very borders of the ship channels. Here, in a place so lonely that hardly once in ten years had any one found it, on a square rod of sand, miles from track of hunter's punt, or fisher-boat, was an old scow half overturned, and propped up against a pile of driftwood; a poor, half-insane man had once lived there for a summer, and then wandered off, no one knew where.

Jan stayed for hours on the desolate island. The darkness came, but he knew one paragraph in the letter by heart long before he had left the cottage. It referred to the daughter of the counsellor. "Hilga has been the social queen all winter, and now she is to be married to an officer in the navy, a vice-admiral's son. She spoke of you the other day; she said you wrote such charming letters that she could almost see California, and she hoped so much that all your affairs would come out right. You must write a book, she said; you could be a poet; in fact, you were one already. I am so glad, dear boy, that you have written her only friendly letters, the way things have turned out, and that you will not feel badly over this. For truly, the whole family have climbed so fast of late that there is talk of her father for Chancellor, and I don't know how many other superlative offices."

"Only friendly letters!" said Jan to

himself. "Only friendly letters!" The moon rose and found him on the sand in the shelter of the scow, sitting like one lost, crying out at times in turbulence of soul:

"Hilga knows," he said once: "she knows that I will not trouble her life. But I thought that all was plain between us forever, and I cannot let go; I cannot even now."

Then the man stretched out like one dying, and gripped hard to the sand, weeping and wild. It is well for us sometimes that no other mortal hears the things we say; it is well that we ourselves forget the form and fashion of them, for they are dreadful as perdition; they put the smell of fire on our garments.

The summer sunrise was rosy-purple in the east over Mission Peak, as Jan left the island in the sloughs, and went home to his cottage. Henceforth, he had decided, he might live as he chose. No banking or active business, but a life of study in the Sierras. Perhaps it was a foolish plan; but he always seemed to make whatever he did appear the only possible thing to do. He simply took his five thousand dollars or so, bought a few hundred sheep, and two claims, one in a sheltered valley for winter, the other for summer pasture and far up in the Sierras. Then he spent all the rest of his money, a couple of thousand dollars, for a wedding gift for Hilga, and he wrote her a manly and brief letter, wishing her happiness. Then he trudged off, driving his flock, and when he was fairly settled in his cabin, I sent him the books he wanted.

After a little he found that he could

clear three or four hundred dollars a year, and he never failed to spend half of it for books. He became a botanist and naturalist, and for ten or twelve years he lived this peaceful life in the mountains.

At first blush it seems a sad story — a lost fortune and faithless sweetheart, to use the plain word. But I assure you that none of his friends ever thought so. It was impossible not to feel that he had outgrown it all, and that his life was both large and full. His old banker friend once spent a week with him in the Kern River country, and when he came back, said: "That man is free from all the aches, pains, and worries that beset the rest of us. Sometimes when you are with him you feel as if he was as large as all outdoors."

"Found dead in his cabin — heart disease," was what a correspondent of the *Kern Gazette* wrote. "Tramps," he continued, "fired the cabin a few days after the burial, and the next time your reporter passed the spot, there was only a pile of ashes to mark it. The sheep were scattered in the cañons, and the place was frightfully desolate. Poor Jansen, who was once rich and respected, must have been an unusually hard case to have degenerated into a tramp sheep-herder."

How Jan himself, who had a rare humor of his own, would have enjoyed that paragraph! It summed up the mere surface of the event; the underlying realities were of quite another sort. There are those who gather strength for their hours of weakness from memories of Jan Jansen.



## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

It is a noteworthy and impressive fact, that Lowell's last important task was the revision of his works for publication in the new uniform edition—the first complete uniform edition—which now lies on the table, a joy to the eye, while the tolling bell still sounds in the ear. These ten noble volumes are his great monument, and a fitting memorial and symbol in their fair completeness of the complete life that is ended. It is a peculiar blessing to have these placed in the hands at this time; for it is in turning their uniform pages, volume by volume, greeting the old familiar titles in solid phalanx and in this most favorable setting, that we realize with new and deeper force the greatness and the opulence of the author's mind. Second only to Emerson among American writers,—such we think will be the verdict of literary history,—no other American writer has been so representative of the American mind, and no other has been so many sided. As a poet, no other has touched so many strings. Wit, humor, satire, pathos, prophecy, wrath, warning, lamentation,—there is no quality which he seems to lack, no instrument which he fails to use, no great mood to which he does not give great expression. Equally great in prose and poetry, he was equally great as scholar and man of affairs, lover of gardens as lover of town, true American citizen and true citizen of the world; his Cambridge "the very best spot on the habitable globe," yet none more native to Westminster, none more at home with Miles Standish and John Winthrop, none more with Edmund Spenser and Lessing and Dante. He was at once the most local of men and the most universal of men. He is affectionate neighbor to each Elmwood teamster and bobolink and dandelion, homesick always when far off from "old Harvard's scholar factories"; and yet

"his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free!  
Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair, . . .  
Where'er one man may help another,—  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother! —  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!"

In the pages of no other American writer do we find such a mirror of the American life of the time in which he lived, with all its varied political and literary interests. In the pages of no other do we find so many windows through which to look out upon the broad fields of the world's history and literature and civilization. A thorough acquaintance with all that Lowell wrote is a liberal education. No American can afford to be without this acquaintance. There should be no American home without this noble monument, whose last stone the great man polished and then died.

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It was a fitting and significant thing that Lowell

should call the little magazine which he started so courageously in 1843 *The Pioneer*; for he was himself a pioneer, a radical, and a reformer, from the beginning to the end, and this it seems to us is the central thing to be observed concerning him. In his Birmingham address on "Democracy," in 1884, he spoke of himself as "by temperament and education of a conservative turn." This is true enough if by conservatism he meant a reverence for history and the heritage of civilization, a hatred of disorder and impatience, and a love of the things that stand for culture. In this sense is not every scholar and every thoughtful man a conservative? Every thoughtful man dreads "violent changes," because history has taught him how often these fail to go to the root of the matter and really give that education which must somehow be given in order to make the change constitutional and valid. But if by conservatism he meant content with the existing state of things and the spirit that says, "Let well enough alone," then Lowell was not conservative by temperament, and was still less so by conviction. "Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them"—that was the motto from Lord Bacon which he set on the cover of *The Pioneer*, and that was the dominant, irrepressible feeling of the man, both as concerns literature and as concerns politics, from the days of *The Pioneer* and of the aggressive, almost defiant Americanism of the *Fable for Critics*, to the Socialism of this same Birmingham address of 1884. "Socialism means, or wishes to mean," he said here—and this at the very time when men were talking most about his conservative and aristocratic tendencies—"co-operation and community of interests, sympathy, the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains, but a larger share than hitherto, in the wealth they must combine to produce—means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction." And social reconstruction in some manner he held to be inevitable. "There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows. But all those remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small-pox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in the things that seem, and which it has always believed to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses." This word was spoken in almost his last political address, an address inspired

throughout with that same desire and demand for "a wider and wiser humanity" which inspired "The Legend of Sir Launfal"; and it is the gospel of the cardinal reform of to-day. He knows well, with his broad and tender human sympathy and his instinct for justice, that almost every noise at the gate which frightens the comfortable and complacent folk "turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the cold"; and he ranges himself on the side of innovation and experiment and large hospitality with a joyous and buoyant confidence.

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It was after the *Pioneer* magazine had run its short course that Lowell gave the same title, "The Pioneer," to one of his poems, a poem which throbs with the spirit of progress and reform and nature.

"Come out, then, from the old thoughts and old ways,  
Before you harden to a crystal cold  
Which the new life can shatter, but not mould."

So he sings in his poem; and this same pioneering spirit, this spirit of democracy, of simple humanity, we find everywhere. It speaks in the great lines of the "Commemoration Ode" and "Under the Willows," in the beautiful poem on Burns, in that very Burns-like poem, "The Heritage," in those poems like "A Parable" and "The Search," in which the central idea of "Launfal" finds varying expression, in the poems "To the Past" and "To the Future," in the grand "Ode" which appeared among his earlier poems, in the "Ode to France" and in the fine sonnet beginning,

"The Hope of Truth grows stronger day by day;  
I hear the soul of Man around me waking."

Indeed, as one begins upon a list of this sort, one sees that the list can hardly have an end. Everywhere in Lowell is this spirit of reform and of the pioneer, from the half dozen democratic and prophetic songs in the little collection of the "Earlier Poems," to the "Epistle to George William Curtis," in "Heartsease and Rue," which seems to us the most significant of Lowell's later self-revelations.

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LOWELL was a reformer his whole life long, always turning from the purely literary studies and the purely literary creation, which were such delight to him, to the tumult of affairs, because he had the Puritan conscience which would not let him rest while wrongs and injustice were about him. He knew that he was as much preacher as singer; it was the way he characterized himself in the "Fable for Critics":

"His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,  
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,  
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem  
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

But it is in the lines addressed to George William Curtis that he puts most impressively the conflict in his own nature between the pure man of letters and the reformer. Nothing could be more beautiful than the picture he paints here of the quiet, studious Elmwood days, the garden walks, the library hours, the communion with nature and with poets.

"For years I had these treasures, knew their worth,  
Estate most real man can have on earth.  
I sank too deep in this soft-stuffed repose  
That hears but rumors of earth's wrongs and woes;  
Too well these Capuas could my muscles waste,  
Not void of toils, but toils of choice and taste;  
These still had kept me could I but have quelled  
The Puritan drop that in my veins rebelled.  
But there were times when silent were my books  
As jailers are, and gave me sullen looks;  
When verses palled, and even the woodland path,  
By innocent contrast, fed my heart with wrath,  
And I must twist my little gift of words  
Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords  
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing  
To leave on shameless backs their purple sting."

This is just the same in its spirit and purport as those lines of Whittier published forty years before in Lowell's *Pioneer*:

"From youthful hopes— from each green spot  
Of young Romance and gentle thought,  
Where storm and tumult enter not,

"From each fair altar, where belong  
The offerings Love requires of Song  
In homage to her bright-eyed throng,

"I turned to Freedom's struggling band—  
To Freedom's cause proscribed and bann'd—  
To the sad Helots of our land"—

or as that more noteworthy bit of Whittier's self-revelation in the closing lines of "The Panorama":

"Oh, not of choice, for themes of public wrong  
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,—  
The mild sweet words which soften and adorn,  
For griding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.  
More dear to me some song of native worth,—  
Some homely idyl of my native North,  
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales.  
Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside tales,  
Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails. . . .  
And if no song of beauty on the canvas flung,—  
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,  
And the rough picture overwrought appears,—  
With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,  
Before my soul a voice and vision passed,  
Such as might Milton's jarring trumpet require,  
Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire."

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THE most impressive word perhaps which has been spoken concerning Lowell since his death was that spoken by Mr. Curtis at the recent gathering at the Academy in Ashfield. It was a word of rebuke for those who in this latest time have been free in their criticisms of Mr. Lowell for his sharp words upon vicious tendencies in our American politics. These strictures of his have been so hotly resented in some quarters as to draw a shower of unpleasant epithets, making not a few who were big enough and old enough to know better talk of him loosely as un-American, as denationalized, as Europeanized. Never were utterances more paltry or profane. Never was stauncher American or stancher democrat than James Russell Lowell; and the rebuke of his critics and the eulogy of him as the very type of the best American citizenship came fittingly from the lips of Mr. Curtis.

The noble lines which Lowell prefixed to his "Three Memorial Poems" showed how deeply he had felt the criticisms which had been made upon him, as well as reasserted the duty of the citizen and the patriot to love his country only "so as honor would," not dethroning judgment, and not failing to speak the bitter word whenever



"public shames ' win "more shameful pardon." Mr. Curtis's tribute recalls how it was in the lines which Lowell addressed to himself that this subject was also so impressively touched upon. We have spoken of this "Epistle to George William Curtis" as the most important of Lowell's later self-revelations. The first part of it was written in 1874, when the storm against Lowell for his allusion to America, in the Ode to Agassiz, as the "land of broken promise" was fiercest. Even Curtis, it appears, had been pained and offended. The most valuable part of the poem is the poet's defence of himself. He speaks of his high hopes of the republic and his great dreams of its future, he speaks of the young martyrs who poured out their blood to save the country in her hour of need, and of the ampler atmosphere which he looked to see blown clear by the electric gust of the war.

"I looked for this; consider what I see—  
But I forbear, 'twould please nor you nor me  
To check the items in the bitter list  
Of all I counted on and all I mist.  
Only three instances I choose from all,  
And each enough to stir a pigeon's gall:  
Office a fund for ballot-brokers made  
To pay the drudges of their gainful trade;  
Our cities taught what conquered cities feel  
By ædiles chosen that they might safely steal;  
And gold, however got, a title fair  
To such respect as only gold can bear."

With this enumeration of what were and what remain our three great dangers and disgraces—corruption at the ballot-box, the misrule of our cities, and the vulgar worship of money—he has-tened to the close.

"Was I too bitter? Who his phrase can choose,  
That sees the life-blood of his dearest ooze?  
I loved my Country so as only they  
Who love a mother fit to die for may;  
I loved her old renown, her stainless fame,—  
What better proof than that I loathed her shame?  
That many blamed me could not irk me long;  
But, if you doubted, must I not be wrong?  
'Tis not for me to answer: this I know,  
That man or race so prosperously low

Sunk in success that wrath they cannot feel,  
Shall taste the spurn of parting Fortune's heel:  
For never land long lease of Empire won  
Whose sons sat silent when base deeds were done."

This, we have said, was written in 1874. But it was not published then. It was "tost unfinished by," and left until 1887, when the touching postscript was added, telling of the sadness of the days at Elmwood after the return from England, and the memories of Longfellow and Emerson and those who had gone. But in adding this, the poet struck out nothing which he had written thirteen years before. In revising the Ode to Agassiz for the new edition, he did indeed change the phrase "land of broken promise" to "land of Honest Abraham." But we think the phrase had better have been left unchanged. Land of broken promise it is just as often as it is false to itself and its high calling. It is a weak people that resents honest criticism; and America has only reason to be grateful to Lowell for blushing at what was shameful in her politics, and for reminding her people with righteous indignation and with power, that "a country worth saving is worth saving all the time."

THE picture of Mr. Lowell in his study at Elmwood, which appears as the frontispiece to the present number of the magazine, is, we think, the last photograph ever made of Mr. Lowell. It was made by Mrs. J. H. Thurston of Cambridge, at the instance and for the use of Prof. J. W. McCammon, to whom Mr. Lowell gave kind assistance in connection with the preparation of an illustrated lecture upon the homes of American authors. It is by Mrs. Thurston's kindness that we are enabled to present it.

OWING to the pressure of matter in the present number, the publication of Mrs. Heaton's serial story, "The Odor of Sanctity," is interrupted for a month. The next instalment will appear in the November number.

## THE OMNIBUS.

### THE INDIAN CORN.

O laughing, yellow-bearded Corn!  
Thou art the heir, the eldest born;  
On every side through all our land  
Thy serried rank rejoicing stands,  
Thou lusty darling of the morn!

All dainty flowers we laugh to scorn;  
Thou fillest Plenty's golden horn,  
And food for all is in thy hand,  
O laughing, yellow-bearded Corn!

Our oriflamme thou shalt be borne;  
No race a nobler crest has worn  
Since Henry bore to high command  
Plant a-genet in old England;  
Come, thou! our Goddess' cap adorn,  
O laughing, yellow-bearded Corn!

—Julia Taft Bayne.

### UNATTAINED.

In springtime days their young hearts dream  
Of love and tenderness,  
As, severed by a tiny stream,  
They seek a fond caress.

And still as summer slips away  
Upon the shore they stand,  
And vainly strive from day to day  
To clasp the other's hand.

The autumn comes; but undismayed  
They laugh, "Our goal we'll gain  
When winter's sprites for us have made  
This gulf a frozen plain."

\* \* \* \* \*

An icy path connects them now;  
The lovers still are there,  
But he's long since a withered bough  
And she, the vine, is bare.

—Le Roy Phillips.





JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

FROM THE CRAYON PORTRAIT BY ROWSE, IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

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VOL. V. No. 3

## THE HOME AND HAUNTS OF LOWELL.

*By Frank B. Sanborn.*



HE child is father of the man," said that poet with whom James Lowell was very early familiar; and so we may look for intimations of the immortality which our poet has apparently received in the deeds and dreams of his boyhood. I once had a friend whose hobby was heredity (or one of his hobbies, for he kept a stable full of them), who was not much at home in Wordsworth. Wishing to use this paradox of that poet as an illustration of his theme, but inverting it in his topsy-turvy memory, he wrote, as a maxim of heredity, "The man is father of the child." I told him there was no disputing that, but perhaps he had better invoke some other authority. Both these epigrams were verified in the case of Lowell: his youth did foreshadow his maturity, but it was also the maturity of his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, which reappeared in modern garb in his own middle and later life; and, as happens with most of us, it was now one ancestor and now another, in the long line, who showed his traits in this most gifted of the Lowell family. At one time it was the tolerant, sensible, and learned father, Dr. Charles Lowell; at another, the sturdy and political judge, his grandfather, or the pious and spirited old minister of Newburyport, Rev. John Lowell, his

great-grandfather, of whom an anecdote or two has come down to us. Nay, the Boston cooper and shoemaker who were father and grandfather of Rev. John Lowell (born in 1703), with their plain mechanic virtues and their homely dialect, may have had much to do with the crowning glory of Lowell's career—his invention and perpetuation of Hosea Biglow, the perennial Yankee. These intermediate Lowells, coming between the half-mythical Percival of Newbury, with his romantic name, and the clerical John, first of the thirty whose names now stand in the catalogue of Harvard,—these handicraft Lowells partook, no doubt, of that thrifty vernacular character which Emerson praises in the churls around Monadnoc:

"Will you learn our ancient speech?  
These the masters who can teach:  
Fourscore or a hundred words  
All their vocal muse affords;  
These they turn in other fashion  
Than the writer or the parson.  
For that hardy English root  
Thrives here, unvalued, underfoot;  
Rude poets of the tavern hearth  
Squandering your unquoted mirth,  
Which keeps the ground and never soars,  
While Jake retorts and Reuben roars."

Let us fancy these craftsmen and lexicographers in the background, while we look at the clerkly line that has kept Harvard College so busy for one hundred and seventy years: Johannes, the first minister, graduated there in 1721; then

followed three other Johannes, his nephew, son, and grandson, in 1753, 1760, and 1786; then the brothers of Johannes the Federalist, Francis Cabot, in 1793, and Charles in 1800; and then a long line of Johns, Franks, Charleses, Edwards, Jameses and Percivals, down to 1891. Charles, the youngest son of Judge John Lowell (who died in 1802), was born in 1782, graduated in the same class with Allston the painter and Chief-Justice Shaw, in 1800, studied law at home, theology in Edinburgh, and in 1806 was ordained minister of the rich and flourishing West Church, where he preached for more than half a century. He, as we know, was the father of James Russell Lowell,—who was his youngest son, as he had been his father's youngest—and to this son imparted much of his

consider the expediency of dismissing Rev. Thomas Barnard, then the minister of a church in Newbury." It was decided to release him from his life engagement in that town. The question then came up, should a recommendation be given him for another parish. "To this," said his grandson, Rev. Charles Lowell, "one of the council objected, unless he should ascertain, on inquiry, that Mr. Barnard believed the doctrine of the Trinity." Mr. Lowell rose, with much emotion and, addressing the moderator, said, "If that question is put, sir, I shall leave the room, and take no more part in this council." The question was not put, and Mr. Barnard was soon after ordained at the First Church in Salem. Dr. Lowell, who did not himself believe in the Trinity, also reports that his famous



Elmwood.

own nature, and no little of that accumulated patrimony of culture and principle in the vigorous Lowell stock. His grandfather, Rev. John Lowell of Newburyport, was an important member of a church council held some time in 1750, "to

predecessor at the West Church in Boston, Dr. Jonathan Mayhew, had doubts about the Trinity, and was excluded from the Boston Association of Ministers on that account. The religious opinions of Dr. Lowell, thus inherited and trans-



Interior of the Old West Church, Boston.

mitted, descended to his most illustrious and youngest son.

Dr. Lowell was the child of a third marriage, and there was indirect cousinship, through a former marriage of his father, with Harriet Brackett Spence, daughter of Keith Spence of Portsmouth, N. H., and Mary Traill, daughter of an Orkney subject of King George. This cousinship, which later led to a marriage, had no small share in his early education; but that was begun at school by the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, not yet a parish minister, Rev. William Emerson, who taught the Roxbury grammar school about 1790. For some offence Mr. Emerson made Judge Lowell's son bend over his desk, and gave him the accolade of every schoolboy in those days,—a single blow with a cowhide,—as Dr. Lowell himself reports in his sketch of William Emerson, written for Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit." It must have been this blow which James Lowell vicariously returned in his Class Poem of 1838, when castigating the Transcendentalists.

Charles Lowell began to fit for college

at Andover, but completed his course with Rev. Mr. Sanger in Bridgewater,



Rev. Charles Lowell.

FROM A MINIATURE BY STAGG, 1851.



and so well was he pleased with this tutor that after graduating in 1800 and studying law a while with his brother John, the noted Federalist, he went back to Bridgewater to begin the study of theology. It was not unusual at that time for young Bostonians to pursue post-graduate studies in Edinburgh, as Dr. Walter Channing and Theodore Lyman did; and Charles Lowell, at his father's death in 1802, found himself able to

of Miss Harriet Spence, to whom Charles Lowell was betrothed before sailing for Scotland. In 1804, he travelled through England and Wales with his brother John, made the acquaintance of Wilberforce and Earl Stanhope, heard Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan in the House of Commons, and Mrs. Siddons at the theatre; then went to Paris to witness the first public appearance of Napoleon as Emperor, and made the customary tour through France, Switzerland, and Holland. Returning from Europe in 1805, he began to preach at once, and was ordained in "New Boston," January 1, 1806.

On the 1st of October following, at the age of twenty-four, he married Miss Harriet Spence, who was of Orkney descent on both sides, and from her there came to her youngest son the first lessons he got in ballad literature. He also, as he once said, inherited from his mother his habit of correct English, concerning which I have heard a pleasant anecdote. In London, many years ago, he met at dinner Dr. William Smith, a Scotchman, editor of innumerable dictionaries, and a man who thought extremely well of himself. This gentleman had certain Scotticisms lingering on



The Hall at Elmwood.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. J. H. THURSTON.

enter the University of Edinburgh for theological study. He heard Dugald Stewart lecture for three years, was often an inmate of his family, and had for fellow-students Sir David Brewster and Prof. Thomas S. Traill, a second cousin

his tongue, but was astonished to find an American pronouncing English correctly, and much at home in that language. "But where did ye get it?" said the doctor. To which Lowell replied, in the words of the old ballad, —



"I got it in my mother's wame,  
Where ye sall never get the same."

The father also has some share in the elegance of diction and elocution. When, says Dr. Peabody, "he announced a hymn, saying, 'Let us sing to the praise

The West Church — now, alas, closed — rapidly filled under the earnest and graceful ministrations of the young preacher, and in a few years a new and larger edifice was built. Dr. Lowell, in one of his sermon-notes, is careful to say that it



In the Library at Elmwood.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. J. H. THURSTON.

and glory of God,' the intonation of his voice had already attuned the congregation to worship, before the first line of the hymn was read. He had a deep chest-voice, clear, penetrating, and at the same time sweet and tender, and, with an unusual range of inflection and modulation, lending itself with the utmost flexibility to the sentiment to which it gave utterance." Of personal beauty, too, which is not to be despised in a pulpit orator, Dr. Lowell was not deficient, for of him and Harriet Spence it was said, as has been said of so many others, "that there never was seen a handsomer couple than Charles Lowell and his bride."

cost \$50,000, and it numbered among its worshippers eighty years ago the wealthiest people of Boston. But near by, on the slope of "Nigger Hill," dwelt a despised and lawless population of several colors, — "largely black" says Dr. Peabody, "but with a coarse white intermixture, in crowded, tumbledown tenements, where crime ran riot, and into which no decent person could enter with conscious safety." To these persons Dr. Lowell made himself a missionary; he beguiled some of them to enter his church, and he visited them in their own houses, in their poverty and vice and disease, and made himself their friend. When the region became more respectable,

and was the refuge of many fugitive slaves (among them Lewis Hayden), Dr. Lowell still continued their friend, in spite of the odious Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. He told Dr. Peabody that he had written to Daniel Webster after his 7th of March speech in 1850, expressing his surprise and indignation that he, a senator from Massachusetts, should advocate



Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard University, 1829-1845.

a law which condemned to fine and imprisonment a man who should merely decline to aid a United States officer in the capture of a fugitive slave. And in a letter to Theodore Parker (June, 1854), which is in my possession, Dr. Lowell says:

"All along I have condemned the Fugitive Slave Law, publicly and privately. When Shadrach (a fugitive who was rescued from his captors) was here, I read the note he sent to the churches, prayed fervently for him, and that he might not be returned again to slavery. I have always supposed I was the only minister in Boston who did so. But more than this. A colored man called on me as a committee, and asked me if I would go to a meeting to be held in Faneuil Hall in reference to the fugitives, and would open the meeting with prayer. I answered yes, and went and prayed fervently that the fugitives might es-

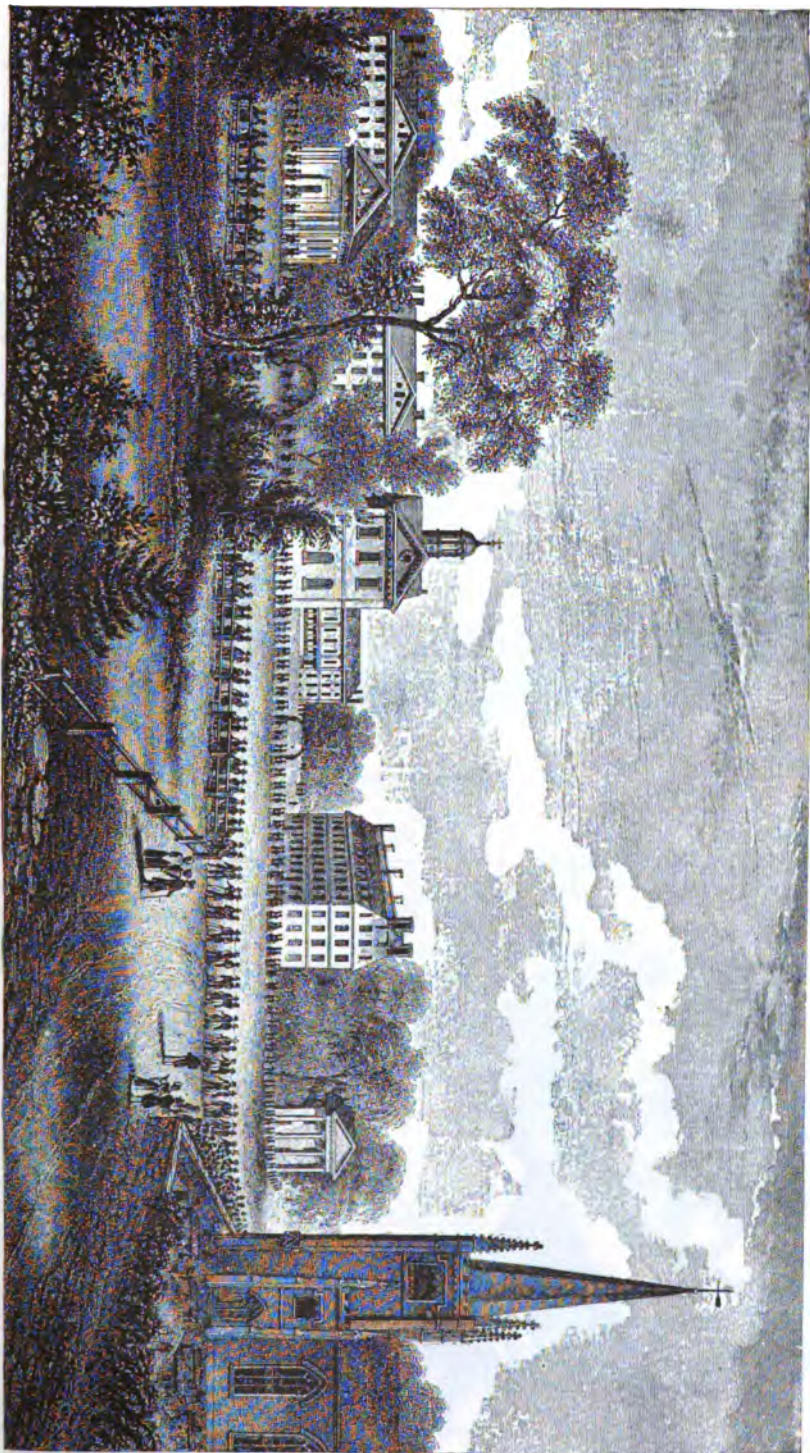
cape, and the inhuman law might be repealed. I have so much introduced slavery into my prayers in the church and prayed for its extinction, that some have complained of it, though it has been borne with. One person, not of my parish, said that 'the minister who would pray that the laws should not be obeyed, ought to be prosecuted.'"<sup>1</sup>

It was largely in consequence of his labors among the poor outside his own church, and his pastoral cares, that Dr.

Lowell's health failed in 1818, and he was induced to leave Boston and take up his abode in Cambridge; and this was the occasion of his buying Elmwood from the heirs of Elbridge Gerry who had formerly owned it. He had become a Professor of Harvard College in 1810, and was looking to Cambridge as the place for his children's education, and therefore he was the more willing to remove thither. Cambridge was then what James Lowell found it in 1830, "essentially an English village, quiet, unspeculative, without enterprise, sufficing unto itself," — a town of about three thousand people, or smaller than Concord is now. In one edge of the village, not far from Watertown, a governor of Massachusetts and vice-president of the United States had fixed his residence — an old colonial mansion of wood, built for a provincial magnate of some

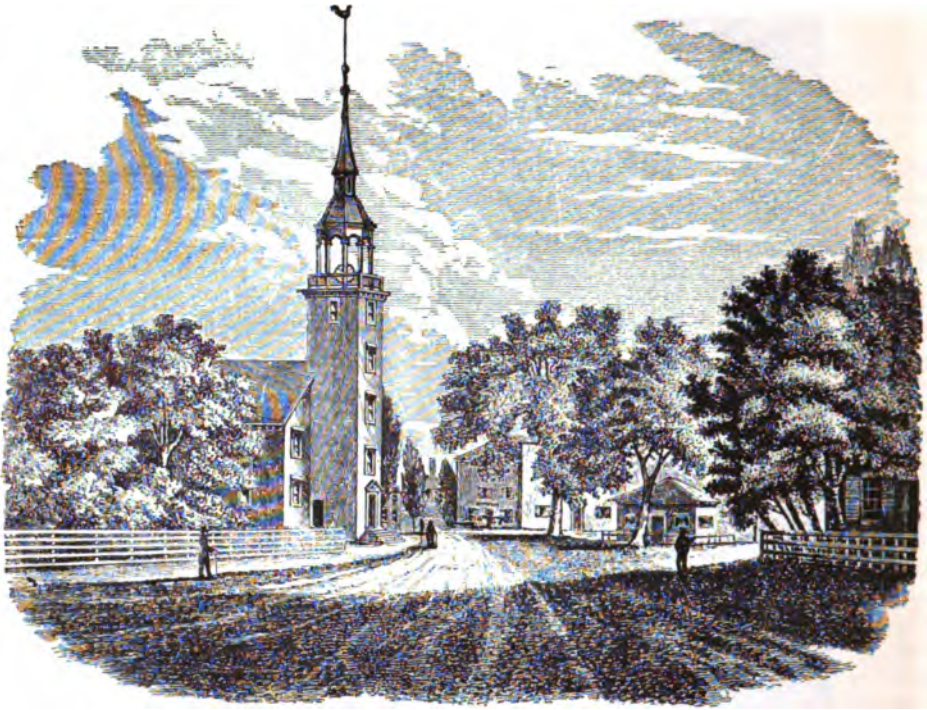
distinction, Thomas Oliver, who when the Revolution came on had to flee his country for his opinions and conduct. His spacious grounds, well-planted with trees and hedges, had been further improved by Elbridge Gerry, who, no doubt, planted many of the trees which now adorn Elmwood. But the pine-

<sup>1</sup> In view of the recent death of Robert Lowell, elder brother of the poet, his father's testimony to Theodore Parker in the same correspondence, concerning this son will be interesting. Dr. Lowell wrote (June, 1854): "Perhaps you do not know that my son, who is an Episcopal minister at Newark, devoting himself to the poor especially, is an open and earnest opponent of slavery. He advocated the admission of colored delegates to the Episcopal Convention in New York, and soon after had a colored minister to preach for him." In a letter just received, he says: "I have followed closely every movement in Boston, and, on the whole, it may be hoped that public opinion is getting fixed in the right direction. I preached upon a man's being a man, Sabbath before last, and hope to cast the first vote that I have given for freedom this fall."



Harvard University, with Procession of Alumni, 1836.  
FROM AN OLD PRINT.





Harvard Square in 1823. "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago."

trees, which outnumber the elms, willows, ashes, oaks, chestnuts, maples, and other deciduous trees, were planted, I

fancy, by the Lowells; and many of them, from their height and size, must be younger than the poet himself. For the pine of New England, the softly beauteous white pine, was hardly much used as an ornamental tree till the present century was well advanced, and seldom was planted even then, but allowed to stand where the forests had been cut, or where it had seeded itself. Its frequent use of late years must be due in part to the honor which Emerson bespoke for it, in those poems written in Lowell's youth, and which have now become so familiar and proverbial:

Whether is better, the gift or the donor?  
 'Come to me,'  
 Said the pine-tree,  
 I am the giver of honor.'"



President Kirkland.

James Russell Lowell, named for his grandfather or other auburn-haired ancestor, was born among the trees and lilac-bushes of Elmwood, February 22, 1819; and he grew up there amidst the sights and sounds of the country, out of

doors, and in the companionship of books and learned men indoors. His father, as appears by the notes to the sermons which he printed so often in the years from 1807 to 1840, was a careful scholar and antiquary, not upon the broad scale which the present age demands, but as such qualities were valued in his own time. One inducement drawing him toward Cambridge — after the death of Vice-President Gerry, in 1814, threw Elmwood into the market — was, no doubt, the college library and the learned society in that town, where then flourished that more renowned but less gifted antiquary and annalist, Dr. Abiel Holmes, the father of Oliver Wendell and John Holmes, life-long friends of James Lowell, though older than he by ten and six years respectively. Mr. John Holmes a few years ago, in a Harvard College periodical, described so well the region in which Lowell's boyhood was spent, that I may quote his words:

"The house itself indicated three great periods; it was built by a prosperous loyalist, used as a soldiers' hospital during the Revolutionary War, and afterwards inhabited by one of the early governors of the independent State of Massachusetts."

The loyalist was Thomas Oliver, the lieutenant-governor under King George at the time of the Stamp Act; and the governor was Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, one of the framers of the Constitution of 1787, and finally

vice-president of the United States under the mild and philosophic Madison, whom the Lowell family in 1814 held in such unmeasured contempt.

"The grounds surrounding the house formed an interior solitude, where the singing of the wind through a belt of pines sounded the keynote of all the vague associations that lay in the young, creative mind of Mr. Lowell. The situation, decidedly rural, favored that accurate acquaintance with birds and trees which he has often shown himself to possess. — an accomplishment befitting



Rev. Robert Traill Spence Lowell.

a poet. Over in "Sweet Auburn," then so called (not yet a cemetery), was a lovely solitude, with well-grown woods, one commanding hill, and one broad, level, grassy avenue."

The birthplace, home, and grave of the poet, all lie within a short radius, in this once secluded but now too much

frequented corner of Cambridge. Of the town and its less respectable inhabitants, Mr. Holmes, in a recent contribution to the monthly magazine called *The Writer*, thus speaks :

"Old Cambridge in Mr. Lowell's youth was little more than a village; indeed, the expression, 'down to the village,' was in use. The old Puritan industry and thrift prevailed; but there were those who were not content with life in water colors, but demanded a stronger liquid to produce the desired tints, and chose the path of pleasure rather than that of thrift. They did some desultory work, in deference to necessity, but their best efforts were given to the small game on the marshes. The exertion necessary in this pursuit they could endure, it being free from any taint of regular industry. But angling, sedentary and contemplative, was their preference. To throw the line into the dark eddies by Brighton Bridge, and at ease await the fish who was to outrun the largest dimensions offered by tradition, was complete happiness. Mr. Lowell viewed these exceptional beings with the eye of a humorist, rather than of the moralist. As a spectator he appreciated the irregular light which they threw on the monotonous path of steady industry."

and clients of the good clergyman, and they paid for this hospitality by contributing to the dialect vocabulary of the future poet of Yankee land. They did this in his youth; and even in his middle-age poem, "Under the Willows," he reports the same instruction from them :

"Here sometimes, in this paradise of shade,  
Rippled with western winds, the dusty Tramp,  
Seeing the treeless country burn beyond,  
Halts to unroll his bundle of strange food  
And munch an unearned meal. . . .  
The Scissors-grinder, pausing, doffs his hat,  
Grimy Ulysses! a much-wandered man,  
Whose feet are known to all the populous ways,  
And many men and manners he hath seen.  
Pithily Saxon in unwilling talk,  
Him I entrap with my long-suffering knife,  
And, while its poor blade hums away in sparks,  
Sharpen my wit upon his gritty mind."

This was an old habit of Lowell's, even from his boyhood. In his first visit to the White Mountains (as I conjecture, in 1834, the year that he entered college),



The Charles River Marshes — "An Indian Summer Reverie."

As Lowell himself had said in one of his inimitable essays :

"Where everybody was overworked, they supplied the comfortable equipoise of absolute leisure, so æsthetically needful."

They were also, like the shiftless and disreputable denizens of West Boston, in Dr. Lowell's early ministry, the friends

Lowell says, "I was walking through the Franconia Notch, and stopped to chat with a hermit, who fed with gradual logs the unwearied teeth of a sawmill. I asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain. 'Dun no, — never see it.' Too young and too happy either to feel or affect the Juvenalian in-

difference, I was sincerely astonished, and I expressed it. The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a little while asked, 'Come from Bawsn?' 'Yes' (with peculiar pride). 'Goodle to see in the zycinity o' Bawsn.' 'O yes!' I said. 'I should like, 'awl, I should like to stan' on Bunker Hill. You've ben there offen, likely?' 'No-o,' unwillingly, seeing 'the little end of the horn' in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective. 'Awl, my young frien' you've larned now that wut a man *kin* see any day for nawthin', children half price, he never does see. Nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally.'"

I place this anecdote at the beginning of Lowell's college course, when he had passed his entrance examination and was spending the vacation, so much shorter then than now, in a journey to the White Mountains, — the farthest trip he had yet taken, for his range as a lad, in his father's chaise, or in the stage coach, was not a very wide one. In comparison with him, one of his classmates at Harvard, the once-celebrated "Lighthouse Thomas," had been a great traveller; for Thomas had seen Canada and Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. As an introduction to what I am to say of Lowell's college-life, let me quote the story of Charles Grandison Thomas, who graduated with Lowell in 1838, but who had formerly been a classmate of Thoreau for a year, — a man with a peculiar history, which Lowell in after years was fond of mentioning. He was called "Lighthouse Thomas" because he finished his preparation for Cambridge, not at Exeter, Andover, or Boston, but in a lighthouse near Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. He was born in the Adirondac woods (at Denmark, Lewis County), in 1810, and

died, a successful lawyer, at Cambridge in 1879. Lowell published in 1838, in the college monthly, *Harvardiana*, Thomas's autobiography, from the college class-book, — a most curious record of privation and boyish industry, in the



Maria White Lowell.

woods of New York and Canada, among charcoal-burners and lumber-dealers. His first occupation was trout-fishing, his next was charcoal-burning, — but neither of them were very productive for the maintenance of this Adirondac orphan.

"For three years," he says, "I suffered from cold and hunger; I learned experimentally the fact that a person could live almost exclusively on potatoes, and without shoes in the winter. In my twelfth year my whole library consisted of an Almanac and Testament. I had never seen an arithmetic, and I was not taught to numerate two or three figures till my fourteenth year, when the widow of a neighboring judge gave me this information; and about the same time taught me to tell the time of day by her clock, which I then thought a very novel and curious thing, and looked at it as though it owed me a quarter's rent. By chance one of her laborers gave me an





The Willows.

arithmetic, which I constantly kept in my hat for use whenever my overseer's back turned. In my eleventh year I fell in with a man who had no

fixed place of residence, to whom I engaged for the season. His business was that of making shingles, wherever in the forest he could steal the timber to the best advantage; mine was to assist him to cook his food in a hut."



"Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads  
Eight balanced limbs, springing at once all round  
His deep-ridged trunk."

In 1829, Thomas went to Martha's Vineyard to visit the grave of his sister, earned twenty dollars on Cape Cod the next winter, and in the spring of 1830 went to school at Edgartown, near which place he found his light-house, — "built in the water at a distance of about half a mile from the land, with which it was connected by a bridge." He then goes on to say :

"Here I lived almost entirely on bread and water, at the rate of forty or fifty cents per week, and attended as intensely as possible to

my studies, for about three years, with such intervals of interruption as were necessary to defray my expenses. Here I fitted for college. . . . On my arrival at Cambridge, in 1833, after a passage of three sleepless nights around Cape Cod, I found myself obliged to wait six weeks, or during the long vacation, for an opportunity of presenting myself for examination. I obtained a room in College, and lived six weeks on about \$1.50, which was all I had. The day of examination at length arrived, and I succeeded in entering college. Yet I was almost totally ignorant of the correct pronunciation of the English language; as to Latin and Greek, my pronunciation in every recitation excited the laughter of my classmates."

One would suppose that such a man would have more difficulty in passing the entrance examination than his classmate Thoreau, who in the same year (1833), presented himself, — for Thoreau writes :

"I was fitted, or rather made unfit for college at Concord Academy and elsewhere, mainly by myself, with the countenance of Phineas Allen, preceptor. 'One branch more,' to use Mr. Quincy's words, 'and you had been turned by entirely; you have barely got in.' However, I was in, and did not stop to ask how I got there."

But Thoreau kept on and graduated in 1837, while Thomas in 1834 went back and entered the Freshman Class again, with Lowell and Story, Nathan Hale, and Devens.

The college president of Thoreau, Lowell, and Thomas, was Josiah Quincy, who had succeeded President Kirkland a few years before, and whose son, Edmund Quincy, of Bankside, Dedham, became in after years Lowell's most intimate friend among the followers of Garrison. He was some ten years older than Lowell, but had the same taste for leisure and scholastic pursuits, and the same inherited hatred for slavery. In later years, as we know from the striking sonnets written by Lowell on Edmund Quincy's death, his pleasant home at Bankside was one of the poet's familiar resorts, — standing on the edge of Charles River, as Judge Hoar's house at Concord does beside the Musketequid, — and remembered with that, when Lowell found himself by the Eure at Chartres. But Quincy like Dr. Holmes, was in College long before Lowell, whose best-known classmates were Story the sculptor, the late Judge Devens, Rufus King (of Cincinnati), and Dr. G. B. Loring. Thoreau graduated a year before him, in the class with John Weiss,

and Edward Hale in the class of 1839, a year after Lowell. Nathan Hale, an older brother of Edward, was Lowell's classmate; and these two, with Rufus King (a grandson of the old Federalist senator, Rufus King) became editors of the college monthly, *Harvardiana*.

The outward aspect of Harvard College at that time may be seen in the accompanying view; its democratic and comprehensive inner life can be inferred from the association, in one class of some seventy persons, of rude backwoodsmen, like Lighthouse Thomas, elegant young gentlemen like William Story, Nathan Hale, and Rufus King, and trained scholars, such as Lowell was even then,



James Jackson Lowell.

though indolent and pleasure-seeking like so many lads in college.

The intellectual and social life of Cambridge, when the class of 1838 graduated, was perhaps as attractive as at any time

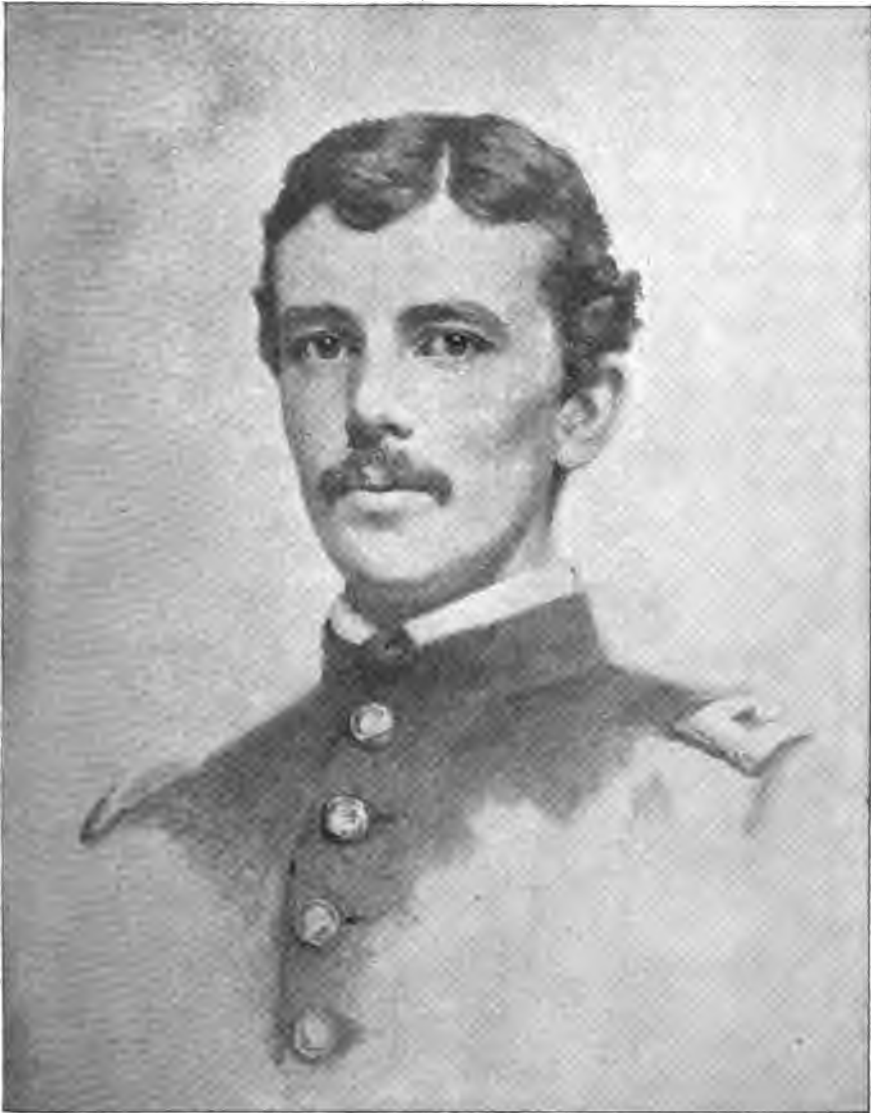


William Lowell Putnam.

FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT BY ROWSE.

before or since. President Kirkland, of whom Lowell in his "Fireside Travels" has left so charming a sketch, had been dead for some years, and Dr. Holmes had just left Cambridge for Boston; but Allston was living at "The Port"; Judge Story on Brattle Street; the Fays in their large house, where now the "Harvard Annex" is; Professor and Mrs. Farrar

were on Kirkland Street; Longfellow, a slender, blond young professor, was lodging in the Craigie House, which became his home afterward; Dr. Palfrey, Professor Andrews Norton, and the saintly Henry Ware, were at home near Divinity College, and there were many other distinguished or agreeable young persons in the college town.



Charles Russell Lowell.

FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT BY ROWSE.

Margaret Fuller, whom Holmes and Lowell found so antipathetic, had left Cambridge for Groton in 1833, and Groton for Providence in 1837, but she frequently visited Mrs. Farrar and other friends at Cambridge, and drew about her many women and some young men of much intellectual and spiritual sympathy; among whom a few years later was

Maria White of Watertown, who married her poet in 1844. William White, her brother, was a classmate of Lowell in college and afterwards in the law school, and it was through him, I suppose, that Lowell became acquainted with his bride, then living with her parents and sisters in the fine old house at Watertown, a mile or two only from Elmwood.

Richard Dana, who had been an elder schoolmate of Lowell at the savage boarding-school of William Wells, not far from Elmwood, was a law student of Judge Story in 1838, having returned from his "two years before the mast," and graduated in 1836. Without belonging to Margaret Fuller's circle, young Dana had inherited and imbibed an elementary kind of transcendentalism, which led Father Pierce of Brookline, then sitting on the platform at his fifty-third Commencement, to make this note in 1836: "A dissertation by Richard H. Dana, son of R. H. Dana, and grandson of the former Judge Francis Dana, was on the unique topic, 'Heaven lies about us in our Infancy.' He is a handsome youth, and spoke well. But his composition

was of that Swedenborgian, Coleridgian, and dreamy cast which it requires a peculiar structure of mind to understand, much more to relish." Father Pierce had not read Wordsworth, but Professor Edward Channing had, and gave Dana this line for a subject.

Lowell had two brothers and two sisters. Charles, Robert, Mary, and Rebecca. He was the youngest of the family. Robert Traill Spence Lowell, who became an Episcopal clergyman, and whose recent death has been the occasion of many newspaper articles, noticing his fine abilities as a poet and novelist, was three years his senior. Mary Lowell married Samuel R. Putnam, a Boston merchant, and also became well known in literature, as well as for her earnest work in various

reforms. She still lives in Boston, and Mr. Lowell was much with her in his later years. She was the mother of William Lowell Putnam, one of the three brilliant nephews of Lowell, who fell in the war — the others being General Charles Russell Lowell and James Jackson Lowell. The war came very close to Lowell personally. In the privately printed edition of the Commemoration Ode, the names of eight of his kindred who fell are given, among them being the heroic Colonel Shaw.

There is a charming picture of a snowball fight at Elmwood, with the three young nephews, in Lowell's essay, "A Good Word for Winter," written in 1870.

"Already, as I write, it is twenty-odd years ago. The balls fly thick and fast. The uncle defends the waist-high ramparts against a storm of nephews, his breast plastered with decorations like another Radetsky's. How well I recall the indomitable good humor under fire of him who fell in



The Lowell Lot at Mount Auburn.



James Russell Lowell.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT &amp; FRY, TAKEN DURING MR. LOWELL'S RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

the front at Ball's Bluff; the silent pertinacity of the gentle scholar who got his last hurt at Fair Oaks; the ardor in the charge of the gallant gentleman who, with the death wound in his side, headed his brigade at Cedar Creek! How it all comes back — and they never came!"

As for the scenery of Cambridge in 1838, — turning back again to the earlier time — the Washington Elm was then in its glory, and the "Sweet Auburn" of Lowell's childhood had become the

cemetery of Boston's worth, wealth, and beauty, though the graves were yet few, and the little mound over the grave of the first child, "the morning glory," was still ten years in the future.

"The six old willows at the causey's end" were there, as they are there now, and

"There in red brick, which softening time defies,  
Stood square and stiff the Muse's factories, —"



At Appledore.

as Lowell irreverently termed the colleges, in which he "recited" and declaimed, and held evening revels with Devens and Charles Miller and William Story, but in which he did not live, — for both at school and in college he resided with his father at Elmwood, as Story did with his father in another old colonial house, on Brattle Street, between which and Lowell's home stood the Washington headquarters, then known as the Craigie House, and later as the home of Longfellow. Farther on the Boston road, and not far from the colleges stood another three-story colonial house, intended for the bishop's palace, if Massachusetts could have endured a bishop, and occupied, after the surrender at Saratoga, by the officers of Burgoyne, who were quartered in Cambridge before they were sent down to Virginia. "The hooks were to be seen," says Lowell, "from which

had swung the hammocks of Burgoyne's captive red-coats." The whole town had an old-fashioned air, and as Lowell said in 1853, "some of that cloistered quiet which characterizes all university towns; even now," he adds, "delicately thoughtful Arthur Hugh Clough tells me he finds in its intellectual atmosphere a repose which recalls that of grand old Oxford." The "intellectual repose" of the town was greater in 1852-3, than in 1838, when Emerson's Divinity School address and Alcott's Boston teachings had disturbed the dons of Cambridge, as well as the merchants and ministers of Boston.

Lowell's college life was at first that of a well-taught and well-bred schoolboy, for he entered at the age of fifteen, and may even, like a classmate of my own, have spent some part of his Freshman year in the boyish clasp of a jacket. But manly



Mount Kineo, Moosehead Lake. — "A Moosehead Journal."



airs and feelings are soon developed in college, and the studious boy became the carefully clad and gay Sophomore and Junior. In the first term of his junior year, at the age of seventeen, he was elected into the Hasty Pudding Club, of which his father and Washington Allston had been members in 1798. This was not the oldest college society, for the "Institute of 1770" and the Phi Beta Kappa antedated it,—but it was that to which it was then the greatest pleasure and social distinction to belong. Its name described its feasts, which consisted only of hasty pudding and hominy, with milk, and that form of pudding known as "fry"—all served with molasses, and eaten with silver or pewter spoons. The meetings for more than fifty years, till 1849, were held at the rooms of its members who lived in college; the pudding was made by a staid matron not far from the college-yard; two of the younger members carried the pudding pot from her house to the appointed room, and a bowl of the pudding was always carried to the tutor or proctor who ruled in the "entry" on which the festal-room opened. The records of this club were always kept in verse, and Lowell, as secretary for his class, wrote copious verses in its records which, I read with avidity and some disappointment when I succeeded to the office in 1853. Probably he printed some of these smooth and trivial verses in the college magazine, *Harvardiana*, as the custom was when we had a magazine, but I have not been able to trace any of them. They were all composed before he was well along in his nineteenth year, and it is seldom that poems of that juvenility are worth preserving. But I remember they were written in the elegant and legible hand which

all Lowell's correspondents will gratefully remember, and which, I suppose, he learned of his English-born schoolmaster, William Wells,<sup>1</sup> who flogged and wrote like an English master of the eighteenth



Beaver Brook.

century. Lowell was also one of the two "poets" of the Hasty Pudding Club in 1837 (J. F. W. Ware being the other), as his brother Robert had been five years earlier in 1832; and "Lighthouse Thomas" was one of the two "orators," as well as "chorister," for it was then the custom to give two Hasty Pudding poems and two orations in a year. In this office of "poet" I also succeeded the two Lowells in 1854. Among the "Pudding members" of Lowell's class were Judge Devens,

<sup>1</sup> The school was in a large three-story house near Mount Auburn, to which, at the age of fifty-four, Mr. Wells, who had been a thriving publisher in Boston (Wells & Lilly), removed in 1827. Its methods and discipline are all described in Adams's "Richard Henry Dana."



The Washington Elm at Cambridge.

William Aspinwall, William Bowditch, Wendell Davis of Greenfield, Prof. H. L.



Robert Carter.

Eustis, Rufus King, Patrick Jackson, (whose sister Anna was the mother of Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., and James Jackson Lowell,) Dr. Loring, Howland Shaw, and two Rotches from New Bedford. Story was not a member, nor was William White. Charles Miller, who afterwards became the son-in-law of Gerrit Smith, would perhaps have been a "Pudding member" if his gayeties had not removed him from college too soon.

Lowell also, as is well-known, was sent away from college in his senior year and spent the last term in Concord, living on the main street of that village, next door to Samuel Hoar's house, and opposite that of Colonel Whiting, one of the early Abolitionists of Concord. He was put under the guidance of Rev. Barzillai Frost, who in a competitive contest of candidates had been chosen over Theodore Parker as the colleague of old Dr. Ripley,

then in the fiftieth year of his ministry and his residence in the old manse. Concord, was just becoming the Mecca of pilgrims who had seen the new star in the East, and worshipped it; but only one or two of the famous authors had yet fixed their abode there. Emerson had been living in his own house for three years, and Thoreau, recently graduated from Harvard, was looking for a school to teach, in Maine, in Virginia, or wherever there might be wanted a "teacher in the higher branches of useful literature," as Dr. Ripley said in recommending young Thoreau "to the friends of education." Alcott and Margaret Fuller were occasional visitors at Emerson's house, where also the son of Dr. Lowell was welcomed and often called. I suppose Lowell's acquaintance with Judge Hoar, who graduated in 1835, began in this spring and summer at Concord, though no trace of this appears in the Class Poem, which he wrote while wandering in the Concord woods and pastures—perhaps sometimes with Henry Thoreau or his brother John. He attended the ministrations of Rev. Mr. Frost, and used to quote with some glee from what he called "the Niagara Sermon" of that clergyman, written after his first visit to those Falls, which the young lady, possibly of Concord, said, "she had never seen, but always had heard them highly spoken of." Lowell complimented Con-



Nathan Hale.

cord in his preface to the Class Poem as a place where, "though the situation is low, the air is salubrious." He added, "The inhabitants are hospitable and pleasant; moreover, which is rare in country towns, they mind their own business wonderfully. I have been informed that this last is only at one end of the town." Dr. Hale does not seem to be very well acquainted with this Concord experience of Lowell's, and says he was there "under the tender and satisfactory oversight of Dr. Ripley and Mrs. Ripley." But the good doctor's wife had long been dead, and in 1838 Dr. Ezra Ripley at the age of eighty-seven, was under care himself in his own parsonage house, where Lowell doubtless called on him, and from which the old pastor, a few months later, wrote to Dr. Channing a pathetic letter complaining of the Transcendentalists. "Denied, as I am, the privilege of going from home," he wrote in February, 1839, "of visiting and conversing with enlightened friends, and of reading, even; broken down with the infirmities of age, and subject to fits that deprive me of reason and the use of my limbs, I feel it a duty to be patient and submissive to the will of God, who is too wise to err



Dr. Estes Howe.



Arthur Hugh Clough.

and too good to injure." He was, therefore, in no condition to take the oversight of a lively youth, whom President Quincy and the whole Faculty of the college had found themselves unable to keep within bounds. I suppose Dr. Hale was thinking of Mrs. Samuel Ripley, the doctor's daughter-in-law; but she was then in Waltham, looking after her husband's parish and school. She came to know James Lowell very well, through her acquaintance with Dr. Francis, then minister of Watertown, whose parishioners were the Whites, where Lowell visited so constantly from 1838 onward.

Dr. Ripley, with his wife's grandson, Waldo Emerson, chiefly in mind, wrote to Dr. Channing, in the letter above quoted, "I would not treat with disrespect and severe censure men who advance sentiments which I may neither approve nor understand, provided their authors be men of learning, piety, and holy lives. The speculations and novel opinions of such men rarely prove injurious."

Young Lowell, not having the deep experience of the old Concord pastor, dealt out in his raw and shallow poem a much harsher censure on the wise man at whose house he was entertained and whose disciple he soon became. While complimenting Emerson for his letter to Van Buren in favor of the Cherokees and Seminoles, Lowell printed these lines, which could apply only to Emerson, who was still, in 1838, called "Reverend."

Woe for Religion, too, when men who claim  
To place a "Reverend" before their name  
Ascend the Lord's own holy place to preach,  
In strains that Kneeland<sup>1</sup> had been proud to reach,

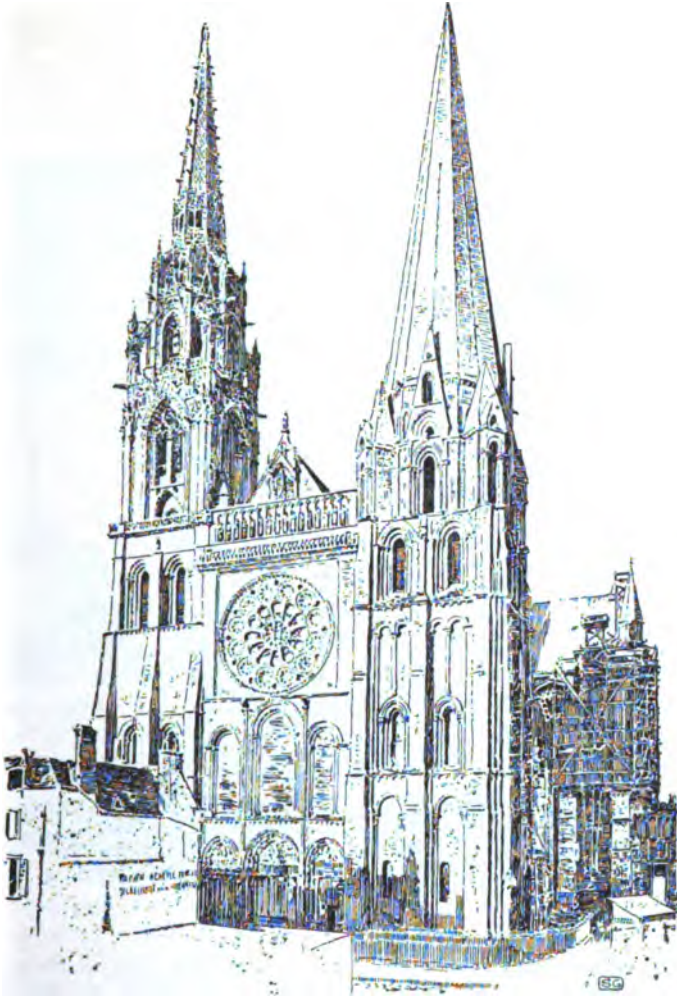
And which, if measured by Judge Thacher's scale,  
Had doomed their author to the county jail!  
Alas! that *Christian ministers* should dare  
To preach the views of Gibbon and Voltaire!

<sup>1</sup> Abner Kneeland, once a minister, had shortly before been sent to jail in Boston by Judge Thacher for "blasphemy," and the *Boston Advertiser* had suggested the same course with Mr. Alcott.



"Bankside," the Home of Edmund Quincy.





The Cathedral at Chartres.

Nor could the youthful satirist, not yet imbued with his father's and grandfather's opinions on slavery, refrain from attacking Garrison and Phillips and Edmund Quincy, whom he soon adopted as his political guides. He thus addressed them in his Class Poem :

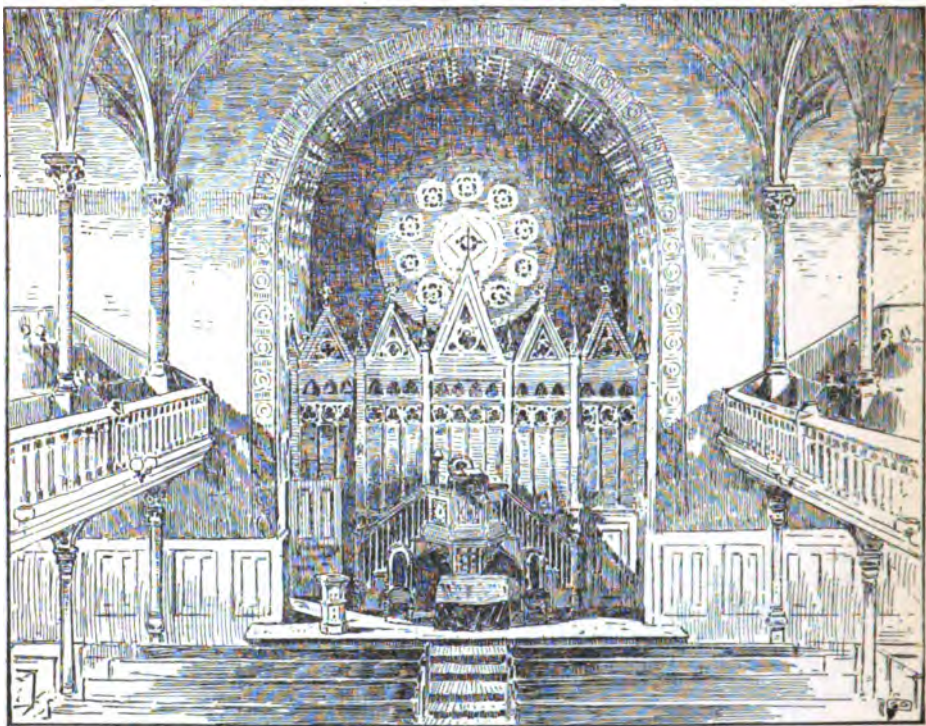
" Bold saints ! why tell us here of those who scoff  
At law and reason thousands of miles off ?  
Why punish us with your infernal din  
For what you tell us is the planter's sin ?  
Why on the North commence the fierce crusade,  
And war on them for ills the South has made ? "

These were, no doubt, the opinions of most undergraduates at Cambridge in Lowell's college days, as they were in

mine ; nor had he learned among the citizens of Concord, old or young, opinions very different, for only a handful of Concord people were Abolitionists in 1838. But he could have learned a sounder doctrine from his own father, who, in a sermon printed in 1828, ten years before, had said : "*I have not been accustomed to consider anything impracticable that it was well should be done.* What was once thought more visionary than the project of Clarkson and Wilberforce to abolish the slave trade in England ? and yet not only the English have discontinued it, but most other nations ; and the time appears to be hastening

when this foul blot shall not be found on the escutcheon of any people." Dr. Lowell had also shrewdly intimated that men need not have all the virtues before they were allowed to tell the truth, for he

poetry that I have seen in his early effusions. It certainly applies to Maria White, and was followed by many another love sonnet and canzonet more perfect in their form, but not more pleasing in



Appleton Chapel.

gave twice at the ordination of young ministers a sermon on "The Wisdom and Goodness of God in appointing Men and not Angels to the Christian Ministry." It was first preached at the ordination of Rev. D. H. Barlow, father of General F. C. Barlow, in Lynn, and was fully justified in the event, as it has often been in other instances.

*Cet âge est sans pitié.* From the heartless nonsense of this youthful period, common enough to brilliant men in their teens, Lowell was snatched in a moment, as it were, by the lovely Maria White, his good angel and his true love. He seems to have knelt at her shrine even in Concord, for the sonnet of dedication in his Class Poem appears to be addressed to her, and is the first glimpse of good

sentiment than this, which is seldom reprinted :

"Lady! whom I have dared to call my muse,  
With thee my lay began, with thee shall end;  
Thou canst not such a poor request refuse  
To let thine image with its closing blend!  
As turn the flowers to the quiet dew,  
Fairest, so turns my yearning heart to thee,  
For thee it pineth, as the homesick shell  
Mourns to be once again beneath the sea;  
Oh! let thine eyes upon this tribute dwell,  
And think—one moment—kindly think of me!  
Alone—my spirit seeks thy company,  
And in all beautiful communes with thine;  
In crowds—it ever seeks alone to be,  
To dream of gazing in thy gentle cyme.  
"Concord, August 21, 1838."

There hangs at Elmwood a portrait of Maria Lowell painted by Page about the time that he was celebrated by Lowell as

the great coming painter of America.<sup>1</sup> I became familiar with it from seeing it hung in Mrs. C. R. Lowell's house while the bereaved husband was absent from Elmwood in Europe or elsewhere, and whither I went in 1853-4 to read Greek together with Charley Lowell, as his friends called him—the "Young Telemachus" of Lowell's *Moosehead Journal*, and one of the heroes who died in the Civil War. It was by him that I was first taken to call on Lowell at Elmwood, I suppose, in 1853; but I never saw Maria Lowell, and can only speak of her as I have heard her described by others—by Mrs. Anna Lowell, by Wendell Phillips, by Miss Anne Whiting of Concord, who was for a time her teacher, and by many more who had the privilege of knowing her. She was evidently one of those rare persons who cannot be fully known by what they say and do, but who add to that an ineffable something from the treasures of the spirit within the veil, and from the sweet potency of character. She had talent in abundance, but less than Lowell's, while she excelled him in that insight and spiritual power which is given in larger measure to good women than to great men. The saying of Milton and St. Paul concerning Adam and Eve

"He for God only, she for God in him,"

seemed to be reversed with the two Lowells in their paradise; it was through her that he was brought nearer to the divine life, and drawn aside from the occupations and frivolities, the borrowed opinions and habitual compliance of his easy nature.

<sup>1</sup> This, we think, is the portrait copied for publication in the little volume of Mrs. Lowell's poems, and reproduced with the present article. The portrait of Lowell by Page, painted at the same time, is reproduced as the frontispiece to the first volume of the new edition of "Lowell's Poetical Works." The two photographs by Elliott and Fry of London, were perhaps the best of the later pictures of Lowell. The earlier photograph by Couly of Boston, reproduced in the last number of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, was especially liked by Lowell himself, being often spoken of by him as his best photograph. Of the portrait belonging to the time of his Harvard professorship, reproduced in connection with the article on "Harvard College during the War," in the May number of this magazine. Mr. Lowell wrote the following pleasant note to the engraver, Mr. Brown, who had sent him a proof. The note is dated June 1, 1891, and must therefore have been among the last which he wrote: "Perhaps when my face was first designed, I might, like King Alfonso El Sabio, have made some suggestions for the better. But it is now seventy-two years too late. Your engraving seems to me a very good one, and as for corrections, I don't know my own face well enough to venture any advice. I suppose the sun saw me truly in 1863, and that you have repeated truly what he saw. That is as it should be."—*Editor*.

In the matter of poetry Lowell soon recognized this direction from a higher power than his own, and in the "Proem" to "A Year's Life," his first acknowledged publication, in 1841, he thus declared it:

"So brighter grew the earth around,  
And bluer grew the sky above;  
The Poet now his guide hath found,  
And follows in the steps of Love."

He had, indeed, found his guide in more directions than one. The aspirations and purposes of Maria White, like those of Anne Greene who captivated Wendell Phillips a few years earlier, were all noble and open. She joyfully ranged herself and drew her dear friends to the side of those public causes which Alcott, Emerson, Phillips, and their friends had pointed out to her: the emancipation of the slaves, the enfranchisement of women, the elevation of the poor, the reformation of the criminal, the repeal and removal of outrageous laws and customs, whether in the state, the church, or in society. In such generous causes Maria White was irresistible, not so much by what she said and wrote, as by the charm of feminine goodness which inspires sympathy with all that is excellent when we see it in a living presence. She was herself the nobility of thought and life which she declared in melodious words; and those who saw and heard her needed no other persuasive. "I was born in a country," said Sir Robert Wilson on a memorable occasion, "where the social virtues are regarded as public virtues." In a sense still higher are the social virtues of women like Maria Lowell public virtues; and very important was the influence of such women in the long struggle between freedom and human slavery in the United States. To her we, no doubt, owe the timely, constant, and effective support which Lowell, the poet of the younger generation in her time, gave to the anti-slavery cause when it needed all the aid that genius and culture could bring against its overmastering opponents.

Having engaged himself for marriage before he was one and twenty, it was needful that the young poet should not depend on literature alone for the support of a family. He, therefore, entered



the Harvard Law School before his friends R. H. Dana and E. R. Hoar left it in 1839, and he graduated there along with his classmates Story, Devens, Hale, and King, and his future brother-in-law, William A. White, in 1840. During these years he was frequently drawn to Greenfield, where his classmate Wendell Davis lived, and where Charles Devens soon settled, and we shall soon see how pleasantly he looked toward Greenfield as an escape from the drudgery of law. He opened an office at 10 Court Street, Boston, in 1840-41, and there occurred that interview with his first client, which Dr. Hale has recalled from the grave of the *Boston Miscellany* of 1842. But there are other sentences in "My First Client" which may be cited :

"I had been in my office a month. I had fourteen blank writs and other blanks in abundance, and my own face, from constant association began to grow blank also. . . . A friend, disguised as a substantial farmer without any bump of locality, had three several times inquired 'if this were Mr. Mortmain's office,' at every door on both sides of the street. Three times, also, with a thick file of papers in my hand I had hurried the same individual to and from the Court House in the most sidewalk-crowded parts of the day. Still my door had not once opened unexpectedly. . . .

"The eyes of a man who has nothing to do are keen. I saw everything. . . . I knew by sight every crack in my ceiling and the peculiar expression of every paving-stone under my window. . . . I knew familiarly all the men in pea-jackets who leaned all day against the lamp-posts. I speculated upon the age required to entitle a man to green baize jackets, having observed that the wearers of them were a peculiar race, who had apparently come into the world in green jackets to illustrate Wordsworth's doctrine of 'not in utter nakedness.' . . . I was sure for nearly five minutes that the man in the white hat and the brass chain, unsuggestive of any watch, was looking for my office. . . . I didn't see how people could eat peanuts, but supposed they were used to it. I thought how pleasant it would be in Greenfield now, and was just starting for 'the Glen' with a rapturous party, when I was roused from my reverie by a shadow against my glass door. . . . My cottage in the country, with the white lilac and the honeysuckle in front, and the seat just large enough for two under the elm-tree, drew ten years nearer in as many seconds."

"I have heard of Greenwich *mean time*," wrote George T. Davis to the committee of a bar-dinner, which he could not attend because of a referee-case in the little town of Greenwich, —

"and I fully expect to have one to-day." The disappointment of Lowell when anticipating a Greenfield good time, to find that his expected client was a dun, must have been greater than that of his friend George Davis, on the occasion mentioned. The allusion to "the cottage in the country" becomes pathetic when we reflect that the briefless barrister was waiting to be married, and wanted to earn a little money, instead of having it given to him by his friends. Mr. Stephen M. Allen, who was associated with Lowell during the period of his nominal law-practice, has preserved a few incidents worth recording. He says :

"One morning I called upon him and he was walking the floor excitedly. After exchange of salutations he looked up and said, 'Allen, can you tell me how and where I can earn an honest dollar?' I answered that I could tell him where he could *get* a hundred if he wished, and offered to supply him with ready money. 'That is not what I want,' said he. 'I want to earn some money.'"

Colonel Higginson was one who knew Maria White, and he has lately said of her in an article in *Harper's Bazar*:

"Maria White was a singularly gentle person in her aspect and manners—fair, sweet, benign, thoughtful, ideal—and it was beneath the surface that the firmness of purpose lay. She had been for a time a pupil with her cousin, the late Maria Fay of Cambridge, at the Ursuline Convent near Boston, and was there, if I mistake not, at the time it was burned by a mob. This may well have imbued her with the love of religious freedom. She had been a member of some of Margaret Fuller's classes, and shared their tonic influence. She had also spent much time in the study of Rev. Convers Francis of Watertown, a man of unusual learning, and a reformer, though a mild one. At his house she had doubtless met his more potent and energetic sister, Lydia Maria Child. Moreover, Maria White's own brother, who was Lowell's classmate, had given up all else to devote himself to the anti-slavery agitation, becoming an itinerant lecturer in the cause. It was, in a manner, a foregone conclusion that Maria White should be a reformer, and equally so that her lover should. He was, as he has since said, 'by temperament and education of a conservative tone,' and it needed a strong influence to transfer him to the progressive side."

Lowell's neighborhood to Watertown, and his connection with the White family there may have brought him early into acquaintance with Levi Thaxter of that town, who graduated at Harvard in 1843, studied Browning and the law, and married Miss Celia Leighton of Appledore.

This courtship and marriage took him much to the Isles of Shoals, near Portsmouth, where Lowell's mother had lived, and Lowell for some years was familiar with those rocky islands and that pleasant shore, where the Wentworths and Pepperells, Whippers, Atkinsons, Vaughns, and Jaffreys so long dwelt in colonial times. Mrs. Thaxter has made herself the special poet of the Shoals; but Longfellow and Whittier have also dealt with that picturesque sea-coast, and Lowell in his "Pictures from Appledore" has preserved the memory of wonderful sights and sounds there, in a verse that makes one think more of Browning and Thaxter, than of Tennyson.

Robert Carter's house in Sparks Street was one of the resorts of Lowell in Cambridge, as was also, of course, the house of Dr. Estes Howe, who had married an elder sister of Maria White. In the "Fable for Critics," where Lowell says,

"I can walk with the Doctor, get facts from the Don,  
And take in the Lambish quintessence of John, —"

he means Doctor Howe, Don Roberto Carter, and John Holmes, the brother of the poet. These were all members of the famous Cambridge whist-club, to which for half a century or so Lowell belonged, and whose surviving members met to play a final game with him in Elmwood but a few weeks before his death. Carter was a person of singular education and experience, who had acquired a vast multitude of facts concerning the past and the present, and who wrote with excellent facility and generally on the right side in politics. Estes Howe was always on the right side, and held to his political opinions as firmly as any man ever did. He is not to be confounded with the more eminent Dr. Samuel Howe (a distant relative), who sat beside him in the same political parties and at the same club tables in Boston for many years. Both were warm friends of Charles Sumner, and of Longfellow, at whose house in Cambridge both Sumner and Lowell were always at home.

The connection of Lowell with the *Atlantic Monthly* marks how far Harvard had gone forward politically from the

time, in 1850-55, when no professor or undergraduate was expected or, if it was possible to suppress him, was allowed to say anything unfavorable to human slavery, and its champions, North and South. Lowell's chief interest in the magazine was at first political, and he told me (in one of those visits that he made at Concord to confer with Emerson about the new magazine, and to meet the unaccommodating Thoreau), that he had thoughts of a department in the *Atlantic*, to be carried on under the sign of a broom at the masthead, like old Van Tromp's flagship in the English channel, — which should be devoted to sweeping out such creatures as Caleb Cushing, Ben Hallett, and the other "Northern men with Southern principles," who then disfigured our politics. He also told me, when I urged him in 1858 to make the acquaintance of John Brown, then at Theodore Parker's in Boston, that he had in 1856 serious thoughts of sending Hosea Biglow out to Kansas as a free-state settler, and thus continuing the "Biglow Papers," which slumbered from 1848 to 1861, as we know. Something prevented the acceptance of Parker's invitation to meet John Brown at his house in Exeter Place, and the two men never met.

In 1857, Lowell was married to Miss Frances Dunlap of Portland, who had had charge of the education of his daughter during his residence abroad, after the death of his first wife. The second Mrs. Lowell died in London in 1885, during Lowell's residence there as American minister.

It was in 1858, that the famous party which Stillman the artist has painted in the Adirondac forest, went thither, as described by Emerson in one of his later poems:

"We chose our boats, each man a boat and guide,  
Ten men, ten guides, our company all told;  
Ten scholars, wonted to lie warm and soft  
In well-hung chambers, daintily bestowed,  
Lie here on hemlock boughs, like Sacs and Sioux.  
Off sounding seamen do not suffer cold,  
And in the forest, delicate clerks, unbrowned,  
Sleep on the fragrant brush, as on down-beds.  
We were made freemen of the forest laws,  
All dressed, like Nature, fit for her own ends,  
Essaying nothing she cannot perform.  
Our foaming ale we drunk from hunters' pans,

Ale and a sup of wine; our steward gave  
 Venison and trout, potatoes, beans, wheat bread;  
 All ate like abbots.  
 And Stillman, our guides' guide and Commodore,  
 Crusoe, Crusader, Pius Æneas, said aloud,  
 Chronic dyspepsia never came from eating  
 Food indigestible."

These "ten scholars," who called themselves "The Adirondac Club," were, in fact, a detachment from the "Saturday Club," organized by Horatio Woodman about 1856; and, besides Woodman and Stillman, they were Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, Dr. Estes Howe, Judge Hoar, John Holmes, and S. G. Ward, the banker, then of Boston, but later of New York. Only four of the party now survive; but the portraits of all, "in habit as they lived," were painted by Stillman among the tree trunks which he loved so well to put in his pictures. It was no new experience for Lowell to "camp out," for he had done it in his Mooshead journey, a few years earlier, when he visited Mt. Kineo, and saw the lone tree on Katahdin, to which one of his most striking poems is addressed.

From the Adirondac woods, from Appledore and Kineo and Katahdin, those savage sea and mountain pieces where Nature is all and man is naught, Lowell could pass in later life, grown sadder and wiser from contact with that ancient mariner, Time, to the wonderful Cathedral at Chartres, where its Gothic

and Norman art, high raised in air,

"Looks down unwatchful on the sliding Eure,  
 Whose listless leisure suits the quiet place,  
 Lispering among his shadows homelike sounds,  
 At Concord and by Bankside heard before."

We cherish in the library at Concord the manuscript of this poem, crowded with art in words, as a Norman cathedral is with art in stone, and with that strange mixture of the worldly and the worshipping frame of mind which the subject of the verse itself exhibits. Europe, happily not seen by our poet until the fairest and saddest features of life had been shown to him at home, nevertheless made a profound impression on his susceptible, versatile and twofold nature. To this some of the unrest and bitterness, seen now and then in his later verses, is due. But he returned from all his European experiences with a warm affection for that one angle of the world that had ever been his home, and where his funeral chapel and his grave now are,—the groves and streets of Cambridge; and the hill-pastures and brooks of Watertown, Elmwood, Auburn, and Beaver Brook were dearer to him than all the magnificent scenery and climate in Europe, as he himself has said:

"Kindlier to me the place of birth  
 That first my tottering footsteps trod;  
 There may be fairer spots of earth,  
 But all their glories are not worth  
 The virtue in the native sod."

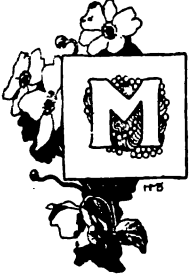


A corner of Elmwood.

# THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

*By Ellen Marvin Heaton.*

## CHAPTER VII.



R. FIELD had become so comfortably adjusted to his bachelor conditions, that he contemplated the possible end of that period with apprehension. His frequent letters to his

wife and daughter were brief and cheerful. Like many American fathers of his stamp, whose development has been in the financial direction solely, and who desire to make up for other deficiencies in the only way possible, he closed each letter with the injunction not to stint themselves, but to have every luxury that money could procure. He referred jocularly once or twice to Maud's titled admirer, saying he was sure she was too level-headed to give him any encouragement. As an admirer he was well enough, "a feather in her cap," but as a husband he would be a "thorn in the flesh;" with which piece of paternal admonition he dismissed the matter from his mind altogether.

Great was his disgust, therefore, when Mrs. Field imparted to him the fact that Prince Padua had intrusted her with his sentiments concerning Maud. He regretted that his resources would not permit him to approach the subject of marriage in the American way, which he lauded greatly. He believed it was not the custom for American fathers to make marriage settlements. Therefore, the aspirant for Miss Maud's hand, if an American, would have to be equipped with a profession which would ensure their united future, in that wonderful country where ability and talent meet with sure recompense. Mercenary considerations ought not to contaminate the tie; sentiment alone was the atmosphere in which two souls should approach each other. Had he been so happy as to

have been born in America, he felt sure he could have achieved a career. Unfortunately, he was handicapped with the traditions of an aristocratic race. He would leave it to madam to decide whether the lustre of that historic name would count in the balance, although lacking the material wealth to properly support its renown.

"H — m!" exclaimed Mr. Field as he finished. "Very cunning! That prince would be worth his weight in gold as a diplomatist. He has pulled the wool over the women's eyes, — but he'll find an American father a different article."

He rose and paced the room. Memory recalled his daughter's childhood, and his heart glowed again with the recollections of that period. The old man was not given to retrospect or analysis. But he was now painfully aware of the changed relations of his life. Paternal love had lapsed into pride, and that had developed into respect — an unnatural reversion, caused by his children's consciousness of their superior acquirements. He colored with resentment as he reflected how long he had been an object of patronage from wife and children. But, after all, this condition of things was not peculiar to him. Were not Brown and Robinson, and in fact most of his friends, in the same boat? He turned away from the consideration of his domestic relations to that of his daughter's future.

He took up his wife's letter again. She evidently took for granted his readiness to settle a princely sum upon Maud in furtherance of the projected alliance. Every fibre of his nature revolted at the thought of such a marriage. Antipathies of race, religion, caste, — all sprang full-armed to life. The Puritan in him shouldered arms.

In this frame of mind he sat down to write. But, alas! between our conceptions and their expression, what an

abyss often! As he read over his letter he felt with chagrin what a futile protest it was. He tore it up in disgust, and started on another effort. Then he reflected that, cipher though he might be in his wife's estimation, no final action could be taken without him; and with the ocean rolling between them, resistance was easier.

Here his eye caught sight of the evening paper. As he unfolded the journal a staring heading arrested his attention.

FAILURE OF  
CLOUGH, HOLMES & CO.,  
APPREHENDED ASSIGNMENT OF OTHER  
PROMINENT FIRMS.

Great heavens! Why, he had made a heavy deposit with them only that morning. He had left the street before noon with no suspicion of impending disaster. He consulted his watch. It was rather early for the usual nightly gathering of the brethren in finance at their uptown rendezvous—the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. But he was too restless to wait, and he betook himself to these headquarters, where he found a knot of excited capitalists. What he gleaned from the incoherent mass of ejaculations and predictions was not calculated to soothe the mind of a man whose investments were mostly of a character which a financial crisis would sweep away; and such a crisis was doubtless imminent. For the first time in his life, Mr. Field was overtaken with vertigo, as he took his solitary way back to his own home.

Such crises are too familiar to require description. Many predicted a repetition of the panic of '73. Although the struggle was a desperate one, it proved less sweeping than was feared; yet the wreck of more than one colossal fortune made it memorable in the annals of finance.

As the anxious weeks rolled on they left their mark upon the harassed old man. He lost confidence in his own powers. Sleep forsook his pillow. His trembling hands gave token of waning strength, and "nervous prostration" hailed her victim.

Another letter from his wife, pressing

the proposed marriage, goaded him almost to madness. In his trouble he had almost forgotten the matter. His wife's reproaches developed a curious psychological condition in the struggling man: he became a coward. Instead of admitting that he was in no condition to settle a large sum upon Maud, he wrote that some important transactions which he was contemplating would make it expedient to postpone for a few weeks the decision as to Maud's portion. If his ventures turned out favorably, his daughter should be no loser by the delay.

He wondered if his wife would take alarm. In his transactions hitherto there had been no question of an "if." Now that little word haunted him. All night he combated the idea of an unsuccessful issue. In the morning the reflection in his mirror was that of an aging, haggard man. His gait, too, had grown unsteady. His first act was to look over his accounts and see what could be turned into "Governments" and settled upon his family, in case worse came to worst. His next step was to seek Rogers—a former *protégé* of his, and now an esteemed broker. The latter greeted his benefactor with pain, as he remarked his changed aspect. He received the securities Mr. Field placed in his hands, and promised to convert them into "Governments," and put them into safekeeping for Mrs. Field's use, "in case,"—here the old man came near breaking down,—

"Merely a prudential measure, you know, Rogers—proper in such precarious times," he added as he went away.

All day Rogers was haunted by the apparition of his haggard face and trembling hands. He hastened to carry out his instructions, despatched his own business, and, instead of going home, dined at an up-town restaurant: and soon after seven o'clock he rang at Field's door.

He found the latter at his writing-table—a mass of papers before him. Several sheets were covered with figures, over which he was poring. As Rogers entered he looked up with a bland smile, showing no surprise at the unexpected visit.

"See here, Rogers," said he, "I've a scheme for making a colossal fortune;

and the wonderful thing is how little capital it takes to start it. Once started, it rolls up like a snowball. The difficulty is to keep it secret. We don't want any syndicate or stockholders to absorb our funds. Look at these figures. You see I start with \$5,000. Now cast your eye down to the bottom of this page and see the result — \$700,000,000! Oh, you needn't start! The calculations are correct. I've been over them so many times that my brain is in a buzz. What do the figures represent? Ah, my boy, that's the secret — and when two share a secret it is no longer a secret. But you shall know some day; and meantime you shall be my man of business. Not another man lives whom I'd trust. We'll astound the world, my boy! There never was such a scheme invented. And it was all worked out by this little clockwork inside my brain. Just listen, and you can hear it going!"

He paused and held his forehead close to Rogers's ear. The latter recognized with horror that he was talking with a madman.

"Yes," he said soothingly, knowing his only hope of managing the excited man, "it is buzzing away famously. And you know it will work just as well when you are asleep, and not tire you half so much."

"But I'm not tired!" exclaimed the old man. "And I want to see whether there is any end to these figures. I tell you, Rogers, it's a bonanza! Petroleum — gold mines, — nothing ever invented can hold a candle to it! You sit there and read the paper, while I cipher."

"I thought of trespassing upon your hospitality," said Rogers. "There's a little business I want to attend to up-town, and if you'll give me a bed I shall inflict myself upon you for the night."

"Bed, my dear boy! A dozen of them, if you can go to bed after hearing this! But you always lacked imagination, Rogers. You're prosaic. That's what makes you so valuable. I could no more sleep than — than the vault of heaven. The top of my head is the vault of heaven, and the stars in it twinkle so that I am as exhilarated as — as if I'd been drinking champagne. But I

pledge you my word, Rogers, that I haven't taken a drop of anything — not a drop!"

He was turning again to his figures when Rogers laid his hand gently upon him.

"Only a moment!" he said. "You know I've not heard anything about your family for a long time. I'm going out for an hour presently, and then you can go on with your work. But now, tell me how is Otis? Where is he, and where are your wife and Maud?"

"Oh, they're in Paris just now. That confounded prince still tags them about. But you don't know about that affair. Well, there's my last letter. It will amuse you to read it. But, sh! sh! sh!" the old man glanced fearfully about, as if the obnoxious suitor were listening, — "that poverty-stricken fraud of a prince mustn't get a hint of this scheme of mine, or he'll marry Maud without waiting for a settlement. I've been putting them off all these months, you see."

Rogers pocketed the letter, glad to get the address so easily.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old man. "I'll settle his porridge for him! I'll get you to write Mrs. Field that I've lost everything — not a copper left! You'll see how soon the prince'll turn his back upon them and seek his macaroni."

"Just so!" agreed Rogers. "A good joke! And I might say that Otis would join them and bring them back home. He's somewhere on the other side, isn't he?"

"Yes, — but I forget where. Oh, there's his last letter. Just see for yourself."

"Good. I'll look it over later," said Rogers, pocketing it also. "And now I'll be off. You'll be done with your figures by the time I'm back?"

"Can't say. When a man's figuring is bringing him in millions an hour, you can't expect him to knock off for a trifle."

He was growing irritable over the delay, and he turned his back with decision and resumed his work.

Rogers's first step was to seek the nearest physician. He stated the case and found his fears fully confirmed.

"I'd better not go back with you," said the doctor. "I'll drop in later upon some pretext, so that he won't suspect I come professionally. Meantime, get him to take these drops. If they put him to sleep before I come, so much the better."

They agreed that Otis should be notified at once, and Rogers proceeded to cable to the address he found in the letter. Within an hour he was back in Mr. Field's room. The latter was still poring over his figures. He raised a warning finger as Rogers entered, and glanced at him rather sulkily. Rogers sat quietly down and took up a newspaper, watching the old man over the top of it. Presently the latter looked up and said irritably: "What you waiting for, Rogers? Why don't you go to bed?"

"So I will," assented Rogers, "if I may first help myself to a little water. I must take my 'drops.'"

"What do you take them for?" demanded the old man. "Can't you sleep? Better live without sleep than get the opium habit. Better die and done with it!" he continued, growing more excited. "Look at me! I haven't slept as much in two months as I used to in a week; and here I am with a head as clear as a bell! Why, I worked this scheme out nights while I lay awake. It's all a notion—that we need so much sleep. You don't catch me wasting so much time in bed hereafter. I used to lie there fuming because I couldn't sleep; so I took to figuring nights, and it cured me. Don't be a fool, Rogers. If you can't sleep, then read, work,—anything except swallow opium."

"But these drops are brain food. You've got to feed the brain if you want it to work."

"Brain food! Let me look at it."

He shook the phial, and then read the directions: "Twenty drops in water. Repeat in half an hour if necessary."

"Repeat in half an hour! Then, why not take forty drops at once, and done with it?"

"I believe I will," assented Rogers.

"Well, then, fix me up some, too. I don't believe in medicating, but I believe in nourishment for the brain. Pooh! that's nothing!" he ejaculated,

swallowing the drops which Rogers prepared.

The latter made a feint of taking the same, saying, "Now, if you want it to do you any good, you must give it a chance. It's nearly ten o'clock, any way. Why not go to bed?"

"No. Go yourself. I'll throw myself down on this lounge for half an hour. Here's your room, just next to this. Make yourself at home."

With this hospitable injunction he closed the door upon Rogers. The latter sliding the bolt in the door between them, went through the other door, which led into the hall, and stole downstairs to the faithful Mills. After explaining his fears, he stationed Mills upon the front steps to await the doctor. When the latter arrived, the patient was in a sound sleep, and nothing could be done but remove him to the bed in the adjoining room and await the effect of rest. Rogers removed all the old man's papers, that nothing might remind him of his delusions; and then, stretching himself upon the lounge, he fell to considering what ought to be done in case he grew worse.

The next thing he was conscious of was the figure of the old man stealthily creeping about the room, searching for something. It was daylight, and Rogers recognized symptoms of growing mania in the glittering eyes and stealthy movements. The glances directed toward himself boded ill, and it was with a feeling of relief that he saw the man carelessly open the door of the next room and pass in. Rogers sprang into the hall and awakened Mills.

It was several minutes before Mr. Field reappeared. Rogers shuddered as he saw that he had an open razor in his hand. Was he about to take his own life? Should they spring upon him and disarm him? But no,—he stole softly toward the lounge. In his surprise at finding Rogers no longer there, his arm fell and the razor dropped to the floor. He gazed wildly about him, and then threw up his hands screaming, "Thieves! Thieves! I'm robbed!"

"He fancies I've robbed him! He meant to kill me! He won't touch you.



Go, tell him you have me safely confined," whispered Rogers, pushing Mills into the room.

As soon as the maniac saw Mills he screamed again, "I'm robbed, robbed! That villain has made off with millions! Send for the police! Quick!"

"I've got him locked up safe and sound, sir," said Mills. "If you will go quietly to bed, sir, we'll manage it all right."

"Oh, Mills, don't leave me!" entreated the poor old man, breaking down and beginning to weep. A tremor seized him, and he clung to Mills like a scared child.

In the mean time, Rogers had sent a messenger for the doctor, and by the time the latter appeared, Mills had succeeded in soothing Mr. Field and getting him to bed. During the day his moods alternated. The fiction of Rogers having been given over to the police pacified him only temporarily. He began to call for his treasure, insisting that the room had been full of bags of gold. But, fortunately, before his sister's arrival he yielded to the medical treatment, and she found him with his eyes closed in peaceful sleep.

Mrs. Grant was deeply afflicted. But no crisis ever bereft Aunt Hannah of her judgment, and she resolutely opposed summoning Mrs. Field to her husband's bedside. It would only complicate matters, she said, adding that she should remove her brother to Rockford as soon as it was possible.

There were times when her brother recognized her, and he seemed soothed by her presence. At the end of a week the removal was decided upon and happily accomplished. The effect of the change was so favorable that Mrs. Grant had hope of a permanent recovery. Dr. North shook his head. The mania was over, but the vacancy and compliance into which the patient had settled were the fell symptoms of decaying powers.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE despatch announcing his father's condition reached Otis as he was upon the point of starting for a short tour in

Switzerland. There would be just time to catch the next steamer from Bremen, and the two companions were the last passengers who boarded the vessel.

A few days after his father's removal to Rockford, Otis arrived and joined his aunt in caring for the helpless invalid. The young man now realized for the first time in his life what that father had achieved. Seeing him lying prone amid the *débris* of the fortune he had reared, like another Samson suddenly become helpless, Otis learned too late to appreciate the powers of which his father was now shorn. He must himself now take the helm, unfitted as he was. He smiled bitterly as he thought how little the management of the remnant of their fortune would task his ability. The relief of finding his mother and sister provided for was so great that he forgot, for the moment, his own changed prospects. With Rogers's help he went through the accumulated piles of papers, a futile but necessary task.

In the mean time, Mr. Chapin had matured the plans which had been forming in his mind during the past months, and he went on to Rockford to superintend the removal of his effects to the new scene of his labors. The doctor claimed him as guest. After a busy day over practical matters, the evening was consumed in receiving visits from old parishioners. It was late before the two friends found themselves *tête-à-tête*, and free to exchange notes of experience.

"I don't blame you for turning your back upon church work," said the doctor, as he turned the key upon the last visitor. "There is so much humbug in human nature that"—

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Chapin, "I have never for a moment thought of abandoning my profession. If I have a passion it is for human nature. I *must* work for it some way." He folded his arms upon the table and leaned forward over them—a way he had when absorbed in his topic. "There never was a time," he resumed, "when such work was likely to be so fruitful as now. Formerly, priests preached and laymen listened. Now one hears these subjects discussed on all sides. Theological

subterfuges are exposed. Superstitions attached to creeds, like barnacles to ships, are stripped off unceremoniously. Religion is descending from the pulpit to the people, — coming out of the sanctuary to permeate social life. Many people remarking these changes distrust them. It is customary to say that we are now in a state of transition, — the inference being that change is dangerous, permanence desirable. Permanence means stagnation, and we ought always to be in a state of transition. But there is danger that in expelling shams we throw away what is valuable. The upper classes incline to recognize nothing higher than an enlightened intellect ruled by a moral legality, while masses of men, set free from superstition, are sure to make material advantages the aim of existence."

"And," said the doctor, "the tide in that direction is setting fearfully strong. What can be brought to bear upon it I confess I cannot see."

"Intelligent spiritual development is the only hope," responded Mr. Chapin. "Religion is natural to men. So long as only natural religion is taught, men will receive it. The revolt is not against religion, but against theological subtleties and shams."

"Every man his own priest! The outcome of your method, Chapin, would be the death of all you ecclesiastics. Your occupation would be gone."

"No; we would turn our shepherd's crooks into ploughshares," said Mr. Chapin smiling. "And that is just what I propose doing."

He then recounted his plans. His wife's grandfather had died during the winter and left her in his will the farm on Long Island where his long life had been passed. It was within half an hour of New York by rail. Mr. Chapin proposed to go there, carry on the farm, and associate with it such missionary work as he could build up in the slums of the city.

"Why, my dear fellow, you cannot run the machine all day and all night too! You'll break down within a year!" exclaimed the doctor.

But Mr. Chapin asserted that he would be the gainer for some hours of labor

daily, in the open air. Experience would prove how much he could bear. He said something about employing Scandinavian labor for the bulk of the work.

"I know what you will do," said the doctor. "You'll turn the place into a 'Scandinavian Immigrants' Home.'"

Mr. Chapin smiled. "It occurred to me there was an opportunity of doing something of that kind, in a small way," he admitted. "You see, buildings have accumulated with the years. There are two old cottages upon the place which could be made very comfortable."

"Oh, I see! You are going to wallow in your natural propensities! But when a man is working in the line of his tastes he can bear twice as much as when work is uncongenial. So I bid you God-speed. Keep a tramps' home, if you like; and, upon my word," here the doctor dropped his bantering tone, "I would rather work among that class than among the fashionable rich, who cultivate religion as they do art, — they make it decorative! Now there is a set whom I know in New York — I have some relatives among them. Their last fad is Theosophy. They have circles for the purpose of 'cultivating the higher life.' It's nothing but Buddhism. I've nothing to say against Buddhism, I'm sure. But the joke of it is they imagine they have gotten hold of some new truth. The corner-stone of Buddhism is renunciation — precisely that of Christianity. But I have yet to learn what they renounce."

Mr. Chapin shook his head. "It is only the aroma of a religion which reaches them," said he. "They wander in the fog of sentimentalism. That law is as inexorable in the spiritual as in the physical realm is the great truth Buddhism inculcates. If they would only receive that, their standard of values would change entirely."

"By Jove, Chapin, you ought to have a church in a great city —"

Mr. Chapin put up a deprecating hand. "No! I should attract only cranks. Look at Ember and Fotheringay. They have tried it and failed. I should only construct one more pigeon-hole."

"But are you going back upon churches?"

"I am certainly not going back upon worship. Without worship, human nature grovels. The vacuum it leaves is always filled by some force disintegrating to character. "But," he continued, "there is such a lamentable propensity in human nature, when pigeon-holed, to resolve itself into all forms of affectation and hypocrisy, that it's worth considering, I sometimes think, whether some method more favorable to the teaching of truth cannot be found."

North raised his eyebrows. "What next?" he exclaimed. "Everything goes to co-operation nowadays. Why not try co-operative religion?"

"Don't you see, North, that such evangelistic work as I speak of *is* co-operative? And there is wonderful vitality in it."

"But they run into grooves sooner or later. They end in a sect."

"Not all, not necessarily."

"What will you tell people who ask you what you believe? Do you believe in the supernatural?"

"In the sense that there are things which transcend our experience—yes. In the sense that things occur which conflict with law, — no."

"Do you believe in a future life?"

"Yes, and a past, too."

"Upon my word, Chapin, there is nothing negative about you. Tap you anywhere and you run belief." The doctor looked at his friend critically. "You can't keep silence," he said. "You

will bubble over. It will be impossible to keep so much ardor under lock and key."

Mr. Chapin smiled. "Words are cheap," said he. "I shall get to work and turn my back upon abstractions."

"I hope you will pitch into the decorative Christians."

"I shall begin at the other end of the scale. That is all I am clear about."

He was as good as his word. A fortnight later found him established in his new home. A Scandinavian family was quartered in one of the cottages to assist in farm work. Mr. Chapin rose with the sun, labored with his hands all the morning, and devoted the rest of the day to work in the slums of New York. A large room was fitted up for evening classes, and another for recreation. One thing led to another, and help was soon needed. One of the cottages upon the farm was made comfortable for summer use, and became a sanitarium for delicate mothers and children. Both Mr. Chapin and his wife devoted themselves to teaching those waifs, and the influence which these trained batches of women carried back with them was not the least important part of the work. The "contagion of good" is a potent thing, as the changed aspect of the poor quarter in which Mr. Chapin worked soon proved. The people became less brutal, and the tenements cleaner. Perplexities were not lacking, but they were met and overcome, and the enterprise prospered amazingly.

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE FISHER-BOAT

*By Celia Thaxter.*

WHAT dost thou, little fishing boat,  
From the green, flowery coast remote?  
Adown the west the sun sinks fast,  
It lights thy sail and slender mast.  
The day declines, — O haste thee home!  
Against the rocks the breakers foam.

*THE FISHER-BOAT.*

Under the measureless blue sky  
Eastward the vast sea spaces lie, —  
Wide scattered sails upon the tide  
Down o'er the world's great shoulder glide,  
Or silent climb the trackless waste, —  
But, little fisher-boat, make haste !

The snow white gulls soar high and scream,  
Soft clouds melt in a golden dream,  
Bleached rocks and turfy valleys lie  
Steeped in a bright tranquillity ;  
But autumn wanes, and well I know  
How swift the hurricane may blow !

Before thee, lo, the lovely coast  
Beckons, and like a friendly ghost  
The lighthouse signals thee — afar  
I see its gleaming silver star,  
Where the sun smites its glittering pane, —  
O little skiff, glide home again !

Somewhere along the land's fair line  
A light of love for thee may shine,  
When presently the shadows fall, —  
And eyes to which thy gleam is all  
Of good the round world holds, will gaze  
Out o'er the darkening ocean ways

To seek thee ; therefore hasten home !  
Here swings the breaker into foam.  
The waning moon breeds many a gale.  
Turn then, and gladden with thy sail  
The faithful eyes that long for thee,  
The heart that fears the treacherous sea.



## THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON.

*By Le Roy Phillips.*

HER message to a world she never knew  
 Reveals the thoughts sweet nature would disclose  
 To one unmoved by earthly fame, who chose  
 To toil apart, unknown, and so withdrew,  
 And, guided by a higher Mind, while true  
 To nature and herself, her spirit rose  
 To share a sweet companionship with those  
 Whose hallowed eyes see things beyond our view,  
 She heard kind Nature speaking everywhere,  
 Whose constant voice was soft with melody ;  
 She praised the budding flowers that make earth fair ;  
 Some tender thought in each she loved to see, —  
 Or spoke, perchance, of earthly joy and care,  
 Or talked with Death, her soul's own liberty.

## A FUTURE AGRICULTURE.

*By C. S. Plumb.**Vice-director of the Purdue University Agricultural Experiment Station.*

IT is the year of our Lord 2000, and Henri Joly, the director of a French agricultural experiment station, and Richard Grimes, holding a like position in the Indiana agricultural experiment station, are in correspondence with each other. At the International Conference of Station Directors at Berlin, they had met and begun an acquaintance which had continued by means of telephone correspondence in matters pertaining to agricultural science. To be sure America is but a short distance off, and M. Joly's private flying car could convey him there in a few hours, but M. Joly is a busy man, and it is a most difficult operation for him to leave his work long enough to eat his meals like a rational animal. In fact, his wife complains that he neglects her, and the family in general, for his phos-

phates, and nitrogen feeders, and electric plants.

M. Joly, in his communication with Professor Grimes, had expressed a very great desire to learn about American methods of farming. When a boy he had heard his grandfather say that, while the Americans were a very *chic* people, they were the most profligate of their resources of any people on the face of the globe. But since his grandsire's day, he knew that the Americans had changed greatly, that they were no longer aborigines, but represented the most advanced type of an agricultural people. As a race they had always been famous for their Yankee ingenuity, and while in the nineteenth century they had astonished civilization with their mechanical devices for the benefit of commerce and

the arts, the dawn of the twenty-first century lighted up a more wonderful and marvellous era of agricultural progress than the sanguine student of a century before would ever have dared to conceive; for, realizing that agriculture is the true foundation of national prosperity and the source of all wealth, the American people had bowed down to the goddess of Agriculture, and trodden Mammon in the dust. The bright, ambitious students of the day concentrated their thoughts upon agricultural science, and leading institutions throughout the land were known as agricultural colleges and universities. In this respect, the Americans, with their accustomed wisdom, had recognized the necessity of concentrating their efforts to the development of the fount of national prosperity — *agriculture*.

One night in January, according to agreement, at the urgent solicitation of M. Joly, Professor Grimes delivered a telephonic lecture to the students of the National Agronomic University of France, "On the Economy and Methods of American Farming of To-day." About one thousand students gathered in the telephone hall at the college. This room was of special construction, having a wide rear, and gradually coming to a point or focus, like a funnel. The floor and furniture were heavily rubber coated, so that no appreciable noise occurred in the room through walking or moving about. A large telephone connected with the point of the room, from without, and one thousand small telephones united with this one, and then diverged to each desk in the room, where each one was connected with the side of the head rest. Each listener leaned back in the chair, the telephone came in contact with the ear, and the voice was heard.

The following is an abstract of the lecture as prepared for the Paris *Temps* by one of the instructors in the University.

Said Professor Grimes: In the latter part of the nineteenth century, the people of the United States first turned their attention to the development of agriculture from a scientific standpoint, by establishing a number of experimental stations. This was first done by several

individual states, notably Connecticut, New Jersey, North Carolina, Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio. In a few years, however, the Congress of the United States, impressed with the great value of the work in agricultural research done by the then existing state stations, passed a law, donating to each agricultural and mechanical college that had been established by governmental action, a sum of fifteen thousand dollars each per annum, for the furtherance of agricultural research. These institutions, thus assisted by the necessary funds, produced such effective results that, very early in the twentieth century, they were greatly increased in number, by Congress establishing one station in each state for every one hundred thousand inhabitants, so that, as a result, some states had two score or more of stations scattered over their boundaries, in which labored eager and wise investigators, graduates of our agricultural colleges. So effective has been the work of these institutions and the agricultural colleges of the country, that to-day each county in every state supports an agricultural experiment station. These county stations are officially connected with a central station, with headquarters at the state capital, and all these stations have official connection with the United States Experiment Station at the capital of the nation — Washington. No scientist is employed in any of these stations unless a graduate of an agricultural college, and he cannot hold a position without having passed a rigid examination before a government examination board, consisting of ten station directors, who meet once a year for this purpose. Hence these experiment stations are entirely under the control of men specially adapted to the work, and consequently the results secured from their labors are decidedly satisfactory. As we have no politics now, of the sort in former days, one of the serious obstacles to progress in this work has been removed, for incapable men appointed through political interference in this work are a thing of the past.

The farmers of America are a very happy and prosperous people, and this has been brought about through a com-

bination of education with an application of methods secured through facts largely deduced from station investigation. The agricultural school sends its graduates among the people, farming practices gradually improved through the influence of these young men, and as steadily the percentage of illiteracy and ignorant management was reduced. Finding that agriculture was becoming a fashionable occupation, many people of rare ability adopted it as a profession, so that to-day this business is followed by a more illustrious class than is any other kind of labor. It combines such independence, such delightful living, such a rational application of the mind and such helpfulness, that it is far more attractive to our people than anything else.

Our farms are all small holdings, the largest being fifty acres, while the ordinary size is ten acres. Each homestead is located about ten rods from the asphalt roadway, while the barn (we have but one barn on a farm in America) is located in the centre of the farm. A pneumatic tube running under ground connects the cellar of the house with the barn, so that when having no other means of transit, except to walk, persons may enter the pouch of the tube and be conveyed to and from the barn with electric rapidity. Horses are used some by farmers, but generally vehicles having pneumatic, rubber-tired, bicycle wheels, with ball bearings, are conveyed from point to point by means of electric motors stored beneath the wagon bed. Our modern motor is noiseless, is easily managed, and gives greater satisfaction than horse power, either attached to heavy wagon loads or to light buggies such as are conducted by ladies. The principal use we have for horses at the present time is for racing contests, and for table use, as we esteem the meat a great delicacy. The expense of maintaining a horse for labor far exceeds the expense of an electric motor, while the risk from sickness and death does not occur with the motor.

The influence of electricity on our farming occupation is exceedingly great. Every farmer has an electric plant in his house, which connects with the whole establishment, and not only materially

lightens the labor of the women, but assists in farm-work in many particulars. In the house the rooms are lighted by electricity; doors and windows are opened and closed by pressing an electric button; butter extractors are operated by electric power; an inverted brush-box with a handle, worked by a motor, is passed over the floor to sweep, requiring simply the guidance of hand power; dish-washing machines are run by the lightning-like fluid, and likewise the elevator in houses two stories high; all cooking is conducted in electric stoves; and all clothing is washed and ironed by simple, inexpensive machinery, run by electricity. As a result of this lightening of women's labors on the farm, while a century ago the larger percentage of the women in our insane asylums were farmers' wives, to-day these form the smallest percentage of those from any walk in life. In fact, no women in America find greater enjoyment in their homes than do our farmers' wives.

On the farm, electricity serves many important purposes. Barn doors are operated by electric power; an electric fork conveys the hay and fodder from the wagon to the barn, and from mow to manger; automatic electric shovels clean out the manure troughs behind the cattle; the farm bell is rung by electricity; ploughs, mowing machines, hay tedders and rakes are operated by electric motors; and all animals are slaughtered by means of electric connection. In the nineteenth century the experiment station began to study the effects of electricity upon the vegetable growth, and such progress has been made that to-day all of our market gardeners grow vegetables under the influence of electricity. It has been demonstrated that electrically grown vegetables are of superior quality and tenderness. Lines of electric wires distributed through the propagating pits, and even in the fields on the farm, have greatly increased the yield and early maturity of crops, while destroying all fungus growth and insects adjacent to the wires.

Everybody possesses apparatus for spraying plants for the destruction of injurious insects and fungi, and he would



be considered a singular farmer at the present day who neglected to use his insecticides and fungicides. Injurious insects, however, are held in check by many farmers by the use of beneficial insects. On every well-regulated farm are small pens for breeding beneficial insects. Enough of the food of the insect is grown to supply them in abundance, and each farmer has an insectary of the size required by his fields and crops. The Hessian fly, chinch bug, Colorado potato beetle, and rose bug are held in check by beneficial insects. Farmers propagating beneficial insects train them to come at the call of a whistle, so that the trained ones are easily collected in the field whenever desired. It is an amusing scene to watch a number of *Dodono hitata*, feeding on potato beetles, drop their prey, and fly to the insectary at the call of the whistle. Their intelligence is marvellous. A special line of these beneficial insects may be purchased of the larger seed dealers and growers.

The care of our live stock has been reduced to such a science, that seemingly a maximum of profit is secured. Animals of all classes are fed on a scientific basis. Each farmer has an analytical machine, by which he can analyze his own feeding stuffs, fodders, or soils in a few minutes. From time to time he analyzes, in order to note any change in the character of the food. Each animal is carefully studied, and fed according to the purpose in view, a certain number of pounds of albuminoids, carbohydrates, crude fibre, etc., as the case may be. Through investigation begun at several of our experiment stations, we are enabled to produce any class of flesh for food that we wish. By following the directions of the Henri Prescription Book, one is enabled to deposit alternate layers of lean and fat upon the animal carcass, or entirely one or the other. Photographs of the effects of food upon the animal system, taken about one hundred and twelve years ago, show that this work was then in its crudest stage. Through our knowledge of the effects of food upon the animal system, we are also enabled to secure nothing but pure cream from our cows, if we see fit, or the reverse. Yet breed

has been so influenced here by artificial conditions that the Jerseys of some breeders yield nothing but cream from very ordinary food, while the Holstein-Friesian cow under average circumstances will make many hogsheads of milk a year; in fact, cows of this breed oftentimes require slings beneath the udder to support its great weight.

Automatic milking machines are commonly used here now. By a special arrangement, a system of tubes with automatic pumps are connected with the teats, and these with a tube which passes back of the udder and connects with another tube, which conducts the milk to a butter extractor, where the butter is taken from it. The skim milk is carried by other pipes back to tanks in the mangers, where it is fed to the cows as may be necessary, thus preventing all loss. This arrangement relieves the farmer of the worry of milking by hand a kicking cow, or one with small teats. The animals are kept in barns where the temperature in winter is always constant, being regulated by electricity. None of our American cattle have horns, though two hundred years ago hornless cattle were uncommon.

In the western states, there used to be, in the days of my grandfather, a great loss of corn fodder and straw, each year, through allowing these valuable substances to be exposed to all kinds of weather, and trampled under foot by stock, burned or thrown to waste. We now most carefully utilize these foods, by having silos for the preservation of corn fodder when green, and by tearing the corn and wheat stems into shreds when dry, and feeding them with a grain ration. All such fodders are now carefully husbanded by us.

It is only quite recently—say for one hundred years—that Americans have exercised much care in the conservation of soil fertilizers. But the exhaustion of the soil was steadily impressed upon the people, and finally, after much earnest effort on the part of some of our Atlantic states experiment stations, the attention of the people was drawn to this waste, and an active movement was begun to conserve our common farm fertilizers and apply them scientifically, and also those

manufactured and sold in the market. All solid and liquid farm manure is carefully protected. The liquid manure is conducted from each animal to strong cement tanks below the stable. When one tank is filled the operation is repeated with another, and the filled one is chemically analyzed. Then this manure is applied to the field in specific quantity, there being a certain number of pounds of the food ingredients deposited to the acre. All fertilizers are used on this basis, and in buying commercial manures, the dealer dishes out so many pounds of nitrogen, potash, phosphoric acid, etc., per ton, according as the buyer desires.

Perhaps one of the most important discoveries yet made by one of our stations is the method of producing root nodules on clover and other leguminous plants, which contain nitrogen. By a careful system of in-and-in breeding we have produced a number of nodule-bearing varieties of clover and alfalfa that yield us great quantities of nitrogenous fertilizer. The roots, differing from those of ordinary varieties, grow near the surface, like potatoes. At the proper time of maturity they are ploughed out, and the nodules which are of good size are uncovered, dried and ground, thus furnishing a most important source of nitrogen. In the older settled portions of our country, where the elements of plant fertility were early exhausted from the soil, the people found it necessary to study economy in the use of manures long before this was thought of in the western states, where the soils were deeper and contained more humus. Yet a change has come about, and now our entire farming population is well aware of the necessities of the case. In consequence of our excessive care and judicious use of manures at the present time, we gather an average of fifty bushels of wheat per acre, where we grew but twelve a century ago, and shell two hundred bushels of corn per acre, where we formerly harvested but forty.

In the production of seed we practice most careful breeding and selecting. All of our farm vegetables and grains have been classified botanically, as by careful breeding they have assumed certain fixed, definite characters. The farmer buys his

seed from one catalogue, as all seed dealers use a duplicate, which is prepared by the National Experiment Station. If new plants are recorded in the catalogue, it is not until they are thoroughly tested by many experiment stations, and have been shown to be of fixed character, when their names are recorded in the classification by the Director-General of the National Station. This method has unquestionably saved the United States vast sums of money, for only desirable varieties of seed and plants can now be bought in our markets; the varieties are only of the best, and come true from seed.

You may perhaps remember that a little over one hundred years ago, the United States purchased a large portion of its sugar from abroad. At the present time, however, as a result of investigations carried on by the United States Department of Agriculture and several experiment stations, we have succeeded in developing a quality of beet averaging about twenty-five per cent sugar. The beet is ground up to pulp, and all of the juice is carefully removed, and the pulp is thoroughly drenched with distilled water. All of this juice and water used in drenching the beet is placed in a vacuum pan and reduced to a certain degree, after which it is placed in a centrifugal machine of simple construction, which, upon action, blows out the sugar in crystalline form, much on the principle of the butter extractor. The molasses comes out of the same machine at another point. These centrifugal machines are very generally owned by farmers scattered over the United States, in the more temperate regions, where beets can be grown most successfully. Owing to this very economical method of producing sugar, our farmers each year produce a great abundance for the inhabitants of the United States at a cost not exceeding one cent per pound.

On the same area of land, with a smaller number of plants, to-day we can grow a far larger crop than could be grown one hundred years ago. The plants have been bred with such wisdom, and the soil fertilized with such care, that each plant develops its maximum growth. Our strawberries are of delightful flavor,

and flesh and color, and four or five average ones make a quart. The seeds have all been eliminated from our cultivated raspberries, blackberries, currants, and gooseberries. Their fruit is marvelously delicate in flavor, especially so the two former. The size of the fruit of these is equal to the largest illustrations given in the seed catalogue of our forefathers over one hundred years ago, at which time, according to the chronicles, it was said that the figures were the concoction of a vivid imagination, equalled only by that of the tree agent of the period.

In all the centuries, man has discovered no more nutritious, stable food than milk, and to-day our dairy interests, with our population of five hundred millions, are vast. So much do our citizens value the importance of dairy products, that the greatest care is exercised in their preparation for market. Milk is sold in bottles, and each wagon carrying the same has marked upon its side the per cent of solids and of fat the dealer's milk contains. No milk with less than thirteen per cent of solids and three per cent of fat is sold from carts to the general public. Every bottle containing milk for babies must have a guaranty upon it, that it contains between three and four per cent fat and thirteen per cent solids, and that the cow producing it was fed only sweet, dry hay, corn meal, and bran. All butter sold in the market must contain at least eighty-five per cent of butter fat, and oleomargarine is sold only in pound lumps, colored pink, with the letter "o" upon it. Such a thing as bad butter is not made in America, for all butter is made in the butter extractor, which does away with the necessity of the old churning process. Cream is obtained by running the milk through a centrifugal machine. Cheddar cheese is made from the whole milk only. At one time in our history, skim-milk cheese was largely manufactured, but such a thing to-day is unheard of, as it is generally recognized to be not easily digested. Limburger is at present our most popular form of cheese, and its digestibility, with its great strength, makes a combination hard to beat.

In their relation to the people, the farmers of America occupy a high position.

As our constitution provides that the various industries shall be represented in our legislative halls according to the proportion of the people engaged in each, the farmers have a leading voice in the construction of our laws, and the social, moral, and financial conditions resulting from their supervision and influence are eminently satisfactory, not only to the farming population, but to the body of our citizens as a whole.

The principal feature, as I have endeavored to show you, of the farming of this country, lies in the application of scientific, economical, and systematic methods to the conducting of our work. A farmer is not satisfied that a hen lay one hundred eggs of two ounces weight each in one year, eating one bushel of grain to do the same. He rather aims to make the hen produce three hundred and sixty-five eggs in one year, each weighing one-half pound, eating one-half bushel of grain to produce said eggs. And if one gram of albuminoids, or a part of a gram of carbohydrates is wasted, the farmer has been careless of his resources.

We do not feel that our agriculture has yet been developed to its utmost, but that it is rather in its infancy. As time moves on, I firmly believe that grander and more splendid discoveries will be made in the field of agriculture such as shall be of inestimable benefit to the human race, through their practical application to farm economy. The end is not yet, and if there is any significance in the presence of hundreds of thousands of bright young men in our agricultural colleges, it certainly indicates that these institutions are the seed beds that shall develop minds consecrated to the development of agriculture, some of whom will astonish the world with such brilliant discoveries that I dare not conceive their magnificence. That most illustrious American, George Washington, in the early days of our history, said, "Agriculture is the grandest, the noblest, and the most useful employment of man." The full meaning of this utterance, history tells us, was not comprehended in the early days of our Republic, but to-day its significance is thoroughly appreciated as shown by the testimony of hundreds of millions of our people.

## THE POT OF HONEY.

*By Dora Read Goodale.*

IT came in autumn, when the languid sun  
Looks strangely down on scanty growth, or none,  
When nights are cool, when cool winds sweep the ground  
Or whine at keyholes with a doleful sound ;  
In this lean time, whose pinched, reluctant hold  
Yields the last blossoms captive to the cold,  
(Pale flowers and meagre, weeds without a name  
That tempt dull bees), the Pot of Honey came.

From Kent it came, that pleasant town and dear,  
Topped with bald brows that arch its double mere,  
Where fruitful farms and orchards mantling warm  
In rosy sweets pay tribute to the swarm.  
Round the gray walls what mellow borders thrive —  
Those brief parterres immortal in a hive !  
Mint of a season, primrose of an hour,  
And amber linden, and the raspberry flower !

Well-pleased we sat, my warlike friend and I,  
Where the broad plane trees laced the smoky sky,  
In that rare season blazoned far and near,—  
The second childhood of the parting year.  
In purple trance the spacious valley showed ;  
Worn by slow wagon stretched the winding road ;  
And russet farms, and stocks of gathered maize,  
Basked in vague warmth and opal-tinted haze.

Here, then, we lingered in the leafless grove  
Whose summer echoes know the sound of love,  
Forsaken now of all its laughing train,  
Its clustered benches bare to wind and rain ;  
In the waste gardens of the hamlet round  
The red-tongued bonfires licked the patient ground,  
Whose brittle turf, with tawny purple spread,  
Gave back faint rustlings to our random tread.

"Too soon," said he, "these blissful airs benign  
Tame the rough landscape to its short decline ;  
My furlough's up, the sound of mirth has ceased ;  
Yet drain the cup — our last *al fresco* feast !  
Not every year, nor every life, I wis,  
Knows such a peaceful taking-off as this,  
By whose rare charm a man might well be won  
To lay down earth and put the heavenly on !"

He said, "This honey from its chambered comb  
Breathes a whole summer, and the soul of home :  
Mark the wise bees, they snatch a golden prime  
To cheat the frosts and biting tooth of Time !

Our lives," he said, "what barren hives they prove,  
Fed by false hope or lost to wholesome love —  
We toil in youth for that our age will rue  
Or miss the flower . . . And this day week — And you —"

He paused. Far-heard, some frail, belated thing  
Thrilled out fine music on its filmy wing;  
And still we mused, and still we sauntered slow,  
Discoursing much, and mingling *yes* and *no*.  
With turnings oft and many a feigned retreat,  
A vein of bitter mingled with our sweet;  
Till parting joined us in so rare a kiss  
Earth has not matched it from that hour to this!



## THE WESTMINSTER MASSACRE.

*By J. M. French. M. D.*

**A**N incident in the early history of our country, only less important in its bearings upon the struggle for liberty than the Boston Massacre and the Boston Tea Party, but far less noticed by the historian or known to the world, on account of its having occurred in a portion of the colonies remote from the principal scenes of the opening conflict, was the affair known as the Westminster Massacre, which took place at Westminster on the Connecticut River, March 13, 1775. It thus preceded the battle of Lexington by scarcely more than a single month, and its victims have been claimed by some as the first martyrs in the cause of American independence.

In order to understand the causes which led to this affair, it will be neces-

sary to glance briefly at the history of the colony in which it occurred, and consider the character of its people and the grievances to which they had been subject.

The country lying between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut River, which constitutes the present state of Vermont, was at that time a disputed territory, commonly known as the New Hampshire Grants, being claimed on the one hand by New Hampshire, where the governor began to charter townships within its limits to actual settlers as early as 1749, and on the other by New York, whose governor had also issued grants in the same section of the country, and in some cases covering the same tracts of land, though in few, if any, instances had the lands been occupied by the grantees.

The dispute with reference to the boundary line having been referred to the king for decision, he, on the 20th of July, 1764, decreed "the western bank of the Connecticut River, from where it enters the province of Massachusetts Bay, as far north as the 45th degree of north latitude, to be the boundary line between the said provinces of New Hampshire and New York."

This decision, though contrary to the wishes of the majority of the settlers, was accepted by them in good faith, as it was supposed to place them in the jurisdiction of New York in future only, and not in any way to affect their claims to lands which they had already purchased and paid for, and their titles to which were stamped with the royal seal.

Governor Tryon of New York, however, not content with securing future jurisdiction only, asserted that the king's decree was retroactive in its nature, and that consequently all grants heretofore made by the governor of New Hampshire were illegal and void. He therefore called upon the New Hampshire grantees to relinquish their charters and repurchase their lands from him. A small number only complied, while the large majority, embracing all those on the west side of the mountains, remained firm in their refusal to accede to his demands. Under these circumstances, the lands of the settlers, including the houses and all the improvements which they had made, were re-granted to other parties, and actions of ejectment were brought against them.

In this strait, the settlers, still resolved not to submit to the unjust demands of New York, held a consultation in the fall of 1766, at which they chose Samuel Robinson of Bennington to present their grievances to the court of Great Britain, and petition for a confirmation of the New Hampshire grants. Robinson fulfilled his mission, and in consequence of his representations, the king issued a decree forbidding the governor of New York, "upon pain of his majesty's highest displeasure, from making any further grants whatever of the lands in question, until his majesty's further pleasure should be known concerning the same."

Governor Tryon paid no attention to this order, but continued to issue grants at will to his favorites. Meantime the actions of ejectment having been brought to trial in the courts of Albany, a decision was in every case readily obtained against the defendants, and in favor of the New York grantees. Seeing that there was no recourse for them under forms of law, the settlers held another convention at Bennington in the summer of 1770, at which they unanimously "resolved to support the rights and property which they possessed under the New Hampshire grants, against the usurpation and unjust claims of New York, *by force*, as law and justice were denied them."

Active and successful resistance was at once inaugurated, and whenever a New York sheriff and his posse of men undertook to eject a Green Mountain Boy from his hard-earned possessions, they were in every case met with such resistance as prevented the execution of their plans, and caused them to retire in discomfiture.

But while this was the situation on the west side of the mountains, a somewhat different condition of affairs prevailed on the east. The settlers along the Connecticut River had very generally submitted to the authority of New York, had repurchased their lands of Governor Tryon, and were therefore comparatively disinterested spectators of the strife which was going on between their brethren in the western part of the Grants and the governor and council of New York.

The township of Westminster, situated on the Connecticut River, about this time assumed considerable prominence on account of its being selected by New York as the place for holding its courts in that section of the Grants. This tract of land was first chartered by Massachusetts in 1735, under the name of Township No. 1, and was thus the first ever chartered within the present limits of Vermont. On the adjustment of the boundary lines between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, it was found that Township No. 1 was outside the limits of the former province, and the settlement was soon abandoned. In 1752, it was rechartered by Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire under the name of Westminster, being

the third in order of the New Hampshire grants. A year later the settlement was again abandoned, and in 1760 the charter was renewed by the same authority. By the king's decree in 1764, Westminster came under the jurisdiction of New York, and in 1772 a new charter was issued by Governor Tryon. In the same year it was made the county seat of Cumberland county, New York, which embraced nearly the same limits as the present counties of Windham and Windsor, Vermont.

Though the inhabitants of this section of the Grants were not actively involved in the boundary contest, yet they sympathized with their brethren on the west of the mountains, both in their resistance to the "Yorkers" and in their indignation at the growing encroachments of the mother country. Indeed, events were even then rapidly shaping themselves, which were to cause them to take the lead in resisting the royal authority, as represented by the courts and officers of New York.

In September, 1774, the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia to provide measures for the common safety. As a result of the resolutions adopted by this congress, the royal authority was almost universally suspended throughout all the provinces except New York, which refused to assent to the recommendations of the congress.

Not heeding the action of New York, the inhabitants of the southeastern part of the Grants held a convention at Westminster on the 30th of November, in which they indorsed all the recommendations of the Continental Congress, and bound themselves "religiously to adhere to the non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation association."

On the 7th of February following they again met for the purpose of expressing dissatisfaction with the "great expense and heavy burdens" which had been placed upon them by reason of the additional courts established, "in consequence of which lawsuits had increased and charges had been multiplied and families nearly beggared;" and, if possible, to obtain relief from these burdens. The government of New York, however, refused

to grant their request, and denounced as guilty of high treason all who expressed dissatisfaction. This, so far from intimidating the Green Mountain Boys, only strengthened them in their determination to stand by the cause of American liberty, for "they thought themselves under the strongest obligations, in duty to God, to themselves, and to their posterity, to resist and oppose all authority that would not accede to the resolves of the Continental Congress."

In addition to these general causes of dissatisfaction, a special one now presented itself to the inhabitants of this part of the New Hampshire Grants. At the close of the French and Indian wars, many of the soldiers received grants of land from that colony for their services, which were afterwards found, when the boundaries were adjusted, to belong within the limits of Connecticut, and the settlers were therefore required to surrender them. Recognizing the justice of their claim, the colony of Massachusetts Bay proceeded to make these persons a compensatory grant of a tract of land lying along the western bank of the Connecticut River, immediately south of Westminster, embracing the present towns of Putney, Dummerston and Brattleboro, and which was therefore commonly known as the "Equivalent Lands." But when the northern boundary line of Massachusetts was definitely located, it was found that for a second time the ambitious colony had disposed of lands which were not her own. "The Equivalent Lands" were thrown for a time into the jurisdiction of New Hampshire, and new charters were issued in 1753 by Governor Wentworth, who seems to have respected the claims of actual settlers. In 1764, by the king's decree, they were transferred to the jurisdiction of New York, and two years later, Putney, and probably the other townships also, received new charters from the governor of that colony.

The settlers of the Equivalent Lands were of Puritan stock and faith, and hated Roman Catholics as they hated the devil. Having aided in wresting Canada from the French, they were greatly incensed when the British Parliament, by the pas-



sage of the "Quebec Bill," established Catholicism as the religion of that province.

So great was their exasperation that on one occasion one of their number, Lieutenant Spaulding of Dummerston, in a moment of excitement, so far forgot himself as to call the king "the pope of Canada." The freedom of speech which is the birthright of Americans in the nineteenth century would have been fatal to Englishmen in the eighteenth; and this harmless remark was seized upon by the Royalists as an indication of disrespect, and on the 28th of October, 1774, they succeeded in having Spaulding arrested on the charge of high treason, and imprisoned in the jail at Westminster. Public indignation was at once aroused by this high-handed outrage, and on the following day the inhabitants of Dummerston assembled and chose a committee, "to join with other towns and respectable bodies of people, the better to secure and protect the rights and privileges of themselves and fellow-creatures from the ravages and embarrassments of the British tyrant, and his New York and other emissaries."

The result of the movement was the assembling of a large body of men from Dummerston and adjoining towns, who armed themselves and marched in force to Westminster, where they surrounded the jail, opened the doors, and set Spaulding free.

This brought the controversy to a point, and made the issue a sharply defined one. If the royal authority was to be maintained, the laws must be enforced, criminals punished, and the settlers brought into subjection. On the other hand, if the settlers and their posterity were to have any rights of their own, in short, if their lives were to be any better than those of slaves, the entire "abandonment of the proceedings must be compelled by the people, and the whole machinery of royal oppression resisted and stayed, at once and forever." The general excitement was intense, and both sides prepared for the conflict.

The next session of the Cumberland county court was fixed to be held at Westminster on the 14th of March, 1775.

Should the officers of New York be allowed to hold the court, and carry out its mandates? This was the burning question of the hour. On the one side were Tories and Yorkers; on the other, Whigs and Green Mountain Boys. The lines were sharply drawn, and no man could be a friend of the people and at the same time in favor with the "minions of New York."

The plan first decided upon, in order to avoid difficulty and possible bloodshed, was to visit the judges of the court, and if possible by representing to them the excited condition of the people, and the danger which would attend the session of the court, to induce them to remain at home. In pursuance of this plan, "about forty good, true men," waited upon Chief Justice Chandler, who resided in Chester, and endeavored to dissuade him from attending. He admitted that it "would be for the good of the county not to hold any courts, as things were; but there was one murder case that they must see to, and if it was not agreeable to the people, they would not hear any other cases." In answer to the objection that if the court was held at all "the sheriff would raise a number of men, and there would be bloodshed," the judge pledged his word and honor that no arms should be brought against them.

Of the associate justices, one was absent from the county, the other was earnest to have the session held. The sheriff and minor officers were anxious that the law should go on.

Thus it was evident that this plan would prove a failure. It was then proposed by the Whig party to allow the court to assemble, and then present their reasons for desiring an immediate adjournment. But finding that the court party had made arrangements for taking possession of the court house on the 13th, and placing an armed guard at the doors to keep out the Whigs, they resolved to steal a march upon their opponents, and effect an entrance before the guard should be placed, in order that they might not be debarred from laying their grievances before the court previous to the opening of the session.

On the afternoon of the 13th, the forces

began to gather from all sides. A party of Whigs came down from Rockingham, and proceeding to the schoolhouse nearly opposite the house of Captain Azariah Wright, held a consultation as to the best means of preventing the session. Being without weapons, they proceeded to arm themselves with stout cudgels from the Captain's woodpile, after which they set out for the court-house. Others from adjacent towns joined them on their way, until on arriving at their destination they numbered fully one hundred men, none of whom, however, were otherwise armed than with sticks and cudgels. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, the whole party entered the court-house, and took possession in the name of the people.

The court party meanwhile had not been idle. Sheriff Patterson had himself gone to Brattleboro on the day previous to secure assistance for his side. He now came on, shortly after the Whigs had taken possession, with a large body of men—the actual number we are not told—some of them “armed with guns, swords and pistols, and others with sticks or clubs.”

Marching to within about five yards of the door the sheriff ordered the “rioters” to disperse. Receiving no reply, he caused the “king’s proclamation” to be read, and warned the inmates to disperse within fifteen minutes, adding with an oath that if they did not do so speedily, he would “blow a lane through them.”

The Whigs refused to disperse, but agreed to allow the sheriff and his party to enter the house if they would lay aside their weapons and come in unarmed. Others, declaring that they had come for peace and not for war, desired an opportunity for parley, hoping thereby to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion of the matter.

At this, Samuel Gale, clerk of the court, drew his pistol, and brandishing it in the faces of the Whigs, declared with an oath that he would hold no parley save with this.

After some further harsh language, the Tories withdrew a short distance and held a consultation. The Whigs, still desirous of preventing any actual conflict, but firm in their determination not to allow the

court to go on, sent out three men to parley with them, but without avail.

At about seven o'clock, Chief-Justice Chandler made his appearance, and was allowed to enter the court-room. Here the Whigs laid their case before him and reminded him of his solemn promise that no arms should be brought against them. In answer to this, he affirmed that they were brought without his consent, and agreed himself to go and take them away. He also promised that they should have undisturbed possession of the court-house until morning, when the court would come in without arms and hear what the people had to lay before them. He then took his departure and the Whigs, relying on his explicit promise, proceeded to formulate a list of grievances and resolutions to be presented to the court on the following morning. Having done this, the greater part of the company took their departure, some going to their own homes and others to those of their neighbors, leaving a small party to keep guard at the court-house, and give the alarm in case of an attack.

Up to this time it seemed as though actual violence might be averted. But the counsels of peace were not to prevail. It was needful that blood should be shed, in order that the New Hampshire Grants might become a unit in resisting oppression.

The sheriff had rallied all the Tories in the vicinity to his assistance. They met in rendezvous at Norton's tavern, and thence proceeded towards the court-house in small numbers, so as not to excite an alarm. Their approach was discovered by the sentry a little before eleven o'clock, and orders were at once given to “man the doors.”

Halting his forces about ten rods from the court-house, and advancing himself towards the door, he demanded entrance in the name of the king.

Receiving no answer, he warned the inmates that he proposed to enter, peaceably if he might, but forcibly if he must. Being twice repulsed in the attempt to force the doors, he gave the order to fire.

Three shots were fired, all of which passed over the heads of the inmates. The

order was then repeated, and the volley was fired which settled forever the question of New York supremacy in the New Hampshire Grants.

One of the Whigs was killed and several were wounded by the discharge, while those who were unhurt, being without other weapons than their stout clubs, were helpless against firearms, and now fell back in dismay. "Then," says an eyewitness, "they rushed in with their guns, swords and clubs, and did most cruelly maim several more, and took some that were not wounded, and those that were, and crowded them all into the close prison together, and told them they should be in hell before the next night, and that they did wish that there were forty more in the same case with that dying man. When they put him into prison, they took and dragged him as one would a dog, and would mock him as he lay gasping, and make sport for themselves at his dying motions."

The dying man was William French, a young farmer from Brattleboro. In facing the enemy he had received five bullet-wounds in different places: in his thigh, leg, mouth, face, and forehead. Several others were severely wounded; and one, Daniel Houghton, was shot through the body, and died after lingering nine days. Jeremiah Knight of Dummerston received a buck-shot in his right shoulder, which he carried for more than thirty years. One White, from Rockingham, was severely wounded in the knee. Philip Safford of Rockingham received several cuts upon the head from a sabre in the hands of Sheriff Patterson. He however knocked down several of the sheriff's men with his club, and succeeded in forcing his way through them, and making his escape. Five others of the Whig party were slightly wounded, and all these, with seven who were unhurt, were taken prisoners. Two of the Yorkers received slight wounds from pistol-balls, discharged undoubtedly by their own men in the confusion, as the Whig party carried no firearms.

Thus early, while Concord and Lexington were yet unfought, and at a time when the thirteen colonies were seeking how the threatened strife might be averted,

was the soil of the New Hampshire Grants baptized with the blood of freedom, and were the hearts of the Green Mountain Boys made steel to resist oppression.

On the morning of the 14th all was confusion. The air was full of excitement, and patriots were rallying from every quarter.

At the appointed time the court convened, and prepared an account of the "very melancholy and unhappy affair" of the night before. Although their party had come off victorious in the immediate contest, and held possession of the courthouse, yet in the excited state of public sentiment, they knew full well that it would be unsafe to proceed with business. They therefore adjourned the session until the second Thursday in June following. That adjourned session has never yet been held.

By noon of the 14th, more than four hundred Whigs had assembled, about half of them from New Hampshire, and the remainder from the neighboring townships in the Grants.

Soon the tables were turned. The prisoners were set free, and the chief-justice and his associates, the sheriff and such of his men as were known to have taken part in the massacre and could be secured, were put under arrest.

Public indignation was intense, and threats of violence were freely made. Some even proposed to burn the courthouse and shoot every man who was engaged in the massacre. Calmer counsels prevailed, however, and the proceedings against the criminals were made to conform strictly to law and order.

On the morning of the 16th an inquest was held on the body of young French, and the sheriff and others concerned in his death were placed in close confinement.

All day long, reinforcements had continued to arrive from both sides of the mountains and from the neighboring townships in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, until when the inquest was held, it was estimated that there were "as many as five hundred good and martial soldiers, well equipped for war," upon the ground, in addition to a considerable

number who came as private citizens only.

The coroner's jury impanelled to investigate the causes of the death of William French, after rehearsing the preliminaries and the names of the jurymen, declared "upon their oaths that on the thirteenth day of March instant, William Patterson Esq., Mark Langdon, Christopher Osgood, Benjamin Gorton, Samuel Night and others unknown to them assisting with force and arms, made an assault on the body of the said William French and Shot him Through the Head with a Bullet, of which wound he Died, and not other ways, in witness whereof the Coroner and Jurymen have to this inquisition put their hands and seals at the place aforesaid."

The people next chose a committee of representative men to conduct a preliminary trial of the persons engaged in the massacre; and this committee, "after the most critical and impartial examination of the evidence, decided that the leaders should be confined in Northampton jail till they could have a fair trial," while those who appeared less guilty should be placed "under bonds, holden to answer at the next court of Oyer and Terminer," to be held at Westminster.

Under this decision, seven of the court party, including the chief-justice, were at first imprisoned, but on the next day were released upon giving satisfactory bonds and security. Nine others, of whom Sheriff Patterson was one, were sent down the river under a guard of fifty men and two officers, and imprisoned in the jail at Northampton. Two weeks later they were released on a writ of habeas corpus, and removed to New York for a regular trial. But it is nowhere recorded that either they or those who were released on bail were ever brought to trial. The approaching conflict between the colonies and the mother country soon absorbed every thought, and all minor interests were swallowed up in this.

On the same day that the coroner's jury made their report, William French was buried with military honors in the old graveyard at Westminster. In due time a tombstone of slate was brought from Dummerston and placed over his

grave, bearing the following "rude but emphatic inscription," which the storms of more than one hundred years have not effaced:

IN MEMORY OF  
WILLIAM FRENCH

Son to Mr. Nathaniel French, Who Was Shot at Westminster March ye 13th, 1775, by the hands of Cruel Ministerial tools Of Georg ye 3d, in the Courthouse at a 11 a clock at Night in the 22d year of his Age.

Here William French his Body lies;  
For Murder his Blood for Vengeance cries;  
King Georg the 3d his Tory Crew.  
Tha with a Bawl his head Shot threw.  
For Liberty and his Country's good  
He lost his Life, his Dearest blood."

In this inscription we see mirrored the popular sentiment of the day, which was aroused and deepened by the massacre. But in spite of the strong language here used against "King Georg the 3d," one more futile attempt was made by the Green Mountain Boys to secure that justice from the King of England which they despaired of obtaining from the governor of New York. In a convention held at Westminster on the 11th of April, eight days before the battle of Lexington, it was voted to "wholly renounce and resist the administration of the government of New York," until such time as they could "lay their grievances before his most gracious majesty," and "petition to be taken out of so oppressive a jurisdiction, and either annexed to some other government or incorporated into a new one."

But "revolutions never go backwards." It was not long before they saw the entire futility of all effort in this direction. The oppressions of the mother country daily increased, until the indignities that were heaped upon the colonists became too great to be any longer endured. The spirit of the Green Mountain Boys, having been once aroused, was destined never to be appeased until their complete independence was achieved. Says De Puy:

"With the burial of William French were buried the last hopes of subjugating the men who dwelt on the hills and in the valleys of the Green Mountains. The spirit of resisting oppression to the last extremity, awakened by his death, was never extinguished; and within two years from that time, there was proclaimed from the same building in which he was martyred, the declaration of the independence of Vermont."



St. Peter's Church, Leyden. Site of John Robinson's House at the right.

## THE START FROM DELFSHAVEN.

*By Rev. Daniel Van Pelt.*

THERE has just been dedicated at Leyden a beautiful tablet to the memory of John Robinson—a bronze tablet, placed upon the gray wall of old St. Peter's Church, within which Robinson is buried, at the corner of the church nearest to the little *Pesyns Hof*, which was the home of Robinson and his little flock during their sojourn in Leyden. This house of Robinson's was marked several years ago by a marble tablet, placed there by Rev. Henry M. Dexter; and now over against it is the more imposing tablet, placed there by Americans who in their views of church order are the lineal descendants of Robinson and the Pilgrims. At this same time there is an agitation in America for the erection of a much more ambitious monument, which, standing at Delfshaven, where the canal from Leyden opens into the Maas, shall perpetuate for Europe and for

America the memory of the heroic band who sailed thence in the *Speedwell*, in 1620, to found New England.

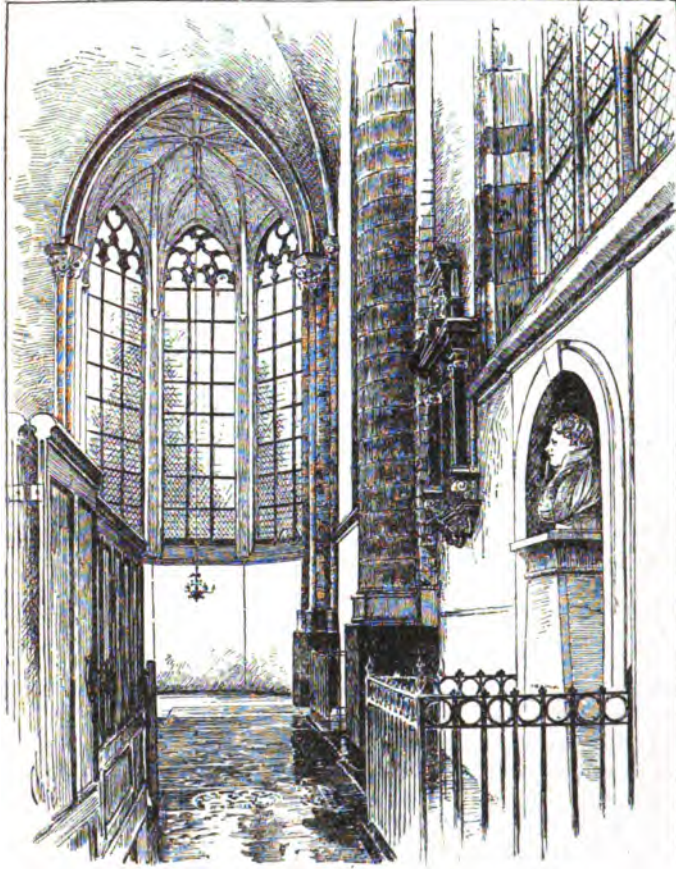
When the great Pilgrim monument was dedicated at Plymouth two years ago, the day chosen for the dedication was August 1, the date long considered that of the start from Delfshaven. This choice showed that Holland was not forgotten in connection with that important occasion. The writer was in Holland at that time. The occasion sent the thoughts back with special vividness to the part which Holland bore in the events commemorated; and advantage was taken of a somewhat prolonged stay to follow with particular care the course of the Pilgrims as they journeyed by canal from Leyden to Delfshaven, and to mark what remains of interest in Delfshaven itself. The results of those pleasant studies will, it is hoped, be of interest to many now.



Although but a few miles from the North Sea, Leyden has no direct navigable connection with it, even to this day. It depends, therefore, upon inland water communication; and this is furnished by a canal located far back of the sandhills,

where the *Speedwell* lay. Some of the brethren even came from Amsterdam for that purpose. "So being ready to depart," Bradford tells us, "they had a day of solemn humiliation. Religious services were held, and John Robinson preached a sermon from a very appropriate text" "upon which," we are naively informed, "he *spent a good part of the day* very profitably." As "the rest of the time was spent in pouring out prayers to the Lord with great fervency mixed with abundance of tears," and the canal journey to Delfshaven would consume from six to eight hours, it is to be presumed that it was begun early in the morning after this solemn and tearful day.

It is more than likely that the barges needed for the journey lay moored near the "Nuns' Bridge," which spans the "Rapenburg" immediately opposite the Klok-steeg (Clock-alley) in which Robinson's house was situated, scarce a stone's



In St. Peter's Church.

passing near the Hague and through Delft, and eventually reaching the Maas at Delfshaven, past which town this sluggish river rolls its tide towards the ocean, some fifteen miles to the west of it.

After twelve years of happy sojourn together in love and peace, in the land of their exile, the hour of parting would naturally be a sad one. But the parting was not to be at Leyden. It was determined that as many as could possibly go should accompany the adventurers to

throw from the corner. On the other side of the Rapenburg stand the University buildings. Robinson's commodious dwelling served also as a "meeting house" for the Pilgrims, and here once more they would gather on that morning of departure. From thence it was but a step to the boats; and less than a hundred yards from the starting-point they would enter into the "Vliet," the name which designates the section of the canal between Leyden and Delft.

For a little distance the Vliet runs within the city bounds, and its quays form streets. In the days of the Pilgrims it was guarded at its exit from the city by a "water-gate"; but this defence has long since been removed, and no traces of it remain to-day. The town walls which stood then have now likewise disappeared; the sole relics of these old-time fortifications existing at this date, being the "Morsch-Gate" and the "Zyl-Gate," at opposite extremities of the city. The hand of "improvement" has demolished all the others. As the Pilgrims passed out of the city they looked back upon the frowning turrets of the "Cow-gate."<sup>1</sup>

As to-day we follow the course of the Vliet canal, the eye, besides observing interminable vistas of pasture-lands, is continually surprised and delighted by

such rural retreats as they are now, and we may be sure that these same pleasant sights greeted the eyes of the Pilgrims. Perhaps, too, the pleasure was mingled with some sadness as they thought of the untrod wilderness for which they were leaving this neat and comfortable cultivation.

At a distance of about nine miles from Leyden, a branch canal connects the "Vliet" with the Hague, here only about two miles away. Immediately beyond their junction, a sharp turn is made to the left, as the canal passes beneath the "Hoorn-bridge." This is a steep structure by means of which the canal is crossed by the fine, brick-paved road, lined with old trees on both sides, that leads from the Hague to Delft. All the way from this spot to the latter city, a



The Morsch Gate, Leyden.

the handsome country-seats with their beautiful gardens and parks, that border the canal on either side along nearly its whole length between Leyden and Delft. The Dutch then were quite as fond of

distance of about five miles, this splendid road and the canal run side by side.

At the present time the canal-boats, on reaching Delft, leave the Vliet canal, and make a circuit of the town to the right, along what was formerly the city-moat. But in the days of the Pilgrims

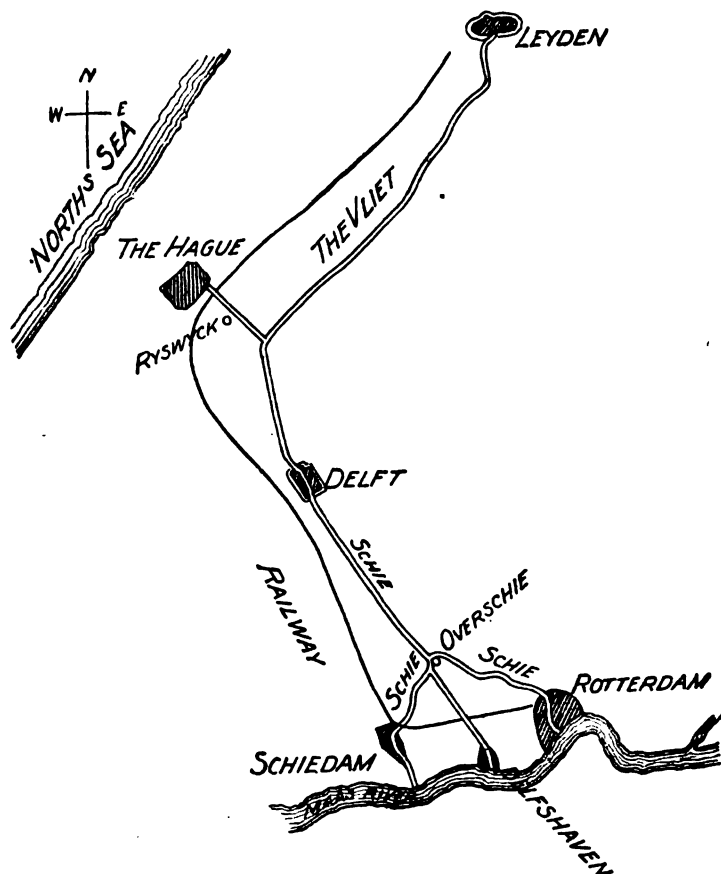
<sup>1</sup> A fully illustrated article upon "The Pilgrims in Leyden," by Rev. Henry M. Dexter, was published in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for September, 1889.



all traffic followed the canal on its way through the heart of the city. The street formed by its banks on either side is called the "Oud-Delft," and the most elegant and fashionable people of the place dwell here. About midway the Pilgrims passed beneath the shadow of the Old Church, — a quarter of a millenium old even then, — whose turreted and leaning tower rises from the very waters of the canal. Some of these voyagers may have known the story of the house or palace opposite the church, where, in this same month of July, thirty-six years before, William the Silent had been assassinated. Soon they would be away from these gloomy surroundings and out again between pastures and pleasure gardens, as they leave

the gates of ancient Delft behind them.

Just here we must stop to notice a very prevalent error regarding the journey of the Pilgrims to Delfshaven. According to some of the olden chroniclers, and most of the others who follow after them, Delfshaven lies at a distance of fourteen miles from Leyden. But that would bring us only as far as Delft, and not to its haven or port, on the Maas. Even so careful and painstaking an investigator as Dr. Dexter seems to have been misled into confounding Delft with Delfshaven. "Slowly, smoothly, sadly they glided on," he writes, . . . "those fragrant fourteen miles . . . until they come out through the gates of Delft, upon the muddy *Maese*, a little way from



Map showing the Route of the Pilgrims from Leyden to Delfshaven.

the North Sea ; where the *Speedwell* lay moored at the quay expectant." At fourteen miles from Leyden they did indeed "come out through the gates of Delft ;" but there were a good ten miles of canal-journey still before them ere they could go aboard the *Speedwell* and glide out

for the greater portion of its course ; a branch, also under the name of Schie has been run to Rotterdam, thus connecting Delft with Rotterdam and Schiedam both. A little steamer, carrying passengers as well as freight, plies regularly between Rotterdam and Delft, accom-



View in Leyden — unchanged since 1620.

"upon the muddy Maese ;" for this was not possible until they had reached Delfshaven, *twenty-four* miles, instead of *fourteen* miles, from Leyden.

The section of the canal below Delft is called the "Schie," after a river of that name which it joins at the village of Overschie, six miles to the south. The Schie runs into the Maas at Schiedam, from which circumstance this city derives its name. It was originally all river, or only a river ; but the Hollanders were not content to leave it so when they found they could make it more useful by giving to nature some assistance from art. Hence it is now part canal and part river

plishing the trip in about an hour and a half. Thus an opportunity is furnished the historical enthusiast of travelling, for a part at least, the identical waters into which the Pilgrims pushed their barges as they emerged from Delft. Although the engine exerts its "pony power" to the utmost, the speed attained is not so great but that we can leisurely note the scenes upon which these earlier voyagers must have gazed. For, excepting the trains upon yonder railway, what but these very meadows, and perhaps even some of those red-roofed farmhouses and busy windmills, could have met their eyes, looking almost their last upon civilization ?



Holland, as well as within her borders. But upon arrival in other cities, duties were levied upon the manufactures themselves, might be got rid of. Leyden and Delft determined to have a port of their own. They were already connected by canal



Site of John Robinson's House at Leyden.

and port-charges exacted from the vessels carrying them. The duties could not well be evaded; but the port-charges with Rotterdam and Schiedam, on the Maas, and their staple products could have been conveyed abroad by means of



Canal at Leyden through which the Pilgrims passed on leaving the City

these ports. To render themselves independent of them, however, Leyden and Delft undertook to extend their canal to a point on the Maas about midway between. The extensive traffic of the two great inland towns, both much larger in size and of much greater commercial importance then than they are to-day,

naturally caused a village or small town to grow up on the spot where canal and river joined. And Delft being the nearer of the two cities interested in the port, the town came to be known as the *haven* or port of Delft. Hence the name of Delft's-Haven, or Delft-Haven, or Delfts-haven, variously spelled, but meaning the same thing ; which upon modern Dutch maps has received the orthographys adopted throughout this paper, that of Delfshaven, the "t" being dropped

for the sake of euphony.

It was, therefore, with good reason that the *Speedwell* had been brought to Delfshaven. And the Pilgrims coming from Leyden and passing through Delft, would only have needlessly increased the expenses of their inland journey by paying extra toll, if they had gone on to



Canal at Delft through which the Pilgrims passed.

Schiedam. Hence they steered out of the Schie into the Delfshaven canal. Leaving the good villagers of Overschie to stare after them in mute amazement at the strange tongue they spake, which may never have been heard in their streets

But was the parting there? What about this town? Can it be identified, or is it a mythical entity? We were informed that some years ago a New England gentleman, well-known in the world of letters, made a pilgrimage to



View at Delft.

before, our travellers would soon behold themselves floating at a considerable height above the surrounding pastures, between the perfectly straight dikes which here form the canal banks and keep its waters from flooding the neighborhood. For here the Pilgrims were going through the lowest portion of the "Low Countries," the land lying as much as sixteen feet beneath the level of high tide at Amsterdam. To-day the canal passes under the railroad half way between Rotterdam and Schiedam; and the tourist who is hurrying to Leyden to look upon the site of Robinson's house, or upon the church where he is buried, may reflect, as with a whizz and a whirr he dashes over the bridge, that he is flying over the very waters which bore the pastor and his flock to that parting scene at Delfshaven.

Holland, and undertook to look up all he could about Delfshaven, with the result that he came to some very unsatisfactory conclusions in regard to it, or its connection with the Pilgrims. At the same time he expressed the fear that the main difficulty in satisfying his mind lay in the fact of his not being conversant with the Dutch language. As we were fortified against defeat in this respect, we addressed ourselves to the task of "discovering" Delfshaven, undeterred by the experience of our distinguished predecessor.

To begin with, there could be no mistake about the name. Delfshaven, — in the form of Delfshaven, or Delft's-Haven, or Delft Haven, — is mentioned by the earlier narrators, as well as by Bancroft and Motley in their accounts. In the second place, the location of the town



Schiedam in the time of the Pilgrims.  
FROM AN OLD PRINT.

thus named is in no way a matter of doubt. It lies on the Maas, between Rotterdam and Schiedam, a little nearer to the former city. Indeed, it has been annexed to and incorporated with Rotterdam within very recent years; but like the section called Harlem in New York City, it always goes by its old name in popular parlance. Until it was thus annexed, however, it had a separate corporate existence, with a mayor or burgo-master of its own, as well as other municipal officers common to Dutch cities. A careful study of the topography of Delfshaven, again, confirms the story of its origin. There are almost no streets or houses, except along the line of the two *havens* (harbors or basins) near the Maas, or along that of the canal which comes from the interior. More recently, houses have been built along the dike or highway, leading to Rotterdam, while the open country between Rotterdam proper and old Delfshaven is only just now being slowly built up. Last of all, we examined the neighborhood very carefully to see whether we could find any evidence that local conditions here antedated the passage of the Pilgrims through the town.

The canal from Leyden and Delft, after it has entered the town of Delfshaven, comes to a sudden stop there, with apparently no outlet whatever for its traffic. For some time it has skirted the base of a very tall dike, which is the great sea or river dyke that connects the cities along the Maas, and to which is intrusted the safekeeping of the entire country back of it, as far as Delft and Leyden. Indeed, it was this very dike which was cut on both sides of Rotterdam and Schiedam, in order to allow the submerging waters to rush to the relief of Leyden during its siege, in 1574. At right angles to the canal at its abrupt terminus, there rise two lofty and massive walls of masonry, between which are swung immense sluice-doors. These afford a passage through the dike. Perhaps a hundred feet beyond the first gates, another pair is hung; so that upon the strength of these walls, or the skill and care wherewith the several sluice-doors are managed, depends the safety of





Church at Delfshaven—standing in 1620.

the *haven*, we found a house with the date 1602 inscribed upon its front. We had, therefore, discovered the evidence we were in search of. These houses of course must have stood here in the year 1620, as they do now. For let it be



all the interior of the province. The second set of sluices gives access to a very wide and deep basin, oval in shape, confined within brick walls that rise from the bottom to the height of some two or three feet above the level of the adjoining streets. Directly opposite, and at a distance of five or six hundred feet from the gates that open into this basin, another set of smaller sluice-doors connect the basin itself with the *haven* or harbor proper, which extends for about half a mile in a straight line, and has direct communication with the river, without the intervention of locks.

Now, it is a well-known fact that in Holland not only public buildings, but private dwellings, even of the humblest sort, often bear upon their front the date of their construction. Accordingly, we took the trouble to walk up and down the streets adjoining this oval basin and the harbor beyond it on both sides, and carefully examine the front of every house. Our proceeding was amply rewarded. Upon two houses, located on the street bordering the right side of the oval basin, we read the dates 1592 and 1597 respectively. About midway down the street or quay along the left bank of

observed, that the basin was not built after

the streets had been laid out and these houses built. The lines of the house-fronts on both sides of it conform exactly to the oval shape of the basin.

Through those same formidable locks, then, the barges that had conveyed the Pilgrims from Leyden were lifted from the low level of the canal into the broad receptacle for vessels that we now see here. Thence they were conducted through the smaller gates into the outer *haven*, up to the side of the *Speedwell*, lying there awaiting their embarkation, where to-day we may see vessels of ten times her burden moored to within a few feet of the quay. Just where their little vessel lay it would perhaps be impossible to tell to the exact foot, and it is quite as immaterial. Somewhere in this outer *haven* it must have been, beyond the last set of sluice-gates, whence she could glide directly into the river. It was still within the bounds of the city, even as we see the ships lie here now; for the embarkation and parting were witnessed by the citizens whose houses faced the harbor, or who stood upon the quay or

street, and who, as Bradford tells us, were much affected by the tearful scene.

Yet there is one spot upon which we can take our stand and feel morally sure

we took a careful survey of its present surroundings. The view embraces the verdant meadows and long lines of lofty, umbrageous trees that mark the highways



Interior of Church at Delfshaven.

that there some of the last farewells were spoken or waved. The canal, or *haven*, finally enters the Maas, at right angles to the river's course. It was therefore the corner of land on the right or western side, nearer the sea, which the *Speedwell* must have doubled as it turned its prow towards the German Ocean. We wended our way to this point, and while deeply imbued with the thoughts of the past,

on the island of Ysselmonde, far away across the broad bosom of the yellow Maas. The low grassy banks and rows of truncated willows that confine the stream stretch away to either side of us. To the left or east is seen the forest of masts that indicates the busy port of Rotterdam. Hundreds of vessels, of all burdens and descriptions, are constantly passing our point of observation, on their

way to or from the sea, or as they ply back and forth between the numerous river towns. And as the river sweeps in a long semicircle to the right and left of us, we can watch their progress for a great distance before they reach us and after they have passed.

The dedication of the Pilgrim Monument having brought us to this point, it was not strange that the fine advantages of its position, should impress us with the idea that here would be a place for some memorial to mark the beginning of that journey which had its ending upon Plymouth Rock. The *Speedwell*, indeed, did not reach the shores of America; but she carried to England and transferred to the *Mayflower* the originators of the enterprise which has made imperishable the *Mayflower's* name. When they boarded the *Speedwell*, and she was doubling this point of land, it was meant to push this vessel herself, frail and small as she was, across the Atlantic billows. If the necessity of the case, or the cowardice of the *Speedwell's* captain, compelled the whole party to take ship on the hired vessel and to abandon the purchased one, the majority of the *Mayflower's* company was still composed of those who had sailed out of Delfshaven into these very waters of the Maas. Here, then, in reality was the beginning of that remarkable voyage, the fame of which has filled the world, and the memory of which our Republic has recently immortalized at Plymouth. Why, accordingly, should not a monument also mark this spot, modest, simple, inexpensive, if need be, yet worthily expressing the indebtedness of our nation to the men and women who started hence to create America? Nay, is there not some courtesy or recognition owing to the people of Holland, whose republican forefathers gave such hospitable asylum to the Pilgrims when cast out of their own land, and from whom they learned

so much that was useful to them as the founders of our nation? A monument here upon Dutch soil would gracefully serve this happy purpose.

On a visit to this locality by the Hon. Samuel R. Thayer, the United States minister to Holland, himself a descendant of the Pilgrims, this gentleman was so impressed with the appropriateness of some such memorial, and the advantages of the spot where it should be placed, that he immediately sent a despatch to the Government, submitting the propriety of making a movement in this direction. The Secretary of State gave the despatch a cordial reception, and at once took steps to excite an interest in the matter in the proper quarters. In such affairs, however, our Government and our citizens are apt to move slowly. The Washington Monument, and the one at Plymouth itself, were emphatically "not built in a day." Meanwhile, the student of history will find satisfaction in coming to this historic spot, whether marked by a memorial or not. He will reflect that here, doubtless, the friends of the Pilgrims who were to remain behind, with John Robinson in their midst, collected for a last word, or look, or wave of the hand, as the little *Speedwell* doubled this point, and committed herself to the outward flow of the tide, as it sped to the ocean. Wistful and tearful would be their gaze as the vessel receded further and further from the view until, at a distant turn in the river, it was removed from their sight altogether. And then this spot would be reluctantly left, but ever cherished by all as that whence they had had their last sight of those brave men and women, who would soon be out upon the ocean billows, borne on towards unknown perils and infinite toils, but, "building better than they knew," borne on also towards a destiny of unrivalled splendor.



# THE GREAT DIKE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HOMILY ON HOME.

*By S. R. Dennen, D.D.*

HOLLAND lies below the sea level. She would be submerged at every flood tide and by every storm but for her dikes, which stretch their solid walls between her and the sea, saying to the waves, "Thus far and no farther." In 1277, forty-four villages and cities were destroyed by a single inundation; in 1287, ten years later, eighty thousand people perished from the same cause; and yet again in the fifteenth century, one hundred thousand more. From that time dikes were built on scientific principles and in the most substantial manner. They are now maintained at an annual cost of millions of dollars. Watchmen patrol them day and night, ready to give the alarm should any weakness show itself. When the warning is sounded, all the people rush to the point of danger and seize the straw mats and rushes and sail cloths and other material, always at hand, and close the breach.

Society, like Holland, lies low, and is subject to inundation. It has ever been necessary to build dikes against the flood tides and storms of evil men and corrupt influences. As far back as history reaches we find bits of these dikes in rude laws, and social customs, in various expedients to secure society against the eruptions and overflow of bad passions. One of these dikes is the civil and criminal code. This has slowly risen under such hands as those of Solon, Justinian, Burke, Hale, Blackstone, Webster, and Story, under wise legislators and broad-minded statesmen, until a massive wall of laws sweeps its granite arms about society, protecting life and property against all that endangers their safety and peace.

Another dike is education. Ignorance is a stormy sea, forever beating against the coasts of society. Every people have felt compelled, in self-defence,—to give attention to education, intellectual and moral. Moral culture is the cement which holds other materials in their place.

To educate the brain and neglect conscience is to put loose sand and pebbles into the wall. It washes away and the wall crumbles. There is a tendency today to use too much sand of intellect and too little moral cement; and our educational wall washes badly, letting in business, political, social, and domestic corruption, to plough up the foundation on which social order rests.

Religion also plays a part in the social bulwark. Willows are planted along the dikes of Holland, whose long, lithe roots wind and mat themselves about the stones and bind them in their places. So religion sends down its fine, white roots into all the structures of society and binds its elements into one compact whole, and binds the heart of man to God.

Another dike is home; and on this it is my purpose to dwell. This is the structural institution which lies under all religious, civil, and social life, and around which character crystallizes. Its foundations were laid at creation's morn. Let the delicate masonry of home be loosened, and men and women would become as the beasts of the field, and all that is best and purest in our lives, the security of business, the strength of the state, and whatever makes this world tolerable and beautiful would be swept away, as the fertile fields and fair villages of Holland were swept away by the sea rushing through the breaks in the dikes. No institution is so closely linked with our happiness as the home; none should be fostered and protected with greater watchfulness and jealousy.

I recently read in an old letter, written to a captive and enslaved people, these words: "Build ye houses and dwell in them, and plant gardens and eat the fruit of them; take ye wives and beget sons and daughters, and take wives for your sons and give your daughters to husbands, that they may bear sons and daughters, that ye may increase and not

be diminished; and seek the peace of the city, and pray the Lord your God for it." This historic letter contains the genuine philosophy of home, in its social and economic relations. Its importance is vital, and its authority imperial. Its estimate of the home and its influence in conserving the best interests of the individual and the state is exact. The family and state rise or fall together. All the best interests of society and man ebb or flood with the outgoing or incoming tide of domestic life. The family was all that could save an ancient and conquered people from disappearing before the disintegrating influences which surrounded them. It has lost no whit of its original importance as the prime conserving force in religion and politics and human progress.

The ancient letter has universal fitness. If the home, flanked by gardens, shaded by trees, enlivened by children, presided over by a sensible woman, is a bond of union and nationality, a charm against physical and moral depravity for one people, it is not less important to all. Let us analyze our old letter, even at the risk of seeming to write a sermon.

Every young man to have a home must have a wife. He can never substitute a boarding place, a club, or a hotel for a home. This is to go through life hanging upon the skirts of life, leading a joyless, selfish, unnatural, and unsatisfying existence. God putteth the solitary in families. It is the best provision He can make for their usefulness and welfare. This divine arrangement cannot be set aside, or improved upon, or written down as a "failure." Young men and women are still to marry, build homes, rear families, plant gardens, and eat the fruit of them, marry when young, even though poor, join hands and hearts, and climb the hill together; they will reach the summit all the more surely and quickly.

The home should, if possible, be *owned*, free from debt. We have lost very much in losing the old English love of ownership and landholding. One who lives in a hired house and moves every few years loses his love of locality and the very cream of home. The sensible advice of our letter is to build, not rent, a house.

A house one builds he loves as a creation of his own, and cherishes it as a child.

In building use taste. A house of moderate cost can just as economically be built in good as in bad taste. How much it adds to that dear spot we christen *home*, which is, year after year, to imprint itself upon the plastic minds of its occupants, if there be beauty there, and the whole is ever a graceful object lesson.

Let the external surroundings match the building. Flank the house with grass and flowers. Plant in the rear a fruit and vegetable garden. To own a bit of mother-earth and touch it makes one twice a man or woman, and — it is the Antæus fable — restores wasted strength and vigor.

With all the profusion of trees and shrubs lavished upon us to adorn our homes, diffuse their fragrance, reveal their beauty, and preach us sermons, there can be no excuse for nakedness and ugliness. Every man or woman can create a charming home. A man can hardly be coarse and bad while seated on the throne of conjugal and parental affection, and surrounded by beauty. There would be emptier prisons and fuller churches, and far fewer thriftless creatures, if each young man married some sensible young woman, created a home, built a house, planted a garden, and ate the fruit of it.

But there is an interior as well as an exterior. A home, like the daughter of a king, should be "all glorious within." This is woman's eminent domain. There are houses whose internal arrangements are such as to rob them of comfort; while in others every article of furniture, chair, sofa, lounge, table, nay the very folds of the curtains welcome you and invite repose. In England, homemaking is a science and art. In all the wide world there are no more sensible, restful homes than in mother England. The open grate, the snug living-room, the substantial furniture, the air of ease and solid comfort are nowhere surpassed. England's homes are England's strength and glory. We recently came across this bit of English criticism on American homes: "The walls are hard finish, white, the woodwork is white, and a white marble mantelpiece is nicely fitted over a fireplace which is never used; the floor

is covered with a carpet of excellent quality, but of a sprawling pattern, in vivid colors; a round table with a thin layer of books in smart bindings occupies the centre of the room; a gilt mirror finds a place between the windows; the sofa occupies a well-defined place against the wall; it is just too short to lie down upon, and too high and slippery, with its convex seat, to sit on with comfort; it is also cleverly managed that points or knobs shall occur at all places, towards which a weary head would naturally turn. There is a row of black walnut chairs arranged by the same stiff, immutable law. The windows are tightly closed, and the best room is always ready—for what? For daily use? Oh, no, it is much too fine for that—but for *company use*. Thus the choice room with the pretty outlook is sacrificed to keep up a show of finery which pleases no one, and is a bore to the proprietor."

Said a well-informed Englishman to me in Alexandria: "I suppose the great bulk of your population are Indians." "We have some Indians, and then again some that are not Indians," I replied. And so of our American homes. The English description quoted does certainly fit many, but we should be very sorry to believe it fitted the great bulk. Good homes report themselves in character and taste. Children reared in such homes have an air of refinement and good breeding which tells upon their whole future. The most unpretending home can be made so inviting and winsome, can be invested with such an air of grace and comfort, can be made so pleasing to the eye, so restful to the weary brain and body, that its occupants shall turn to it with delight, and realize in it all that our poets have sung or our artists painted.

But other elements enter into a good home. There must be that intangible but real something we call the atmosphere of home. A home that is to realize the best results must be pervaded by an abiding love, a love "hoping all things, enduring all things, never failing," and by a great family enthusiasm. A good home is built on compromises. Something must be done and yielded for the common good. There must be eyes

that beam love, lips that utter and seal it, deeds of thoughtfulness that prove its real depth.

Industry must crown the home. Labor is the true sauce of home. Home is an asylum to a weary person. His feet turn to it, his soul exults in it. One of the finest pictures in all poetry is Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," showing, as no other poem shows, how blessed a place the humblest home may be.

One of the dark clouds in the social horizon is the decline in marriages, growing in part out of an unwillingness to share the burdens and accept the entailment of married life. A young woman wants to enter as good a home as she leaves behind her when she weds. The young man delays marrying until he can provide such a home. Meanwhile, he becomes accustomed to a single life, with its freedom and club association, and no longer cares to marry, and so the decadence of family life begins, and vices thrive.

There is an economic side to the home life never to be lost sight of, especially by wage-earners and the middle classes. To spend less than one earns is the secret of domestic peace, as well as the foundation of wealth. Let outgoes overlap income, and the family is on the road to misery.

Make it a merry home. Gather music and mirth, all innocent amusements, reading and conversation, pictures and poetry, and bind them, as a chaplet of immortelles, around the brow of home. Make it such a place that there shall be no occasion to go abroad for entertainment at the hands of professional caterers. There is such a thing as making our homes so many-sided, so attractive in all their appointments and resources, so variously complete and satisfying, as to meet all the demands of our nature, and chain the feet of their occupants within their cheery precincts.

No more serious danger threatens society, a danger to both church and state, than the decline of landowners and the number of homes. We are weakening our dikes, and slowly letting in the water to plough up and devastate the virtue and patriotism of our people. The strength

of England is her homes. The weakness of France is the dearth of real homes. We are gravitating towards the French. Luxurious hotels and boarding-houses and attractive club-rooms are crowding out the modest home, which is the salt of our civilization. As a consequence, our courts are busy, and the grim docket of divorce cases lengthens.

The good home weaves, with deft fingers, the web of each man's and woman's future, in cloth of gold, or in soiled fabric says a wise observer: "It is not for ourselves, but for our children, we should build our homes, whether villas or cottages or log huts, beautifully and well. It is frequently the case that an impulsive, high-spirited, light-hearted boy dwindles, by degrees, into a sharp, shrewd, narrow-minded youth, from thence into a hard and horny manhood, and at last into a covetous, enslaving and enslaved old age. The single explanation is sufficient — he never had a pleasant home." Young men and women will seek and find outside of home what they fail to find in it of cheer and entertainment and affection.

Whatever the course of a man's life, the lessons and influences of home will follow him. However great or useful a man may become, he will be able to trace back the rivulets that feed his fame or his goodness to the spring under the hearthstone. "The kiss of my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West. The seed of how much that is exalted in

character, splendid in achievement, and of world-wide fame and beneficence, has been planted in the discipline, gentleness, and culture of the fireside. The memory of such a home is a perpetual spur and benediction, and rises like the strong dikes of Holland, between us and temptation.

"The nation comes from the nursery." The rudiments of law, obedience, all those traits which make good citizens, are planted and tended in the conservatory of home. Napoleon was once asked, "What would place France in the front rank of nations?" He replied, "Good mothers." The state is profoundly concerned to foster and protect the home. By all legal enactments, by all possible encouragements, should its fostering care be felt. The home is the salt of all our civil and social and even religious institutions. If this salt loses its savor, where-with shall they be salted? Too little, far too little regard is had for the home. The public school, the church school, societies of young people, have in a measure supplanted the home. Parents have passed over to outside organizations much of the nurture and training which God appointed for the home. What we want, to conserve and perpetuate every civil and individual virtue, and raise us as a people to the heights, is the old-fashioned, New England home. This dike must be built of the best material, and cared for with all the assiduity with which the watchmen of Holland guard their great trust.







From the Bust in Music Hall, Boston.

## BEETHOVEN.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

SUBLIMEST Master, thou, of harmony,  
 From whose untroubled depths serenely flow  
 The sinuous streams of sweetest melody ;  
 Now in exhaustless fulness dost thou know  
 The joy divine thy raptured strains foretold ;  
 God's harmony thy prayer hath satisfied,  
 His music on thy listening ear hath rolled ;  
 Accord unmarred, for which thy spirit sighed,  
 In its completeness, through the eternal years  
 Is thine ; thy yearning soul its echo dim  
 Didst catch amid thy mortal woes and fears, —  
 An earnest of the blest, perpetual hymn,  
 And legacy to us, which shall inspire,  
 With something of thy pure, celestial fire.



From the Monument at Leipzig.

## BACH.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

**A**S some cathedral vast, whose lofty spire  
 Is ever pointing upward to the sky,  
 Whose grand proportions, transept, nave, and choir,  
 Impress with awe, and charm by symmetry, —  
 Stupendous pile, where sister arts with grave  
 And loving tenderness mould form and frieze,  
 Adorn entablature and architrave,  
 And touch with life the marble effigies, —  
 So, great tone-master, strength and sweetness dwell  
 In thee, close-knit in interwoven chain  
 Of harmony, by whose resistless spell,  
 Uplifted to sublime, supernal strain,  
 The soul shall reach the noble, true, and pure, —  
 Strong to achieve, and faithful to endure !

## DR. CABOT'S TWO BRAINS.

*By Jeannette B. Perry.*



NY one who holds such a theory must be either ignorant of the simplest laws of anatomy or wilfully blind to the testimony" —

"Come in," said Dr.

Cabot, looking up with suspended pen as his office girl entered the room.

"Doctor," she began deprecatingly, "there is a young lady in the office as wants to see you. I told her it was after hours; but she said as they *must* see you."

a new one failed to rouse fresh interest, even though it took him from his beloved writing.

So he rose quickly, saying as he ran a corrective hand over his rumpled hair and exchanged dressing-gown for office-coat, "Tell her I will be there in a minute, Mary."

And Mary, with her stereotyped American "All right," withdrew to the outer office to report his answer.

The two occupants of the room looked up with a disappointed air as she returned. Evidently they had hoped that the doctor himself would appear; and Mary's announcement that he would be out soon was clearly a welcome one.

"Very well, we will wait," said one of them in a tone of relief, glancing sympathizingly at her companion, who sat with hankerchief pressed tightly to one



They sat waiting expectantly in the firelight.

Dr. Cabot had not yet reached the secure and lofty position where he could refuse to see patients out of office hours; nor had his cases been so numerous that

eye. "Does it hurt as badly as ever, Imogene?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, yes," groaned the girl, removing her handkerchief and winking

experimentally with the reddened lid. "I do wish he would hurry up," she continued plaintively, replacing the handkerchief and resuming her expression of endurance.

"It will not be long now," answered her companion cheerily, turning toward the inner door as if to shorten the time of waiting.

The movement brought her face full into the light of the open fire, revealing strong, clear-cut features and a well-poised head. A heavy stick fell apart with a crash, and the shower of tiny sparks which flew scurrying up the chimney seemed to call out a myriad answering gleams in her brown hair. A slender flame shot up and sent a fitful glare of light across the etching of Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lesson" on the opposite wall; then it died away as suddenly as it had sprung to life, and the uncertain twilight of an early spring day settled again upon the office and its occupants. But even the twilight could not conceal the fact that the figure near the fire was slight in form, graceful in outline, and reserved in bearing, and that her companion was clumsy, crude, and overdressed. The most careless observer would have noted the difference, and have wondered what these two could have in common.

Dr. Cabot was by no means a careless observer, and as he entered the room a minute later and turned on the light, his observant gray eyes marked the contrast in the flash of a glance, and his quick mind as promptly decided,—"teacher and pupil, probably, from the fashionable boarding-school up the avenue." But his face had been well-trained to conceal what the keen eyes discovered; and it wore now its most noncommittal professional look as he turned inquiringly from the weeping Imogene to the slender figure by the fire; evidently, she was the one to give information.

"Dr. Cabot,"—the name was pronounced half interrogatively, half as an address,—*"this young lady has something troublesome in her eye. Can you help her?"*

He turned to the overdressed girl, who raised a beseeching, bloodshot eye for his inspection. A quick turn of the lid, the

insertion of an eyestone, and a small bit of gravel lay in the doctor's hand, looking as innocent as if it had not, a minute before, caused the keenest pain.

The bloodshot eye blinked gratefully; but its owner looked embarrassed; she withdrew her hand from her pocket where she had been searching for something, and turned over her gloves with a confused air. The color about her eye seemed to enlarge and extend, until her whole face was a match for the garnet silk which she wore.

Her companion, accustomed to chaperoning awkward school girls, waited for her to recover from her confusion, asking the doctor, meanwhile, one or two questions about the solution which he recommended for the inflamed eye. The questions were trivial in themselves; they did not display the unique "good sense" always attributed to heroines; but for some reason, Dr. Cabot in answering them found himself stammering nervously as a schoolboy. He felt positively grateful to Imogene when she at last broke in upon one of his explanations with—

"Oh, Miss Delano, what shall I do? I've forgotten my purse!"

Miss Delano turned to the girl with a smile; and Dr. Cabot, now that her glance was not on himself, became again observant and critical, and noted mentally the motherliness of the smile, and the vibratory quality of her voice as she answered reassuringly, "Never mind, Imogene, perhaps Dr. Cabot will trust you for a little while. If you will ask him how much you owe him, I will bring it in later. I shall pass here about six o'clock."

Although the question as to fee was not put directly to him, Dr. Cabot felt the terrors of youthfulness again creeping over him.

"It will be two dollars," said he desperately, for once wishing that he were a short, insignificant man; he must look so like an ass, standing there and stammering out a paltry sum like two dollars!

After his visitors had left the office, Dr. Cabot did not return immediately to the inner room, but stood for some time apparently absorbed in studying the backs of books in a large case. He must have

been familiar with the books, and yet he looked at them very attentively; but the connection was not quite clear when he suddenly broke out—"George Cabot, you are a fool! Yes, a fool," he declared, his eye fixed firmly on the "Origin of Species."

It is said that authors err in picturing their heroes as soliloquizing. Perhaps Dr. Cabot was not a real hero. At all events, he had talked to himself all his life, since the days when as a boy he wandered alone through country fields, watching the habits of many queer wild creatures as shy as himself.

There was no apparent reason why he should address himself now, nor why he should place so low an estimate on his mental ability. In general he did not underrate it; he had the generous estimate of his powers common to medical students and young doctors—an estimate, it is interesting to note, which seems to lessen in geometric ratio; for surely no man is so modest as the experienced physician. Perhaps the young doctor knows more of the theory of life and death than most men; the old one, more of life and death itself.

So while Dr. Cabot's emphatic assertion seemed to mark him as a man of experience, it was probably only a sporadic conviction of ignorance and not a chronic case, as he himself might have expressed it, had he been in a mood to analyze his thoughts.

But he was occupied with phenomena quite different in character. His attitude was introspective, it is true; but he was trying to analyze, not his thoughts, but his *emotions*. He was conscious of a new and strange sensation; he could locate the position of his sensation to the inch; but its analysis baffled him. He noted that it was situated in a cluster of ganglia and fibres located just behind the stomach and known to science as the *solar plexus*. This plexus was familiar to Dr. Cabot. He had, in fact, while in hospital practice, made a careful study of it, with a view to discovering its special functions, if any. But the result of this study had led him to believe that it had no special function, and that its size was quite disproportionate to its office, namely,

that of transmitting, in common with other plexuses, the nerve force of the sympathetic system. Nevertheless, the subject had a fascination for him, and he read eagerly anything that seemed to bear upon it. In fact, he had to-day been reading a curious article on the subject; and it was a spirited reply to this article which had been interrupted by Mary's announcement of his two visitors.

But he did not resume the unfinished writing when at last he returned to his study. On the contrary, he took up the book which had so aroused his professional ire. It seemed a very inoffensive little book to have produced such antagonism on his part; it was scarcely more than a pamphlet; and the gray paper cover, with its modest inscription, "The Abdominal Brain," Leila G. Bedell, M.D., gave no hint as to the cause of Dr. Cabot's denunciations.

To tell the truth, he handled the little book a trifle more respectfully than he had done an hour earlier, and as he seated himself comfortably before the open fire, he smoothed out its crumpled leaves with the expression of one determined to be loftily, but honestly just in his judgments.

Evidently the introduction pleased him, and he lingered with particular pleasure over an italicized assertion of *the superiority of the masculine brain* as compared with the feminine. But as he read on, his face darkened; then his attention seemed to wander. He glanced at the little black clock on the mantel—a quarter to six. He bent forward, listening with eager face to a footstep which slackened pace just outside the door,—no! it passed on; and he returned to his reading with an impatient gesture, as if annoyed at some unreasonable conduct. But again his attention wandered; and again he shook himself together and resumed the book.

An hour ago he could have given a clear outline of the theory of the book, namely: 1. That man—generically considered—consists of two natures, animal and organic; the animal including all the bones, muscles, nerves, and outer shell of the man; the organic including the lungs, liver, heart, etc., in fact, all the organs

which supply fuel and keep the animal man in running order. 2. That man, instead of being endowed with one brain, as is popularly supposed, has two brains to govern these two natures: one situated in the skull and governing all actions of the "animal nature," and also perceiving, understanding, and reasoning; the other—named by Bichat "the abdominal brain"—situated in a pair of large ganglia in the *solar plexus*, and having complete jurisdiction over the "organic nature"—as digestion, respiration, etc.,—and governing also all *emotions*, whether of fear, joy, anger, or whatsoever nature. 3. That the "animal nature" represents the masculine element; the "organic nature," the feminine; the one is the framework, the other, the vital part; the masculine is the machine, the feminine furnishes the *life* which animates the machine; the grandest deeds of heroism and patriotism have been inspired by the abdominal brain, by the feminine part of nature.

Such was the theory as Dr. Cabot had outlined it to himself before beginning his denunciatory article. It was a theory peculiarly fitted to rouse his opposition. "It was exactly like a woman," he had told himself, "so unreasonable!"

Dr. Cabot had—it is needless to say—a very poor opinion of the mental ability of women.

Why—he had asked scornfully—should the seat of the emotions be removed from the brain, where science had, for years, agreed to locate it, and transferred to the *solar plexus*? It was all very well to assume that the abdominal brain governs digestion, etc.,—though even this was pure conjecture; but to assume that the emotions also originate in this central pair of ganglia was too much! There was not a single fact in the realm of scientific research to justify such an assumption!

An hour ago Dr. Cabot had been very clear as to the absurdity of the whole argument, and the unfinished article on the table scintillated with sarcasm at its illogical reasoning. But now his face wore a perplexed look. The argument had not changed; it remained the same; but he found himself undergoing a curious experience, which promised to furnish

him new data with which to judge the truth or falsity of the book. For once he failed to understand himself.

He tried in vain to fix his attention on the printed page—at each trial he would find his thoughts drawn as by magnetism to a fair womanly face. Again he looked into the clear eyes and saw the quiet smile; and again he noted in himself a curious sensation in the region of the *solar plexus*; a thousand tiny cords seemed attached to that organ, and as the face of his late visitor rose before his mind's eyes, they tightened and drew with an exquisite, pleasurable sensation, which was half pain from its very intensity.

Dr. Cabot recalled the "heart-strings" of poetry, and mentally applied the expression to his present experience, substituting *solar plexus* for the word heart, however; not so poetical, but more scientifically accurate, he said to himself, with a grim smile at the absurdity of the whole affair. And yet, what more likely than that generations ignorant of anatomy should have located this queer sensation in the heart, and have spoken in childish simplicity of "heart-strings?"

Horrors! was he already trying to substantiate the theory? He looked down at the little book with a smile of amusement, and laying it on the table began pacing up and down the room.

He was evidently waiting for something, however. Ah, yes, there was the bell! and before Mary could appear, he had himself opened the outer door. But instead of the slight, graceful figure which he had hoped to see, the sharp eyes of a newsboy peered up from a smutty face into his own.

More quickly than usual, Dr. Cabot exchanged a penny for the Chicago *Evening Mail*, and, closing the door, resumed his tramp up and down the long office. The exercise seemed to restore his normal mood; for after a time the perplexed look passed from his face, and was replaced by one of contentment as he stretched his long arms and legs in evident enjoyment of the walk.

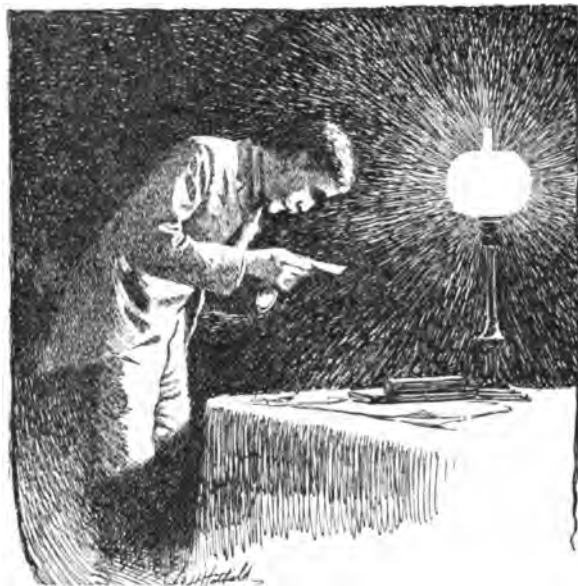
For thirty years George Cabot had enjoyed the perfect health of an animal; it showed in the clearness of his eye, in the free carriage of his head, in the firm

elasticity of his walk. For thirty years his brain had responded with unflinching accuracy to every demand made on its powers. At the medical school he had easily led his class; in the dissecting-room his keen, clear eyes were often the ones to observe phenomena before un-

seemed to him all-sufficient for the subject.

Mind and body were the two entities, — body rather than mind, perhaps; but only these two. The old philosophers who talked about the dual nature were right; the modern notions of psychology which would introduce arbitrarily a third part into man's nature were absurd. Thought and emotion were synonymous. *He* had never *felt* anything except as a result of thought. A clear demonstration, a skilful operation gave him pleasure; but these were clearly only sequences of mind. If the body were kept in good order, the mind would likewise be healthy, and the so-called emotions would take care of themselves.

Yes, the world was a good place to live in, he thought, stretching himself in the enjoyment of a great yawn, and stopping before the table on which lay his unfinished work.



He examined the Handwriting curiously.

noted, and his logical mind pondered upon such phenomena to so good effect that before his two years of hospital practice were over, he was a marked man, one of whom much was expected.

What wonder that he paced his office with free, swinging step? The world was his oyster. Fear and pain were as unknown to him as to the youthful Siegfried. He had seen their manifestations many times, in the dissecting-room, on the sick bed; but personally he knew nothing of them; they were accompaniments of disease; he had never known disease.

His heart, too, was as sound as a drum. At the age when youth is prone to fall in love, he was absorbed in study, in love with his profession only; riding, boxing, leaping, rowing in recreation time, but otherwise devoted to his life work. The emotional nature counted for nothing in his estimation, and the brief space allotted to its consideration in the text-books

But at that moment the office bell rang sharply, — again that curious tightening of the tiny cords. What did it mean! He shook himself with an air of annoyance; but, nevertheless, it was he, instead of Mary who opened the outer door, a minute later, to admit — a messenger boy.

With the stolid smile of his class, the boy delivered an envelope, and presented a much-soiled book for Dr. Cabot's signature, pointing with grimy finger to the particular place of signing.

Mechanically Dr. Cabot signed, and the boy retired whistling. Ten minutes passed, fifteen — and still the doctor sat with the unopened envelope in his hand. He was apparently studying the clear, decided inscription: "Dr. Cabot, 280 La Salle Avenue, city;" in reality, however, he was studying himself.

At last, with a half shrug of his shoulders, he opened the envelope — a sheet



of paper, and within this, wrapped neatly in tissue paper, two shining silver dollars; that was all—not a word, not a name; he turned over the paper in vain. He lifted the dollars and examined them as carefully as if he had never seen one before.

At last he slowly smoothed the tissue wrapping, tore it in two pieces, and folding a dollar in each, placed one in the left pocket of his vest, just over his heart; then he opened a small drawer, took from it a tiny chamois bag, and placing the other dollar in it, fastened it inside his vest; so that it hung suspended exactly over the *solar plexus*.

"One might as well give it the benefit of the doubt, since there are two of the dollars," he remarked, breaking into a laugh at the absurdity of the whole proceeding.

Still smiling, he resumed his walk up and down the office. Back and forth, back and forth, he went, until even Mary, who was used to his peripatetic habits, began to wonder what the doctor was doing down there.

At last he paused by the table and, lifting the envelope, examined the handwriting curiously. Suddenly his expression changed and he raised the writing to his lips, while a deep red flush spread over his face. Only an instant he held the paper, then dropping it as if it had burned him, he seized his hat and, plunging into the night, was hidden from sight in the friendly darkness.

The next Sunday as Miss Delano raised her eyes after glancing reprovingly at a giggling girl, she suddenly encountered a pair of observant gray eyes; the eyes were half way across the church; and yet she felt that they were uncomfortably near her. She dropped her own upon her prayer-book, and became so absorbed in the service that she forgot even the giggling girls.

And Dr. Cabot? Yes, he had inquired out the church which the Gordon school attended; he had even persuaded the trim usher to give him a seat with a good view of the pew which was always filled with Miss Gordon's pretty girls; and he had sat patiently for half an hour waiting their arrival, on the mere

chance that Miss Delano might be with them.

At last they came fluttering down the aisle, and he scanned them eagerly,—yes, there she was, looking like a shy, English violet among poppies and geraniums. He smiled to himself at the comparison,—a week ago he did not think in figures. A week ago he had not cared to attend church. But he had given up trying to account for his actions. He told himself that he was no longer a free agent; he was the slave of his *solar plexus*.

And that small organ behaved in the most erratic manner; on the least expected occasions,—a face on the street, a word in a book, and it would suddenly leap to consciousness, the tiny cords would tighten, and reach upward, pressing closer and closer until at last they clutched his throat; then with a gasp he would free himself, and suddenly his whole being would lighten and he would be lifted into an atmosphere of exquisite happiness, his soul expanding and resting in a strange certainty of well-being.

But, with it all, he knew that he was a slave; he felt his chains,—he had always been free in body and mind! Again and again he had tried to rid himself of this influence, and each time he found himself powerless. It was bad enough, to fail to understand himself; but this sense of helplessness was even worse.

And yet he was subtly conscious that he was a broader man, that his comprehension of life was fuller and deeper than it had been a week before. All his senses, too, were as if bathed in fine ether; surely the sky had never been so blue, nor the lake so opalescent, nor the grass plat—the pride of every Chicago house—so green.

And to-day, how rich and full the music sounded! His accurate ear always told him if a chord were false, or noted approvingly a high note well carried; but never had it transmitted to his soul such melody of sound as swept over it this morning. He had not dreamed that music had such power! He was carried out of himself, swept away to a land where only heroic deeds are



He started quickly, a subtle change coming into his Face.

possible, where the women are all beautiful and earnest, the men all pure and true.

Softly the music died away and slowly he drifted back to earth. While it had lasted he seemed to fill the universe, his whole being one exquisite delight. Now gradually his personality contracted; the sensation of pleasure narrowed, until at last only in the *solar plexus* did the thrill of joy remain. It was like a beautiful flame dying away until only a spark was left to mark its place, he told himself, with a lenient smile at his foolishness.

He looked across the church to a quiet uplifted face, — again the impulse of joy swept through him. It was heaven! and yet he was half angry. What was

the matter? He was as emotional as a nervous invalid, he thought scornfully; a woman's face, music, sunshine, it mattered little what, — anything seemed to have power to sway him.

Meanwhile he followed the service mechanically, kneeling, rising and responding with the congregation, but paying little heed to the words. His religion consisted largely of a respectful admiration for the harmonious adjustment of the universe. Worship, so-called, he left to women and children. It was probably a useful refuge for weak intellects, good for those who dared not face the bare, unvarnished truth of an impersonal world-spirit. As for himself, he looked on, he admired, he trusted his reason, and he felt no call to worship.

But to-day he suddenly found himself looking at things from the centre instead of from the outside; in a flash he became conscious that he was a part of the great world-plan, that the world-spirit had created him, and was working through him, that he could not, if he would, sever the connection. A swift thrill of joy and reverence swept through his soul. He forgot to question, to reason. The world-spirit might be personal or impersonal, it mattered little. He found himself face to face with his Maker and he worshipped Him.

"I suppose this is what they call conversion," he mused thoughtfully, as he passed down the aisle at the close of service, pausing for a moment near the door to speak to an elderly lady who was pleased to smile upon her favorite physician in the face of St. James's fashionable congregation.

As he stood there, Miss Gordon's girls

passed him. He looked up eagerly. Would she see him? No, she was busy with her charges. But as she passed, her soft gray gown, blown by the breeze from the open door, floated toward him, and brushed his hand. He started quickly, a subtle change coming over his face, and his companion paused in the midst of her speaking to regard him curiously.

"What is it, Dr. Cabot?" she asked solicitously.

"Oh, it is nothing," he replied, "the air seems a little close here."

And Mrs. Sargent was obliged to be satisfied. But in less than a week all her friends knew that Dr. Cabot was overworking and needed rest.

He himself seemed ignorant of his need, however. He had never worked so hard, and never had he done so good work; he plunged into it with an enthusiasm of which he had not dreamed before. Scales seemed to have fallen from his eyes; his patients were no longer "cases," but human beings; at the clinics, he found his imagination busy with the life of the man who lay before him,—with a tender curiosity as to his past if he were dead, with a friendly interest in his future if longer life were before him; and many a man left the hospital with which Dr. Cabot was connected, with brighter prospects than life had offered before.

Meanwhile, spring deepened toward summer, and still the doctor was no nearer the woman

whom he loved than he had been the day he first saw her. He had thought then that it would be a very simple affair to make her acquaintance in a natural way; he would find some mutual friend to introduce him; he would meet her at a reception or concert—he had often seen the Gordon teachers at such places. He became suddenly very sociable in his disposition, and gratified many hostesses with his unexpected presence.

But in vain. Either Miss Delano was invited nowhere, or she accepted no invitations. He saw her sometimes on the street walking with a line of girls, and occasionally he found himself in the same car with her; and once he sat beside her for two blocks, until obliged to



He stood talking earnestly with Miss Delano

offer his seat to a lady who entered the car and who, accepting it with a word of thanks, began immediately to talk with her neighbor. Then, indeed, he felt repaid for his sacrifice, as he steadied himself by a strap against the jolting of the car, and watched her quaint face lighten with interest or amusement. How graceful she was, how womanly, and how unconscious! She does not dream that she belongs to me, he thought, half laughingly, half in earnest. For that she would eventually be his, he never for an instant doubted.

And so he bided the time in patience, not anxious because he could not meet her. He might easily have brought about a meeting. He could have confided his desire to some woman. There were many women of his acquaintance who would gladly have exercised their match-making propensities in his behalf. But he felt a superstitious reluctance. The whole affair had been so beyond his comprehension that it seemed impossible for him to interfere. Only one thing was certain, — some time he would know her, and some time she would be his.

And at last his patience was rewarded, when, early in June, he received an invitation to a commencement reception at the Gordon school. He spent a long time over his toilet that night; but when at last it was completed and he had hung the little chamois bag inside his vest — for luck, as he told himself with a smile — it seemed to him that he had never been less well-dressed.

But two hours later, as he stood in Miss Gordon's crowded parlors talking earnestly with Miss Delano, one would have pronounced him the most distinguished-looking man present. And Miss Delano herself was listening to his conversation with a smile of interest. Evidently, she liked this young doctor with the frank eyes and the ready speech; for, to his great relief, Dr. Cabot found himself talking his best; her presence inspired him, he told himself. Gradually the conversation became more personal, and she spoke of leaving for Boston the next day.

"But you will return in the fall." Dr. Cabot spoke in a tone of quiet certainty,

and more as if to himself than to her. She raised her eyes in surprise. "No," she said, "I shall not come back for many years, probably."

He turned toward her quickly. But at that moment one of the girls came hurrying up. "Oh, Miss Delano," she exclaimed, "won't you come and meet my mother for a minute before she goes? I want so much to have her know you."

"Yes," said Dr. Cabot smiling, as she turned to him to excuse herself, "I will let you go; only as this is your last night, you must promise that I may see you again before I leave."

"Certainly," she assented, turning away with a slight look of surprise.

He watched her go, with a strange pain beneath the little chamois bag; a ball of lead suspended there would have been as heavy, he told himself. And yet why should he despair? He would find an opportunity to tell her of his love to-night. Women had been won even in so short a time as this. The intensity of his passion must count for something.

So he tried to comfort himself as he stood battling with the pain in his breast. How strange that there should be pain where for weeks he had felt only the keenest pleasure! Gradually he became aware of people about him. Two young girls came and stood near him.

"Did you know that she is going to be married?" were the first words that caught his ear.

"Yes, isn't it horrid!"

"Yes, only I'm awfully glad for her, she's so sweet."

"Who's so sweet?" asked a third girl coming up.

"Miss Sue Delano."

"Oh, yes, I think she's just too lovely!"

He waited to hear no more, but moved aimlessly to another part of the room. Should he wait? Yes; he might never see her again. So he devoted himself to acquaintances, until he saw her standing alone; then he made his way quickly to her side.

"I have come to claim my promise," he said in response to her smile as he came up.

"You have a good memory," she



answered lightly, as if trying to ignore an undercurrent of gravity in his manner.

"It was not entirely memory," he replied briefly.

"Will you assume for a little while that it is true, and let me speak with the freedom of an old friend," he replied.

"If it will give you pleasure," she replied simply. She found herself meeting his earnestness with a like earnestness. She even forgot to think him queer.

"I want to ask you to remember," he said, "that you will be your husband's *life*. I mean it literally. Without you he will be only a machine. Remember it, and be patient with him. If ever you find him coarse or stupid, remember that he relies on you, and *do not fail him*. It is you and your love that must redeem him." He spoke in short, disjointed sentences, but eagerly and rapidly, as if urged on by some power stronger than himself; and as he spoke he changed his position slightly, so as to shield her face from the room. She was very pale, and her eyes were



He bent forward, listening to a Footstep outside.

She did not ask what he meant, and he vouchsafed no further explanation. For a while they talked of unimportant things. At last he turned to her with an impatient gesture, as if putting aside such trivialities.

"I hear you are to be married," he said.

"Yes," she answered, her eyes meeting his steadily, but a faint flush stealing over her face.

"I feel as if I had known you a long time," he continued abruptly.

She said nothing, but regarded him curiously.

dilated as if with pain, but they continued to rest trustingly on his face.

"I will remember," she said, as solemnly as if taking an oath.

His words had carried her out of herself. It did not seem strange that he should speak so to her. To-morrow she would think of it, and wonder. To-night they were both on too high a plane to consider conventionalities.

He hesitated a moment, — then, "Good-night," said he, holding out his hand.

"Good-by," she answered slowly, placing her own in it.

A moment later, and he was lost in the crowd.

When the girls searched for Miss Delano, to say good-night to her, she was not to be found; and when questioned the following morning, "a headache" was the woman's excuse she gave for retiring early.

And Dr. Cabot? He is still living.

It is now two years since he discovered for himself that man has two brains instead of one; and life has been at once more beautiful and more bitter for that discovery. But, though he himself may endure in silence, for the world at large and for suffering humanity, he has a very tender heart, — or *solar plexus*, — or abdominal brain, — call it what you will.

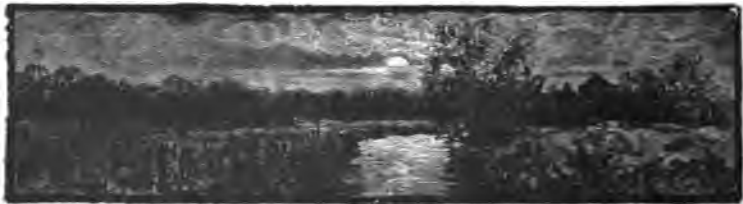
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## DOST THOU THINK OF ME OFTEN?

*By Stuart Sterne.*

DOST thou think of me often, my friend, my Love,  
More dear than the earth, and the stars above?  
Morning and evening, by night and by day,  
Weeping or laughing, at work or at play, —  
Dost thou think of me often, as I of thee?  
Oh, hasten, my Love, and answer me!"

"Do I think of thee often, by night and day,  
Weeping or laughing, at work or at play?  
— Nay, that in good truth, I could not say!  
But come, do not frown,  
Rather close bend down  
Thy head right here,  
And let me whisper into thy ear! —  
Morning and evening, by night and by day,  
Weeping or laughing, at work or at play,  
Awake or asleep, —  
The thought of thee lies as close and deep  
As the breath of my life, the throb of my heart,  
Of my innermost being grown a part, —  
I do not think of thee oft, for see  
Thou art never one instant divided from me! —  
Ah, my Beloved, dost understand? —  
And now wilt thou smile and give me thy hand?"





Mary Harden.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN IN LATER LIFE.

## JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S SOUTHERN SWEETHEART.

*By Laura Speer.*

**J**OHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of "Home Sweet Home," was born in the city of New York, on the 9th day of June, 1792. His family was highly respectable. His father was a well-known educator of youth. His grandfather was a member of the Provincial Assembly of Massachusetts, when legislative honors were less shadowy than at present. He was also related to Robert Treat Paine, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and to Dr. John Osborn of Connecticut, the author of the "Whaling Song," a nautical ballad worthy

of the genius of Charles Dibdin, which fired the heroism of the mariners of New Bedford and Nantucket in their battling with the monsters of the deep. John Howard Payne, therefore, could not appropriate the lines of Burns:

"My ancient but ignoble blood  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the  
flood."

Payne's father assiduously cultivated the minds of his children, and some of them were remarkably precocious. A sister of the young poet, herself only fourteen





John Howard Payne at the Age of Nineteen.  
FROM THE MINIATURE BY JOSEPH WOOD.

years of age, amazed the classical professors of Harvard College by her extraordinary acquirements in Latin. Nor were her English compositions less remarkable for felicity of language, and beauty of imagery. Competent critics pronounced her unpublished productions

"among the most favorable specimens of female genius that had appeared in America." Her more famous, if not more gifted, brother made his literary *debut*, like Benjamin Franklin, by contributing to a paper, in the publication of which he was employed as a printer's boy. Like Franklin, he evidently had an early perception of the power of the press in controlling public opinion,— "the queen of the world." In one particular indeed the young poet surpassed the young philosopher. Franklin had passed his sixteenth year before he became the editor of the *New England Courant*. Payne was engaged in editing the *Thespian Mirror* at thirteen years of age. The remarkable ability displayed by the juvenile editor induced Mr. Seaman, a wealthy and benevolent citizen of New York, to proffer him the opportunity of a course at Union College. The offer was gratefully accepted, and a poetical journal of his voyage up the Hudson reveals the impression produced on an imaginative youth by that noble stream, whose picturesque shores and charming legends have been immortalized by Irving.

Before the young student's college course was completed, the bankruptcy



The Home of Mary Hsrden, Athens, Ga., as it appears to-day.

and failing health of his father forced him to leave the academic halls in which he hoped to carry off the highest honors of his class, and devote himself to some profession by which he could maintain his father and the younger members of his family. An irresistible instinct impelled him to try the stage. His elocutionary performances as a schoolboy had shown such histrionic talent, that theatrical managers importuned his father to allow them to bring out the gifted boy on the boards, as the "young American Roscius." These requests had been refused, on the ground that he was but a child. But on his return from Union College to New York he made his appearance on the stage at the Park Theatre and, in the language of the green-room, "took the town by storm." After meteoric visits to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and New Orleans, he was persuaded by George Frederick Cooke to try his fortunes on the London stage,—the stage on which Garrick had recently won a world-wide fame and accumulated a fortune of one hundred and forty thousand pounds. But rarely does dramatic genius, even of the highest order, reap such golden harvests. The miraculous powers of Shakespeare raised him to no higher position than that of subaltern actor in his own plays and Ben Jonson's, and a small estate at Stratford. Thomas Otway, the author of "The Orphans," one of the most pathetic tragedies ever produced on the English stage, was, it has been said by some authorities, choked by a crust which, from excessive hunger, he devoured too ravenously. Dryden, whose dramas were so popular in their time, describes his old age as worn out with study and oppressed with poverty, without other support than the patience of a Christian. Goldsmith, the author of "She Stoops to Conquer," the most popular comedy of the century,

lived in constant pecuniary straits, and died miserably in debt.

John Howard Payne's career in the British metropolis was but a reproduction of the "golden dreams and leaden real-



"Rob Roy."

ities" of the great majority of the dramatic celebrities who had preceded him. As an actor he drew crowded houses, but his popularity excited envy and provoked detraction. His tragedy of "Brutus" met with a success "unexampled for years," but it was attacked by a swarm of critics, belonging to a class whom Dean Swift compared to "rats that nibble the finest cheese, and wasps that swarm around the fairest fruits." Nevertheless,

Payne formed the acquaintance and enjoyed the society of such distinguished literary men as Charles Lamb, Tom Moore, Sir Walter Scott and his own illustrious countryman, Washington Irving.

From London he went to Paris, where he met a congenial spirit in the tragedian Talma, who was then the glory of the French stage. Of the plays composed by Payne

In 1832, after an absence of nearly twenty years, John Howard Payne returned to his native land. His fame had preceded him, and secured for him an ovation only inferior to the welcome accorded to Washington Irving, who returned the same year, after an absence of seventeen years. The surviving friends of Payne's early years, and many who had attained

to social distinction during his protracted stay in foreign lands, united in paying homage to a genius who had reflected honor on his compatriots by his triumphs as an actor and a dramatist, and especially as the author of "Sweet Home."

Shortly after his return to the United States, he published the prospectus of a magazine of literature, science, and art. It was designed to promote the mental culture and moral improvement of his countrymen, to inspire them with sentiments of patriotism and philanthropy, love of liberty and law. The title of the proposed periodical was suggestive and poetical. It was "Jam Jehan Nima," the name of a goblet belonging to one of the ancient kings of Persia, in which, accord-

ing to the legend, whosoever looked was privileged to behold a picture of the universe. Unfortunately, this magazine never advanced beyond its brilliant prospectus, in consequence of the small list of subscribers.

About this period, the efforts of the general government to remove the Cherokees from Georgia to lands beyond the Mississippi was a subject of much discussion in the public prints. By many humane people the scheme was regarded as utterly irreconcilable with a Christian policy, as well as with existing treaties. To form a correct opinion on this subject, Payne resolved to visit Georgia, enter the Indian territory, make himself familiar with the manners and customs of the Creeks and Cherokees, and ascertain their sentiments



Mrs. Edward Harden.

while sojourning in London and Paris, many were successful, particularly "Therese, or the Orphan of Geneva," and "Charles the Second," which latter was highly prized by Kemble. But an opera prepared for Covent Garden, entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan," gave him his world-wide and imperishable fame, for it contained the song, "Home, Sweet Home." The publishers of the song are reputed to have made two thousand guineas within two years. It is certain that one hundred thousand copies were sold in 1823. It enriched all who had any connection with it, except the poet himself, who had sold the priceless poem for thirty pounds; and it secured for Ellen Tree, who first sang "Home, Sweet Home," a wealthy husband.

with regard to the proposed expatriation. To help him in this design he brought letters of introductions to General Edward Harden, who was thoroughly acquainted with the tribes of Creeks and Cherokees, and who was withal a gentleman of historic family and such high social standing, that to him was accorded the honor of entertaining Lafayette, when the "Nation's Guest" visited Savannah in 1824.

General Harden had recently removed his family from Savannah to Athens; and there John Howard Payne first met Miss Mary Harden, a young lady who was such a paragon of beauty and grace, and with such fine mental accomplishments, that he at once fell deeply in love with her.

Of Mary Harden in her girlhood, there is no authentic likeness. There is, however, a picture of her in her womanly maturity, and a copy of that picture is presented with this article.

The enraptured lover did not wholly forget his original mission. Through the friendly offices of General Harden, he obtained an interview with John Ross, the most noted chief of the Cherokees, and was invited by him to sojourn among his people. The invitation was accepted, and Payne might have given us as interesting an account of the history, traditions, languages, and customs of the Georgia Indians, as Dr. Schoolcraft did of the Iroquois and Algonquin tribes of the North and West; but, unfortunately, his researches were nipped in the bud, by the suspicion and stupidity of Curry, the Indian agent. This official, "dressed in a little brief authority" by the state government, was pleased to conceive that the presence of this remarkable stranger among the Indians boded ill to the peaceful relations existing between them and the whites, and he ordered his immediate arrest.

As soon as General Harden heard of

the outrage, he hastened to Milledgeville and obtained Payne's release. But the indignity to which he had been subjected so deeply wounded his proud and sensitive spirit that he declared, in a letter to General Harden, "Georgia I never will enter again without a formal public invitation." But there was a magnet in Georgia of great attractive power, and



General Edward Harden.

not long after his release he found his way back again to Athens.

An incident that occurred during this visit, related by Miss Mary Harden herself, will prove interesting to ordinary mortals, as showing that lovers of the most ethereal temperament sometimes present themselves in very prosaic phases. One morning the young lady was surprised to see her admirer enter with a very pale and lugubrious face.

"Miss Mary," he inquired pathetically, "Do you know what gruel is?"

"Indeed I do," she answered. "Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh! those horrid biscuits at the tavern seem to be compounded of saleratus, lard, and half-baked flour. Could

you have a dish of gruel prepared for me?"

"Certainly," she answered, and hastened from the parlor to the kitchen, to lay the case before Aunt Minda.

"Lor! Miss Mary," exclaimed that ebony priestess of pots and pans, "Yer know yer ma not gwine ter like that. I never know'd gruel carried inter her parlor to company. Yer got no pride, chile. Go in ther house an' giv the gentleman fruit cake and pineapple cheese."

"But, Aunt Minda, Mr. Payne has dyspepsia and wants only gruel."

saw the steaming beverage quaffed like nectar.

"Rob," said Mr. Payne, "is there any more gruel where this came from?"

"Lor, sir!" replied Rob, "there is bushels."

"Bring me another bowl, then."

Of the *dramatis personae* in this little comedy, Rob Roy alone survives,—an old, decrepit man, whose memory loves to grope among the faded shadows of the past. "Mr. Payne," said he to the writer of this sketch, "was the finest gentleman I ever seen. When he come to see my young miss, and I waited on him, he always give me a dollar."

How long Mr. Payne lingered in Athens at this time does not appear. It is certain, however, from his written avowals, that he could not say of Miss Harden what honest Master Slender said of Mistress Anne Page: "There was no great love between us in the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to diminish it on further acquaintance." In a letter to General Harden from New York, dated March 22, 1836, he said:

"For your daughter's flattering request about 'Sweet Home' do me the favor to offer her my best thanks. I will write it out for her in my best school-day hand whenever I find an opportunity of sending it post free. No one deserves a 'Sweet Home' better than she does, and no one would be surer to make any home, however sweet, still more so by her goodness and her genius. But if I send a contribution for *her* album, she must make a sketch for mine. I belong to a section of the republic where we are not in the habit of doing

things without large profits. In some places, to be sure, her request would be more than compensation, but in New York we look for percentage by hundreds and thousands. I have caught the infection and must treat with her in the spirit of New York speculation."

After reading this letter addressed to the father, no one will be surprised at the following outpouring of his soul to the daughter.



John Howard Payne, in later life.

So the gruel was prepared, and Rob Roy, the house boy, was summoned to serve it. But Rob was as much flustered as Aunt Minda by such a compromise of family dignity. He would have proudly presented syllabub and cake; but gruel in his opinion would smirch the family escutcheon forever. His wounded feelings were mollified, however, when he



'Mid pleasures & palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home!  
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain! —  
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again! —  
— The birds singing gaily that came at my call —  
Give me them! — and the peace of mind dearest of all!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home!  
There's no place like Home!

*John Howard Payne,*  
Washington Aug: 10: 1850.

*For his friend Charles H. Brannard.*

Fac-Simile of Payne's MS. of "Home, Sweet Home."

"MADAME: — I did for a long time indulge in the fallacious hope that fortune would have favored and placed me in a more suitable situation for making this communication to you. I have unfortunately been disappointed and have endeavored to calm my feelings and submit to my fate, yet the more I have striven to do so the more have I been convinced that it would be useless for me any longer to attempt to struggle with the sentiments I feel towards you. I am conscious of my own unworthiness of the boon I desire from you, and cannot, dare not, ask you to give a decisive answer in my favor now, only permit me to hope that at some future time I may have the happiness of believing my affection returned. but at the same time I conjure you to remember in making up your decision that it is in your power to render me happy or miserable. Having frequently through the kind permission of your honored parents the pleasure of being in your society, I every day find it more necessary to come to some conclusion as to my future conduct, for when I was obliged to leave you, it was only to renew the agitated state of my mind and to contemplate

the image of one too dear to me to resign forever, without making an effort I was unequal to when in your presence. You will perhaps tell me this is presumption on my part, and true it is. I have nothing to offer you but a devoted heart and hand; however, be assured Madame, whatever your decision may be, present wishes for your happiness and welfare shall be the first of my heart. I have felt it essential to my peace of mind that I should inform you of the state of my feelings, satisfied that that and your amiableness of heart will plead my excuse. I entreat you to reply to this letter, if but one word; indeed I am sure if you knew how anxiously I shall await your answer compassion alone would induce you to send me an early answer. Allow me, Madame, to subscribe myself,

"Your very humble and devoted admirer,  
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

"Thursday, 14 July, 18  
"To Miss Mary E. G. Harden."

On his return from Georgia to New York, the poet became a frequent con-

tributor to the *Democratic Review*. For these political articles he received no greater reward than the consulate to Tunis, where he spent the remainder of his life, with the exception of one brief visit to this country. No American poet ever received a more enviable compliment than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind on this, his last visit to his

republic. Nothing was wanting that office, fame, wealth, culture, taste, and beauty could impart in giving dignity and grandeur to the occasion. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies, "Casta Diva," the "Flute Song," the "Bird Song," and the "Greeting to America." But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face toward that part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting, and sang "Home Sweet Home," with such pathos and power, that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself lost all self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric.

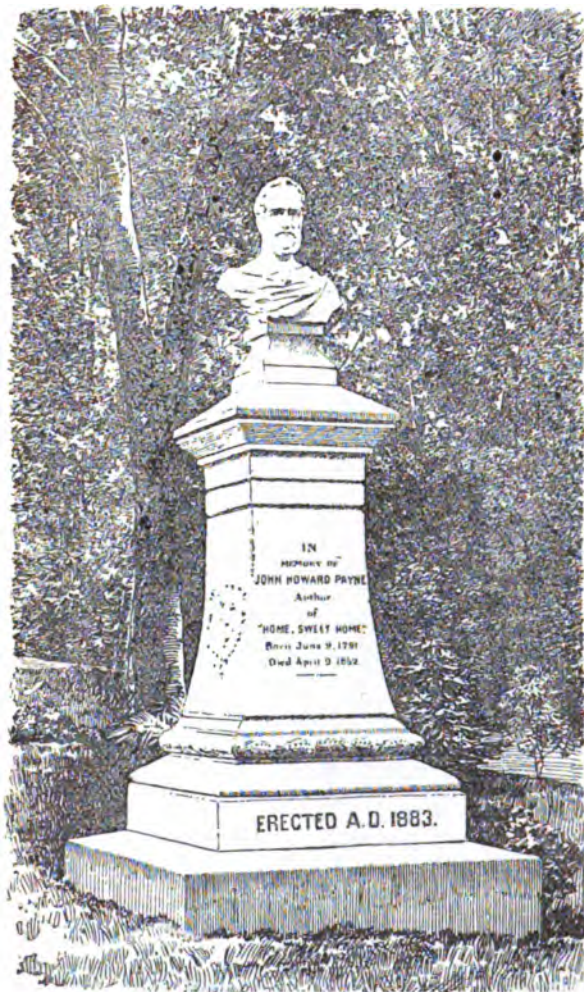
Less than two years were to expire before the homeless author of "Sweet Home," in a far distant land, left all earthly scenes, and songs for, let us hope, sweeter harmonies and an eternal home. He was buried in St. George's Cemetery at Tunis, and thirty years afterwards his remains were removed to the land of his nativity, and, with august ceremonies, laid to rest in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington. A shaft of white marble, crowned with a bust of the poet, marks his final resting-place. On the front of the shaft is inscribed :

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,  
AUTHOR OF 'HOME SWEET HOME.'  
Born June 9, 1791. Died April  
9, 1852."

On the opposite side of the shaft

are these lines:

"Sure when thy gentle spirit fled  
To realms above the azure dome,  
With outstretched arms God's angels said  
Welcome to Heaven's home, sweet home."



Monument to John Howard Payne in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington.

native land. It was in the great National Hall in the city of Washington, where an audience assembled to greet her, by far the most distinguished that had ever been seen in the capital of the



# WHY THE SOUTH WAS DEFEATED IN THE CIVIL WAR.

*By Albert Bushnell Hart.*

THE question which we shall try to answer in this paper is apparently a very simple one. Ask an officer of the Union army, and he will tell you that the North won because of our great generals, — that Thomas, Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant broke the Confederacy to pieces. Ask a soldier how the victory was won, and he will tell you that the Sixth Corps "smashed Ewell at Sailor's Creek," or that Sherman's veterans cut the Confederacy in two. Ask a public man, and he will tell you, perhaps in ten volumes, that it was Abraham Lincoln to whom we owe the success of the Union. Ask Abraham Lincoln himself, and he would reply in the spirit of those words which no repetition can make trite, and which prove him a master of English as he was a master of men, that the war was carried on by "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Each of these answers is true so far as it goes. Without commanders of genius guiding magnificent armies, supported by those statesmen of whom Abraham Lincoln was the chief; without the devotion and self-sacrifice of a great nation, — the Confederacy never could have been put down. Military men have a saying that there comes a time in a campaign when, if victory is to be obtained, it is necessary to put into service the last officer, the last man, the last camp follower, and the last army mule; and the triumphant and complete success of the northern arms in the Civil War is due to the fact that when the final test of strength, came in 1865, the North had at every point more officers, more men, more camp followers, and more army mules.

Yet even an observer who could have foreseen the eventual combination of military, material, and moral forces of the northern people, might still have predicted, in 1861, that the Southern Confederacy would obtain its independence. An address of April 30, 1861, declared that "a triumphant victory and independence

with an unparalleled career of glory, prosperity, and progress await us in the future." At the beginning of the struggle the Southern leaders, even those who best understood the fighting spirit of the North, were as confident of success as they were of the rising of the sun. Thus Jefferson Davis, in his message of July 20, 1861, declared that "to speak of subjugating such a people, so united and determined, is to speak in a language incomprehensible to them." Toward the close of 1862, Mr. Gladstone made his famous declaration — which he has lived to repent — that "Mr. Jefferson Davis has made an army, he has made a navy, and, more than that, he has made a nation." At the very beginning of the struggle, old General Wool gave it as his military opinion that two hundred thousand troops should be placed in the field against Richmond, and Sherman asked for a like number in Kentucky, if the movement was to be put down at the outset. No southerner and few foreigners believed that the North possessed a military superiority over the South. To be sure, John Bright, who might with William Lloyd Garrison have said, "The world is my country," not only asserted the rightfulness of the principles of the North, but predicted its success; and Cairnes, in his book upon the slave-power, showed reason why we must succeed; but most other observers saw only that Virginia was older than Plymouth, that the South had had as long and as eventful a history as the North, that in the Revolution and after it southern statesmen had stood on more than equal terms with northern, and that for seventy years the influence of the South had been predominant in internal parties and in foreign policy. What reason was there to suppose that when the two sections were separated, the South would prove inferior? It was known that the population of the South was smaller, but the experience of the world up to this time seemed to show that a people deter-

mined to resist could not be permanently conquered by four times their force, unless a policy of extermination were adopted. Holland, with its two millions, had sustained itself during a war of seventy years against the greatest and proudest empire of the world; Spain, from 1809 to 1812, had by a popular uprising successfully resisted the armies of Napoleon; Ireland, after a domination of seven centuries, is not yet perfectly subdued; the American colonies, with a population of three millions, had successfully resisted the mother country with a population of twelve millions; the feeble Spanish American colonies, with the exception of Cuba, had all won their independence against the overpowering force of Spain. The secession of the Southern states and their acceptance of the issue of the war was, therefore, not a foolhardy enterprise: the experience of mankind made it probable that it would succeed. Nor did the Confederacy expect to depend wholly upon its own resources. One of the first acts of the Confederate government was to send envoys to foreign powers. The South believed that its cotton was so essential to England and to France that they must interfere, if necessary, to assist the infant nation; and great was the jubilation when, on the 3d of December, 1863, Pope Pius IX. addressed a letter to that *illustris et honorabilis vir*, Jefferson Davis, which was construed by the Confederacy into a recognition by a foreign potentate, — the only recognition which it ever received.

The first years of the war were not such as to destroy the hopes of the South. The first battle of Bull Run, in 1861; the second battle of Bull Run, and Pittsburg Landing, in 1862; Chickamauga, Chancellorsville, and even Gettysburg, in 1863, proved that the South might still hope to maintain itself in the field, until dissensions in the North, or foreign complications, or the intervention of foreign powers, should put an end to the war. To the last, the Northern armies were fully employed. In the great campaign of 1864, Grant lost more than the entire army of Lee; and at the end of it Lee's army was intact. The military collapse

of the Confederacy was not the result of happy accident, nor of overpowering generalship; it was caused by the steady, unrelenting pressure of an adversary superior in forces, in resources, and in morale. After the war was over, Lee was once asked by a Confederate officer why, during the campaign of 1864, he never made a diversion or a sudden attack upon Grant's lines; and Lee replied that Grant had but once throughout the campaign given him an opportunity, and that that opportunity had been lost by the error of a subordinate. Nowhere in history is there an example of more undiscouraged attack or more stubborn resistance, than in the Civil War.

Some deeper causes must, therefore, be sought if we will account for the fact that not only was the South beaten, but that the defeat was overwhelming, absolute, and permanent. There must have been essential differences in the character and the equipment of the two sides; and it is the purpose of this paper to discuss those differences, and to show what constituted the weakness of the South and the strength of the North. We shall not concern ourselves with the causes of secession, with the question whether it was constitutional or unconstitutional, right or wrong. We shall simply take the two sections as they existed on April 12, 1861, when the war began with the firing upon Fort Sumter, and as they were developed down to the surrender of the southern army in 1865. Some of these reasons are to be found in the geographical situation of the two parts of the country, some in the economic differences of the two sections, some in the social differences of civilization, and some in the different moral quality of the people and the institutions for which they were fighting.

At the beginning of the struggle, the advantage of geographical situation seemed to be decidedly with the South. Leaving out of account the territories and the two states of the Pacific Slope, which entered very little into the military contest, the seventeen free states had, in 1860, 768,255 square miles, while the fifteen slave-holding states had an area of 875,743 square miles. This larger

territory, however, was not in itself a source of military strength. Its frontiers were vast and difficult to defend, and a very considerable part of that territory never came under the control of the Confederate States of America. In the resources of the soil, in variety of natural production, the South was in every way equal to the North. The great staple of the South had for many years been cotton. It was easily raised, easily handled, had considerable value in small bulk, and commanded a good price in cash in the markets of the world. The cotton crop of 1860 was 4,700,000 bales, valued at \$230,000,000. With cotton and the proceeds of cotton, the South was able to buy clothing, supplies, and food; for it is a notable fact that for many years the South had been accustomed to supply itself in part with bacon and corn from the northwestern states. One of the early acts of the Confederacy was to prohibit the exportation of cotton, except from Confederate seaports; it was hoped thereby to bring foreign powers to interfere. The result was that a considerable part of the cotton crop of 1860 and almost the whole of the crops of 1862-3-4 were shut in by the blockade. A great pressure was brought to bear by the Confederate government upon the planters, to induce them to sow corn, and this pressure had especial effect in the year 1864. The industry of the people, particularly in Georgia, prepared a bountiful crop, which ripened just in time to furnish subsistence for Sherman's army on its march to the Sea. Toward the end of the war the people of Richmond sometimes suffered for food. George Cary Eggleston, in his "Rebel's Recollections," tells pathetic stories of the wretchedness to which the troops were reduced in 1865; and it is well-known that at the surrender of Appomattox, General Lee was obliged to ask for rations for his troops from the commander of the conquering forces. The northern staples throughout the war, especially of bread-stuffs, were freely exported, and were turned into goods and munitions of war.

Inferior as the South was in its products, it was strong in natural defences. The Atlantic and Gulf coasts abounded in

shallow harbors not easily penetrable by a hostile force. It was a coast difficult to invade, yet furnishing many havens from which cruisers and privateers might sally forth. Throughout the war no progress was made by northern armies moving inward from the sea.

From the valley of the Shenandoah to northern Alabama the South was flanked by a natural and impregnable defence, the Appalachian chain of mountains. In the condition of military transportation at that time it was impossible for a large army to carry with it the supplies for men and animals necessary for a march of a hundred miles through a mountain region. At the beginning of the war Lincoln, with the supreme common-sense which, when applied to military matters, made him often a better general than the generals, suggested that a railroad should be built southeast from some point on the Ohio River, to penetrate the mountain system. The next few years showed that had that counsel been followed it might have shortened the war, by a year; for the only country between Harper's Ferry and northern Mississippi which at that time was penetrated by a railroad leading from North to South was the rugged region lying between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Down that line of railroad, Sherman fought his way in 1864; and from Atlanta he proceeded on the march which cut the Confederacy in twain. Except upon that line of railroad the South proved impregnable to land assault from the northwest.

Another vast geographical advantage which the South possessed at the beginning of the war disappeared in 1863. By its control of the mouth of the Mississippi, the Southern Confederacy expected to compel the friendship, if not the adhesion, of the upper Mississippi states. The South believed that it held in its hand the key to the commerce of the interior of the Union, and an early act of the Confederate Congress declared the Mississippi open to the friends of the Confederacy. But the Erie Canal and the four lines of trans-Alleghany railways, the New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania Central, and Baltimore & Ohio, united the West still more strongly to the East.

The northwestern states saw, aside from all moral questions connected with slavery, that the success of the Union meant that both the eastern and the southern highways would be opened; while the success of the Confederacy meant that one or the other must be in the hands of a hostile power. Whatever the expectations of the South, the capture of New Orleans in 1862, and of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, not only dismembered the Confederacy, but quieted the fears of the northern interior states. Thenceforward, as Lincoln wrote, "the Father of Waters rolled unvexed to the sea."

Another military advantage in the South was the sparseness of its population, and the fact that a great part of the theatre of war was untilled. Except in the Shenandoah Valley, to a less degree in Mississippi, the Federal armies could nowhere support themselves from the country until Sherman's march to the sea in 1864. They advanced through regions heavily wooded, and they advanced into an enemy's country. The South had not only the advantages of situation, but of fighting in the midst of a friendly population and fighting on the inside lines. However impractical the transportation system of the South, it was vastly easier to move troops from Richmond to Atlanta than from Washington to the Mississippi. In a word, the theatre of the war was finally narrowed to the strip of territory between the western edge of the mountains and the sea. Within that strip a smaller number of troops could make head against a larger number; and in the later stages of the war two hundred thousand Confederate troops kept a million northern soldiers employed.

All comparisons of area and even of geographical advantages are subordinate to the question of the economic resources of the two sections, — in men, in wealth, in courage, in military resources, and in means of communication. And here we reach that disadvantage of the South, to which its conquest must be chiefly attributed. We have, in the census of 1860, the means of exactly comparing the population of the two sections at the outbreak of the war. The 15 slave-

holding states had a population of 12,315,373; the 17 northern free states, from Kansas to Maine, had a population of 18,441,017; that is, the population of the slave-holding region to the free region was about as two to three. The superiority of northern numbers was plainly entirely insufficient for carrying on a war of offence and of conquest. The proportion between the population of the free and of the slaveholding sections had greatly changed since 1790. In that year the South had a population equal to the combined population of the Middle and New England states. In 1830, the North had gained a million more than the South; in 1860, it had gained six millions more. The rapid growth of the North had been due in great part to immigration: of the 4,136,175 foreign-born persons within the limits of the United States in 1860, only about three hundred thousand could be found in the slaveholding states outside the cities of St. Louis, Louisville, Baltimore, and New Orleans,—all cities connected as much with the West as with the South. In the North, the proportion of foreigners was twenty per cent. In the Confederacy, it was three per cent. The changed importance of the two sections is shown in the census maps which illustrate the distribution of the population by degrees of density in 1790 and in 1860. It will be seen at once that almost all the areas of dense population are found north of the Ohio River, and of Maryland and Virginia. The loss of southern predominance is shown by the fact that, in 1790, of the seven states of the Union first in population, four were slave states; in 1860, of the seven first states, but one was a slave state, and that was Missouri, which, in 1790, had been a wilderness and not within the limits of the United States. In fact, nothing can be more certain than that the Civil War was precipitated by the conviction of southern leaders that the North had such a growing advantage in population that each decade of delay made the South weaker in proportion.

So far we have compared merely the population of the slave-holding and the free states. But the Southern Confederacy, at the very beginning, encountered

a fatal disappointment: it failed to carry with it four of the slave-holding states, Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, and a part of a fifth, West Virginia. These states, having a combined population of 3,600,000 people, never seceded, never furnished money for the Confederate cause, and the men who entered the Confederate army from those states were nearly offset by the mountaineers from Tennessee and North Carolina, who entered the Union Army. The action of a few patriotic men like Holt of Kentucky, Fletcher of Missouri, and Brown of Maryland, and the prompt action of Butler and Frémont and Buell and Grant, in securing a military occupation of those states, prevented them from throwing in their lot with the Confederacy. The population of the eleven seceding states was 8,700,000: the population of the twenty-one non-seceding states, from Kansas to Maine, was 21,950,000. Instead of the odds of population being three to two in favor of the North, they were thus made five to two. With proper military management, aided by a spirited support from the northern people, the defeat of the South was therefore physically possible; indeed, defeat was likely. Nor was this the only advantage gained by the North, in its relations with the border states in 1861. The theatre of war was thrust further south. The possession of Kentucky and Missouri enabled the northern troops to block the entrance of the Tennessee and of the Missouri rivers; and the military occupation of the border states, which were justly assumed to be lukewarm in their support of the Union, made it possible to return members of Congress from those states, who did not represent their people; thus was insured that compact majority in Congress which supported the President, pressed forward the war, urged through the constitutional amendments, and completed the process of reconstruction. When Virginia, on April, 1861, responded to the President's call for troops with defiance, she did it because she understood, as Von Holst has well said, that she belonged either to hammer or anvil, and she preferred to strike rather than to

receive a blow. When the secession of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri was prevented, they did not remove the war from their borders; but their strength was lost to the weaker party, if not wholly transferred to the stronger.

If the South were to win, then a numerical inferiority must be made up by a superiority of resources; but in wealth still more than in numbers the South had lagged behind. In the seceding states, 56,000,000 acres of land were improved, and the total value of farm lands was \$1,850,000,000. In the North and the border states the improved land was less than twice as great in area but its value was \$4,800,000,000, or more than two and a half times as much. Throughout the South, the tillage was primitive and rude and most of it was carried on by slave labor; in the North, machinery and improved processes made it possible to raise a larger crop in proportion to the laborers employed. Manufactures of every kind were woefully deficient in the South. In a region including the enormous coal and iron beds of Alabama, and Georgia, one of the richest deposits on the face of the earth, there was but one large blast furnace and ten rail mills. To manufacture its great staple, cotton, the South had but 150 factories, against more than 900 in the North, and the value of the manufactured fabric of the South was but \$8,000,000, in the total of \$115,000,000. Of the 1260 woollen factories of the country, 78 were in the South. The manufacture of clothing, an essential industry when war is going on, employed, in 1860, less than 2,000 persons in the Southern states, and nearly 100,000 in the North. Of boots and shoes, the South furnished but three per cent of the product. Well did the Lynchburg *Virginian* say:

"Dependent upon Europe and the North for almost every yard of cloth, and every coat and boot and hat that we wear, for our axes, scythes, tubs, and buckets, in short, for everything except our bread and meat, it must occur to the South that if our relations with the North are ever severed, — and how soon they may be none can know; may God forbid it long! — we should, in all the South, not be able to clothe ourselves; we could not fill our firesides, plough our fields, nor mow our meadows; in fact, we should be reduced to a state more abject than we are willing to look at even prospectively. And yet, all of these things

staring us in the face, we shut our eyes and go in blindfold."

The accumulated wealth of the two sections is hard to estimate. The real estate of the South was, in 1860, valued at under \$2,000,000,000; that of the North at over \$5,000,000,000. The personal estate of each was returned at about \$2,500,000,000; but in the South that personalty consisted in great part of slaves, a form of riches which proved to have a singular aptitude for taking to itself wings and flying away. Perhaps a better comparison of wealth is that of imports. In 1860 the South imported \$31,000,000 worth of goods, and the North, \$331,000,000 worth.

In modern warfare, however, credit is often as valuable as property. Here again the South was from the first in the position of inferiority. At the beginning of the war, the South had a banking capital of \$47,000,000; the North, of about \$330,000,000. The accumulation of specie and of stocks of goods in the South were probably not one-seventh of those in the North. The very first attempts to raise money on any considerable scale showed the weakness of the South. The taxes were rigorous and steadily increased, but the money with which to pay them did not exist; and provision for payment in kind was made at the very beginning. Cotton and food products were the usual legal-tender, but at one time the women of the South were called upon to subscribe their hair to be sold for the support of the government, and they responded in that spirit of heroic self-devotion which marked the southern women throughout the struggle. It is impossible to give the figures of the revenue or expenditure of the Confederate government after the first year of the war. It is probable that in no year did the government receive in taxes and loans the equivalent of \$100,000,000 in green-back currency; while the North in the year 1865 raised in taxes, \$322,000,000, and borrowed \$1,472,000,000 a considerable part abroad. Of the debt of the Confederacy it is equally impossible to speak with accuracy. On one occasion the Secretary of the Confederate Treasury sent into Congress a report in

which he stated the outstanding debt. The next day the report was withdrawn because a trifling error in the total had been discovered. The error was \$400,000,000; what the total must have been may be left to the imagination. It is enough to say that the resources of the country were drained for the support of the government, that paper money was floated until it would float no longer, until it was signed in baskets full by young ladies of good family in Richmond, until post-office clerks resigned because they could no longer live on nine thousand dollars a year. The popular state of mind in regard to southern finances is well stated in a story related by a Confederate officer. A raw-boned countryman was seen riding through the camp upon a fine horse. An officer stopped him and offered him five hundred dollars for the horse. "What," said the man, "five hundred dollars for that horse? Five hundred dollars!" he repeated. "Why, I paid a thousand dollars this morning for currying of him." Mr. Eggleston related that the highest price he ever saw paid was five hundred dollars for a pair of boots. After Lee's surrender, when no amount of Confederate currency was of any value, and greenbacks were hard to obtain, a Virginia gentleman travelled a long distance with no other funds than a keg of molasses: for entertainment or ferriage, he simply opened the spigot and let a sufficient quantity flow to pay his bill.

The poverty of the South, a poverty made more unendurable by the rigorous blockade, bore especially hard in the matter of military supplies. The one large iron works in the country, the Tredegar, was run night and day to supply materials. Arms, cannon, munitions could be imported in limited quantities by the blockade runners; clothing came in the same way; but medical supplies, hospital comforts, even food, were often lacking. According to a Confederate officer, great was the joy expressed in the army when, by a convenient obliquity of vision on the part of General Butler, who commanded the Union lines at that point, a cargo of Bermuda onions was brought through the Union lines and issued to Lee's army.

The North, on the other hand, was

supplied with all that a rich country could furnish, or that money could buy in foreign countries. No army in the history of the world was ever so well fed, probably no army was ever so well clothed, as that of the United States. No army has ever had such a well-organized and devoted corps of men and women to care for wounded and sick. And when we consider, as we must with a shudder, the sufferings of northern soldiers in the southern prison pens, we must remember that, while the worst horrors of their confinement were caused by the deliberate neglect and brutality of those in charge of their camps, their coarse food and wretched clothing were often no worse than those of the southern troops in the front.

Yet there were still, after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, many thousands of men under arms, and a guerilla warfare would have been possible. The Mississippi was ploughed from its source to the sea by northern steamers, yet the troops of Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana had still managed to reach the main Confederate armies. Sherman made his magnificent march from Atlanta to the sea, and the country closed behind him unconquered and ungarrisoned. But the very magnitude of the efforts put forth by the South had convinced it that longer resistance was useless. The true military reason for the collapse of the Confederacy is to be found, not so much in the fearful hammer-like blows of Thomas, Sherman, and Grant, as in the efforts of an unseen enemy, the ships of the blockading squadrons. Never in the history of the world has a navy been called upon to perform such a difficult and almost impossible task as fell to the American navy. A coast-line of two thousand five hundred miles with more than thirty ports practicable for blockade runners, was so sealed up that the South was thrown upon its own resources. The struggle could not be prolonged, because the army could be neither fed nor supplied from the cotton bales. The wealth of the country went to waste because it could not be exchanged for the foreign products essential for the prosecution of the war.

The limited military resources of the

South were made less available because of the lack of sufficient internal transportation. The water-ways, both on the rivers and to the eastward, were early occupied or blockaded by the North. Union troops could be shipped from New York to Hampton Roads, or to Florida, or to Mobile, or to New Orleans; after the first months of the war no Confederate troops could be forwarded by sea. The country therefore was thrown upon its railroads. These roads were few, improperly built, as had been the case also in the North, and they steadily deteriorated. When the rails wore out new ones could at last no longer be provided; when locomotives broke down, unless a northern prisoner consented to repair them, there were no mechanics at hand. Important links, necessary to complete the connection between the Southwest and the Coast were never built. The raids and the long marches at the end of the war so completed the ruin of the railroads that there was practically nothing left of them but the road beds. And thus the Confederates, who in the first battle of Bull Run were the first combatants in history to reinforce an army over a railroad, were at the end often reduced to the southern "dirt roads," than which no highway can be worse; and at the same time they saw their old railroads repaired and mended by northern mechanics under the protection of northern troops, and bringing northern armies down to complete their conquest.

A venerable though scarcely reverent proverb assures us that God is on the side of the strongest battalions. The battalions of the North, as we have seen, were stronger than those of the South in numbers, in resources, in military supplies, and in means of communication. The northern people excelled in organization, were little, if at all, inferior in military aptitude, and they were free from the weakening influence of slavery. If the forces of the two sections were all drawn out and employed, and if they were left to fight their battles alone, the North must therefore in the end be victorious. Moreover, the North had such a large surplus of strength and resources that it might do less than its utmost and still



overpower the South. The North never put forth quite its full strength. The border states were throughout the war occupied as advanced posts; troops were raised in them, but the people were never completely trusted; when after 1864, it was seen that slavery was to be destroyed everywhere, and that the compensation to their slaves once refused by the border states, would not again be offered, those states continued a source of weakness rather than of strength. Throughout the Union, indeed, there was opposition to the war or to the manner in which it was carried on. As wise and self-sustained a President as Lincoln felt unable to withstand the pressure to appoint officers for political rather than for military reasons.

The war period was a time of great commercial and economic development. Farms were being taken up in the West. From 1861 to 1865, 4,700,000 acres of the public domain passed from the ownership of the government to that of settlers. The railroads increased from 31,286 miles to 35,085 miles, or one-eighth, during the four years of war.

Imports, which in all the United States, including the seceding states, had been in 1860, 362 millions, in 1864 were 329 millions for the loyal states alone. The country presented the striking spectacle of a nation advancing from year to year in wealth and population, while fighting an expensive and bloody war. The total number of enlistments and re-enlistments in the North and border states during the four years of the war, is stated at 2,859,132, out of a total population of 22,000,000, and a population of men between eighteen and forty-five of 4,470,000. The greatest number under arms at one time was 1,000,516, May 1, 1865. The enlistments in the South during the same period, were possibly 1,200,000 of the total population. Both sections put forth all the effort and sent forward all the men that the country could be induced to furnish; but the power which stood upon the defensive, was able to call forth, to repel invaders, and to secure independence, a degree of sacrifice which no offensive war could have commanded.

From the middle of 1862, the northern troops were constantly pressing upon the South, and occupying one belt of territory after another. The result was a loss of a considerable portion of the troops who might have been raised out of the conquered regions. As the necessity for raising men grew, the circle out of which those men could be raised, narrowed; and as hope died out, men deserted by thousands, until in the last despairing days of the Confederacy, President Davis and General Lee agreed that the last possibility of success was in arming the negroes, and a company of black convicts from the Richmond jails was actually organized.

In the struggle between two powers, in which one had such a superiority of numbers and of resources, there was but one thing which could give the South any hope. If the people were superior in organization, in intelligence, in military aptitude, in moral qualities, they might still stand out against the overwhelming odds, and might secure their independence. Many things in the political and social organization of the South adapted it for war. In the first place the South had, or supposed it had, able leaders, both civil and military. Jefferson Davis, who was almost without opposition to be president of the Confederacy, was a man of both civil and military experience. As Secretary of War, under President Pierce, he had been an excellent official; as a graduate of West Point and an officer, he had seen active service in the Mexican War. He believed with some reason, that he had distinct military genius. In fact, it is related on confederate authority that Mrs. Davis once remarked of him that "Jeff had but two faults; he preferred West Point graduates and his first wife's relations." General Braxton Bragg, who was defeated by Sherman at Mission Ridge, was one of the first wife's relations. Davis was believed in the South and abroad to be a statesman of ability and of force. This reputation he was unable to justify, because he was continually called upon to strain the powers of government to their utmost limit, and perhaps a little farther. When disasters came showering upon the Confederacy,

there was a natural tendency to hold some one person responsible, and there was an organized opposition against Davis, — represented by Pollard, who has done so much through his "Lost Cause" to tincture the popular impression of the Confederacy during the Civil War. Stephens, as vice-president, and thus as removed from the active control of affairs, represented what would have been called before the war a State Rights tendency. The other civil leaders, with a few exceptions, showed a singular incompetency. It was remarked that the Confederate Congress was a place for men to lose the reputation which they had previously acquired in Washington. President Davis's cabinet was made up in great part of feeble or incapable men. One Secretary of War, Mr. Sedden, excited great dissatisfaction because it was found that he had fixed an official price of forty dollars per bushel for wheat, and then had sold his own wheat to the government at that enhanced price. In the subordinate departments of government, incapacity was almost the rule. The commercial training of the North had raised up a race of capable young men accustomed to business affairs. In every regiment there could be found among the private soldiers men who wrote good hands and could keep books, and who were drawn into the adjutant's and commissariat's departments. In the South it was difficult to find men capable of understanding or of keeping accounts, and throughout the war the commissariat was the most hopelessly deficient of all the military departments. The result was a waste of resource and effort. In the book called the "Rebel War Clerk's Diary" and in George Cary Eggleston's "Rebel's Recollections," are recorded many entertaining and pathetic incidents. Here is an example of the lack of organization and business system. There was established in Richmond a vexatious system of passports, applying as well to civilians as to soldiers. It was so administered as to cause delay and expense to persons passing through the city on business for the government, but to afford no obstacle to spies and illicit traders. Inquiry was finally made as to

the authority under which this system came to be established, and when run to earth it appeared that a secretary no longer in office had given an order, which he had not ventured to commit to writing.

"From the beginning to the end of the war," says an officer, "the commissariat was just sufficiently well-managed to keep the troops in a state of semi-starvation. On one occasion the company of artillery to which I was attached, lived for thirteen days in winter quarters on a daily dole of half a pint of cornmeal per man, while food in abundance was stored within five miles of its camp — a railroad uniting the two places, and the wagons of the battery being idle all the time." Nevertheless, with all the defects of organization, the leaders understood their people, and they were able to call to their assistance all the military and intellectual strength of the country. On the other hand, the political system of the South had accustomed the people to pay a deference to leaders unusual in the North. The distinction of classes was such that a rough but efficient military discipline was possible. Between the civil and military leaders there existed a far greater degree of harmony than in the North. It was notorious that President Davis disliked General Joe Johnston; but, on the other hand, from 1862 to 1865, while the Army of the Potomac fought under eight different commanders, the Southern Army of Virginia never was removed from the command of Robert E. Lee.

It is a remarkable fact that the Southern Confederacy, formed as a protest against the alleged centralizing tendencies of the United States government, suffered a greater degree of centralization than its rival in Washington. The conscription of troops was carried to such a degree that Governor Brown of Georgia refused in set terms to permit the Confederate recruiting officers to exercise their functions within his state. In December, 1862, was made a *levé en masse* of the able-bodied male population between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. The familiar fact that since the Civil War, men connected with the Confederate army have been preferred in the elections in

the South is due not so much to a wish to show them honor, as to the fact that almost every man of any force of character was compelled by public sentiment to enter the army. One reason for the concentration of power in the Confederacy was that the supreme court, which was to have formed a department of the government, was never organized. There was, therefore, no legal check upon the Congress or the President. Whatever the Confederacy contained in money, in men, in supplies, in food, could be brought into the service of the government.

The internal workings of the Confederate government were by no means smooth. Almost from the beginning there was in Congress an organized opposition to President Davis. As that body sat usually in secret session, the details of the attacks upon the President and his policy have not been made public. But the following extract from Pollard's "Lost Cause," the work of an editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, shows the spirit of his opponents, about the end of the war:

"The influence of President Davis was almost entirely gone, and . . . the party which supported him was scarcely anything more than that train of followers which always fawns on power and lives on patronage . . . all the public measures of Mr. Davis's administration had come to be wrecks . . . it was no longer possible to dispute the question of maladministration."

A recent examination of the journals, however, shows that President Davis in his four years of service vetoed thirty-eight bills, of which but one, an unimportant measure for the forwarding of newspapers to the soldiers without payment of postage, was passed over the veto. During the same period of four years, President Lincoln vetoed but three bills.

The relations between the Confederate government and the states were closer than between the United States and its members. Almost the only case of conflict between the Confederate and the state authorities is the refusal of Governor Brown to permit conscription in Georgia. There are, however, two other interesting instances of local opposition to Confederate authorities. Resolutions were

adopted in November, 1861, by the people of Winston County, Alabama, setting forth the fact that 515 Union men were still to be found in that county against 128 "secessionists and legal voters," of whom 70 were in the Confederate army. The Unionists still refused to assist the Confederacy, and were organized in military companies. A much more amusing case is that of Jones County, Mississippi. The 3,300 people of this county became tired of the burdens of the Civil War, and by a convention held in 1862 formally seceded from the state and Confederacy:

"Whereas the State of Mississippi, for reasons which appear justifiable, has seen fit to withdraw from the Federal Union, and whereas we, the citizens of Jones County, claim the same right, thinking our grievances are sufficient by reason of an unjust law passed by the Confederate States of America, forcing us to go to distant parts, etc., etc. Therefore, be it resolved, that we sever the union heretofore existing between Jones County and the State of Mississippi, and proclaim our Independence of the said State, and of the Confederate States of America — and we solemnly call upon Almighty God to witness and bless the act."

A resolution offering their alliance to the United States was not adopted. The sovereign nation of Jones County with its president, cabinet, Congress, code of laws, and conscription and confiscation acts — nailed to trees, since there was no newspaper in the commonwealth — was able for some time to maintain itself in the midst of the swamps against the troops sent to subdue it. Finally, by the aid of field guns the infant commonwealth was overcome and the authority of the Confederacy was restored. The swift and ruthless exercise of military powers, wherever the Confederacy had authority, is in striking contrast with the halting military relations between the United States of America and the states composing it. Among the northern states there were always unsettled questions of the supply of troops and of the apportionment of quotas.

As a military agent, then, the southern Confederacy was decidedly superior to the Union; and this superiority was due in part to a habit of deference and obedience to command uncommon to the North, in part to the fact that the President him-

self was a military man, in part to the arbitrary character of the government, in part to the personal character and the permanence of the military commanders.

This advantage was to a large degree offset by an inferior intelligence of the rank and file of the Confederate armies. Professor Hosmer, in the title of one of his books, "*The Thinking Bayonet*," suggests the essential of good military service. In the ruder warfare of ancient and mediæval times, the strength of an army was the sum of the physical strength of its members; since the introduction of long-range weapons, the efficiency of the soldier depends not upon his ability to wield a two-handed sword, but upon his ability to march, to bear hardship, and to keep cool. Intelligent troops have, therefore, a fundamental advantage over the less intelligent, and in this respect the South was from the beginning handicapped. Here, again, we have in the secession of 1860, ground for interesting comparisons. The highest classes in the South, and particularly the military officers, were well educated. Jefferson in 1820 had complained that "Harvard will still prime it over us with her twenty professors;" while Princeton was half Virginian, and five hundred young men were "at college in the North imbibing principles contrary to those of their own country." The sending of southern young men of wealth to northern colleges continued; but the population from which the rank and file of the Confederate army was taken was ignorant, and a large number were illiterate. Of the 2,500,000 white persons above the age of twenty in the South in 1860, 412,256 could neither read nor write. Of 3,100 newspapers and periodicals published in 1861, the South had but 703. Nor was the deficiency in book education atoned for by a larger experience of life. The southern soldiers had most of them spent their lives within a radius of a few miles. They were unaccustomed to variety, unable to endure violent changes. It is a striking fact, attested upon the most trustworthy statistics, that the percentage of southern prisoners who died in the well-conducted northern prison of Elmira, was greater than the percentage of north-

ern prisoners who died in Andersonville. The reason for this difference, as stated by surgeons who saw northern and southern men in the same hospital wards, is simply that the southern men lacked the endurance possessed by men more accustomed to change. One such surgeon is accustomed to say that no men habitually fed on corn bread could compete with men habitually fed on wheat. Differences of diet, of habit, of climate, had tended to make out of the South a race easily incited to the fiercest of rapid effort, but which was less able to bear continuous fighting and hardship.

The southern leaders were of course aware of the fact that their followers lacked education, but they believed that they possessed a superior military aptitude. At the beginning of the contest, the South was able more quickly to raise and to discipline troops, because the number of men accustomed to handle the gun was larger. The troops for the Mexican War had been raised in considerable part in the South, and the discipline and experience of that contest were therefore gained chiefly by the Confederacy. In officers the South was as rich as the North, because the West Point cadetships had been held almost in equal number from the two sections, and the southerners who held them had been more likely to continue in military service, and to gain promotion. When the Civil War broke out, a large number of those officers surrendered the posts which they commanded to the authorities of the Southern Confederacy. Albert Sidney Johnston, in command of the post of San Francisco, sternly put aside all suggestions that he should follow their example, placed the post in the hands of an officer appointed to succeed him, and then resigned his command and entered the Confederate service.

The confidence of the officers in their material was on the whole justified. An accurate comparison between the northern and southern volunteers is almost impossible, because their conditions were never equalized. Clothe the northern soldier in the ragged butternut uniform, feed him on irregular and insufficient rations, scantily provide him with tents and

cooking utensils, and then call upon him to face the southern soldier, well clothed, well housed, well fed, and followed by a beneficent sanitary commission, — and though the northern soldier under such conditions would have fought well, he could not have fought better than his southern rivals. All military authorities unite in their praise of that ill-uniformed and motley army cheerfully following "Uncle Robert" through the year 1864, in a campaign which they themselves believed to be hopeless. More active troops than Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry never surprised an enemy by their capacity to be in two distant places on the same day. Braver and more determined hearts never beat beneath a uniform than those in Pickett's division in the awful charge upon the Union lines at Gettysburg. What men could do with insufficient food and material of war, the southern troops accomplished.

In one branch of the service the Confederates were, until well into the war, decidedly superior. Accustomed as the men of the South were to the saddle, their cavalry was much more efficient until northern commanders like Wilson and Sheridan learned the southern tactics from their opponents. The light cavalry, the eyes of the army, which made bold dashes into the Federal territory, cut the communications of the Federal armies, and threatened cities far removed from the front, — that light cavalry was at last successfully imitated and repelled by Sheridan.

In considering the population of the Confederate states as compared with that of the northern states, we saw that it was as about 9,000,000 to about 22,000,000. In that estimate we took no account of the fact that of the able-bodied southerners more than one-third could not be accepted as soldiers. In the seceding states there were, in 1860, 3,511,110 slaves, and 432,586 free colored persons, making a total of 3,943,696 negroes. This leaves 5,447,219 white persons of whom 1,064,193 were of military age, to carry on a struggle with 18,825,275 white persons in the North to whom it is fair to add 2,650,243 in the border states — thus including a military popula-

tion of about 4,500,000. The men of the South now know, as the men of the North came to understand late in the war, and as foreign observers like Cairnes had shown almost before the war began, that the real contest of the strife was for the perpetuation or the destruction of slavery; yet from the moment the first shot was fired from Fort Sumter, to the surrender of the last command in 1865, that slavery for which the South was half unconsciously fighting was itself undermining and destroying the Confederacy. There were many points of difference between the North and South, there were many mutual accusations of aggression and of bad faith. They all, however, came down to the simple undeniable truth that the North was opposed to slavery and meant to put an end to it, wherever it could be reached; that the South accepted slavery as an inevitable institution, and would permit no interference, direct or indirect. But for slavery, the question of secession and the right of secession could not have come up; but for slavery there could have been no disposition to fire on Fort Sumter and no necessity to defend it; but for slavery the two sections might have lived on with reasonable peace and good feeling. When the war was once begun, the northern people realized, not that slavery could be destroyed by war, but that the war could be ended by destroying slavery. From the time of the President's preliminary proclamation in September, 1862, it was evident that slavery could be retained only by the success of the South. For slavery as well as independence, the South was fighting; and slavery weakened every blow that was struck and every arm that struck a blow. To be sure, the South was able to enlist almost the whole able-bodied white population, because there was a population of slaves to till the fields and perform necessary service. The slaves assisted to construct fortifications and were useful as body servants in campaigns; but to put muskets into their hands meant practically that they must be freed. The contingency of slave insurrections the southern leaders did not fear, and the event proved the justice of their confidence in the African race. As

a southern speaker has said, "A single brand flung into our houses would have caused our armies to be dissolved, — and not one was flung." There appears to have been no case of a serious slave rising in any part of the South from the beginning to the end of the Civil War. But the slaves proved in other ways a distinct source of weakness. Wherever it was possible, and sometimes in circumstances of great difficulty, they gave information to the Union troops. They were our friends, and almost our only friends, in a region of the enemy. And although the slaves refused to rise, they had no conscientious scruples against running away. From the very beginning of the Civil War, therefore, our commanders suffered the embarrassing presence in camp of refugees, not only from the inside of the hostile lines, but from the loyal residents of the border states. To return them meant to give additional means to our enemies; to retain them was an offence to our southern friends. It was the service of an American general, whom nature has endowed with more wit than consistency, to dub this unfortunate class "contraband of war." After a very few months, fugitives were no longer returned either to enemies or friends; and almost every black throughout the South knew that should he once reach the Union lines he was practically free. Out of the embarrassment of the presence of these people, who had to be employed and often to be fed at government expense, there sprang a measure which enabled the North in 1863-65 to preserve that superiority of force which was necessary in order to fight the war to the end. Of these black refugees there were enlisted as soldiers no less than 186,097 troops. They replaced northern troops in garrison duty, they fought beside them in the field, and when the United States government hesitated to squeeze out of reluctant states the additional number of men necessary for the reinforcement of its armies, those men were found among the slaves of the Southern planters.

In still another sense slavery was the cause of the military defeat of the South. We have already seen that the population of the North had received large acces-

sions through immigration. Those accessions were denied to the South chiefly because of slavery. The total number of foreigners found in the eleven seceding states in 1860 was about 233,000, of whom one-fourth were in New Orleans. The man who crossed the ocean to find more favorable conditions of life was not likely to choose a settlement in a part of the country in which labor was considered the mark of an inferior. Still more were the material wealth and military resources of the South diminished by slavery. The land was not less fertile, but as we have seen, while the population of the slave states in 1869 was two-thirds that of the other states, their land was worth but one-third as much as that of the free states; and the methods of agriculture which impoverished the Southern lands and prevented their development grew out of slavery. The staple cotton crop was not cultivated merely because it was easily sold. It was cultivated because it was profitable to raise it by large gangs of ignorant men. Manufactures were ignored, not because southerners did not appreciate their importance, but because it was impossible to carry them on efficiently or profitably with slave labor. The imports of the country were small, not merely because it was poor, but because so large a portion of the population was legally disqualified from buying anything for itself. The accumulations of capital were small because the system of slave labor failed to encourage the savings and the investments which made the wealth of the North. The inefficient management of the financial affairs of the Confederacy was due in great part to the want of training in business habits, a result of the primitive methods of agriculture and of transit. The inability to keep up the railroads and to deal with sudden emergencies in time of war, the inferiority in bridge-building and in ship-building, — all these were due in great part, to the fact that the South had for more than three-quarters of a century deliberately chosen a system of slavery, while the neighboring states had deliberately chosen a system of freedom.

It is the favorite theory of political

writers that there was in 1860 a distinct difference between northern and southern character, arising out of the fact that the dominant element in the North was descended from the Puritan, and in the South was descended from the Cavalier. It is now established that no such difference of origin can be proven. The Virginian and the Maryland planters, the New Jersey Quakers, and the Connecticut and Massachusetts settlers sprang from the same class in England. The elements chiefly represented in all the colonies at the time of their foundation were the intelligent yeomanry and small landowners. The aristocracy of which the South boasted so much was not descended from the younger or the older sons of English men of rank ; it was made up of the sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of those planters who were the first by their shrewdness and energy to acquire large landed estates. The climate had brought about some changes, and in the South there had been developed a class of small landowners, the so-called poor whites, who had but little improved

during the century previous to the Civil War. The original bases of the white population were, however, the same. The great and fundamental difference between the sections was that in one of them the presence of a dependent race, and still more the existence of human slavery, had affected the social and the economic life of the people ; that the productive energies of the North were employed, while those of the South were dormant. The iron, the coal, the lumber, and the grain of the North were drawn out by the intelligent combination of the labor of the whole people ; while in the South they remained undeveloped, because it seemed to the commercial interest of the larger landowners to perpetuate a system of agriculture founded on African slavery. For this mistake, for this preference for a system which had been abandoned by all other nations of the Teutonic race, the South paid a fearful penalty in the Civil War. Slavery had enfeebled the defenders of slavery, and they and the institution which they strove to protect fell together

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## RETRIBUTION.

*By Ellen Elizabeth Hill.*

**F**AR out, an ancient wreck, the seamen tell,  
 Pushes its swart ribs through the sullen sand :  
 Gently the waves creep up and down the strand,  
 Leaving quaint broideries of weed and shell  
 To deck the battered sides they know so well—  
     Crooning a melody of merry sound,  
     Like children, playing on some grass-grown mound,  
 Forgetful that their song should be a knell.

But when the fierce November wind is high,  
 Strange cries are heard of helpless souls afraid,  
 And groanings of a good ship loath to die ;  
 And the dark waves, in grief too long delayed,  
 Dash their white foam-drifts wild and shudderingly,  
 Restless to hide the ruin they have made.





State House, Atlanta.

## THE NEW SOUTH — ATLANTA.

*George Leonard Chaney.*

THE evolution of a city is not altogether determined by natural selection. Human selection has something to do with it. But nature has her word to say in the matter, and there are notable instances of arrested development in towns and villages which lacked nothing that human wit and intention could give them. In that suggestive book by Charles C. Jones, Jr., entitled "The Dead Towns of Georgia," we read of settlements that seemed at the start to have all the "promise and potency" of civil greatness in them. But they never came to full stature as cities. Frederica, that darling plant of Oglethorpe, on St. Simon's Island, perished with the cessation of the military necessity which created it; and in spite of salubrious climate, fertile soil, hardy Scotch settlers, and a resolute founder, it proved no "continuing city." Sunbury, the planting of the winnowed colony from New England, grew only to perish in its youth. Its ruins are its monument.

Evidently, therefore, it is not wholly of the wit or will of man that cities start and grow and flourish. There must be a concert of action between nature and man, or the city is not forthcoming.

Atlanta has had this concert of action. Her site is as fortunate as her settlement. Located on a spur of the Blue Ridge, where the great ranges of the Alleghany system of mountains converge and radiate again in ridges of moderate height, suitable for cultivation and residence, the city is the natural centre of the vast hill country. It is also near the source of the rivers that flow into the Atlantic on the one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other. The confluence of the hills, the effluence of the streams,—Atlanta has a natural calling to be a great distributing centre. In 1845, John C. Calhoun foresaw and predicted its commercial importance, showing how all the railroads begun or projected at that time necessarily united at this point. His pre-

diction is fulfilled. Already eight great railroad lines centre here: the Central, the Georgia, the Richmond and Danville, the Atlanta and West Point and Western of Alabama, the Atlanta and Florida, the Georgia Pacific, the Western and Atlantic, and the East Tennessee, Virginia, and

multiply. Dairy farms are finding profitable returns for the capital and labor bestowed upon them. But the growing proportions of Atlanta are pushing the farms farther and farther into the country. Lands which command twenty dollars a front foot, although situated two



Railway Station, Atlanta.

Georgia. The Marietta and North Georgia, and the Georgia, Carolina, and Northern are nearly built, and on their completion Atlanta will have ten trunk-lines. Over these roads the raw materials needed in numberless manufactures may be easily and cheaply transported, and the manufactured product may as easily seek and find its market. The productiveness of the soil in every direction and at convenient distances around the city seems only limited by the intelligence with which it is cultivated. Whatever grows at all, grows luxuriantly there; and nothing but skilful agriculture seems needed to produce abundant and varied harvests. Already the demands of a large city are creating their own supply. Market gardens are

or three miles from the centre of the city, cannot be kept for farming. The introduction of electric railways and the extension of rapid transit into the suburbs have opened to residents a large extent of hitherto unoccupied territory. Many charming rural precincts are already laid out and fast building up, thanks to the enterprise of land companies, metropolitan railroad companies, and an overflowing population. Inman Park, Edgewood, Copenhill, are all attractive and growing suburbs. West End is really a suburb of Atlanta, although independent in its municipal government. Its citizens are engaged in business in Atlanta and should be counted among its population.

The infancy, youth, and maturity of the

city are associated with the three names it has borne: Terminus, Marthasville, and Atlanta. As the eastern end of the Western and Atlantic railroad, it was first called Terminus, and for several years the name expressed all that was significant in the place. In 1836, the little log cabin of Mr. Hardy Ivy was the one house in or near it. In 1839, Mr. John Thrasher, with an old woman and her daughter, were the only inhabitants. So slow was the growth of the infant city, that in 1842 there were not more than three or four families in it, and Mr. Thrasher was at the close of that year in apparent despair of its progress. However, three eventful things happened in the year: the first two-story building was erected, the first steam-engine was brought to the town, and the first land sale was made at public auction. In 1843, the people secured a corporate name and charter from the legislature, and Terminus became Marthasville, so named in honor of a daughter of ex-Governor

Lumpkin. The first factory, an old tread saw-mill; the first newspaper, the *Luminary*; the first through train from Augusta to Marthasville; the first schoolhouse and church, both in one,—distinguish the years '44 and '45; and in '46 the first important mass-meeting was held in celebration of the completion of the Macon and Western road. Three more newspapers showed that the village had reached the talkative age. They helped develop the ambition for greater things; and, in 1847, a charter was sought and obtained for the city of Atlanta. The first city election occurred on January 29, 1848. And now the growing period is fairly reached, and henceforward there is only progress in numbers and enterprise to chronicle. Of course the city had to pass through its ugly age, when impulse had to learn obedience, and passion yield to principle. There was the usual struggle between the orderly and disorderly element. But in 1851, under the mayoralty of Jonathan



The Kimball House.

Norcross, the supremacy of municipal authority was vigorously asserted and maintained. From this time onward, until the disasters of the Civil War, Atlanta pursued its course like a well-fed river, increasing as it ran. And since the destruction of 1864, the wonderful renewal and advance of the city have made its calamity seem like a waterfall in the river, which is the concentration and demonstration of its power rather than its ruin. Already, in 1861, the population was about 13,000, and the growth in business had kept pace with the increase of population. Despite the departure of many of its leading citizens, caused by the claims of war, there was a steady in-

the city followed close upon its depopulation. Less than three hundred houses out of three or four thousand were spared. Hardly one stone was left upon another in the business centre, except in a few cases of peculiar deliverance; and the refugees who returned to the site of their old city found before them a task of restoration even greater than the original upbuilding had been.

With the same patience and resolution and energy of recuperation which have shown themselves in so many parts of the South within the last twenty-five years, these returned exiles rebuilt their Jerusalem, working like their Hebrew prototypes, with the trowel in one hand



Pryor Street.

crease of its people, owing to the new enterprises and industries which were created by the war. In 1864, nearly twenty thousand people called Atlanta their home. In September of that fatal year the cruel necessities of war made them all homeless. The destruction of

and the sword in the other. Within a year after its reoccupation by its citizens, its chief business street had put itself in thorough repair, and handsome blocks and two new hotels gave the city some of its old-time attractiveness.

Of the military era there is little need

to write. The story is known of all men. American constancy and valor were nowhere displayed more conspicuously than in the battles around Atlanta. So bravely were the battles fought on both sides that the glory of the victory was only rivalled by the honor of the defeat. In number IX. of the "Campaigns of the Civil War," Major-General Jacob D. Cox has given an account of the taking of Atlanta, which has been accepted on both sides

them; for they also had persuaded themselves that they fought for independence and liberty. Brothers of a common stock, of equal courage and tenacity, animated by conviction, which they passionately held, they did on both sides all that it was possible for soldiers to do, fighting their way to mutual respect, which is the solid foundation for a renewal of more than the old regard and affection."

We have seen how quickly its former



Post Office and Custom House.

as fair and true. His closing reflection upon the dreadful but inevitable conflict of which these battles were a part, we gladly repeat as our own:—

"When the struggle is over, and the fearful spectacle of suffering and bereavement is forced upon us, when we must reckon the cost by the unnumbered graves and the almost incalculable destruction of wealth,—the only comfort or consolation which can be found must be the conviction that the cause was so holy a one as to be worth the sacrifice. The men never doubted this who fought under Sherman. Their opponents, too, were worthy of

residents returned to Atlanta after its evacuation by the Federal troops, and how resolutely and successfully they set to work to restore it. Like a field cleared by fire of its old grass, the city put forth fresh life. Its thrift and prosperity have steadily increased from that day to this, until in the lawful pride of a solid establishment, worked for and attained by superior energy and public spirit, Atlanta smiles at its days of small things and finds nothing impossible in its visions of a brilliant future. Why should it doubt concerning its future? The past, if it were not already accomplished, would seem as

incredible as the brightest anticipations to-day. The same causes which have combined to make her present prosperity are at work still, only augmented by new railroads, new industries, new people, and new ideas. The talents committed to her charge have become ten talents more.

they seem to adopt the city and to be adopted by it, without wholly losing their native characteristics. It would be premature to announce or to expect the integration of these varied people, in one common and distinguishable type. That is yet to come. Meantime, the process is



The State Library.

The energetic people who planted and replanted the city have drawn to their company, by natural affinity, enterprising men from all parts of the Union; and to-day Atlanta holds a variety of population in stable equilibrium, which makes it truly metropolitan in the country, if not strictly cosmopolitan. Natives of all the states are here, and what is more satisfactory,

going on and it is most interesting. To one accustomed to the slow and cautious methods of older cities, the stir and audacity of Atlanta are astonishing. Enterprises that far richer cities would postpone or never undertake are promptly essayed, and in a surprising number of cases brought to a successful issue. Whatever can be done quickly, Atlanta does well.

It is too soon to gauge the quality of her permanent institutions. They are still in the gristle. But already her schools, both public and private, are well organized and conducted with spirit and efficiency; her many churches are largely attended and administered with all the zeal and sacred competition which the multiplication of sects is fitted to inspire. If the money test is preferred to that of education or religion, Atlanta may point to its bank account with comfortable pride. During the last five years, its banking capital has increased largely, and it is estimated to-day to be about \$5,000,000. The amount of deposits is \$9,765,000 against \$2,000,000 in 1885. Eighteen banking companies divide this fund between

them. Add to this the building and loan funds, amounting to over \$3,000,000, and the amount of active capital is seen to be almost commensurate with the present needs of the city. Meantime, the advance in the value of real estate has been steady and remarkable. The real estate returned for taxes in 1859 amounted to \$2,760,000. In 1870 it was \$9,500,000; in 1881, \$13,282,242; and in 1890, it was \$29,373,600. These returns represent only 62½ per cent of the actual value; and the non-taxable property would add over four millions to the total amount. It is claimed that no one has received less than he gave for real estate purchased in Atlanta, unless driven by private necessity to sacrifice his property. However high the price paid, eligible property knows no decline. The highest rate thus far reached by central property was \$1300 per front foot for land on North Broad Street, near Marietta. Choice lots on favorite residence streets being from \$150

to \$200 per front foot. But while these rates are obtained for land in the best localities, there are less eligible sites to be bought at reasonable prices. Indeed with the extended car-service now in operation, and the ample suburban



The Governor's Mansion.

territory, there is no difficulty in finding lots suited to every need and ability. It is claimed that prices are lower in Atlanta than in many cities of its size. That depends upon the location. But if prices of land are high it is because the demands of a rapidly growing city give it value. The population which stood at 21,788 in 1870 had increased to 37,409 in 1880, and to 65,591 in 1890. The white people outnumber the blacks two to one. The character of the growth in population is as satisfactory as the growth itself. Only the active and enterprising are attracted to Atlanta. The idle rich find greater diversion in older and larger cities. The idle poor are not encouraged to prey upon a community whose charities are not sustained by rich and inexhaustible endowments. Organized charity, indeed, is yet in its tentative stage. Neighborly kindness and church care of its own are still the popular ways of relief. But within a few years the idea and





Exposition Building.

partial practice of associated charities have found hopeful recognition in a few hospitals, industrial homes and schools, and temporary asylums.

Colleges and schools of various kinds, under the auspices of one or another religious sect or association, have flocked to this city as their natural centre. The hills around Atlanta, once occupied by the forts

and ramparts of war, now bristle with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Every prominent height has its school or college.

Atlanta University, founded by the American Missionary Association in 1867, crowns the western ridge with its halls and laboratory. Spelman Seminary for colored young women and the Atlanta Baptist Seminary for young men occupy the hills a little further towards the south. Then comes Clark University, on its conspicuous height, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal church. All these are institutions where colored young men and women receive instruction in the usual school or college studies, together with more of manual training than the traditional college provides.

Continuing our circuit of the city, we find the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, with its beautiful and commodious edifice, the Moreland Park Military academy, and the Georgia School of Technology, a noble institution recently founded by the state and secured to Atlanta by the munificent contributions of its citizens. It has been modelled upon the Worcester Free Institute in Massachusetts, and has had the supervision of some of the teachers from that institution. The writer of this paper toiled up the hill on which this school is placed,



Office of the Atlanta Constitution.

on the occasion of its first commencement, in company with a stranger who said: "I little thought when I dragged cannon up this hill twenty-five years ago, that I should live to see a school like this here." It is this happy contrast between warlike memories and peaceful occupations, which makes Atlanta a perpetual surprise and delight to its thoughtful resident or visitor. The city that was first in war is first in peace. Add to the arsenals of education and mercy, which we have already noticed, the medical colleges, the musical institutes, the Business Universities, the Church Academy, the Gordon School for boys, the Washington Seminary for girls, and the public schools, with the model high schools at their head; and the educational advantages of Atlanta, for all its varied inhabitants, will be seen. These educational privileges constitute a large part of the attraction of the place for families seeking a wholesome climate and a refining home, combined with opportunity for profitable occupation.

Few cities have so large a number of pleasant days, taking the year from beginning to end. The heat commonly associated with its location—Atlanta is in latitude 34° north—is relieved by its altitude, 1085 feet above the sea-level. Were it not that the weather is always exceptional, whenever strangers visit Atlanta, one might confidently boast of its climate as perfect. It is certainly remarkably favorable to evenly good health to such as lead regular lives. The extremes of heat and cold are each relieved, the one by cool nights and the other by the brevity of its duration. The water

supply is ample for all domestic purposes and for such manufactures as are already developed. It is furnished by a carefully kept and filtered reservoir and an artesian well. The sewerage is well provided for, and whatever has been lacking in the past in sanitary provision, is now supplied by a vigilant board of health and generous city government. No malignant or epidemic diseases prevail here, unless they are stirred up by private or public indiscretion. Cholera and yellow-fever do not find the conditions of their propagation here. So safely does Atlanta trust in her proved exemption from these scourges of the South, that her doors are always kept open to the refugees from plague-infested



Young Men's Christian Association Building.

cities. The death-rate during the last ten years has been nineteen in a thousand, and only twelve in a thousand among the white people. Of these, fifty per cent were children under five years of age.

No wonder so wholesome a city finds an increasing number of people eager to make it their home. Those who go there to stay, usually like the city better the longer they abide. The place is interesting. Its very faults are interesting. There is no cold symmetry or cloying perfectness:

about it. It is a city making, not made, and with all the provoking charm of youth in it. It is small enough to be comprehended, and yet large enough to have large interests and aims.

The rapidity of its growth has not encouraged solidity of structure, but the provisional buildings are rapidly making

is a striking building. The new State Capitol is a really magnificent building. Without imitating the national Capitol at Washington, it is a distinct reminder of it, in its style and proportions. It was built and paid for by a state appropriation of one million of dollars, and so faithfully and well was the money ex-



Institute of Technology.

way for permanent edifices of dignified proportions. Such business buildings as that of the Gate City Bank, the Law Building, Equitable, Chamber of Commerce, and Chamberlin and Johnson, not to mention others, mark the beginning of a solid and continuing city. The number of elegant and costly homes would be noticeable and creditable in any old city of the land. Peachtree Street, Capitol Avenue, and Washington Street, are avenues of beautiful grounds and artistic residences. The public buildings are worthy of the capital city of the state. Few post-offices in the country have so much architectural merit as the post-office building here; and its intelligent, enterprising, and accommodating administration is giving increasing satisfaction to the people. Its financial statement for the year ending December 31, 1889, shows an aggregate for receipts and disbursements of \$2,687,-855.53. The Fulton County Court House

pendent, that the cost came within the appropriation, with a small margin to spare—a unique instance of exactness and economy in the erection of a state capitol. Its exterior is of oolitic limestone, but the interior is finished in polished native woods and the famous marble of the state, which is found in such rich abundance and beauty within easy reach of Atlanta. Stone Mountain, which is almost in the suburbs of the city, is a mass of solid granite, whose base measures a square mile, and whose summit is 1600 feet above the sea.

With coal and iron and timber on either hand in limitless supply, and so many avenues of approach that the raw material of numberless manufactures can be easily brought together in the city, and as easily distributed when converted into articles of commerce, the industrial development of Atlanta must be rapid and permanent.

With half the pecuniary inducement which less favored cities in the West

have offered to prospecting manufacturers, there might be double the present number of manufactories in and about the city. Already the increase in such enterprises is remarkable. In 1880 there were only 196 manufactories. In 1890, there were 585; while the value of their products has risen from two millions to twenty-eight millions. The total amount of lumber handled here in 1889 was 70,000,000 feet, according to the report of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce for 1890. The reader is referred to this report for detailed information on the industrial subjects referred to in this paper. Emphatic illustration of the advantages of Atlanta as a manufacturing city is given in this report, in the fact that without water power, there are now

The variety of manufactures is as gratifying as their number and extent. "Everything is made here, from a coffin to a locomotive" — so says our comprehensive reporter, with felicitous collocation of cause and effect. When some one from the river city of Augusta taunted Atlanta with having no stream at hand, the typical Atlanta spirit replied: "We can have one when we want it." The Chattahoochee is only six miles away, and the "world is challenged to produce the parallel of that peerless river."<sup>1</sup> With a fall of "more than 700 feet in about 125 miles (air-line), and a flow varying from 930 to 3,000 cubic feet per second, it has more than 125,000 horse-power, a power sufficient to manufacture 2,000,000 bales of cotton annually." The same flowing

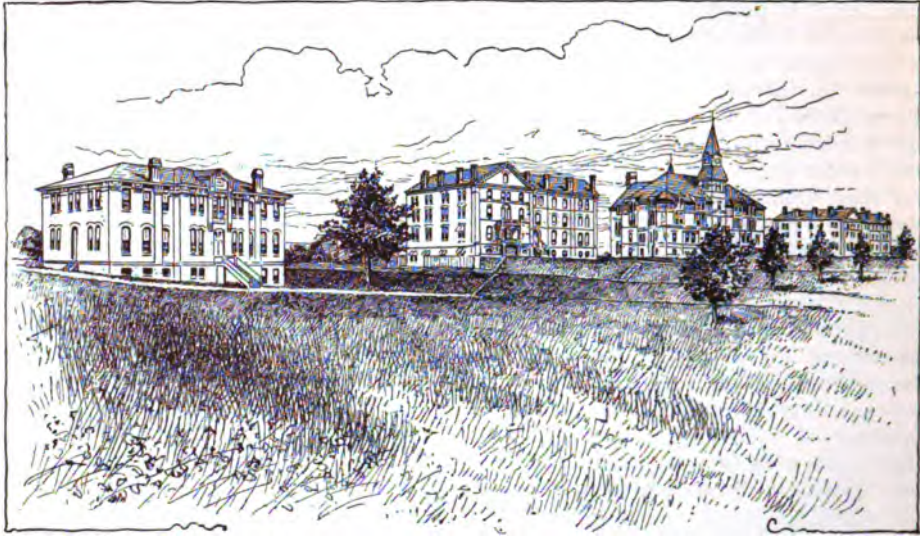


Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

40,000 spindles employed in cotton manufacture, and provision making for 70,000 in another year. Three cotton-seed oil-mills have a crushing capacity of 400 tons per day; and what was once the refuse of the cotton-plant now rivals in value its snowy lint.

pen, later on in its industrial rhapsody, shows that this Jordan of the South has an ample supply of water for a population of 11,000,000 people. No wonder

<sup>1</sup> See pamphlet on "Atlanta, the Capital of Georgia and the Coming Metropolis of the South," published by Atlanta Manufacturers' Association.



Atlanta University.

with such a resource as that the writer does not fear the possibility of any immediate water famine in the city. The government of the city is in the hands of responsible citizens; the honor, rather than the profit of office being a sufficient motive with this public-spirited community. Indeed, the one word which holds the secret of the success which has always rewarded Atlanta enterprise, is public spirit. Never was a city more heartily beloved and generously served by its citizens than this city has been. The rate of taxation under its charter cannot exceed one and a half per cent except in critical cases to be decided by the mayor and general council. But when some candidate for the people's "voices" undertook to curry favor with them, by proposing to reduce the rate of taxation, the people protested against the reduction,—the only instance that has happened to come to the writer's knowledge of a popular demand for high taxes. The indebtedness of the city is \$2,213,000. The taxable value of real and personal property is assessed at \$37,000,000; but the report says that it is actually \$70,000,000.

If the attempt were made to give in one article even a passing notice of Atlanta's creditable institutions, lively enterprises,

original and distinguished people, historic places, grand occasions, memorable events, ingenious diversions, rousing campaigns, conventions of all kinds, religious, charitable, humane, and business, notable receptions, syndicates, schemes, corporations, and all the other accompaniments of advanced or advancing civilization, this entire magazine would not contain the story that might be told. Even now we are reminded that nothing has been said of the Young Men's Library, that early gift of the young men of the city to its educational and social resources. It has over fifteen thousand volumes, and is the centre and resource of the intellectual life of the people. The Young Men's Christian Association is also a flourishing institution, with a magnificent building and full equipment for its useful work. The story of the devotion, labor, wit, invention, generosity, and perseverance, by which these two institutions were established and furnished with their fine buildings would better illustrate the genius and character of the city than whole pages of such cataloguing and commentary as our order for a comprehensive view of Atlanta requires at our hands. The way in which Mr. Grady, that wizard patron of every promising cause, fairly charmed, bullied, cajoled, and captivated the contributions

that made such building possible, revives the fable of Orpheus with his cunning and edifying lyre. And when other means proved insufficient, the frank effrontery with which he advised "a robber fair," put the capstone on the enterprise.

It was the same electrifying personality which gave to the hard work of his associates in so many difficult undertakings the support and patronage of the people. From the platform of the *Daily Constitution*, with Grady as their mouthpiece, all the expositions for which the Gate City has been famous, have found their way to success and fame. The International Cotton Exposition of 1881; the Piedmont Expositions, with their revelation of material resources of nature and inexhaustible resource in man; the Piedmont Chataqua, which, though located at Lithia

is to bear Mr. Grady's name,—indeed, what successful and worthy institution appealing for its support to the broad humanity of the people has not found its ready and all-important helper in the *Atlanta Constitution* and its genial, hearty, and courageous editor, taken from us too soon for our happiness, but not before his own good fame was secure.

Thus far nothing has been said of the Capital City Club, or the Northern Society, or the Society of Virginia or of Tennessee, or of the various organizations, masonic, patriotic, charitable, or literary, with which this social and emotional city is filled. Neither have the military companies, which make the streets so lively with their brave apparel whenever they turn out, once appeared here. But no panorama of Atlanta would be worth seeing, which failed to depict the Governor's



View in Grant Park.

Springs, twenty miles away, is an Atlanta enterprise, and owes its existence and support to educators and capitalists of this city; the Home for Confederate Soldiers; the new City Hospital, which

Horse Guard riding down Peachtree Street, or the Gate City Guards; or the Atlanta Zouaves, or Artillery; or the Rifles, fresh from taking the first prize in the competitive drill at Kansas City. So eligible is



the place for military establishment, and so congenial are its associations with the military spirit, that the federal government has selected it for the location of the McPherson Barracks. A fine drive-way from the city to the barracks is nearly completed, adding another attractive drive to the many already existing. The parks, though in their earlier stages, and lacking something of that charm which only age supplies, are pretty and interesting. The L. P. Grant Park is a beautiful tract of one hundred and forty-five acres on the south-east edge of the city. Already above five miles of macadamized roads have been constructed, and four miles of walks. There are artificial ponds, a natural brook, fine woods, an undulating surface, and a curious zoölogical department, most admirably kept. The children of the city, inspired by their delightful friend, Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), of the *Constitution*, have raised the needful money by small collections, and presented the Zoo with a live ele-

phant. The *Journal*, the leading afternoon daily, not to be outdone by its morning rival, has led the way in securing a splendid lion. Whatever these two papers, the *Constitution* and the *Journal*, unite or compete in favoring is sure to succeed.

Of the hotels the travelling public hardly need telling. The H. I. Kimball house is justly celebrated, far and wide. It prepares the visitor for the size and importance of the city, as the other immediate surroundings of the railroads fail to do. Of private boarding-houses the city, like all youthful cities of large promise, is full.

Two large and reverently kept cemeteries, Oakland on the east and West View on the southwest, keep watch above the dead. In the former a large space has been dedicated to the Confederate dead, and a large granite monument has been erected there. In the latter, which is the scene of the Battle of Atlanta of July 22d, it is proposed to raise a monument of gray granite and blue marble, in honor of the dead of both armies who fell there, and an association composed of veterans from both armies has been formed to carry out this purpose. Hon. Evan P. Howell, senior editor of the *Constitution*, is its president.

A few years ago, Atlanta received and entertained the association devoted to Prison Reform, with ex-President Hayes at its head. Her conscientious citizens are slowly feeling their way to a satisfactory prison discipline and a preventive treatment of incipient crime. A reform school for youthful criminals is already projected and resolved upon. Of its fire department Atlanta is justly proud. No city can excel its skilful and prompt administration. Its police department is also said to be of superior excellence.

If people, as the writer believes, best reveal themselves in their worship and recreation, then the church and the theatre are good points of observation for the inquiring observer. Atlanta patronizes both. The crowds are



Statue of Hon. B. H. Hill.



always in the church or at the theatre. The appeal in both is primarily to the emotions. The two clerical Sams, Mr. Jones and Mr. Small, served their apprenticeship in this vicinity, and they often return from their starring tours to "astonish the natives" with their audacious eloquence. The settled ministry of the city is not, as a rule, offensively sensational, the clergy pursuing their expected duty in the care of souls with fidelity and quietness.

Of society in Atlanta one must speak according to his opportunity to participate in it. There is surely no lack of elegance in its setting, or of beauty and grace in its company. Its coteries strike one as rather accidental than necessary, the result of favorable residence, equality of fortune or a common craving for reciprocal admiration, and not the clear crystal which comes of either chemical or spiritual affinity. But in what new world or new-time city is it otherwise? The writer would say, if asked his opinion, that this vastly interesting city of the New Old South was in all things eclectic rather than originating. It takes the best it finds and can get all the world over, and makes a thoroughly interesting combination of it all. Floral festivals from Florence, trade processions from this city, expositions from that, dog-shows, poultry-shows, wild-west shows, tournaments, races, athletics, tableaux, the kirmess, anything, everything innocent, amusing and money-making, all contrive to make the best show of all,—Atlanta.

It has been called the Gate-City of the South, because it stands at the meeting of the roads that lead down along the

mountain sides from the north and up along the river banks from the south, and opens its doors both ways for the intercommunication of the people. The name is a happy one; and it will always describe Atlanta's central position and me-



Peachtree Street.

diatorial calling, between those portions of our common country, which are conveniently named from the points of the compass. But if I wished to describe the intrinsic quality of Atlanta, I would call it the Home City. It is preëminently a city of homes. The dwelling-houses outnumber the stores and shops, more than is usual in other cities. This is due to many and sufficient causes. The climate and the exceptional healthfulness of the place; the schools; the friendliness of its people; the entertainment of its stirring and excitable life; its convenience as a centre for travelling men,—all unite to make it a home city. Since business has taken the road, and the large and important profession of the travelling salesman has come into being, there is need of a central, healthful, and agreeable city where wives and children may live in safety and comfort, while husbands and fathers are away from home; Atlanta is that city. Every city

needs honorable traditions. What is lacking to Atlanta in age with its store of honorable memories, is made up to her in the shining heroism of her record in the Civil War. While no ruin of that war remains in the city itself, all loss having been swallowed up in excess of

personal relations with his neighbors are concerned. Beyond that he will probably find in the men he meets one and the same nature which is found wherever man is found.

As the capital of the state, Atlanta has more than a local significance. It is a



The McPherson Monument.

gain, there are deep lines in all the woods that show where the battle was fought. The charitable mantle of forgiving nature is thrown over them, in vine and shrub and blossoming tree; but they are there, like the hard lines of character cut deep in the face and brow of mature manhood.

To one who came a stranger to Atlanta eight years ago, as the writer did, a living embodiment of what might fairly be regarded as least acceptable there—a Yankee, and a heretic, a Unitarian minister from Boston,—the courtesy, tolerance, and kindness of the people have been delightful. Nothing could exceed the neighborly good-will he has found among the people, and their readiness to co-operate in all that promotes humanity, education, and culture. I believe it to be true, that a visitor or emigrant to Atlanta will find what he brings, so far as

representation of Georgia as a whole, while other cities naturally secrete and offer to the taste their own peculiar flavor. In the lower house, the member from Chatham graciously inclines to the member from Cobb, and in the upper chamber the senator from Richmond affably greets the senator from Cherokee. Of three men meeting on the street corner, one says, "Howdy? Colonel!" Another answers, "Howdy! Major! Let me introduce you to General——." And major, colonel, and general laugh and talk together, like common mortals, as very likely they are. The writer who is neither old enough, wise enough, nor fixed enough to have earned the title from his alma mater at Cambridge, so partial is she to youth for office and to age for honors—is always called doctor in Atlanta; the degree was instantly conferred upon him by that generous and

confiding university—the Southern public. Everybody is major-general by brevet, in the service of the South.

There is nothing cold, hesitating, or mean in the bestowal of titles. As I have taken my walks abroad, I have been accosted as captain, doctor, colonel, mister, and boss—the latter being the favorite term of the colored man, in addressing his brother in white. It is not necessarily subservient in tone, but rather implies a sort of confidence in the person accosted. Thus, I have been appealed to on the public street as “boss,” to read a letter from a colored boy in the North to his father in Atlanta, and then to write a brief answer on a postal card, which this unlettered highwayman produced for that purpose.

Besides the local celebrities—if such a name can be given to residents of the city, whose fame has gone out to all the world—there are always distinguished visitors in Atlanta. “There is Bob Toombs!” one said to me, a few years ago, in the rotunda of the Kimball House. The “Thunderer” had aged, and I found it hard to associate with this feeble-limbed old man the powerful speech which took men off their feet in the sweep of its resistless torrent. When at the death of Alexander H. Stevens, Robert Toombs spoke his word of tribute, handkerchief in trembling hand and tears in his voice and eyes, it was like the dying out of a great storm: harmless flashes and subdued muttering on the far horizon and among the spent clouds. The last decade has been mortal to the giants of the state. Not only Stevens and Toombs have gone, but Benjamin Harvey Hill, whose pathetic sufferings won all hearts which his fearless eloquence had not already captured. The statue of him, which stands in the grounds surrounding the State House, has the merit of looking like him.

There is nothing tame in the memorials of such men as these. They and their times were stirring. The stories of their encounters on the hustings, their differences, rivalries, and controversies, are quick still with their heroes’ “wonted fires.” Mr. Stevens was a bachelor. Mr. Hill was

married. Over some critical controversy, involving as Mr. Stevens thought, his personal honor, he challenged Mr. Hill to fight a duel, the latter replied with tremendous wit and impudence: “No, I will not fight you. I have a wife and family to support, and a soul to save; and you have neither.” There were giants in those days. Last of them, still lives Senator Joseph Brown, whose life is told in Mr. Avery’s “History of Georgia,” with a fulness which reminds one of Louis XIV’s famous *mot*, *L’état c’est moi*.

The last governor was General John B. Gordon who added civil eminence to the glory of military fame. In the pleasant suburb of Edgewood, speedily reached by Atlanta’s ample railway service, is the spacious home of Senator A. H. Colquitt. Driving up Peachtree Street, the visitor will be shown the house of Henry W. Grady, with a conscious inflection of sor-



Monument to the Confederate Dead, Atlanta.

row with the pride that points to his late home. The impression made upon the people of Atlanta by the sudden death of this brilliant and sociable man, whose love of the city was rewarded by a love of the city for himself, will not be effaced so long as the circumstances of his death are remembered. When, after a perilous journey in the interests of a cause most sacred to him,—the mutual understanding and appreciation of the North and the South,—he returned to his home to die, the people did not realize at what a price he had rendered his country this consummate service. They hushed the tumult of their welcome as he reached the city and was borne exhausted to his carriage, and they surrounded his home with tender but not over-anxious concern from day to day. But when, on Sunday, December 22, it became known that there was no hope of his recovery, and the succeeding day confirmed their fears, it seemed as if the Christmas season had brought darkness instead of light to the world. His body was taken to the church on Christmas Day, followed by a city mourning its devoted citizen. If the honesty of sorrow is any test of the worth of its object, Henry W. Grady was a man of worth to his people. If his services had not assumed national proportions, he might be claimed as the very embodiment of the city he so much loved and did so much to create. Or if Atlanta

accepts as her  
like service to  
nation, then his

mission a  
the whole  
genius and

characteristic service may all the better represent her. In the privacy of his home, with none but sympathizing ears to hear him, he poured out to us the plan and purpose of his Boston speech. "I have no personal ends to serve," he said. His ambition was satisfied with the means and the measure of influence he had already attained. But he did desire, with a noble ardor, to repeat, and if possible to surpass, in Boston, the service to genuine and intelligent reunion in the country which he had before rendered in New York.

If any one were competent to search out and report the character and life of Mr. Grady, I suspect that the story of his city would be found already written there. "I hate facts," he once said, at the beginning of a unique speech; "they hamper a man so." The facts and figures to be found in his more serious and studied speeches were largely collected for him or suggested to him by men who did not hate them. Atlanta has no reason to hate facts. The good things already done and now doing in her name are ample enough to commend her to her fellow-countrymen. But it may be confessed without discredit, that she does not love any facts that are not complimentary. Who does? What man or city can bear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? If any city in the country of the size and opportunities of Atlanta, twenty years ago, can show more commendable progress in those twenty years, let it now speak. I know of none.



Fort Walker.

## THE CONVERTING OF OBED SALTUS.

A TRUE TORY STORY — 1776.

*By Rose Terry Cooke.*

WELL! I said it afore and I'll say it ag'in! Hooray for King George!"

And Obed Saltus swung his old coon-skin cap round his head with a great flourish.

"You *con*-sarned old Tory! Don't you durst holler that treason here."

Samuel Steel's eyes blazed and his great fist clinched tightly as he shook it in Obed's face.

"It's you't holler treason, you durn Whig! Treason ag'inst your lawful king. I was fetched up a loyal subject. I don't go around talkin' and a kickin' ag'inst powers that be, and 'thorities, and them that has the rewl over us!"

"Well, well, Obed! take it easy," put in Father Steel, who was fat and easy-going. "Never brusk up at Sam so quick, man alive. He's allers goin' off at half cock, takes after his mother's folks; the Terrys always did go snap and bang,—but it's only powder."

"I guess powder burns if it don't shoot!" muttered Sam.

"Well, ye see," resumed Obed, "my folks was always fetched up to fear God and honor the king. Kings is a Scriptural institution, now I tell ye. Bible's chuck full of 'em; the' ain't nothing whatever 'bout Continental Congresses nor no other kind o' Congress, nor no presidents nor nothing into the Bible, and I can't go whiffin' round like the tin rooster on your barn with every wind these young fellers blows."

"There *is* suthin' in fetchin' up, to be sure," answered Father Steel.

"It's kind of onnateral to go agin what you've allus did, but then you don't feel to blame a boy if he turns round on his dad when he's onjustly treated."

"I do, too! I don't believe in turnin' ag'inst constitooted authorities of no sort! and moreover I don't believe the king can do onjustly by any man: ain't he got

a divine right to rewl? And what if we ain't sooted with what he's did, do you expect we poor short-sighted critters know what's good for us? I s'pose you'd fault the Lord 'cause you've got rheumatiz, wouldn't ye?"

"Well, I can't deny but what I do feel amazin' like it, some spells, Obed. But King George ain't the Lord, not by no manner o' means."

"But he's ordained, or 'pinted, or whatever, *by* the Lord. Ye won't deny that?"

"I will too!" roared Sam. "He's nothin' but an old Dutchman; hasn't no right to be King of England no how; and sartin none to be a tie-rannirin' and a orderin' over us. What'd our folks come over here for, anyway?"

"Why, to have their own way, as far as I see," replied Obed dryly.

"No, *sir*: they come over for to be free!"

"What's the differ'nce?" retorted the incorrigible Obed.

"An' free we're a goin' to be, now I tell ye!" shouted Sam, regardless of Obed's sarcasm.

"Yes, we be! freedom we're a goin' to hev' at any price; there'll be blood and bones a lyin' round 'fore we've done, quite a little, but we ain't goin' to have no kings rewl in over us three thousand 'n' odd miles off; nor no folks round here that talks for 'em!"

"Nobody's goin' to be free; only you rebels, eh?" grimly inquired Saltus, but Sam was too furious to be logical.

"Go ahead, Sam, bust your windpipes, and get shot, 'nd baggonetted, and rode over with them calvary troops, they'll send after ye, but you won't never beat. King's army 'll mow ye down just like grass in a medder, and make hay on ye, and then where'll ye be?"

"A sight better off than listenin' to a old chuckle-head like you, Obe Saltus! You'd better put your hand on your

mouth, an' your mouth in the dirt, ef you don't want to be chewed up by them rebels as you call 'em. There's other things a hangin' on some o' our trees besides apples."

Obed knew this was true. Very well he knew what fate Tories had met with here and there in New England for avowing their opinions. They had been hunted like wild animals into dens and caves of the hills, they had been whipped at the post, and shut into the stocks to be taunted and pelted by the populace. It was too true, what he said, that freedom of speech or opinion, the proud boast and desire of the Puritan fathers, was not allowed by them or their descendants to those who differed from them; it was human nature, the same then as to-day, unjust, uncharitable, cruel, and remorseless in the majority, for whom a minority, however honest in their belief, had no rights.

But Obed was a stout-hearted fellow, brought up by fervently loyal parents; he was not to be daunted by this mistaken rebel; he had just as much contempt for Sam's political opinions as Sam had for his; they were both men, and angry men at that. He went on with his irritating words.

"Well, go 'long, do. If by some interposition of Satan you do beat and set up your own gov'n'ment, what'll become of ye? Fust one man 'nd then another to the top, for there'll always an' forever *be* a top and somebody a gittin' there. Say they get there by bein' voted in,—what's that? Don't it give ye a thousand to rewl over ye, yes, mebbe hundreds of thousands 'stead o' one, and a poor lot too, prob'ly? I'd jest as lieves er take my chance o' one born to't and eddicated for it as to hev' a rabble a trampin' over my head and a hollerin' 'Why do ye so?' at me the hull individooal time. I swan, I'd ruther! An' 't isn't always a goin' to be our folks that'll do the governin'. Jest tell the universe that "Here's a free country, you come over and see," and you'll have all the scum runnin' for ye—Hivites, an' Hittites, an' Jebusites, and Lord knows who, all a puttin' their dirty fingers in our pie and a stirrin' of it up, till it's a hog-mess. And why shouldn't it

be? Won't your way make a swill-pail of the hull country? And won't it come to a bad end? You think you're a goin' to make a kind of Par'dise of this new part o' the world, but I tell ye the devil'll come in where the door's open, same as he did to the beginnin', and it'll be thorns and briars and flamin' swords for ye, jest as 'twas for them two. Just as Scrip-ter says, 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.'"

"Ain't you a lookin' a leetle too far beyond the eend o' your nose, Obed?" gravely asked Father Steel.

"The eend o' his nose 'll be consider-ble longer ef he talks like that," said Sam, shaking his fist. "You shut up, Obed Saltus, or 't 'll be the wuss for ye. The Vigilance C'mmittee's got an eye on you, and you'd better b'lieve it."

"I ain't afraid o' your onlawful c'mmittee,—not a mite! I'm free to throw up my cap for King George, and I'm a-goin' to;" and whistling "God save the King" as loud and clearly as he knew how, Obed thrust his hands into his pockets and walked off homeward with defiance expressed in every crease of his old coat.

Obed lived alone in a small frame house out on a hillside beyond Madox Street. He had never been married. Perhaps the softening influence of a wife and children, the responsibilities of a family, might have made him less earnest in his unpopular Toryism, or at least more cautious about obtruding it; but he had grown up in comparative solitude, an only child, and had always been used to say what he thought plainly and forcibly.

"Now Sam," said Father Steel, when Obed was well out of hearing, "why do ye want to stir up that feller so? You know he's always one to speak in meetin', and his ideas is tougher'n moosewood. I'd let him alone."

"Let him alone! I'm sculped if I do! He's a sneakin' Tory, 'n fust you know he'll be spyin' 'round and a-givin' information to th' enemy, an' upsettin' of plans. Besides I don't fellership folks around that's on t'other side. He's got to be snaked out o' Madox and sent off to jine his sort, or he's got to holler for our side, now I tell ye!"

Sam was possessed of his "idees," too, and Father Steel knew it by long experience; so he said no more, but strolled away to the little country tavern, from whose tall signpost hung a picture of a gaunt red lion, a beast unknown to zoological collections, but evidently imitated from the "lion and the unicorn" of Britain. It was rather a treasonable sign just now, and the landlord had been notified to remove it. He was a slow man and "hadn't got to 't yet," but it was just as well he waited. For that same afternoon, as the result of Sam's excited conference with various men in and about the village, there suddenly appeared in the street a crowd of between twenty and thirty rough, determined-looking fellows surrounding a man who was firmly held by two of his captors, but bore a undaunted a face as any of the crowd. It was Obed Saltus and the Vigilance Committee of Madox.

They halted right under the tavern signpost, and the oldest man of the number said in a stern voice:

"Obed Saltus, you're accused and convicted of bein' a Tory, and Madox folks ha'n't got no use for that kind of critter amongst 'em. Now you'll jest holler for the Continental Congress or be hung by the neck to that there signpost till you can't holler for nobody."

Obed snatched his right arm from the grasp of the man who held it, and swung his old cap high.

"Hooray for King George," he shouted with all his strength.

In one moment the running noose of a new rope that one of the men brought forward was round his neck and he dangled high in air, for the other end of that rope was already reeved over the bar that held the sign.

It was well for Obed that from his youth he had been used to climb the tall and slender trees of the forest after squirrels and birds' nests. His captors had forgotten to tie his hands, which involuntarily flew upward, and one grasped the rope above his head; this relieved the tension on his throat, and with the other hand he helped himself further; but as he struck out, both hand and foot hit the sign with convulsive energy; its wires were already

rusty by the weather, and it fell to the ground, knocking Sam Steel flat, and making a wound on his temple that scarred it for his lifetime. Who shall say justice is not sometimes dealt out in this world! Very promptly the men in charge of the ceremony let their victim down; he was purple from even this short strangulation, panting, red-eyed, but furious and unsubdued.

"Now will ye holler for Congress?" said the irate leader.

"No! hang and be darned to ye! While I've got a breath left I'll say, 'Hooroar for King George,' if I do hang for it!"

"Tie his hands this time," said Caleb Dibble grimly.

So they made him helpless in the proper hangman's way, and hauled him up till his starting eyes and blackened visage, his limp limbs that were no longer convulsed, and the agonizing heaving of his chest indicated near death.

"Let him down," said Caleb Dibble. "Mebbe he's had enough to change his mind this time!"

It seemed for a few moments as if the poor creature had had too much to allow of any change whatever in this world. They fetched brandy from the tavern and dripped it slowly into the relaxed lips, they burned feathers under his nose, poured water on his head, and vigorously slapped him; but it was at least half an hour before he could sit up, swallow the hot dram they brought him, or speak an audible word. One would have thought that his deplorable condition and his manful adherence to his principles would have compelled the men about him to spare further torture; but they were fanatics for the time being; like a tiger who had tasted blood they had taken a draught of irresponsible power and reckless tyranny, a draught that develops the lurking fiend in all men.

As soon as he held up his head and looked about him with the eyes of a hunted animal and the pitiful aspect of terror that has broken down at once courage and self-respect, they put the noose about his neck once more and again bound his unresisting hands. Caleb Dibble faced him, too, once more.



"Now, ye know how good 'tis, will ye try it ag'in? It'll be wuss next time; you'll hang there till you're dead, sure!"

Obed looked up at the face before him; those strong features worked with savage cruelty, the eyes burned with gloomy flames; he felt again the horrid pangs of strangulation, the bursting blood-vessel, the flashes of vivid light across his eyes, the dreadful impossibility of resistance, all the agonies of death without its final release. Not one kind face solaced him with pity, not one comrade inspired his sinking soul with strength or courage; he was alone in every sense, and his stout spirit gave way; the brave man became a spiritless creature to whom but one chance of life was left; dear life, sweet life, that we all cling to desperately, even when its ways are dark and its streams bitter!

He gave a great sob; feebly his weary arm stole up to his coonskin cap and lifted it from his head. "Hooray for K — the Continental Congress," he cried, in the feeble voice of a child. "Hooray!

hooray!" echoed all the men about, and lifting him from the grass they carried him into the tavern, a limp, listless rag of humanity, hard to be restored to consecutive speech even by freely administered toddy and much hand-shaking. At last he rallied enough to stammer drunkenly, "Gen'lemen, this is rather a rough way to convert a man into a — well — out o' bein' a Tory; but, by thunder, it'll do it."

Hours after, he slunk away to his lonely cabin in the woods, a broken and wretched man; it is only recorded of him that years after he married a creature almost as wretched as himself, the daughter of a Canadian coal-burner, and having two children, a son and a daughter, called them respectively History and Mystory, giving for reason:

"I'll be danged if there shan't be a Tory Saltus of some natur' that can't be hanged for it."

One can only echo Madame Roland: "Oh Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

## LOWELL AND THE BIRDS.

*By Leander S. Keyser.*

IN making a study of Lowell's poetry for a special purpose, one cannot help admiring the genius with which he transmutes every theme he touches into gold. His muse is very versatile, ranging over a wide and varied field. There may be times when one is not in the mood for smiling at his humor or weeping at his pathos; but his touches of nature are always so true, so musical, so picturesque, that they seldom fail to strike a responsive chord in the breasts of those readers who are not:

"Aliens among the birds and brooks,  
Dull to interpret or conceive  
What gospels lost the woods retrieve."

No other American poet seems to get so near to nature's heart. Dream though he sometimes may, he seldom loses his

hold on the world of the real in nature. Nature in her own garb is beautiful enough for him, and does not need the garnishing and drapery of an over fanciful interpretation. It is not my purpose, however, to eulogize Lowell's poetry, even his poetry of nature, in a general way, or to attempt an analysis of it, but simply to call attention to some of his descriptions of the feathered creation. Among all our American poets, he is the poet *par excellence* of bird ways. It is true that Emerson is rich in allusions to the birds, and especially felicitous in his characterizations, but his references are briefer and far less frequent than those of Lowell. Lowell never speaks of the birds in a stereotyped way as many poets do, but mentions them by name, and often describes their behavior with such

a deftness and accuracy of touch as to enchant the specialist in bird lore. Having given no little attention to the study of birds, I feel prepared to say that Lowell's touch is always sure when he undertakes to depict the manners of the "feathered republic of the groves." I have not found a single technical inaccuracy in all his numerous allusions; and I believe I may say that I am familiar with every bird whose charms he has chanted.

I wish to show in the first place the remarkable felicity of his more general references to birds and their ways. The music of these minstrels of the air often fills his bosom with pleasing but half-regretful reminders of other and happier days; as, for example, when he penned those exquisite lines, "To Perdita, singing":

"She sits and sings  
With folded wings  
And white arms crost,  
'Weep not for bygone things,  
They are not lost.'"

Then follow some lines of enchanting sweetness, the concluding ones of which are these:

"Every look and every word  
Which thou givest forth to-day  
Tells of the singing of the bird  
Whose music stilled thy boyish play."

A similar pensive reference is found in our poet's ode, "To the Dandelion," which is as deserving of admiration as many of the more famous odes of English poets. He thus apostrophizes "the common flower" that fringes "the dusty road with harmless gold":

"My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,  
Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door sang clearly all day long;  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
With news from heaven, which he could bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were happy  
peers."

A bird often affords our poet a metaphor by which to represent some of the sad reminiscences of his life. Listen to this sweet, minor strain:

"As a twig trembles, which a bird  
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirred; —  
I only know she came and went."

With what a plaintive melody the last line lingers in one's mind, like some far-off melancholy strain, singing itself over again and again with a persistency that will not be hushed! There are times, too, when our bard falls into a slightly despondent mood, and even then the birds serve to give a turn to his melancholy reflections:

"But each day brings less summer cheer,  
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,  
And something earlier every year  
Our singing birds take wing."

I confess that I do not like him so well when his verse takes on this cheerless hue, and I turn gladly to his more jubilant lays, when he seems to have caught the joy of the full-toned bird orchestra, as he does at one place in "The Vision of Sir Laünfal":

"The little birds sang as if it were  
The one day of summer in all the year,  
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the  
trees."

How often have I been caught in such a mesh of bird song, on a bright day of the early spring time! Even good-natured Hosea Biglow, cannot always repress his enthusiasm for the birds, although he is altogether too chary of his allusions to them. His unsophisticated sincerity cannot brook a perfunctory treatment of Nature's blithe minstrels, for he breaks out quite scornfully in denouncing those book-read poets who get "wut they've airy read" so "worked into their heart an' head" that they

"Can't seem to write but jest on sheers  
With furrin countries or played-out ideers."

"This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,  
Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows an'  
sings. —  
Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink  
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink!"

Hosea, in spite of the meagreness of his allusions to bird life, still proves beyond a doubt that he is conversant with the migratory habits of the birds, and that he has been watching a little impatiently for their vernal appearance in his

native fields and woods, as every ornithologist who reads the following lines will testify :

"The birds are here, for all the season's late;  
They take the sun's height an' don't never wait;  
Soon 'z he officially declares it's spring,  
Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard wing,  
An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can hear,  
Can't by the music tell the time o' year."

Sometimes a single line or a phrase shows our poet's familiarity with the feathered world, and gives his verse a flavor of out-door life that puts a tonic into the reader's blood; as when he speaks of "the thin-winged swallow skating on the air," or remarks incidentally that the "catbird croons in the lilac-bush," or that "the robin sings, as of old, from the limb." How vivid and full of woodsy suggestion are the following lines from that delightful poem, "Al Fresco:"

"The only hammer that I hear  
Is wielded by the woodpecker,  
The single noisy calling his  
In all our leaf-hid Sybaris."

How characteristic of woodpecker-dom is this quatrain! Still more musical are the first six lines of the poem entitled "The Fountain of Youth:"

"'Tis a woodland enchanted!  
By no sadder spirit  
Than blackbirds and thrushes,  
That whistle to cheer it  
All day in the bushes,  
This woodland is haunted."

And what a picture for the fancy is painted in the lines:

"Like rainbow-feathered birds that bloom  
A moment on some autumn bough,  
That, with the spurn of their farewell,  
Sheds its last leaves!"

This might be called a flash-light view of one of the rarest scenes in nature.

The poet must have often bent over a callow brood of nestlings, or he never could have written so knowingly about them:

"Blind nestlings, unafraid,  
Stretch up wide-mouthed to every shade  
By which their downy dream is stirred,  
Taking it for the mother-bird."

For such is the unsuspecting habit of

bantlings in the nest. It would be difficult to find a lighter touch than that in which Mr. Lowell describes a resplendent morning, "omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick charm . . . wiled the blue-bird to his whiff of song,"

"While aloof  
An oriole clattered and the robin shrilled,  
Denouncing me an alien and a thief;"

It should be borne in mind that the reference is to the alarm calls and not the songs of the robin and the oriole.

How exquisite is the reference to

"The bluebird, shifting his light load of song  
From post to post along the cheerless fence;"

while it would be difficult to find anything more poetical or more realistic than the following:

"Far distant sounds the hidden chickadee  
Close at my side,"—

especially if the reference be to the little black-capped titmouse's minor whistle, which has a strange, sad remoteness when heard in the woods, almost reminding one of Orpheus mourning for his lost love. No less vivid are the lines which sing that

"the phebe scarce whistles  
Once an hour to his fellow."

or these:

"O'erhead the balanced hen-hawk slides,  
Twinned in the river's heaven below;"

or this description of a winter scene:

"I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by."

Like all lovers of the feathered kingdom Lowell has his favorites, whose praises he frequently sings with an appreciation whose sincerity cannot be doubted. Among the birds to which he is especially partial is the bobolink—that blithe minstrel of our meadows and clover fields. Let us lend a listening ear while he chants the virtues of the bird he loves so well. I call attention to the following picture of the male bobolink at the time when there are bantlings in the grassy nest that demand his care, as well as that of his faithful spouse:

"Meanwhile that devil-may-care, the bobolink,  
Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops  
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,  
And 'twixt the windrows most demurely drops,  
A decorous bird of business, who provides  
For his brown mate and fledgelings six besides,  
And looks from right to left, a farmer 'mid his  
crops."

One can almost see the poet leaning  
against the rail fence of the clover field,  
with pencil in hand, drawing the portrait  
of the bird which is posing unconsciously  
before him, so true is his delineation to  
bobolink life. But to find Lowell at his  
best you must read his description of  
Robert o' Lincoln at *his* best. Hark!

"But now, oh, rapture! sunshine winged and  
voiced,  
Pipe blown through by the warm, wild breath  
of the West,  
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,  
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,  
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul  
Of the sweet season, vocal in a bird,  
Gurges in ecstasy we know not what,  
Save *June! Dear June! Now God be praised  
for June.*"

The only fault to be found with this  
exquisite tribute is that it is rather too  
much involved to glide melodiously from  
the lips, or be quite clear to the mind  
until after a second or third reading.  
Not so picturesque, but more simple and  
musical, is this bit:

"From blossom-clouded orchards, far away  
The bobolink tinkled."

The provincial tongue of Hosea Biglow  
presents us with the following rare bit of  
portraiture, which has all the strength and  
freshness of a painting from nature:

"June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here;  
Half-hid in tip-top apple-bloom he sings,  
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,  
Or, givin' way to 't in mock despair,  
Runs down a brook o' laughter thro' the air."

The Baltimore oriole also claims Mr.  
Lowell's admiration; there is one descrip-  
tive passage relative to this bird that, in  
my opinion, even goes ahead of the  
famous bobolink eulogy just quoted:

"Hush! 'Tis he!  
My oriole, my glance, my summer fire,  
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,  
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound  
About the bough to help his housekeeping,—  
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,

Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,  
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,  
Divines the providence that hides and helps.  
*Heave, ho! Heave, ho!* he whistles as the twine  
Slackens its hold; *Once more, now!* and a flash  
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm  
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.  
Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails  
My loosened thought with it along the air,  
And I must follow, would I ever find  
The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life."

The last sentence is a deft turn at weav-  
ing, oriole-like, a thread of reflection into  
a fine piece of description.

Besides the bobolink and the oriole, the  
blackbird is often made to do charming  
duty in Lowell's verse. What student of  
the birds has not often seen the picture  
described by the line:

"Alders the creaking redwings sink on"?

OR,

"the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees  
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses"?

I have already given a number of  
quotations in which the robin figures  
conspicuously. I think of one more—  
that in which Hosea Biglow exclaims,  
"Thet's the robin's almanick":

"So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,  
He goes to plasterin' his adobe house."

Seductive as the figure is, there seems  
to be something forced in the conceit  
that the thrushes sing because they have  
been "pierced through with June's de-  
licious sting;" but when the catbird says  
to the poet:

"Or if to me you will not hark,  
By Beaver Brook a thrush is ringing,  
Till all the alder-coverts dark  
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing,"—

one feels that, while the catbird would  
not be likely to accord its rival such un-  
stinted praise, the poet's rhapsody over  
the thrush's minstrelsy is not careless.  
To this same catbird, which he has made  
unnaturally magnanimous, and which, he  
says,

"So oft my soul has caught  
In morn and evening voluntaries,"

he pays a tribute which every lover of  
birds should read. Seen through Lowell's  
eyes, every bird becomes an idyllic crea-  
ture. I have here gleaned from his  
poetry only a few passages out of many  
equally beautiful and striking.

## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BOSTON is not only the great musical capital of America; it is one of the great musical centres of the world. Herr Gericke, coming from Vienna, and Herr Nikisch, coming from Leipzig, tell us that nowhere in Europe is more good music heard each winter than here in the Puritan city. Boston is weak in opera, destitute indeed, as is every American city save New York, but in all other departments of music the program which she spreads before the student is a long and brilliant one. How large and important a factor in her general life her distinctively musical public constitutes she is herself seldom properly aware. How large the throng of students is who, gathering from all parts of the country, crowd the doors of her music schools, she seldom pauses to compute. We do not ourselves know how large it is; but when we remember the one great conservatory with perhaps its thousand pupils, the lesser conservatories, and the schools and private instructors of every grade, in vast number, it becomes apparent that the whole body of musical students in this musical capital must be very large indeed. Add to this body the greater number of those who, not distinctively musical students, are yet lovers of music and supporters of all good musical efforts, and we have surely an imposing musical public, which would seem to be sufficient to warrant almost any promising experiment in the direction of musical culture.

The most important factor in the general musical culture of Boston to-day is unquestionably the course of Symphony Concerts given each winter in Music Hall. Never in America has there been a musical enterprise of the magnitude of this; nowhere in the world, as our distinguished European friends tell us, are finer concerts given. We trust this noble enterprise, so munificently undertaken, will never lack the enthusiastic appreciation and response from the musical public which it now meets. But the thought often occurs, and it occurs again with force as a new series of these concerts opens, whether the real musical culture, the definite musical education, of a large portion of the great audience which gathers in Music Hall each Saturday night for half the year would not be advanced much more by a series of concerts with much more unified, related, and consecutive programs. A considerable contingent of this audience consists of professional musicians and musical students; and these we may suppose to come directly from the study and practice of Bach and Beethoven and Brahms — although in many cases we may not suppose this with warrant. But of the great majority of these cultivated people — for there is no more cultivated audience — it is not bold to believe that the single performance of the Brahms symphony, or the Schubert symphony, or the Schumann symphony, heard at one of these concerts is the single performance of it heard during the year. Of how many real students of music, indeed, is not the same true? Yet how insufficient is this to give one any real understanding, or any adequate, intelligent enjoy-

ment of any great musical work! We go to the Museum again and again, when we are in London, to sit before the marbles from the Parthenon; we go to sit before the "Transfiguration" again and again, when we are in Rome; we read "Hamlet" and "Faust" until the lines are stamped into us. But we go to concerts and treat Beethoven and Mozart and Wagner as Cook's tourists go through Europe and treat Oxford and the Louvre and the Vatican. It is not that they are not competent to get true pleasure and true culture out of all, though they may be neither sculptors nor painters nor doctors of philosophy; it is that proper pleasure and true culture cannot be got out of anything by anybody who does not give careful and repeated and thoughtful attention to it. We are of those — and we have been faithful attendants upon the Symphony Concerts in Boston for half a dozen years — who believe that at the end of the symphony season a majority of those attending the concerts are without definite impression and growth as a result of the winter's effort (for severe effort it is, or ought to be), without any advance in musical culture at all commensurate with what has been done so perfectly and so laboriously for their culture. The simple reason is that they have had too much, like the Cook's tourists in their four days in Rome. One tourist is stupid, another is a Wellesley professor who has lived on Braun's photographs for a dozen years; but the one visit to the Sistine and the one visit to the Lateran were not enough — there was need to go again to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. The four days in Rome were certainly a great good fortune, and some other year there may be another four days, — and then there are the Braun photographs. But there is no Braun photograph of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; and how many, on the strength of a single hearing, can carry it in their minds from this year to next, as a valid, edifying, available part of culture, as they carry Giotto's Tower or Ghiberti's Gates or Murillo's Madonnas or Turner's "Old Temeraire?"

The gist of all this is that a great many simple people, who are, nevertheless, earnest people and genuine lovers of music, would get more enjoyment and would get more good out of a series of concerts which did not give half so much, but which repeated everything that it did give at least once, and some things more than once. Some single composer might, throughout a particular season, receive particular attention. The present year, 1891, for instance, is the centennial of the death of Mozart. Every concert in our series, then, should present some work of Mozart's; and thus in an entire season a very large proportion of his great and representative works could be given, in an order that would make the performances most pleasurable and most beneficial. Next year Wagner should have this central place; the next year, Mendelssohn; the next year, Bach. The balance of the program should be miscellaneous, made up on the plan of the common symphony

concert program to-day. Only, half of this week's program should be a repetition of what was new last week, and what was new last week should be repeated next week.

Is there not much to be said in favor of a plan like this? Would not such a series of concerts be of distinctly greater advantage to a great body of intelligent concert-goers than the courses of symphony concerts as arranged to-day? We do not ask this in criticism of the present courses. We recognize the high place which these fill, and which we trust they will continue to fill. We do not here discuss whether the one series or the other would fill the higher place. But we ask whether, if courses of symphony concerts are to be multiplied in a city, as seems to be likely in Boston, it would not be well to give one course of a character such as is here suggested, rather than follow the beaten track.

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THE author of the article on John Howard Payne's Sweetheart, in the preceding pages, writes, with reference to Mary Harden's life after Mr. Payne's declaration of love, that the love was reciprocated, but that marriage was delayed and ever delayed by the poet's inability to give assurance to the young lady's parents that he could maintain their daughter. "His dreams of bettering his condition were as illusive as the mirages of Sahara. Whether his thwarted affection beclouded his after life and doomed him to celibacy we cannot say. It is certain that Mary Harden never married. Her life glided on full of useful duties and tender ministrations to a venerated mother. After that mother's death, her existence was almost as lonely as an anchorite's. She rarely appeared on the streets. When she did, even strangers recognized the gentlewoman in her almost timid modesty and the expression of her dark hazel eyes. She died May 13, 1887, in her seventy-sixth year. Her life was an apotheosis of love—a love as inextinguishable as the vestal fires on Roman altars. At her funeral, as was most fitting, a sacred lyric sung to the air of 'Home, Sweet Home' blended with the solemn liturgy of the English Reformers, which for three hundred years has been consecrated to the burial of the dead."

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JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S southern sweetheart was not his only sweetheart. There was also a Boston sweetheart. Mr. Charles H. Brainard, Payne's intimate friend and biographer, from whose valuable work several of the pictures illustrating the article in the preceding pages are taken, notices the Boston episode as follows:

"One evening as we sat together, after he had become exhausted by the labors of the day and had sunk into a large armchair, he related with deep feeling the story of his attachment to a beautiful and accomplished lady of Boston, by whom his affection was reciprocated, and who would have become his wife but for parental objections. The lady belonged to one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Boston."

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MR. BRAINARD writes as follows concerning the common impression as to Payne's homelessness and hardships:

"It has, for many years, been customary to speak of

Payne as a homeless wanderer, who knew nothing of the joys of home and the love of kindred; yet the popular opinion relative to this matter has no foundation in truth. He was no more homeless than any other bachelor who lives in lodgings, or any foreign ambassador whose official duties compel him to reside in a house provided by the nation for his use. He was ardently loved by his brothers and sisters, and always welcome to share their home; but he preferred to live alone or where he could pursue his literary avocations in the solitude of his own apartments. He was often urged by his relatives to join their home, and, in fact, did live with his brother, Thatcher Payne, for many years after his return from his nineteen-years' residence abroad.

"To many who make literature their profession, and who live much of the time in an ideal world of their own creation, there come periods of discouragement and privation; and such, undoubtedly, was sometimes the fate of Mr. Payne; but he generally lived well, and in a way that was satisfactory to himself. During the first years of his residence abroad he realized large sums of money from his dramatic performances; and, when he abandoned the stage as an actor, he found his pen a source of liberal income. At this period of his life, he lived not only comfortably, but often luxuriously, and numbered among his intimate friends and associates some of the most distinguished authors, actors, and artists of the time.

"Many of the stories current concerning the straits in which he sometimes found himself in consequence of his impecuniosity are purely fictitious, having been invented by that class of sensational writers who rely upon their imagination for incidents which they relate as absolute facts. Of course it is poetical to write of the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as a 'homeless wanderer;' which he never was, except of his own free will, and by his own act.

"His natural instincts were nomadic, and he was never so happy as when travelling in his native land or in Europe. This taste for travel began with his early career as an actor, and the habit then formed clung to him through life.

"He knew but little concerning the value of money, save as a means of supplying his immediate wants and of gratifying his refined literary and æsthetic tastes. Instead of saving a portion of his earnings, he would spend them lavishly in elegant living, in entertaining his associates, and in the purchase of books, pictures, and fancy articles for himself or for presentation to his friends.

As a natural result of his want of thrift he was sometimes in straitened circumstances, and obliged to appeal to his family or friends for money to relieve the necessities to which his extravagance had reduced him; and to such appeals there was always a ready response.

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OF the writing of "Sweet Home" and the circumstances of its first production, Mr. Brainard gives the following account:

"In the early part of the year 1823, Charles Kemble, who had assumed the management of the Covent Garden Theatre in London, wrote to Payne for some new pieces to be produced at that theatre. Payne accordingly sold him three manuscript plays, which he had written several months before, for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. One of these plays was 'Clari, the Maid of Milan,' into which he had introduced the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' which was written in Paris, on a dull October day, when he was occupying a small lodging-room in the upper story of a building near the Palais Royal. To use his own words, as addressed to a friend, the depressing influences of the sky and air were in harmony with the feeling of solitude and sadness which oppressed his soul. As he sat in his room, diverting his thoughts with the sight of the happy crowds promenading the streets below him, the words came rushing into his mind, to lift, console, and refresh his overburdened heart. It was under these influences that he wrote the song which has touched responsive chords in the heart of the world, and immortalized the name of its author.

"The following are the words of the song as originally written:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there  
(Like the love of a mother,

Surpassing all other),  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
There's a spell in the shade  
Where our infancy played,  
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair!

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!  
 Oh, give me my lonely thatched cottage again!  
 The birds and the lambskins that came at my call,—  
     Those who named me with pride—  
     Those who played by my side—  
 Give me them, with the innocence dearer than all!  
 The joys of the palaces through which I roam  
 Only swell my heart's anguish—There's no place like  
     home!

"Payne afterwards re-wrote the song, the music for which was composed by Henry R. Bishop.

"The following is a correct version of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as arranged for the opera, having been copied from the author's own manuscript:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!  
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet Home,  
     There's no place like Home!  
     There's no place like Home!

"An exile from Home, splendor dazzles in vain!  
 Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again! —  
 —The birds singing gayly that came at my call—  
 Give me them! — and the peace of mind dearer than all!  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet Home!  
     There's no place like Home!  
     There's no place like Home!

"'Clari' was produced at the Covent Garden Theatre about the middle of May, 1823, and met with a degree of success which was quite as surprising to the manager as it was flattering to the author. The part of 'Clari' was enacted by Miss Maria Tree (a sister of Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean), by whom the song was sung for the first time. To the beautiful face and figure of Miss Tree was superadded the charm of a most melodious voice, which rendered her on this occasion so fascinating that she won the heart and hand of a wealthy merchant of London. The piece had what is called in theatrical parlance 'a great run,' and for many consecutive nights filled the theatre to overflowing. The words and music of the song were so popular, that more than one hundred thousand copies were sold by the publishers within one year after its publication; but Payne was not permitted to share in the great success which followed the enterprise of the manager and publisher, as he was cheated out of the twenty-five pounds which he was promised on the twentieth night of the performance of his successful play, and his name did not appear on the title-page of the song, from the sales of which the publisher realized a small fortune.

"The air of 'Home, Sweet Home' was taken from an old Sicilian vesper, and adapted to the song by Bishop. The popular story that Payne caught it by marking down the notes he heard, a Swiss peasant-girl sing, is simply a pleasant fiction, having not the slightest foundation in fact; as his varied gifts and acquirements did not include a knowledge of music, of which science he was profoundly ignorant. He had not the slightest musical taste, and could not tell one note from another."

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OUR friend on Lake Michigan, who takes weekly rides into Chicago, who summers on Narragansett Bay, and Septembers in Maine, and goes to Europe occasionally, and thus has much time to spend in the survey of the landscape from the car-window, has meditated to some purpose on the horrors of modern advertising. He has become thoroughly roused to the enormity of making the rocks proclaim the virtues of competing pills and pants, and the fences glare with colossal commendations of rival baking-powders and sarsaparillas. We are agreed, it is to be hoped, all of us who are good men and true, that this is a horror and an enormity, and that there should be standing offers of reward for the capture of the man with the paint-pot, dead or alive. Only committees dead to the primary rights of beauty and of nature would go on tolerating the sins committed in mammoth letters all along our lines of railroad, especially in the suburbs of our

cities, the signs on the granite and the birch-tree and the oak which all along the beautiful roads by Buzzard's Bay direct travellers to New Bedford clothing-houses and drug-shops, the signs which amid the quiet landscapes of Shrewsbury and Rutland and Leicester, and the little Worcester County towns point to the Macys and Houghtons and Wanamakers of the county metropolis, and the similar abominations which fill the land from the White Mountains to Saint Augustine, and from Montauk Point to Los Angeles. But we seem to be communities thus dead. Our friend, however, is not dead; and with him, to be aroused, is to do something. Pending the passage of laws which shall send to jail the man with the paint-pot, and send to the gallows the man who sends out the man with the paint-pot, this is what he proposes: That there shall be formed a society to put a stop to these advertising abominations; that every man and woman shall be a member of the society, who feels that they are abominations, and shall begin active service to-morrow; and that the one simple method of the society shall be the boycott. Whenever and wherever any of these defacements of the rocks and trees and fences are seen, let it be decreed that the defacement,—instead of proving an advertisement and help for the thing advertised, shall be a harm and hindrance to it. If the rock is made to proclaim Smith's sarsaparilla, then let it be set down in the book that Jones's be bought; if the fence says that Green's ginger is the best, then use Brown's through the whole watermelon season; if the sign on the birch-tree directs to Hill's clothing-house, then make it a point always to go to Dale's. This, in brief, is our friend's plan. We think it a good one. Shall we not all act on it for the next year, or until a clearly more excellent way is proposed?

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THE following communication from Mr. R. I. Atwell of Cambridge, Mass., contains many statements that are of interest in the present discussion concerning abandoned farms in New England. The special attention given to the agricultural situation in Vermont is valuable in connection with the treatment of the general interests of Vermont in the August number of the magazine. Our correspondent's observations, so far as Vermont is concerned, received emphatic confirmation from Congressman Powers of Vermont, in his address at the centennial celebration of the town of Lyndon, early in July, in which he went into the agricultural situation at considerable length. He showed, from official statistics covering the years from 1880 to 1890, that Vermont raises more corn to the acre than any other state in the Union, with one exception—and that exception is New Hampshire; that Vermont raises more wheat to the acre than any other state east of the Rocky Mountains; more oats than any other state east of the Rockies, except Illinois and Minnesota; more rye to the acre than any other, except Illinois, Minnesota, and Kansas; and more barley to the acre than any other, except Maryland. California is the only state in the Union that raises more buckwheat to the acre than Vermont; and there is no state east of the Rockies that raises as many potatoes per acre as Vermont.



"Punctuated as these facts were," writes a reporter of Congressman Power's oration, "with the rather sarcastic exhortation, 'Go West, young man!' they were exceedingly effective. In truth, they give the pessimists much to think about. With such a record, old Vermont can hold her head as high as any of her younger sister states that have been wont to take on superior and patronizing airs when they spoke of Vermont farming. Vermont farming, as these facts demonstrate, is still in a pretty healthy and vigorous condition, and calls for no lamentations from those who make it a business to mourn the fancied 'decadence' of New England." Return we to our correspondent. Mr. Atwell writes, "There is much written on the subject of abandoned farms in New England, and unfortunately there is too much of a disposition to give it an unwarrantable political coloring. There are reasons enough which are obvious without straining a point to give a wrong one. Before the construction of railroads, the farmers were prejudiced against them by the arguments that their farms would all be mortgaged and lost through the aid afforded these corporations, and also by the competition to which they would be subject in the bringing of products from a long distance. Neither of these prognostications has been realized. All farm products have proved to be more profitable, and may be sold at the farmer's door, without the loss of time and expense in marketing. The nearer a farm is to a railroad station, the better is its prospect for cultivation at a profit.

"The general prosperity of the country, which has affected all classes of people, has created a feeling of interest among farmers and their sons, as among the laboring classes and those who are supposed to occupy higher positions in society. Railroads and gold discoveries had much to do with this. Scarcely a farm in New England failed to contribute some of its members to this desire to earn money easier, and the charm of plain, tame country life was broken with ever-widening effect. Cheaper and easier cultivated lands in the West captivated young farmers; factories along the line of railroads, or contiguous to them, drew others who could earn more wages, and as they believed with easier lives, while they could get greater pleasure or more society. The girls, no less ambitious and craving the same enjoyments, at first engaged as domestics in families in large towns and cities; then flocked to the factories where in longer days than now they accumulated wages enough to remove incumbrances on the family homestead; as they were crowded from domestic service and the factories, they resorted to shops for a living, by sewing, etc. Another step took them into the stores as saleswomen, clerks, and bookkeepers, crowding out the young men. Those more favored by education resorted to teaching in schools, and still others aspired to college training and honors. There are now, probably, more young women in the colleges in Massachusetts entirely devoted to their education, with others to which they gain admission, than there were young men fifty years ago. All of these influences were long at work, and the Civil War drew largely on the young men still at home, the survivors becoming more restless

from the strife in which they had been engaged, and the new scenes they had been accustomed to. Meantime, the parents and occupants of the farm had grown older, and as they became helpless and made their homes with their children elsewhere, or died, the farms were abandoned. Out of repair in buildings and neglected in cultivation, there was little attraction to those who had pursued different callings to return to the old homestead.

"In this connection it should be remarked that a very large proportion of the active and prosperous business men of cities came from these farms, stimulated, perhaps, by the hardships of their humble lives, with an ambition to accumulate or to rule. Some of these persons, or their fathers, or grandfathers, who came from the country, could not be persuaded to go back to the farms even with far greater profits than they now yield, while a considerable number, from sentiment and for comfort, spend some portion of the summer on such farms.

"Changes are continually rung upon the hardships of the farmer's lot, as though beyond that of all other toilers for a livelihood. 'In the sweat of thy brow,' it was long ago said, 'shalt thou eat bread'; and there are many positions in which men are forced to labor, who might well envy the independent farmer. It is not true that the labors or hardships of the farmer are increasing, although he may be obliged to use his intellect more to comply with the varying demands of the market. In this respect the farmer has no greater hardships to overcome than do those engaged in other pursuits. It has long been believed, and with truth, that the methods of farmers, although improved, have not kept pace with the advanced civilization of the times, and no man can be expected to compete successfully with others without exercising vigilance and forethought. If the prices of his products are in question, the farmer is very much better off than were his fathers scores of years ago. Without the great facilities of marketing, the farmer hundreds of miles in the interior would be no better off than the nomads of the desert. In the most fertile portions of the country sixty years ago, teaming produce a hundred miles to market would hardly pay the expense. To live in a log hut, with no improvements for a generation, was no uncommon thing; while now no farmer, unless he is just struggling to make his payments for improvements, is content short of the comforts in buildings and furnishings equal to those of the merchant of former days. Because there are grumblers now, it is not to be believed that there has been no progress, and it may be assured, I believe, that in all communities where farming is carried on with intelligence and activity, there is to be found as much real enjoyment as in other positions in life. Abandoned farms are too apt to be regarded as evidence of the decadence in farm life.

"It is not strange that men of all classes seek to raise themselves in position. Yet there are multitudes in large cities who would be infinitely better off in the country, earning their bread on the land, than in crowded tenement houses, surrounded with discomforts, and at best barely keeping the wolf from the door. They would have a heaven

of happiness in the country, which they can vainly hope to enjoy in the city.

"To prove that this is not mere assumption, and that the complaints of growing hardships in farm life are not true, abundant testimony of intelligent practical farmers can be cited. There never was a time, probably, when there was a greater interest awakened in farm cultivation than there is at the present day. Why should there not be? The times call for the greatest intelligence and activity in every department of human industry. No man should be called intelligent who does not exert all his faculties in any position he may be placed in. It was once supposed, or seemed to be, that there was little intelligence required in ordinary farming, the old routine being followed from one generation to another, with little modification except in the use of improved tools and occasional change in seeds. Something more is now demanded to prevent a deterioration in crops; and the improvement is seen in the increased crops raised on lands often said to be worn out, compared with those in the newer sections of the country. The future will show still greater improvement.

"Vermont is the most thoroughly agricultural state of New England, and is naturally often pointed out in these days as the least desirable for a farmer's life—with its long winters and rigid temperature. The increased interest in farm cultivation has led to frequent meetings in counties and towns to stimulate that interest still further. In the record of one of these meetings of a Farmer's Club, one farmer said: 'In our own town, farm buildings are rapidly being repaired and highways cleared. The farmer who would get ahead must use brain as well as muscle.' Said another, 'The farmer should educate himself not only in the ways of the farmer, but also in the ways of other professions.' In another case, where reference was made to improved methods, it was remarked in favor of the present times, that formerly 'about the only income was from fat cattle and hogs;' butter brought about half the present prices, and sheep produced not more than half their present fleeces. One farmer 'thought there were no hard times; we bring on this feeling by letting our farms run down.' Still another said he couldn't give any remedy for hard times, for he thought there were no hard times. A member of the Board of Agriculture thought that living too 'fast' was the cause of the complaint of hard times, and less such complaints would result from a return to the more prudent ways of their fathers. In another locality, the chairman of the meeting said 'that if the depression in agriculture was confined wholly to Vermont, he should think there was something wrong with the state; but the same depression is felt all over the civilized world. His remedy was legislation, but he did not indicate what that should be, and the attention of the meeting was given to the subject of creameries. A Vermont journal, in making comparisons from census returns, in eighteen different propositions relating to farm life, declares that that state is found in a favorable standing as compared with nearly all others. 'It leads thirty-seven states,' says this journal, 'in the average value of all

farm productions to each person engaged in agriculture'; the value of such productions averages nearly \$400 to each person farming, against an average for the whole country of \$280; the average product of butter to each producer is four times that of the average for the whole country; the average butter per cow is much greater than in any other state; and the cheese product greater than anywhere except in New York; the hay crop averages more to each farm than the average in any other state; and this state leads thirty-two states in the average value of live stocks to a farm; in the yield of corn, potatoes, and other crops per acre, Vermont generally stands at the head of the list of states; but two states had a larger yield of potatoes per acre; even of wheat per acre, the yield is greater than in any state east of the Mississippi, and in only three states is there a larger yield of corn per acre; in maple sugar the average to a farm is nearly seven times as much as in New York; and in forest products the state leads thirty-six other states in the amount to a farm, not including the sugar crop. Nothing is said in this connection of the average butter markets and the improved prices. It surely cannot be said that the people are suffering much from hard times.

"An agricultural paper says of Massachusetts, that a glance at the census shows that the farmers of this state are doing better work than their fathers. Aside from the exceptional high prices of the times of inflation, it is said 'The value of products per acre is much larger than at any time covered by census statistics,' and the increased value of products was \$10,000,000 in gold in 1885 over that of 1875. Another published statement from census statistics is that in nine principal products in Massachusetts, compared with Indiana, the average was from twenty-five to several hundred per cent in favor of Massachusetts in the net value per acre—corn being \$24.78 to \$9; potatoes, \$60.72 to \$31.35; tobacco, \$242.25 to \$22. More than all, the wages paid for farm labor was thirty per cent more by the day and month than in Indiana. The secretary of the New England Dairyman's Association has expressed the belief that dairying and general farming in the New England States was as profitable in proportion as other occupations. Manufacturers are believed by many persons to be a bloated class. If so, investments would be likely to increase to a proportionate degree. Yet statistics show a greater percentage in growth from 1875 to 1885 in agricultural property than in manufactures. An agricultural paper in Massachusetts, in an article on abandoned farms, recently remarked: 'The life of the farmer, notwithstanding its burdens, was never so easy in some respects as at present. . . . The farmer may not be able to amass wealth—nor can the majority of those in cities hope to do. He is generally sure of a comfortable living as the reward of his toil, and the contingencies that affect his employment are usually no greater than those affecting employments in cities. There are those in the city, working for low wages, liable to periodical unemployment, to whom life upon these abandoned farms would afford an agreeable change.' A statement is published with the heading: 'New

England contrasts favorably with California or Florida in relation to "depreciated farms," and this is supported by the statement, in a letter from a New Englander in Florida who says generally of owners of orange groves: 'I have yet to learn of one who is not looking to the future for the profits.' Sustaining these views, a lecturer on orcharding in Maine has said that 'A Maine orchard was a better investment than a California vineyard or Florida orange grove. This year, apples have brought three times as much per ton as grapes brought in California. Even Early Rose potatoes have sold higher per pound than California grapes.' He adds as a

fact that a Maine man bought an old pasture at \$5.50 per acre, and, after twelve years growth of an orchard, his apples sold on the trees for \$1,500, and the orchard was subsequently sold for \$3,500. Coming nearer to a large city, where the land is valued at \$1 a foot, a thirty-acre farm is devoted to market gardening at good profit. At a further distance from town, is an instance given; several acres of land were added to a market garden, for which the purchaser paid \$2000 per acre, because the outlay was warranted. All these scattered facts are given as illustrations that agriculture in New England is not so discouraging as sometimes represented, and that its future is not hopeless."

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## THE OMNIBUS.

THE following love-letter, which is genuine was recently written by a certain deaf mute in, one of the western states. The reader's enjoyment need not be checked by fear of laughing at natural misfortune, as the young man's misfortune has little to do with his literary style and he is a prosperous fellow, although the fifty dollar watch and the ninety-five dollar sewing-machine and the good habits and all the rest did not prove sufficient to win the girl. The curious epistle comes to the *Omnibus* from a Harvard professor. Perhaps the Harvard freshmen will try their hands at putting it into form that will show more easily to simple minds what the writer was aiming to say:

"DEAR ACQUAINTANCE. — Time has taken me to indite a full length of true and faithful sentiment to you in the happiness and then to compel me to judge myself accordingly to my sanguin feeling, whether you would be willing to make a decidedly correspondence with me, or not, than you can wait for a chance to hear from me. I give way to you under the influence of pleasure saying, 'Please excuse me for my strange boldness by corresponding with you at the first time.' . . . You feel assured I never smoke cigars, neither chew tobacco, nor drink strong spirits all of my life, and thus give a truthful information to you that I have much time in learning Arithmetic, German, and the history of the ancient world, myself more faster and better than I did at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, when I was graduated over seven years' instruction. I attain great credit for all branches in working at the Machine Works under the influence of sweetest taste, and will pay no attention to unnecessary travelling, unless I need business in any place. You feel sure that I am neither Republican nor Democrat, but an independent mechanic, because money is my chief concern. Do you intend to get mad at me what I will tell you?

I confess to you, Oh! my heart is full of love towards you than no pen can write, saying, 'You must be mine forever.' The reason why is that I fell in love with you when your graceful society surprised me with affection, now value than a mil-

lion heaps of gold. So I met your fate since I left I — *via* C — . You learn with astonishment that my uncle under the name of — , who resides in M — , Ill., will present me with a nice city lot worth \$1,500. Are you religious yet? To what church do you belong at your home? This indition is of a size corresponding with me, whether you will let me consummate the circumstantial matter of keeping you as a lover with willing fulness, or not, 'Be sure.' I take an oath that I will never complain to any person about your condition as others do, in order to make you as a good and happy lover with pleasure than you cannot say. You feel confident that I will have the luxuriant art of clerking on the I — and K — River Packet "*Light*" under the command of my uncle by the name of Capt. — this summer when I quit the Machine Works in consequence of low wages which cause hands to express dissatisfaction at the company. Do you want me to keep you as a lover with anxiety, before you will consummate the 'golden' engagement with me for marriage. I will love when you say 'yes,' and keep your love in my heart than usual. I will give you a pleasant question, 'If not yourself, whom would you rather have?' I hope you will answer the above? . . . If you are pleased with my good proposal I will be sure to keep you as a lover, as to present you a gold watch worth \$50. Would you like to engage me at correspondence than you have the responsibilities of learning what it is? *Be sure* I will send you two photographs as soon as I can get some taken at the I — City Art of La — when time is come. I would love you with all my heart than the endless width and unfathomable depths of the beautifully glittering sea, when you accept my wishes, as join you in rich and lovely society, and expect that you do. I know I was entrapped by your charms since I fell in love with you at the beginning, during my pleasant visit. If you reject my proposal I promise that I remain single all of my life, and bid you '*Farewell*' to see you no more accordingly to your conduct. You feel sure, if you like for

me to make the loving engagement with you by correspondence in my life, I will, of course, accept you according wishes, and then in addition to present you a \$95 sewing-machine. Will you? Are you engaged yet? Please keep secret in your heart that nobody can know whom you correspond with and I will do. Miss—— (my old class-mate) is working at the dressmaking trade in a store on Second St., corner R—— St., in—— which is, by far, the youngest city in Ohio, accordingly to the twentieth year of age. She resides with a family on Seventh St., 120½ yards north-east of my house, although I sometimes visit her. . . . You know I do not wish to subscribe my money for any R. R. enterprise, for I have absolute necessities to use anything with it myself, and am desirous of accomplishing the task of saving money in untold heaps, unless from a pious stream of knowledge to any purpose how much I will be worth. I would like to hear from you in my life, as to find what you will do when this letter comes unexpectedly in your hands. . . . Would you like to make a happy correspondence with me according to your tasteful feelings? So I would. I have the facilitation art of rowing fast some miles distant without fatigue, for recreation, and in addition to be a 'second Weston.' . . . When the C. and S. R. R. is in operation I will visit you according to summers. I would like to invite you to come and visit famous business houses in I—— if I can. I am a native of——. Was born at S—— in 1854 before I—— was thought of, and lost my hearing and speaking by the effects of scarlet fever, at my age of 3½ years, at W—— 9 miles above P——. And came to the Deaf and Dumb Inst. in 1857, before the new building was built, until I was honorably discharged over my 7 years instruction and triumphantly graduated in the presence of sad-looking pupils, both sexes, in order to leave the 'Old dilapidated' building, to see all of them no more in 1864. Do you want me to come and see me at C—— on Christmas? I have a loss to tell you that I will probably visit the—— Deaf Mute Building on Christmas, unless my business is carried on without ceasing. . . . I afford my proofs of sociability to Deaf Mutes when I visit my place, where I never see by nature. . . . When you get this letter from me you must not slander to any of your schoolmates or classmates, both sexes, whom you correspond with, so that they may know of it, and it will make me displeased at the disgraceful matter. So I will never do yet, but always keep secret in my heart, so that nobody can know of it. Please write to me without hindrance as you decide to. Direct your letter to I——, I—— Co. I send my best respects to you, saluting you as a good friend.

I am yours respectfully,  
——."

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#### A ROMANCE FROM REAL LIFE.

You see that nest? 'Twas made a year ago;  
A pair of Phœbe birds ensconced it there;  
'Tis framed of twigs, and lined with wool and hair,  
The work of many a journey to and fro  
From meadow, barn, and hedge to portico.

The little couple were a reckless pair:

He had no capital, nor friends at court;  
She had no wedding dower; — and so, in short,  
Here they began this castle in the air,  
And sang, — yes, *sang*, nor gave a thought to care.

They loved each other; what could heart wish more?

To work they went, contented with their lot;  
Picked out this sheltered, unpretentious spot,  
And, what with native wit and Nature's store  
Of mud and moss, they settled, near my door.

Ere long the nest contained a thriving brood

Of little Phœbes; scarcely could they keep  
Within its narrow bounds, — *pe-wee, pe-weep!*  
The father stirred about and gathered food;  
But did not sing as loud as when he wooed.

The chicks grew up and learned to fly about,

They left the nest and off they went; who knows

Where they are now? you see, it only shows  
That when this careless, happy pair set out  
Their capital was Love, — and Faith, no doubt.

— Andrew Tully.

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#### A REVELATION.

I AM credulous of all things in this wonder world  
of ours,

I concede that little people sleep at night within  
the flowers.

For so many, many marvels strike upon my eye  
and ear, —

Painting of the little violet, bobolink flute high  
and clear,

Rise of armies from the sod, and frost-ranks on  
the meadow bars,

Stare of noon and blush of evening, never-tiring  
dance of stars, —

That I'm credulous of all things. I have burned  
in coldest rain,

I have seen the smile of loved ones burst the  
bitter bonds of pain,

Seen imaginary people falling over cataracts,

Swum behind the fleetest vessels over endless  
ocean tracts,

Souls that deepest loved each other give each  
other deepest grief,

Frost of friendship dyeing to a blood-tint all the  
tender leaf! —

But among them all this marvel strikes me at this  
moment most —

Strangest kind of incarnation of a most elusive  
ghost.

'Tis when Poetry — an angel — sheds her plumes  
to furnish quills,

And transmutes herself to bank-checks just to pay  
my little bills!

— C. H. Crandall.

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#### CAUGHT SOMETHING.

*Friend*: — Hullo! been fishing? What did  
you catch!

*Sportsman* (gruffly): — Last train home.





GOVERNOR ENDICOTT.

FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1891.

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## CANADIAN JOURNALISTS AND JOURNALISM.

*By Walter Blackburn Hart.*

IT would be an exaggeration in which the most enthusiastic journalist would hardly indulge, to say that the history of journalism is the history of civilization. The Greeks were civilized before the advent of Cadmus. But it is not too much to say that the birth of the Press and effective "sedition," the awakening of democracy, were contemporary. In a consideration, therefore, of the political and social life of a country every writer with any pretensions to thoroughness will nowadays study the thought and condition of its news-

papers, just as in Doctor Johnson's and Goldsmith's day he would make first an inquiry into the state of its art and polite literature. Of course, these are still the fields of all philosophical inquiry; the point is that journalism is now included with them as one of the essential phases of such investigation.

There is little necessity at this time for any writer to add anything to what has already been said about the influence of



"Grip."

the press. The steam presses of the world are making every throne in Europe totter; freedom of thought spreads republicanism like an epidemic, and popular education, which no government can now afford to withhold, will sweep away the last prop from beneath the theory that certain families are born to legislate for the millions, and live upon them. The writer is confident that little is known in the United States or Great



Britain of the progress made in Canadian journalism of recent years, and he is therefore sure that no apology is needed for a concise exposition of the present condition of the journalism, and some account of the leading journalists of the Dominion. Certainly, no intelligent person can afford to be local in his sympathies and knowledge in these days of quick travel, cablegrams, and steam

informed upon the Canada of to-day. Therefore anything that helps to a fuller knowledge of Canada and its people cannot be entirely lacking in interest and value.

Many Americans will doubtless be surprised to learn how many of the leading editors of Canada express themselves as being in favor of the adoption of a continental commercial policy and complete separation from Great Britain. Nothing could show more distinctly the drift of the popular sentiment in the Dominion, for everybody is aware that newspapers only *echo* public opinion, and do not *create* it, nowadays. If the idea of a closer connection with the United States was at all distasteful to any considerable or influential portion of the constituency of these newspapers, they would, with the diplomacy of the profession, preserve an unbroken silence on the question; and, of course, although editors frequently differ with the policy of the papers with which they are connected, none would express private opinions for publication out of harmony with those appearing in



Honore Beaugrand.

presses, when even a too absorbing "nationalism" is becoming an evidence of an extended "provincialism," and, in fact, is being replaced by an "internationalism"; and assuredly, in view of the close connection that may exist between Canada and the United States, with the dawning of the twentieth century, every American who wishes to keep thoroughly in touch with the progress of the times must keep himself

the editorial columns of their own journals. All the references to the political attitudes of the men represented in this article have been elicited from them personally. The writer took this precaution, notwithstanding his acquaintance with the men and their work, so that there should be no possibility of charges being preferred against him, for attributing political leanings to men which they would not openly avow in the columns of their own papers.

A few years ago there was little tolerance in Canada for any man who dared to speak of the possibility of severing the sentimental tie binding the country to Great Britain. Now Canadian independence is one of the strongest of popular appeals, and as I pointed out in the *Forum* two years ago, the strong opposition of the conservative party to anything like free trade with the United States is based upon the contention that complete independence of Great Britain would result in an absorption of Canada by the great republic. The leading journalists of the Dominion unite in urging the necessity of Canada belonging to this continent economically, and some of them are even willing to admit to their constituencies that if such identification of the commercial interests of the two countries involves political union, then political union is desirable. Such an undercurrent in the newspapers cannot be mistaken; the public opinion may be somewhat vague, it may be frequently obscured by side issues and sudden gusts of resentment (as upon the publication of the McKinley bill,) but it is undoubtedly growing in favor of a complete fusion of the two countries — or rather, of the breaking down of an imaginary barrier separating and dividing one people. Downing



Ella S. Elliott.

Street has completely lost its hold on the Dominion, but when the separation comes it will be peacefully, and without resentment. England will lose nothing, because in holding Canada she gains nothing. The connection rests upon a fabric of empty phrases—the talk at Imperial Federation banquets in London. No one who visits Canada or studies its newspapers can doubt this. It is only the subsidized government organs which attempt to keep alive any feeling of veneration for the last relic of British dominion —



John Robson Cameron.



James Johnson.

the vice-regalship, which is a cheap flummery of millinery, reminding one of a Sheridan play presented by a travelling company in a country theatre. All the other papers are avowedly democratic, and they do not pretend to treat the Court at Ottawa seriously; in fact, they ridicule its titular precedencies and distinctions,—the subtle differences in a social hierarchy of dollars, which are the shadows of the hereditary distinctions of the Court of St. James,—and they hold stars and garters in very light estimation: Canada's aristocracy is an aristocracy of *to-morrow*.

Independence is a new thing in Canadian journalism. Political feeling runs so high in all classes of the community, that the majority of those who have been blindly attached to one of the two parties for years, cannot understand that principles are involved in the idea of government, and that politics should not be a game of parties, but a contest for the

right, and the elimination of the wrong. The Toronto *Mail's* evolution as an independent paper has therefore been intensely interesting, and it is one of the most encouraging things in Canada to-day that it has had a successful issue. The story of the *Mail's* progress in morality is an amusing one. The *Mail* did not go to the political penitent bench through a sudden revival of virtue in the directorate, but because when it was the Tory organ, and Sir John Macdonald was in danger over the execution of Riel, it had to make a strong appeal to the Orange vote to save the government. The circulation went up tremendously when it preached the new crusade against French aggression, and after the excitement caused by Riel's execution had subsided, the management and the government disagreed, because the former desired to continue a virtue that had proved so profitable, and the latter wished to drop the crusade in order to regain French

Canadian confidence. The *Mail* then became independent, and so out of a party move, was born the first paper in Canada which dared to have no party affiliations. There is a story still current that in the



Watson Griffin.



John Livingston.

old days when the *Mail* was the Tory organ, its avowed mission was "to stab the Liberals under the fifth rib every lawful morning." It has now a better reason for existence as the opponent of abuses in any party, and all parties, and it is the only great daily paper in Canada which can really claim the distinction of being absolutely independent.

The younger generation of Canadians are beginning to shake off the shackles of partyism, and ask themselves whether a newspaper which is the recognized paid champion of a particular party is not merely a devil's advocate. It is certainly a question whether a political writer can be a consistent partisan and preserve his integrity. Some people would put this proposition the other way, but those who know political tactics from the inside will acknowledge that political parties are only virtuous out of office; and if a writer would be *consistently honest*,

the only consistency worthy of respect, he must frequently belabor his friends, and commend his enemies, of yesterday. Every journalist knows, though unfortunately all dare not, or cannot afford to, say so, how encouragingly honest politicians become on the opposition benches, and how quickly the virtues of the Treasury benches dwindle away after election.

The generality of Canadian newspapers in their appearance, and in the style in which they are written, are a curious mixture of English and American methods. In the news department they are very similar to the newspapers in the smaller American cities, and in the editorial columns they are modelled after the English provincial papers, but as a rule they are less wide in their scope. Except in one or two instances, they are destitute of all pretensions to literary excellence. The *Toronto Mail* and *Globe* maintain a higher standard than any of their contemporaries; they employ larger staffs than do any three other Canadian papers, and the men in all departments are



Joseph Tasse.

men of education and journalists of long experience—the pick of the profession in Canada. The *Gazette* of Montreal and the *Empire* of Toronto are almost exclusively political in their scope, and exist as the organs of the Conservative party. The Western papers have little room for anything outside of news and politics. The *Montreal Star* is always on the popular side of every question. It is so distinctly a

popular paper that it has no use for literary matter. The Ottawa papers, like those of Washington, carry little weight and are miserable in every particular—poorly written and horribly printed. The one exception to this is the *Free Press*, which although published in the Liberal interest, is rather more independent than most party papers, and its opinions naturally carry more weight. The French Canadian newspapers are less enterprising and energetic in the gathering of news than the English, but their editorial columns are usually more striking in a literary way, even though almost exclusively devoted to the discussion of political questions. There are no signed articles as in the Parisian papers, French Canadian journalism having been tainted



Eve H. Brodrique.

with the meaningless "WE" of British and American journalism, and having lost interest and vivacity in consequence. All the French papers devote a portion of their space to *feuilletons*, but they are of a light, sensational order and are taken from the Parisian journals. *Le Monde Illustré* of Montreal is the only literary weekly published in French Canada, which makes any pretensions of fur-

nishing its readers with original literary contributions by French Canadian writers; and its serials are usually borrowed. Under the old George Brown regime, the *Toronto Globe*, now one of the most literary daily papers in the Dominion, was intensely antagonistic to all literary

production by native writers; but it is now conducted in a more liberal spirit, and following the example of the great American dailies, it publishes a weekly supplement devoted to literary articles, stories and poems, a great deal of which matter is contributed by Canadian writers, English and French, who are quite outside of regular journalism.

But speaking generally of the papers of the Dominion, one is forced to admit that they are very provincial in both tone and appear-



John A. MacPhail

ance; and the complete correspondence between them and the life of the people, which is distinctly commercial and political, is significant and discouraging to the stranger within their gates. The Canadian papers are very dull reading in comparison with those of any considerable city in the Union. It is notable that the New York, Detroit, Buffalo, and Boston Sunday papers have quite an extensive sale in Montreal and Toronto, where no papers are published on the first day of the week. But if the newspapers are not literary, many of the men



John Anderson Boyd.

who make them have literary tendencies, and one half the men in the profession, have drifted into journalism because it is the nearest approach to letters attainable in the Dominion. There is now in the larger centres something of an awakening; less space is being devoted to interminable Parliamentary debates reported *verbatim*, and more to special articles by distinct personalities.

Journalism is one of the most exacting, and should be one of the most reputable, professions in the world. In Canada something of the old Bohemianism lingers, and a very decided popular prejudice against the profession fosters



Edmund E. Sheppard

it, as all men and all classes of men are influenced by the estimation in which they are held by the rest of the community. But the Bohemianism is fast dying out with the infusion of new blood, and perhaps in time it will dawn upon the Canadian public that a journalist is engaged in as essential and as respectable a profession as a lawyer or a clergyman.

It is safe to say that everybody in the world of American journalism has heard of Edward Farrer, who in 1889 was charged by the official organ of the Sir John Macdonald Government with supplying secret information about Canada, with "treasonable intent," to different members of the United States government. Mr. Farrer was at that time on the *Toronto Mail*, with which he had been connected as managing editor and chief political writer since 1872, when the paper was founded as the organ of the Tory party. It was then conducted by Mr. Charles Belford, a very able editor, the father of the Belford brothers, who are now at the head of the publishing house of that name in New York city. In 1886 the *Mail* became an independent paper, and the change in the policy of the paper gave Mr. Farrer wider scope for his diverse talents, and



W. D. Le Sueur.

his great versatility is not denied by his severest critics; indeed they adduce as an evidence of it, the fact that before he began to write articles for the conservation of the English language and institutions



J. Lessard.

in the *Mail*, he had been previously employed as a writer on *L'Etendard*, a newspaper devoted to the ultramontane doctrines. It has to be admitted that Mr. Farrer, though a most convincing writer, is not afflicted with a superabundance of literary conscience; but to him must belong the credit of having awakened a public sentiment against the insidious machinations of the ultramontane party to obtain complete control of the provincial and federal legislatures. The struggle for the integrity of the public school system, which is being maintained in Massachusetts, is being fought with even greater bitterness in the provinces of the Dominion, as in no country in the world to-day have such extraordinary privileges been granted to the Jesuit Society as they have obtained by political wire-pulling in Canada. In this defence of the free institutions of the country, Mr. Farrer took a most prominent part, and made the *Mail* respected by all lovers of liberty, civil and intellectual, in Canada and in the States. Educated in a Jesuit University on the continent of Europe, but a convert to Unitarianism, Mr. Farrer knows the past and present tendencies of the Society of Jesus, as few other opponents of the society do. His articles, always moderate and dignified, with every statement enforced by its proper authority, created something more than a sensation; they aroused the whole country, and made even the powerful ultramontane party, with the Quebec legislature and the Dominion government under its thumb, feel insecure. Mr. Farrer also strenuously supported unrestricted commercial relations with the United States, and he made the *Mail* the greatest instrument in the hands of the free trade party for the conversion of the farmers of the country, who were hitherto strongly conservative and committed to the heresies of the protectionist oligarchy. Mr. Farrer was for some time foreign editor on the *New York World* under



Mr. W. H. Hurlbert's editorship, but he is principally known through his work on the Canadian press. At present he is chief writer of the *Globe*, and his position during the recent Dominion elections led to much discussion of him and his work in England and the States. The government organs have been good enough to say that Mr. Farrer should be hanged as a traitor for advocating a continental policy for Canada, and for eliciting the views of leading American statesmen as to the possibility of effecting such an arrangement. This is one of the most ludicrous phases of the struggle between the protectionists and free traders which is going on, and the prominence which has been given to Mr. Farrer's opinions in England and the States makes him one of the most interesting personalities of contemporary Canadian, if not, to use the broader term, of American journalism.

Gordon Brown, although but little known to the public, in this sharing the fate of many of the greatest journalists, is admitted by every newspaper writer in the Dominion to be the doyen of English-Canadian journalism. A very retiring man, wholly wrapped up in his work, he did not attempt to identify himself with his labors and take a prominent place in the public life of the country, as with a little more practicality and push (the qualities which are hailed as genius in successful politicians), he might have done. His great literary ability, political knowledge and sagacity, ingenuity, versatility and vigor of intellect really entitled him to national recognition; he sought and he obtained only the esteem of his fellow workers. To him the great success of the Toronto

*Globe* was due, and every man in Canadian journalism, whatever his political faith, will warmly accord him this tribute. He, like many another journalist, was the *deus ex machina* of his newspaper,—the

brains of the administration, — and through his brilliant editorial writing the ostensible chief of the paper obtained much of the honor and distinction that is given him in the records of Canadian liberalism. There are a great many such Sidney Cartons in Canadian journalism and in American journalism, too. To Gordon Brown must be credited most of the victories of Canadian liberalism, under which the system of responsible government was thoroughly estab-

lished; the clergy Reserves abolished; the seignorial tenure — a relic of feudalism — swept away; the franchise extended; the



S. Frances Harrison.



Nicholas Flood Davin





C. Blackett Robinson.

school system improved and modelled upon the American Public School system; the civil service corruptions exposed and reformed; the iniquities of political contests considerably lessened, though much abuse survives, and the welding of the Provinces into a Dominion made possible. He was for thirty-six years the brains of the *Globe*, but the great world, outside of newspaperdom, gave all the



D. J. Beaton.

honor of these years of struggle against abuses to his brother, the Hon. George Brown, who was immersed in public affairs and always in the public mind. George Brown was an orator of no mean ability, and a man of great personal force, but Gordon Brown was the writing man, and the originator of half his elder brother's political ideas. There is good reason why Americans should remember Gordon Brown with gratitude. At the time of the Civil War—both of the Browns



Hon. J. W. Longley.

had long been strong adherents of the Abolition party—the *Globe* at once embraced the Northern side of the question, although half of the Canadian people, including the readers of the *Globe* were in strong sympathy with the Secessionists. This attitude estranged a very large portion of its constituency and caused the directorate to suffer considerable pecuniary loss; but its guiding spirit would make no concession to the popular feeling, and the *Globe*, to his and to its honor, held firmly to the cause of Anti-slavery, and the maintenance of the Union. It is a fact that this was due in a greater degree to the steadfastness of



J. S. Willison.

Gordon Brown than to the more public championship of his brother, George. Mr. Gordon Brown never wavered, and he lived to see the *Globe* indorsed by all those who had opposed its course. He says to-day that his proudest possession is the silver flagon bearing an inscription, which was presented to him by the American residents of the city of Toronto as a token of their esteem, for the persistence with which he had kept the paper true to the cause of freedom and consolidation. In 1882, after the death of his brother, he assumed the complete



John Talon Lesperance.

direction of the paper. But his independence offended some members of the directorate, who wished to make the *Globe* subservient to party and private interests, and a conspiracy in the Board succeeded in ousting him from his position, and virtually, after thirty-six years of service, put him into the street. Everybody in Canada knows this disgraceful story, and the truth of it cannot be denied. The leader of the conspiracy was Mr. Brown's once trusted friend, a man whom he had taken from the gutter and made prosperous. Mr. Brown was afterwards appointed to a position in the Hon. Oliver Mowat's government, not at all commensurate with his talents and services to the Liberal party, but still good enough to provide for his declining years. Mr. John Cameron was his successor.

One of the oldest and best known of the Canadian journalists is Mr. John Livingston, who has been for over thirty years in harness. He had a hand in the enactment of all progressive measures of legislation in the province of New



W. F. Luxton.

Brunswick since responsible government was obtained, and has supported in the press all the important legislation of the Dominion parliament since confederation. Born in New Brunswick in 1837, he began his career in the old shipping port of St. John, as associate editor of

the *Colonial Presbyterian*, from which paper he passed into the office of the *Morning News* an old-fashioned tri-weekly, where he was expected to do everything for a very modest salary. Soon afterwards he established the *Morning Telegraph*, and purchasing another tri-weekly, called the *Morning Journal* and the *Colonial Presbyterian*, he merged the three into the *St. John Daily Telegraph* and *Weekly Telegraph*. He retired from the newspaper field for a time, but always successful in everything he touched, he was called to edit the *Daily Tribune*, and subsequently the *Weekly Watchman*, the *Moncton Daily Times*, the *St. John Sun* and other papers. He then went to the *Herald* of Montreal, where for several years he filled the position of editor-in-chief. It was here that he made his greatest reputation as a writer, whose methods were a great deal like those of Charles A. Dana; for there is probably no other man in Canada who has such an inexhaustible fund of unsparing caustic raillery and biting invective as Mr. Livingston. But he is too acute to hazard his cause by attacking his opponents on a plane beneath the dignity of the question under discussion, and he never descends for a moment to the methods of guerilla warfare. A very serious illness compelled him to retire from newspaper work for a long period, and the necessity of spending the remainder of his days in a milder climate than that of eastern Canada induced him to settle in Calgary in the Northwest Territories, where he is now manager and editor of the leading morning paper, the *Herald*. Mr. Livingston has been a frequent contributor to the press of New York, Boston, and London, England.

The Hon. James Wilberforce Longley is one of the many journalists who have achieved distinction outside of journalism. He is now, at a little over forty years of age, attorney-general of Nova Scotia, and one of the leading political writers of the Dominion. After studying at the bar in Halifax and Toronto, he assumed the editorship of a small paper in his native province. He then became an editorial writer on the *Acadian Recorder* in Halifax, soon afterwards purchasing



Molyneux St. John.

the *Mayflower*, a literary weekly published in the same city. He contributed regularly to the editorial columns of the *Acadian Recorder* from 1871 until 1887, when he joined the editorial staff of the *Halifax Morning Chronicle*, the leading liberal journal of the Maritime provinces. Of late, the multiplicity of his official duties as attorney-general and a member of the executive of the government of Nova Scotia has interfered with his journalistic writing considerably. But



James Hannay.



John Cameron.

although immersed in politics for the last fifteen years, he has, during that period found leisure to contribute many articles, to the American and English magazines. He is an excellent political writer. The chief characteristic of his style is its simplicity, directness, and terseness. There is a dash and fearlessness about his writings, and it is probably this which recently caused the sedate London *Times* to call him "the Labouchere of Canadian Politics." He has had a remarkably successful career in politics, taking a prominent place in the Executive Council two years after his first election to the provincial legislature. He is one of the most effective and powerful debaters in Canadian political life. He is an earnest advocate of free trade between Canada and the United States.

Mr. John Cameron, the founder and present managing editor of the *Advertiser*, of London, Ontario, has been in journalism for over a quarter of a century, although

he is not yet fifty years of age. His training was of the Benjamin Franklin type; before he became a newspaper man he was a newspaper *boy*, beginning as a "devil" in a printing-office. Just before the end of the war, when the excitement was at its height, Mr. Cameron's apprenticeship ended, and the demand for news in Canada encouraged him to start a little evening paper in his native city. This is now the London *Advertiser*, the most influential paper published in western Ontario. Mr. Cameron has been the editor and manager of it since 1863, with the exception of seven years, during which, after the Gordon Brown episode, already recounted, he held the position of editor-in-chief of the Toronto *Globe*. Mr. Cameron's politics have been liberal all his life, and he has strenuously advocated the utmost possible freedom of commercial

intercourse between Canada and the United States. In 1890 he resigned from the *Globe*, in order to resume the active management of the *Advertiser*. He believes that it is impossible for Canada to remain a colony. He is an advo-



Edward Farrer.

cate of complete Canadian independence ; but he also thinks that, if it is the destiny of Canada to ultimately become part of the United States, she will make her mark in the great federation.

A few years ago the name and doings and sayings of "Jimuel Briggs" were almost as well known and as popular in Canada as those of "Petroleum V. Nasby," "John Phoenix" and the "Danbury News Man" in the United States, but of late, "Jimuel Briggs" seems to have joined "the great majority." This is the fate of most humorous characters ; the constant strain upon the writer is too much, and one after another these strange personalities precede their creators to obscurity. It is very probable, however, that the name of "Jimuel Briggs" is a more familiar one in Canada to-day than that of Phillips Thompson, although "Jimuel's" laughable philosophy is now only a memory, and Thompson, his parent, is still in the flesh.

Phillips Thompson is one of the most brilliant and productive writers in Canada. There is always an aroma of humor in all his writings, but he is an earnest social reformer as well as a humorist. A born radical, he is duly grateful for the fact, and the stanch honesty of his life and opinions is best shown by the increasing radicalism of his views as he approaches the meridian of life — a critical period with most men. It is the discussion of the great social problems which confront the new world, as well as the old, that has really been the life work of Mr. Thompson ; and his book, "The Politics of Labor," is recognized in America and in England as one of the most forcible as well as the most judicial presentations of the subject that has ever appeared in the flood of socialistic literature. He is, and always has been, a social democrat, and in politics he has been consistently independent, taking little interest and no share in the discussion of the burning questions of party — the questions which in Canada are exploited during every election to catch votes, and, it may be noted, are judiciously dropped once a party is secure on the treasury benches. The labor question has possessed Mr. Thompson's heart and soul all his life

long, and if necessity had not compelled him to avail himself of the only channels which offered, — the columns of the newspapers, — he would have made a wider reputation for himself. He began his career as a reporter in the office of the Toronto *Telegraph*, where he remained three years. He has since filled all sorts of positions on a number of papers. In 1876, he left Canada and settled in Boston, and for some years was assistant editor of the *Traveller*, in which position his writings on social reforms and labor politics made him very conspicuous. An offer to become special correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* took him back to Canada, and he was sent on several important missions to Great Britain, whence he wrote a series of letters on the Landlord and Eviction system, which created much interest on both sides of the Atlantic. He also investigated the local institutions of Quebec, and the workings of the prohibitory law in Maine, and his articles did much to create a sentiment in the Dominion in favor of similar legislation. Subsequently, he became assistant editor of the Toronto *News*, a position which he occupied until a change of proprietorship and policy occurred in 1887. Since then he has had no regular connection with the press, but writes a great deal for the labor reform organs and for *Saturday Night*.

Although it is chiefly as a poet that Mr. Louis Frechette is known and admired, his name is included among the journalists of Canada, for it is by journalism that he has earned his livelihood. In Canada there is a very limited market for any kind of literature, and so, notwithstanding the fact that M. Frechette obtained almost immediate recognition by his earlier verses, he was compelled to engage in journalism — a profession which he is too much of a poet to be very much in love with. M. Frechette, however, has been a successful journalist, — as some of his *confrères* would jokingly put it, in spite of his literary attainments ; for nearly all the literary characteristics of Canadian journalism are borrowed, that is, they are the product of the scissors and paste pot. For many years M. Frechette has been one of the chief editorial



writers on *La Patrie*, and being an ardent patriot as well as a poet, he has made himself a force in the politics of Quebec, and for some time occupied a seat in the legislature of the province. All his books have been published in Paris, and all his fame has come from the

confers greater honor upon a brilliant *chroniquer* than upon a writer of dull partisan editorials.

The recent death of John Talon Lesperance removed one of the most interesting personalities and one of the most brilliant writers from the field of

Canadian journalism and letters. Mr. Lesperance belonged to the school of literary journalists, and in addition to his voluminous contributions to the different newspapers of the country he wrote innumerable, signed and anonymous, poems, essays, and sketches, which gave him a reputation that few other journalists in the Dominion have attained. As a young man he became connected with a newspaper in St. Johns, P. Q., and his writings attracting considerable attention brought him an offer to join the staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, as one of its editorial contributors. A column of bright literary criticism, under the heading of "Ephemerides," which he established in the *Gazette*, and wrote, until shortly before his death, regularly every Saturday, introduced him to a wider constituency,



Robert S. White.

French critics; it is only among the little cliques of literary people that he is taken at his full value in his own country. Even in Paris a Beranger can starve, and M. Frechette wisely clung to the mistress who at least insured bread and butter; though it is a pity that a man with M. Frechette's genius should have consented to circumscribe his sphere by remaining in Canada, while if he had only fulfilled the programme he once had, of settling in Paris, where the journalist is not obliged to suppress his individuality, he would undoubtedly have achieved something more than a local reputation; for even if he had not succeeded in devoting himself entirely to literature, he would, at least, have become eminent as a journalist in the great French capital, which

and he was soon recognized as one of the most original thinkers in the Dominion. Necessarily, a great deal of this work was unequal, but the strong individuality, and half-humorous confidential tone, which permeated it, always atoned for the faults that are inevitable in hasty compositions of this character. It must be remembered that the journalist writes for the breakfast table, and more frequently than not, writes after the rest of the world is soundly sleeping; and as soon as the article is finished, the thunder of the presses in the basement makes all revision impossible. There was a note in all Mr. Lesperance's journalistic writings which is not generally found in the *causeries* one finds printed in the daily papers; he was really a

literary man, driven into journalism by his necessities and the almost complete absence of a market for literary wares in Canada. He was at different periods editor of the Canadian *Illustrated News* — one of the many wrecks in the history of Canadian literary journalism — the *Dominion Illustrated*, which is now enjoying a vigorous existence, the *Star*, and *Gazette*. During the scant leisure allowed by his exacting occupations he wrote three novels, "The Bastonnais," "Fanchon," and "My Creoles," which appeared serially, and were afterwards published in book form. These novels, written at a time when the surfeit of English fiction in the Canadian market made the publishers look askance at native productions, were sufficiently notable to at once achieve popularity.

A name that is not altogether unfamiliar in the United States and is known throughout the length and breadth of Canada, is that of Honoré Beaugrand, journalist and publicist. Although a comparatively young man he has had a remarkably varied career, and has by his own efforts attained a position of prominence while still in the prime of life. He began his career as a journalist in New Orleans in 1868, and lived for ten years in the United States, being in turn an attaché of the leading journals in St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, and Lowell. He founded *La Patrie* in Montreal in 1878, and he has made it one of the most able exponents of liberalism in French Canada. He is well known as a magazine writer on political subjects, and has also written several histories of considerable worth. In politics Mr. Beaugrand belongs to the advanced liberal school, and has always advocated free trade and commercial reciprocity between Canada and the United States. He does not hesitate to declare that if Canada cannot attain the advantages which would accrue to her from unobstructed commercial intercourse with the great republic to the south of her, without becoming politically a part of that republic, then annexation is the desideratum which all who honestly desire Canada's prosperity should strive for.

E. W. Thomson is well known throughout Canada by the readers of light literature as the cleverest writer of short stories in the country, and probably few of these readers know that the greater part of his work in this direction has been performed after the arduous daily



Bernard McEvoy.

labors of a working journalist. Mr. Thomson is only a little over forty years of age, but he is a veteran in journalism, and is known among his *confrères* in the profession as one of the most sarcastic and humorous, at times severely ironical, editorial writers in the Dominion. Always broad and liberal in his thought, he has the courage to run counter to the dominant prejudices of the day. For many years Mr. Thomson was the leading editorial writer on the *Toronto Globe*, and during this time he succeeded in making it the most literary paper in Canada. He may be said to have really created literary criticism in Toronto, for previous to his advent, this department in all Toronto papers was not only crude and inadequate, but ludicrous in its intellectual poverty and complete absence of independence. During the last general election campaign in Canada, Mr. Thomson, who had resigned from the *Globe* because of political differences with his former party, wrote a series of independent articles en-

titled, "Reflections on the Situation," which were extensively quoted, and were said by many important papers to contribute materially to the defeat of the opposition party. The main views which he expressed were substantially identical with those which were afterward fulminated in the declaration made by the Hon. Edward Blake at the close of the campaign. He took the view, and a very sound one it is, that Commercial Union would not pay Canada if, as it would do at present, it involved the adoption of the McKinley tariff burden; that Commercial Union would certainly involve political union, and that it was dastardly for any political party to attempt to inveigle the people into such a union without putting the question fairly and honestly before the country.

J. S. Willison, the successor of Mr. John Cameron in the chief editorial chair of the *Toronto Globe*, has had what is really a phenomenally rapid success in

journalism. His early years were spent on a farm, and, with the exception of two years in the public schools, he owes his education to his own efforts long after passing the school age. It was not until 1881 that he was able to obtain a regular foothold in his chosen profession. In that year he became a reporter on the *London Advertiser*, with very high hopes and a very small salary. In 1883, when Mr. John Cameron, the managing editor, left London to take charge of the *Toronto Globe*, he accompanied his chief to the larger city, and was immediately made assistant to the night editor. The first difficulties were then over, and promotion came with a rapidity that startled some of his *confrères*, who had been patiently plodding in the ranks for years. He became chief night editor; then, exchange editor; then, editorial writer, with a column of gossip to write every day on topics to be chosen by himself; then, chief of the editorial staff in the Provincial Legislature; then, chief of the House of Commons staff at Ottawa; then, sub-editor; and in 1890 by a unanimous vote of the directors he was appointed editor-in-chief, upon the resignation of Mr. John Cameron. Promotions are not usually as rapid in Canadian newspaper offices as they are in certain offices in the States, and Mr. Willison's rise would have been unique in any city in the Union. The chief editorship of an influential and rich paper like

the *Globe* is one of the plums of Canadian journalism, which generally do not fall into a man's mouth until he is fifty — or more often the man chosen for such a position has spent the best part of fifty years in harness. Mr. Willison has reached the top of the tree while still in the first flush of maturity, after ten years of hard work; and, among those who congratulate him, there will be many who envy him. For,



The Globe Building, Toronto.

although, as John Boyle O'Reilly truly said, "the true fraternal spirit exists at its best in convicts, soldiers, and journalists," there is also a great deal of the clique feeling and jealousy in journalism that there is in a theatre, and for much the same reasons.

The most able writer on art and municipal matters—two very dissimilar fields of thought—in the Dominion, is Mr. Bernard McEvoy, associate editor of the *Toronto Mail*. He was educated as a mechanical engineer and spent many years in active business life. But the fascination of journalistic life came over him, and after contributing to the various journals and magazines of the northern counties of England, he gradually became so involved in newspaper work, that his former profession had to be relinquished. In 1874 he wrote a prize story descriptive of Birmingham life for the *Morning News* of that place, and this led to his being regularly employed as a story writer and an occasional contributor on social, literary and other subjects by that paper and various press syndicates. During his connection with the morning *News* and other Birmingham papers, he wrote many short stories, filled with kindly humor and intense sympathy with the struggles of humanity, which are worthy of preservation between covers. Mr. McEvoy was always interested in the various efforts for the education of the workingmen, and both in England and in Canada he has done much excellent and practical work in the direction of uplifting them, taking an active part in the work whenever his engagements permitted it. He is recognized also as an authority on sanitation, and his writings in the *Mail* on this subject have helped to create a public opinion that is sweeping away many of the evils which in Toronto, as in every new and rapidly growing city, menace the poorer classes, who are compelled to live in the older quarters of the city, in houses built before our modern conveniences were dreamed of. Mr. McEvoy's art criticisms were something entirely new in Canada, where such work was previously done by the general reporters, whose ideas about art were for the most part, very vague. His articles

on art showed such a wide knowledge of the subject that he was almost immediately recognized as the best art critic in the country, and he received numerous invitations from various institutions to lecture upon artistic and social matters. His literary style is always keen, incisive and logical, with a strong undercurrent of good-natured satire and humor, and his inexhaustible fund of apposite al-



The Mail Building, Toronto.

lusion gives his editorials more of a literary tone than is frequently remarked in such compositions in the Canadian newspapers. He has given to the *Mail's* articles on municipal matters a dignity which they never possessed before, and the thoroughness of his knowledge of the subject, acquired in one of the model cities of the old world—a city recently eulogized by Mr. Albert Shaw, the well-known authority on city government, has

made him not only respected but feared. In addition to his newspaper work, he has contributed at different times, poems, stories, and papers on art to *Belford's Magazine*, *The Independent*, and other American weekly and monthly periodicals.

Edmund Ernest Sheppard was born in Canada in 1855, and received his education at Bethany College, West Virginia. As a youth, he drifted from college to the far West, where he led an adventurous life in New Mexico, Texas, and Old Mexico for several years, beginning there his newspaper career by acting as correspondent for western journals, signing his descriptive articles and sketches "Don"—a pen name which is now well-known to every reader in the Dominion. In 1878 he returned to Canada without having made the expected fortune, and became a reporter on the *Toronto Mail*. He then became editor of a short-lived venture called the *London Standard*, and upon its decease was called to the night editorship of the *London Free Press*, a position he held for two years. Seeking his fortunes once more in the States, he was connected with several newspapers, but returned to Canada and started the *St. Thomas Evening Journal*, which is still the most successful evening paper in any of the smaller cities of Ontario. He then became editor and proprietor of the *Toronto Evening News*, which under his management gained the third greatest circulation of any paper in the Dominion. During his long sojourn in the West, Mr. Sheppard became saturated with the broad spirit of democracy which characterizes all the western commonwealths, and for a long time the intense conservatism of his Canadian constituency was a stumbling block in his progress. But, though his pungent and incisive editorials met with little favor among the circles of the governmental "aristocracy" of Canada, they became extremely popular with the working classes, who looked up to him as a fearless champion of individual and organized rights. In 1886 he was nominated as a labor candidate for the Dominion Parliament, but was defeated by a small majority. During the Riel rebellion in the Northwest, one of Mr. Sheppard's subordinates,

emulating the breezy style of his chief, wrote some injudicious and scathing comments on the conduct of a French-Canadian regiment from Montreal, and this involved Mr. Sheppard in a series of libel suits, which developed into a systematic persecution, and for two years he was harassed by threats and legal instruments. The matter was finally settled, but the legal expenses were so enormous that Mr. Sheppard was obliged to sell his newspaper property and begin life all over again. His next venture, begun in December, 1887, was the *Toronto Saturday Night*, a literary and dramatic weekly. The paper at once obtained a large circulation and became a financial success. In addition to his regular newspaper work, he has written three novels, "Dolly," "Widower Jones," and "A Bad Man's Sweetheart."

The career of J. W. Bengough is the history of caricature journalism in Canada. Previous to the advent of Mr. Bengough in Toronto, there had been no such thing as a comic paper in Canada. In early life and at school Mr. Bengough showed a strong talent for sketching, covering his books and slates and papers with caricatures of his teachers and the local celebrities of the little town he was brought up in. In 1871 he went to Toronto and became a reporter of one of the morning papers, still cherishing a vague idea of some day turning his talent for caricature to account in a paper of his own. One day he happened to make a sketch of an eccentric and well-known citizen of Toronto, who was in the habit of taking an afternoon siesta in a big arm-chair on the sidewalk of the leading thoroughfare, which was reproduced by the lithographic process by a friend, who was particularly struck by the aptness with which he caught the characteristics of the old man. At that time, Mr. Bengough knew very little of this process, and the speed and exactness with which the drawing was reproduced seemed to offer a practical channel for his talent, and its cheapness decided him to attempt the fulfilment of his ambition. The Pacific scandal was at this time the sensation of the hour in Canada, so that it was a particularly fortunate time for his

enterprise. The first number of *Grip* was accordingly issued on May 24th, 1873, the editor and proprietor having at that time a capital of \$18. Although the method of reproduction was very poor compared with those used nowadays, the paper at once achieved popularity and obtained a good circulation. One of the first and most famous of his early sketches is here reproduced, and its witty, pertinent application to the question of the hour will be seen at a glance. The reader will notice that the three figures in the picture are all those of Sir John Macdonald, who was charged with venality over the letting of contracts during the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The point of the picture is that the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the matter was entirely composed of Sir John's political allies and personal friends, so that it was in reality a mere farce; the prosecuting counsel, the judges, and all concerned were, to put it briefly, Sir John's shadows, and therefore innocuous. Mr. Bengough has caught Sir John Macdonald's peculiarities with the same fidelity with which John Tenniel and Linley Sanbourne have caught Disraeli and Gladstone's; and Sir John Macdonald, like Disraeli, had a face which lent itself peculiarly to the comic artist. Mr. Bengough has never had any regular art training, and his work is not as finished as the productions of the *Punch* caricaturists, or those of Gillam, of *Judge*, and J. Keppler of *Puck*, but he has more originality than any of these artists, whose subjects are generally found for them by the editors. Mr. Bengough originates all the ideas he puts into black and white, and his caricatures are never without point. He was the originator of the "tattooed man," which was borrowed by one of the famous New York caricaturists, and some of his most characteristic and happiest sketches have never been excelled by anything in the history of caricature in America. His work has been pronounced by competent critics in New York, as superior in conception, though not in execution, to that of Matt Morgan and Thomas Nast, who was in his day considered the greatest comic draughtsman on this continent. His style is more

that of Gillray or John Leech than any of the comic draughtsmen of to-day, for, like them, he is more concerned about bringing out the point effectively, and does not care so much about the technical excellence of the drawing. The only work he has produced outside of his regular weekly contributions to *Grip* is a caricature history of Canada, which he compiled from his cartoons, dealing with momentous events in the political history of Canada, and to which he added others, dealing with events prior to the establishment of *Grip*. This volume has had a large sale in Canada, and will assuredly be of great value when the history of Canada comes to be impartially written some years hence. Up to the present most of the histories of Canada have been too partisan to be of any great value to the student. In addition to his labors on *Grip*, Mr. Bengough does a great deal of lecturing both in Canada and the United States, and what he calls his "chalk talks" show his wonderful facility for catching the facial peculiarities of those with whom he comes into contact, even more strikingly than his published caricatures. He will arrive in a strange town, where he is announced to lecture, a few hours before he appears on the platform, and, meeting several of the most prominent men in the city at luncheon or elsewhere,—men whom he has never met in his life before,—he will photograph their peculiarities in his mind, and produce them in crayon so exactly that the local audience will immediately recognize them. He is a follower of Henry George, an advocate of woman's suffrage and an opponent of the liquor traffic, and he has never compromised with anything which he regarded as a public evil.

Mr. Bengough is, too, an admirable paragrapher, and a writer of good verse, both serious and comic. As somebody said of the original *Punch* staff, "it takes a lot of brains to write good nonsense," and that Mr. Bengough's nonsense is good nonsense any one who reads *Grip's* comments and quips will allow. For years Mr. Bengough wrote almost all the letter press appearing in his paper, but latterly he has been assisted by Phillips Thompson and P. McArthur. The latter is





The Empty Saddle.

THE CARTOON IN "GRIP," PUBLISHED AFTER SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S DEATH, JUNE 6, 1891.



one of the most valued and frequent contributors of humorous writing to *Puck*, *Life*, the New York *Herald*, the *Sun*, the Munsey publications, the Pictorial weeklies, *Judge*, and the Harper's periodicals.

Martin J. Griffin is well-known among the journalistic fraternity of Canada as a writer of considerable merit, although of recent years he has somewhat dropped out of public notice. He was for some years editor of the Toronto *Mail*, while it was the recognized organ of the Conservative government, but upon its conversion to independent principles he resigned. He is, however, still connected with journalism as an outside contributor, and his name is a frequent one in the *Week*, the *Dominion Illustrated*, and other Canadian and American journals. He is also a contributor to *Macmillan's* and *Murray's* magazines. His brilliant *causerie* is a regular feature of the Saturday edition of the Montreal *Gazette*, and dealing with a wide range of subjects — literary, historical, and political, — is widely discussed among all the literary people of the Dominion, although it is a little caviare to the multitude of readers. The style of his writings is always pertinent and pungent, and he possesses a keen critical faculty, while his diction is invariably polished and clean cut.

Mr. James Hannay is best known as the author of a scholarly and exhaustive history of Acadia, which has been pronounced by the critics on both sides of the Atlantic as the most reliable work on the subject. Educated for the bar, the greater part of his life has, however, been devoted to daily journalism, and his historical studies have been pursued as a recreation and not as a means of obtaining a livelihood. He has held different positions on daily and weekly papers of St. John since 1863, and for three years was on the staff of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, first as general writer, then as literary editor, and finally as associate editor. In 1888, he accepted the chief editorship of the St. John *Gazette*, which he has made one of the most influential papers in the maritime provinces. He contributed a large number of poems, sketches, and

stories to Stewart's *Quarterly*, and is favorably known as a lecturer, both in Lower and Upper Canada.

There has not been in Canadian journalism the same influx of women into the ranks, that is one of the interesting phases of American journalism, and the lingering English prejudice against the development of strong personalities, with its natural sequence of signed articles — a common feature of every Sunday paper in the United States to-day — has deterred many ambitious women from entering the profession, and forced others into work of a character which offered little or no opportunity of making a reputation. A few women of strong individuality and talent have, however, accepted the limitations of the drudgery of daily journalism for the excellent training it affords, and by patient endeavor some of these have achieved a distinct place in the public estimation. The most prominent of all Canadian women journalists is Sara Jeannette Duncan, whose recently published books, "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London," have met with such a wide and favorable reception on both sides of the Atlantic. It is only about four years ago since Miss Duncan's reputation was almost entirely confined to Canada, and rested principally upon her bright gossipy articles in the Montreal *Star* and the *Week*, under the pen name of "Garth Grafton." Miss Duncan did considerable editorial writing on the Washington *Post*, but her work on the Toronto *Globe* and the *Week* first brought her into notice, and when her column of bric-a-brac was begun in the *Star*, she was a comparatively unknown writer even in Canada. Her first book, which ran through *The Ladies' Pictorial* in London before it was put between covers, was a surprise to even her warmest admirers, and it is altogether probable that now she has abandoned journalism for literature, she will take a prominent place as a novelist, — it being understood that her next venture will be in the field of fiction. Miss Eve H. Brodlique is undoubtedly the most practical newspaper woman who has served on the Canadian press. Every step in her progress has been due to her own efforts, for

she possessed neither money nor influence to push her to the front. Beginning as secretary to the Hon. David Mills, one of the leaders of the Liberal party in the Dominion House, and one of the editors and directors of the *London Advertiser*, Miss Brodlique gradually worked her way into more purely journalistic work. For two successive sessions she was the sole representative of the *Advertiser* in the House of Commons, and her articles signed "Willice Wharton" attracted attention throughout Canada. At this time also she was a frequent contributor to the *Detroit Free Press* and other western journals, and through the reputation she thus gained, she received an offer to become a special writer on the *Chicago Globe*. From the *Globe* she went to the *Tribune*, and from thence to the *Times*, where she is now doing literary work for the Sunday and weekly editions. She is also a contributor to *Outing*, the *Chataquan*, and other magazines. Mrs. S. Frances Harrison began contributing to the *Toronto Mail*, the old *Canadian Monthly*, and other publications at the early age of eighteen. A removal from Toronto to Ottawa led to her studying the picturesque life of the French Canadians along the St. Lawrence, and a series of brilliant articles in the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Chicago Current* was the result. She also wrote and published a book of short stories of French Canadian life, under the attractive title of "Crowded Out." Mrs. Harrison has at different times contributed short stories and articles to the *American Magazine*, to the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, and to the pages of that excellent and severely orthodox English magazine, *Temple Bar*. Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald is well-known through her graceful essays on literary subjects contributed to the *Toronto Globe* from time to time. She is also the principal editorial writer on the *London Advertiser*, and associate editor with Mrs. John Cameron of a magazine called *Wives and Daughters* published in the interests of women. She is a bright, and thoughtful writer, and deals competently with the wide range of subjects treated by a daily paper in its editorial columns. She also writes for

the *Week*, the *Dominion Illustrated*, and some of the papers of the western states. Miss Ella Elliott is known in the Canadian press under different names. She has written extensively for *Saturday Night* as "Clip Carew," and has made a distinct place for herself by her breezy descriptive and social articles in the *Toronto Globe* as "Frances Burton Clare," a pen-name which she has also made familiar to the readers of several American magazines devoted to women. She is now in charge of the women's department of the *Toronto Globe*. Among the other women who are doing good work on the Canadian press are "Kit" of the *Toronto Mail*, Miss J. Eglauich, Miss Helen Fairbairn, and Miss Blanche Macdonnell.

Molyneux St. John began his newspaper career as a member of the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*, accompanying General Wolseley's Red River expedition in the Northwest as special correspondent of that paper. He afterwards joined the staff of the *Montreal Herald* as assistant editor and parliamentary correspondent, and when Mr. John Livingston resigned to go to the West he succeeded him in the chief editor's chair, a position he still holds.

Robert S. White, M. P., comes of a journalistic family, his father, the late Hon. Thomas White, the Minister of the Interior, having been editor-in-chief of the *Montreal Gazette* for many years before him. The White family has been identified with Canadian journalism and political life since confederation, and Mr. R. S. White succeeded not only to his father's editorial chair, but also to his parliamentary constituency. Although Mr. White was, as it were, born to the purple of journalism, he served a long apprenticeship in the lower grades of the profession, beginning as a reporter. Upon the entrance of his father into Sir John Macdonald's cabinet as Minister of the Interior, Mr. White was made editor-in-chief of the *Gazette*, his father's official duties making a permanent residence in the capital necessary. He was elected member of parliament in 1888, to the seat rendered vacant by his father's death.

The omission of Mr. John Reade from

an article on Canadian journalism would be an arraignment of the writer's knowledge of the subject. Before many of the most prominent journalists of to-day were out of school Mr. Reade was writing editorials in the *Gazette*, and was one of the leaders in every literary movement that was projected. Mr. Reade is one of the few survivors of a little band of writers who in Montreal were attempting to create a literary feeling in the Dominion at the same time that Fitz James O'Brien and other brilliant journalists were trying to revive the Bohemia of Henry Murger in New York. The death of John Lesperance removed one of the last of the old-time Montreal Bohemians, and Mr. Reade, although still active and in harness, is not so prominently before the public as he was in the seventies. He was, and is, one of the ablest writers on European politics in the Dominion, and his fugitive verses and occasional literary articles, always original and scholarly, are worthy of a more leisured and critical audience than a daily newspaper generally appeals to. Mr. Reade is now an editorial writer on the *Gazette*, with which he has been connected for over twenty years, and is editor of the *Dominion Illustrated*.

Although Mr. W. D. LeSueur is an officer in one of the Governmental departments at Ottawa, he is properly included in this article, for he is one of the keenest and cleverest editorial writers of the Dominion. He is something more than an occasional contributor to journalism, for he is actively engaged as one of the chief editorial writers of the *Montreal Star*; and again he is something more than a journalist, for he has achieved a continental reputation as an authority on scientific and economic questions. His official occupations have prevented him from doing himself full justice in literature; but the strong accent of conviction which impregnates even his most ephemeral productions have won for him a very high place in Canadian journalism, and in the inner circles of the craft, the forceful individuality of his style is recognized and admired, even though veiled in anonymity, the curse of the ambitious journalist. But, of course, a reputation

of this sort rests upon a very slender foundation, and is necessarily esoteric, and unsatisfactory to a man of high aims. Mr. Le Sueur is an enthusiastic disciple of Herbert Spencer, and has written a considerable number of signed essays on the philosophy of evolution, which have appeared chiefly in the pages of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The first of the series was published in the now defunct *Canadian Monthly* in 1880, but attracting Mr. Spencer's attention, was re-published at his special request in the *Popular Science Monthly*, then conducted by his warm friend, the late Prof. E. L. Youmans. During the ten years of its precarious, but really brilliant existence, Mr. LeSueur was a frequent contributor to the *Canadian Monthly*. All of Mr. LeSueur's writing for the press may be said to belong to that literary journalism, which is a peculiar and altogether encouraging outcome of this age of encyclopædic newspapers. But for the laborious duties of his official position, Mr. LeSueur would have done more, and would have enjoyed a wider fame, if not popularity. As it is, he has won the hearty commendation of some of the foremost scientific leaders and liberal thinkers of the time, and is the warm friend of many of them.

Mr. C. Blackett Robinson is identified with the *Toronto Week*, a literary and political paper, which will bear comparison with any of the New York or London papers of a similar character, and which is the first of its kind in Canada to attain a wide popularity and a sound financial basis. The best literary thought of the Dominion finds its expression in the *Week*, which is always open to both sides of all questions.

Everybody interested in history and literature in Canada is acquainted with the name of Dr. George Stewart, Jr., the editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*, the best English paper in the citadel city, and one of the ablest edited in the Dominion. Mr. Stewart is one of the most industrious writers in this age of industrious writers, and the success he has achieved in his profession, and out of it, has been entirely due to his energy and persistence and great natural gifts. While quite a

boy he did the dramatic criticism and literary reviewing for the *Watchman* of St. John, besides doing a lot of miscellaneous literary work for the *Journal*, *Telegraph* and *Globe*, of the same city, the *Montreal Gazette* and the ill-fated *Canadian Illustrated*. He founded and edited *Stewart's Quarterly Magazine*, 1867-72, which, if it was not a success financially, did a great deal to encourage the awakening feeling for literature and the serious study of history in the Dominion. He was called to the editorial chair of the *Canadian Monthly* upon its founding, and fulfilled the duties of this position successfully for four years, and was then invited to edit the *Quebec Chronicle*, which he has made one of the most interesting and literary journals in the province. Mr. Stewart contributes frequently to the English and American magazines, among others the *Scottish Review*, the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, the *Magazine of American History*, the *New York Independent*, the *Dominion Illustrated* and the *Toronto Week*. The most important of his books are "Evenings in the Library," and "Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin." He has also been a great encyclopædist.

Coming from an old Scotch family, whose antecedents are closely connected with St. Andrews University, Mr. John A. MacPhail inherited all the courage and enterprise and persistence which have distinguished the Scotch race all the world over. He maintained himself by journalism while going through McGill University in Montreal, where, after eight years of hard work, he obtained the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Doctor of Medicine. He has, however, a natural taste for journalism, and belongs essentially in all his ideas to the new generation of writers, who regard journalism as a reputable and dignified profession, and not a trade. He began his journalistic career, as every man who wishes to become a thorough journalist must do, as a reporter, but he is one of those journalists who eschew above all things anything approaching the old Bohemianism, which in the past tended so much to bring the profession and its professors into disrepute in the minds of the community.

For some time he was connected with the *Times* and the *Tribune* in New York City. He afterwards joined the local staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, doing musical and dramatic writing, besides a lot of special literary and scientific work, and then became night editor of the paper. This position he threw up to become commercial editor of the *Montreal Star*. Abandoning editorial work for correspondence, which he found gave more scope for the individuality of a writer, he became resident correspondent of the Associated Press in Montreal, and also of the *Toronto Globe*, the *New York Times*, and a number of other American papers. He has contributed a great many articles on the Anglo-French question to the American papers in all parts of the Union which have attracted considerable attention; and in the midst of all this work, he has found time to contribute occasionally to *Outing* and other magazines on subjects of a very different character.

John Anderson Boyd of Montreal, the resident correspondent of the *Toronto Mail*, is one of the youngest and most widely-known of Canadian journalists. He belongs entirely to the new generation of journalists—the well-educated gentlemen, persistent and enterprising, to whom Bohemia is as much an unknown territory as it is to the plodding men of the law and of commerce. Mr. Boyd is a college-bred man, having passed through McGill, the leading university in the Dominion. His services have been in constant demand, and he has served successively on all the leading papers of the Dominion. In 1886 he was appointed Montreal correspondent of the *Toronto Mail*, and has since occupied the position with honor to himself and advantage to the great paper he represents. He has an established reputation as a writer on political and educational affairs. He is a powerful and convincing writer, but while journalism is his first love, it is expected that he will before long take an active part in political life.

N. E. Dionne is one of the best-known journalists in the city of Quebec, having been the chief editor of *La Courrier de Canada*, with but slight intervals devoted

to government service and politics for the last twenty years. In 1883 he founded the Press Association of the Province of Quebec, engineering an act of incorporation through the Legislature, and has been secretary of it since its foundation. Outside of his regular journalistic work he has published several pamphlets and one large volume.

Watson Griffin is one of the ultra-conservative writers of the Canadian press. Mr. Griffin has contributed from time to time to the American magazines articles taking the extreme imperial view of the situation in Canada. He is one of those clever matter-of-fact writers who are always in demand, and always useful; he is a painstaking, thoughtful, and reliable writer, if lacking in anything, lacking in enthusiasm, though not in force. He enjoys a considerable reputation throughout the Dominion, and is an adept in the presentation of statistics and the data of blue books, written in good, plain English. He has had a varied journalistic experience, but for some years now he has been editor of the weekly *Star*.

Nicholas Flood Davin is by birth an Irishman, and he is one of the most brilliant writers and speakers in the Dominion. He began his journalistic work while studying for the Bar in London (England), gaining a livelihood by writing "leaders" for the morning papers. Then, because leader writing in London is exigent, he taught himself shorthand, and went into the Press Gallery of the House of Commons as a reporter for the *Morning Star*. He was correspondent for the *Irish Times* and London *Standard* through the Franco-German War, and was present at the battle of Sedan. Being wounded and broken in health he went to Canada to recover his strength, but remained and entered Canadian journalism. He was successively an editorial writer on the *Toronto Globe* and *Mail*, and then in 1883 went to the Northwest and founded the *Regina Leader*.

T. E. Moberly assumed charge of the *Week* about two years ago, and since then he has conducted it with conspicuous ability and steadiness, heartily appreciated by all the cultivated people of the Dominion.

J. T. Hawke, the editor of the *Transcript* of Moncton, N. B., was for a considerable time on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*, where he was a decided success. His is a well-known name in Canadian journalism, and he has made his paper and himself respected, although a political partisan of very great bitterness.

Louis Kribs, as "Henry Pica," gave the *News* its popularity, and made for himself a reputation as a humorist, which he has taken but little trouble to maintain since he became one of the editors of the *Empire*. A clever journalist, Kribs did the best work of his life in his struggle to make a success of the *News*.

To W. F. Maclean belongs the credit of starting the first one cent morning newspaper in Canada, and that at a time when there were not more than one or two such papers in the whole of the United States. It is confessed by journalists who are capable of judging that the first page of the *Toronto World* contains the most thoroughly edited, bright presentation of the news of the day to be found anywhere. Mr. Maclean is not only an extraordinarily able and watchful editor and preparer of news, but he is one of the most versatile editorial paragraphers and humorists on the press.

W. F. Luxton is one of the most important journalists in Canada. He began the publication of the *Nor'wester* in 1867, and afterwards started the first morning newspaper in Winnipeg, *The Free Press*, which has been the steady champion of Liberalism, equal rights for all, the provincial autonomy of Manitoba, and of every good cause from that day to this.

A peculiar position is occupied by two Canadian journals, and there is nothing exactly analogous to it existing to-day, nor has there been since the old days when Horace Greeley held the attention of the country with the *Tribune*. In the province of Ontario the people have been accustomed to look to the *Globe*, much as London looks, or used to look, to the *Times*; and in the province of Manitoba the new civilization of the West is mirrored in the *Free Press*—all Manitoba and the Northwest territories is influenced by this one great paper. In importance

and power the *Globe* and *Free Press* have always been up to very recent times the most significant papers in the Dominion. There is perhaps no other paper in America to-day regarded in the same peculiar manner. The *Globe* is still said to be the Canadian Scot's Bible.

Among the older generation of journalists whose names must not be forgotten are E. Gough Penny, the originator and first owner of the Montreal *Herald*. Under Mr. Penny's management, the paper had a circulation so reputable and important, although limited, that it was ranked as one of the first journals in the Dominion. The *Herald* is not a very important paper at this day, and has not been for some considerable time. Mr. Penny exercised by his serious discussion of politics a great influence on the affairs of the country, and he only retired from active work to become a member of the Senate. John Elder of the St. John *Telegraph* occupied a position in the province of New Brunswick comparable to that which Mr. Penny held in Lower Canada, George Brown in Upper Canada, and Luxton in Manitoba. Gordon Brown during the whole of his editorial career was supported by the most able journalists that could be employed in the country. The old staff of the *Globe* included the Hon. Wm. McDougall, one of the first debaters in the Canadian Parliament, and one of the fathers of Confederation; the Rev. William Inglis, a very powerful writer; Mr. Alvan Pardoe, the managing editor, and cleverest writer on the staff, after the resignation of Gordon Brown, for some years, and J. Dymond, an English journalist of considerable ability. Colonel Wiley for years exercised a very powerful influence by his clear logical writing in the Brockville *Recorder*. The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, the present Minister of Customs, was for many years the editor of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, and made it one of the most important papers in the Province of Ontario. T. Gardner of the Hamilton *Times* is one of the most forcible writers in the country. Henry Blackburn made the London *Free Press* influential and prosperous. J. C. Patterson a few years ago was a conspicuous journalist. For

some time he owned the Toronto *Mail*, and conducted it with great ability and great bitterness.

Among the French Canadian journalists, of whom much might be said did space permit, are Joseph Tassé, the editor of *La Minerve*, the most prominent Conservative journal of Montreal; Fabian Vanasse, the editor of *Le Monde*, and F. X. A. Trudel, the editor of *l'Etendard*; Ernest Pacaud and E. L. Barthe of *l'Electeur*; Eugene Rouillard of *l'Evenement*; Faucher de St. Maurice of *Le Canadien* who is favorably known as a literateur, as well as a journalist; and L. P. Pelletier of *La Justice*.

Mr. W. Philip Robinson will be remembered as one of the first editors of the Toronto *Week*. He is an old, experienced journalist. He was literally born into the craft, his father being a Lancashire journalist, and he having been apprenticed to his father upon coming hot from school. After two years hard service in Fleet Street; and two or three more out of London, Mr. Robinson left England and settled in Canada. He became associated with John T. Hawke in the publication of the Hamilton *Tribune*, since defunct, and he did everything possible to keep it out of the grave. While in Hamilton he received an invitation to go to Toronto and assist in the editorship of the *Week*, which was then floundering under the control of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts—an able man, but not a good editor. Mr. Roberts resigned the editorship in a few months and Mr. Robinson succeeded him. In the face of great discouragement he managed to put the paper on a self-supporting basis, and it made considerable progress for two years, when Mr. Goldwin Smith, who had been interested in the enterprise, went out of it. Then Mr. Robinson resigned and started a Canadian *Tit Bits*, which ended disastrously. He afterwards published a paper in the interests of the iron industries, which is now a valuable property. After some further experience in Canadian journalism, Mr. Robinson sought a more profitable field in this country. He has been for the last three years the manager of Tillotson's Newspaper Syndicate, and is also a part-

ner in the John A. Taylor Publishing Company of New York.

Thomas P. Gorman, the editor of the *Ottawa Free Press*, is the most forcible journalistic writer in the capital. His editorials are more independent in tone than one usually expects to find in a party paper, and he is widely respected as a hard hitter upon occasion. He is the correspondent of the *London (Eng.) Times*, and his despatches during the recent corruption scandals at Ottawa created considerable attention in London. In addition to his journalistic work, Mr. Gorman is an occasional contributor to the magazines, and among others has written for the *Arena* and the *New ENGLAND MAGAZINE*.

Christopher W. Bunting has for several years past been prominently before the public as the editor-in-chief of the *Toronto Mail*. He does not write very often for the columns of his paper, but he directs its political policy, and as a political prophet his features have been made familiar in the pages of *Grip* to everybody in Canada. Mr. Bunting was in Parliament as a Conservative member before the *Mail* seceded from the Sir John Macdonald government, and his social and political influence is considerable. He personally superintends all the details of the editorial department, and like Charles A. Dana, often waits until late at night to read the proofs of a reporter's story. He is a very kindly man and is generally liked by the *attachés* of the paper.

The name of John V. Ellis is a very familiar one in Canada, and it is better known in the United States than those of many of his *confrères*, for the reason that Mr. Ellis has declared himself in favor of annexation, and as a member of the House of Commons, popular rumor has it, he was once threatened with arraignment at the bar of the house in consequence. Mr. Ellis is one of the most popular and unpopular men in the Dominion. He enjoys the distinction of being a most lovable man, and of being well hated. He has been in journalism all his life, having risen from the case to the editorship of the *St. John Globe*. For some years he represented St. John in Parliament, being

elected in the Liberal interest, and he won the respect of his friends and opponents by his unflinching devotion to his principles. He was also for some time postmaster of St. John.

The editor-in-chief of the *Montreal Star*,—the leading evening paper in eastern Canada, ostensibly Independent and really Conservative—is Henry Dalby. Mr. Dalby has been connected with the *Star* since it was started in a humble way, some twenty years ago, and he has risen from the local staff, through the various grades, to his present position. Mr. Dalby has the immediate control of the whole editorial corps, besides writing a great deal for the columns of his paper.

One of the ablest political writers in Canada is Prof. J. E. Wells, M. A., who for some years has been the principal editorial contributor of the *Week*. He was on the staff of the *Toronto Globe* under the editorship of Mr. Gordon Brown, and for the last seven years he has been occupied with journalistic work and literature. He is the editor of the *Educational Journal*, and the *Canadian Baptist*.

The Rev. George Simpson, has been from his earliest years more or less intimately connected with journalism. He is editor of the *Canada Presbyterian*, and contributes to the *Week* and the *Chicago Interior*.

Israel Tarte, the editor of *Le Canadien*, is one of the most brilliant and trenchant writers in Quebec or in the Dominion. He is very clever and unsparing, and is always before the public in some bitter journalistic war. It was largely due to his efforts that the peculations of certain ministers and their tools were exposed during the session of 1890-91.

John McEwan, the present managing editor of the *Toronto World*, has had a wide experience, and is a good, all-round newspaper man.

Mr. R. L. Richardson, an old Parliamentary correspondent and a clever humorous writer, who has had a wide experience in journalism in the East and West, is the editor-in-chief of the *Tribune* of Winnipeg, Manitoba. The *Tribune* was started two years ago by Mr. Richardson and some other young journalists as



an experiment in independent journalism. It is now an established success.

The late William Manley Nicholson was for thirty-five years one of the most prominent newspaper writers in the Province of Ontario.

It is impossible within the limits of a magazine article to do justice to the members of such a large and influential class as the journalists of any country, and the writer does not desire to make any invidious distinction either in the selection of the names presented here or in the order in which they appear. Very little attempt has, therefore, been made at classification according to the importance of the writers discussed, and any claim to infallibility which may be imputed to the writer is now dismissed in anticipation. The list of those treated could be extended to a much greater length, but I am compelled to content myself with little more than an enumeration of the names of many who are already prominent in Canadian journalism, or are rapidly coming into prominence. There are some, however, who in justice must be mentioned. D. J. Beaton of the *Manitoba Free Press* is one of the most alert intellects of the great and growing commonwealth of the West. John Allister Currie is well-known as a clever journalist in Toronto, and his correspondence for English and American journals has won for him a secure position in his profession. He is a terse, vigorous writer, and is also known as a contributor to the *Week* and other literary journals. A volume of his fugitive and other verse will be published in the spring of 1892. Thomas A. Gregg, the managing editor of the Toronto *Evening News*, one of the most influential organs of Liberal-Conservatism in Ontario, was born in Toronto, and has been all his life identified with the press of that city. He was appointed to his present position three years ago, and has gathered about him a staff of young men who are among the brightest in the Dominion. Walter C. Nichol of the *Hamilton Times* is a witty editorial writer, and is writing much good verse and a number of short stories for Canadian and American weeklies. D. A. McKellar's dramatic criticisms in *Saturday*

*Night* made that paper an authority on dramatic matters; but his pen-and-ink sketches promise to open a wider career for him in art than he would have obtained in journalism. Henry Lawson, the veteran editor of the *Victoria Colonist*, is one of the best writers of pure English in the Dominion. William Humphreys of the *Montreal Star*, and H. M. Russell of the *Mail*, and John Lewis, the quietly humorous writer of the *Toronto Globe*, are all doing good, conscientious work. Edwin R. Parkhurst does excellent musical and dramatic work on the *Mail*. He is reckoned one of the best musical critics in America, and has written one or two musical works, that have received the highest commendation. A. F. Wallis, the political editor of the same journal, is a very forceful and earnest writer. He probably has the leading facts of Parliamentary history more at his finger's end than any other journalist in Canada, for he has served in the Press Gallery at Ottawa since Confederation. Henry Horace Wiltshire better known as the *Flaneur*, is a pleasant, gossipy writer on light topics. He has a long and varied record. At the mature age of 15 he began to write political articles for the *People's Paper* of the late Ernest Jones, the English Chartist leader. Afterwards he wrote for John Bright's paper the *Morning Star*, contributed occasionally to *Tait's Magazine* and a good deal to the *Cosmopolitan Review*. For a couple of years he helped to edit the organ of the English Ballot Society *The Elector* and wrote at one time much for *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, Isaac Pitman's *Co-operator* (of Manchester), the *London Reformer*, Mr. Holyoake's *Reasoner*, and innumerable journals of an "advanced" tendency. He is commercial editor of *The Mail*, as well as the originator of *The Flaneur*, which he has written sick or well, for five years without a break. He wrote a good deal for theatrical papers in London twenty years ago, and has written in the course of twenty years many hundreds of theatrical criticisms. John Robson Cameron is one of the many successful journalists who have graduated from the "case." He was one of the early writers on the *Manitoba Free Press* during the boom

days, and has had a varied experience in the States; but he is best-known through his long connection with the *Spectator* of Hamilton. Arnott J. Magurn is another of the younger men, who has attracted considerable attention in journalistic circles. He is now the regular correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* and various American journals at the capital. John R. Robinson, editor of the *Toronto Telegram*, is an alert and bright young man, who has the reputation of being a very incisive and sarcastic writer. Philip D. Ross of the *Evening Journal*, and James Johnson of the *Citizen* of Ottawa are good political writers, though strictly partisan. William J. Healy, the *Mail* correspondent at Ottawa, became well known through his clever pen portraits and sketches of parliamentary life while in the gallery for the *Toronto Telegram*. George Ham,



John V. Ellis.

now of Winnipeg, is one of the best known journalists in Canada.



The Beauties of a Royal Commission. — "When shall we three meet again."

FROM "GRIP," AUGUST 23, 1873.

## RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE AND HIS PEOPLE.

*By Albert G. Evans.*



STUDY of the Randolph slaves, detailing their migration from their Virginia home to lands in Ohio,—has a special interest at present, as survivors of the band are putting forth efforts to secure the adjustment of a long neglected wrong.

John Randolph, though an eccentric genius, was an illustrious statesman, and a man gifted with a noble mind and a humane heart. He was, without any fault of his own, involved in the embarrassments and legal relations of slavery. A strange combination of opposite natures was always visible in him; as his father before him had sold slaves to supply the cause of freedom with power, so the son was both aristocrat and democrat. Hatred of slavery was a part both of his Virginian and English education. During his long service in both branches of the national legislature, he maintained a stand of vigorous opposition to all measures looking to the advancement and perpetuation of slavery. As early as 1799, he manifested Jacobin ideas on the subject, and when, in 1803, Indiana presented a memorial for permission to introduce slaves into the territory in spite of the Ordinance of 1787, as one of a committee on such business he reported against it, pronouncing it "calculated to retard the happiness and prosperity of the northwestern country."

In the Congress of 1819-20, he opposed the Missouri Compromise, stigmatizing the northern members, by whose co-operation it was carried, as "dough-faces." In a letter to William Gibbons about this time, he says: "With unfeigned respect and regard, and as sincere a deprecation of the extension of slavery and its horrors as any other man, be he who he may," etc. In the course

of a speech in Congress, he said: "Sir, I envy neither the head nor the heart of that man from the North, who rises here to defend slavery on principle." He helped to develop a distinctive anti-slavery party, and he wrote a will liberating his slaves, on the ground that they were equally entitled to freedom with himself. Only the legal restrictions on emancipation, and the injustice to his creditors that would be involved, prevented the emancipation of his slaves before his death.

In his will drawn in 1819, fourteen years before his death, he says:

"I give to my slaves their freedom, to which my conscience tells me they are justly entitled. It has been a matter of the deepest regret to me that the circumstances under which I inherited them, and the obstacles thrown in the way by the laws of the land, have prevented my emancipating them in my lifetime, which it is my full intention to do in case I can accomplish it."

After thus providing for their manumission, he continues:

"All the rest and residue of my estate (with the exceptions hereafter made), whether real or personal, I bequeath to Wm. Leigh, Esquire, of Halifax, attorney-at-law, to the Rev. Wm. Meade of Frederick, and to Francis Scott Key, Esqr., of Georgetown, District of Columbia, in trust for the following uses and purposes, viz.:

"1st. To provide one or more tracts of land in any of the states or territories, not exceeding four thousand acres, nor less than two thousand acres, to be partitioned and apportioned by them in such manner as to them may seem best among the said slaves.

"2nd. To pay the expenses of their removal, and of furnishing them with the necessary cabins, clothing, and utensils."

A codicil, appended in 1826, says: "I do hereby confirm the bequests to or for the benefit of each and every one of my slaves, whether by name or otherwise."

"Finally," as related by one who stood near, "in his dying hour he gathered witnesses around him, and when the spirit was trembling to escape from the frail tenement that bound it, summoned all his energies in one last moment, and confirmed in the most solemn form before

God and those witnesses all the dispositions he had made in his will in regard to his slaves."

No mean policy, no pretentious philanthropy, no cheap charity, but the strongest consideration of duty prompted Randolph to free his "people" from thralldom. He believed in the word of the ancient political philosopher, who said, "Mankind has no title to demand service in spite of the unwillingness of the ones who serve;" and he contended that those who were not against slavery were for it.

He had a morbid sensibility on the subject of his family and his property. He belonged to one of the oldest, most numerous, and wealthiest families of Virginia; he cherished the family pride, and valued hereditary fortune far beyond its pecuniary worth. A money-loving or a money-getting spirit constituted no part of his character. His feelings on the subject of slavery were purely English; the proud yet accomplished and munificent baron of some time-honored castle, with its thousand acres, and its villages of grateful and happy tenants handed down from sire to son, with all the associations of pride and affection clustering around its walls and its forests, constituted his ideal of the gentleman, and to the consummation of his ideal he devoted much time, both in adding improvements to his estate and in engendering in the hearts of his "people" a respect for their master and a satisfaction with their condition as long as it of necessity existed.\*

He did not attempt to cajole his slaves into the belief that they were a freer and happier people on the bondman's soil than they would be if subsisting on the fruits of their voluntary labor in a far off region. He believed that

"Ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to  
heaven."

He did not traduce his slaves by the epithet of "nigger"; with him they went by the name of "my people" or "my children." As he went among them it was his wont to address individuals by name, and frequently shake hands with them.

Stringent laws forbade giving instruction to black persons in bondage by means of schools or books, but at eventide, when the hands had come in from toil, it was the habit of the kind master to go occasionally among them, and present to them in simple words the principles of right thinking and living. To this day survivors of those who knew him speak in most appreciative terms of his indulgence.

Let us roam once more over the old plantation of nearly seven thousand acres. Roanoke, as the place was called, lay along the Staunton River near its confluence with the Roanoke.

"A boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumor of oppression and deceit  
Might never reach me more," —

as Randolph himself exclaimed, when he retired from his first long period of public service to the quiet of home.

The plantation was divided into various sections known as quarters. The Middle Quarter occupied a beautiful extent of picturesque country, comprising eighteen hundred acres. On one side, far down at the terminus of a long slope, an extensive forest tract began and formed a green wall to break ravaging winds. On the other side lay the Lower Quarter, showing a broad expanse of fertile bottom land. In this quarter were located the great barns, the enormous grain-cribs, and the extensive stock-yards. Here, too, the cabins of the negroes were aligned in long rows, like the huts of an African village. Huntley Quarter was separated from the main plantation by Carrington Place, a neighbor's possession. The residue of the tract reposed along the river.

On a commanding eminence in the midst of this extensive scene, the old mansion house reared its ample proportions, and with its offices and spreading wings was not an unworthy representative of the baronial style for which the owner cherished such regard.

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,  
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
Keeping perpetual holiday."

The serpentine paths, the broad avenues and smooth gravel, the mounds,

the green turf, and the shrubbery of the extended pleasure-grounds evidenced the pride which was taken in the pursuit of that most fascinating and never-ending task of creating a model home. Here the host dispensed a hospitality which more than a half century of subdivision, exhaustion, and decay has not entirely effaced from the memory of his impoverished descendants and servitors.

As appurtenances, several hundred slaves belonged to this estate. The kindest of masters, the most considerate treatment, ample provision for their wants, and the assured hope of freedom, elevated their condition above the usual lot of serfs. Some of the old "aunties," in looking back and recounting the scenes of these days, have assured me that it seemed like a dream, a dream that brought tears to their eyes.

When a slave of the plantation fell sick, he was humanely cared for, and allowed to rest from his labors. Every family was apportioned a plot of ground for private use, on which it planted a garden, reared chickens, ducks, turkeys and, perhaps, a shote or two. A peck and a half of meal was furnished each person every Sunday morning for his use during the week. Exemption from the cruelty of "blood-letting" created in the hearts of the slaves a feeling of trust and comfort, which was cultivated by the educational methods of Randolph, who more than once averred that distrust was a sin which he could not easily forgive.

But one day word came that, after long suffering from mental and physical derangements, the kind master had died and would be brought home to Roanoke for burial. With tearful eyes his "people" stood around, and saw him interred beneath the sod of the front lawn, between two ancestral oaks.

Scenes changed. Different methods obtained. Old favorites were bluffed and snubbed. The whole force was hard driven by new masters, — and the blessed promise of freedom alone tempered the sufferings of the hitherto fostered "children."

Randolph had expressed it as his wish that, if he died in the spring, his slaves should be liberated in the fall; if he died

in the fall, the change was to be accomplished in the succeeding spring. But dissensions arose. His half-brothers, Henry and Belvy Tucker, took exception to this wholesale deliverance of valuable property, and attempted to break the will wherein such ample and explicit provisions were made for the execution of a long-cherished desire.

The slaves were doomed to unwonted hardships during a period occupying above thirteen years. For this long time testamentary charities were defeated. But, finally, justice triumphed, and the slaves were ordered to proceed to Maysville Court-house and receive their certificates of freedom. Oh, the rejoicing of hearts made glad! In accordance with the spirit which Randolph's influence had wrought, they returned thanks to the God whom they had been taught to reverence, in a grand praise meeting; and now that freedom was theirs, they suffered a remaining residence of two months, under the hard hands of overseers, with patience.

Every day saw the settled portions of the Lower Quarter alive with the bustle and stir of preparation. The great wains were put in readiness; provisions were packed therein in prodigious quantities; clothing was formed into bales; harness was repaired and adjusted.

On the eve of the exodus, all the people assembled at the great mansion in the Middle Quarter, to pass the night. The long halls of the building were strewn with pallets, on which the happy "people" reposed; and, during the long watches of the night the silence was often broken by subdued and gleeful whisperings. At the first sign of dawn on the following morning, the sonorous voice of Tom Cardwell sounded, and the emigrating band, aroused from slumber, was soon busy in making final preparations for departure from the old home. Farewells were interchanged between those going and those remaining. A solemn procession moved past the solitary grave of Randolph, and last tears were dropped to his memory. The train of sixteen wagons drew up in line. The children were stowed away among the various bundles of baggage. The adults

were formed into line on either side of the wagons, and at the word of command from Tom Cardwell, the veteran slave-driver, who superintended the voyage north, the cavalcade quickened into motion, and passed, a picturesque party, down the road. As the last of the band emerged from the shadow of the gateway, their voices, led by the clarion tones of old Aunt Jemimy, rang out with,

“Stand back, Satan, an’ let me come by;  
Stand back, Satan, an’ let me come by;  
Then I’ll shout glory, glory!  
You whipped ole Sal, an’ you’ll whip her again;  
Stand back, Satan, an’ let me come by;  
Then I’ll shout glory, glory, hallelujah!”

To the whites, this exodus of faithful servants rejoicing in freedom was an affecting sight, and many wept at the scene; but in the breasts of the emancipated blacks rang a joy unspeakable, and we can conceive of their hearts responding to the hallelujah melody:

“Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea —  
Jehovah hath triumphed — his people are free.”

On June 10, 1846, the band left the old estate and began the journey over the mountains. The wagons resembled the “prairie schooner,” though scarcely as commodious, and were drawn by teams of four horses each, with the exception of the “general wagon,” whose extra size and weight required the addition of another team of two. The travelling to Charleston, West Virginia, was accomplished at the rate of forty miles a day, little occurring to vary the monotony of jogging over rough roads. A few incidents, however, impressed themselves upon the minds of the credulous travellers.

Unhitching one day for the noon rest, they found upon a grassy plateau, in a wild section, some relics of former occupancy that seemed to indicate that the spot had been the scene of a tragedy. There were two “foundations,” a few rods apart. In the lingo of frontiersmen, a “foundation” meant four logs laid across each other so as to form a square, and was a legal notification of intent to build a cabin and take up a claim. The two foundations so near together were evidences of a dispute about the title to the little strip of land on which the occupants evidently expected to settle.

Within one of the log quadrangles were found bloody clothing, almost worn away, a rusty axe, a camp kettle and a coffee-pot, a knife and numerous other articles. The excitable imaginations of the negroes speedily constructed from these materials a story of murder. Many completely lost their appetites for the time, and moved cautiously about, conversing in whispers. The effects of the mystery gradually wore off during the afternoon, and at dark it was a relief to all to lariat the horses, pitch the tents, and kindle the camp fires in a grassy glade fringed with a thicket of wild rose bushes.

The cooks were legion — old “aunties” with gray hairs and an air of bustling importance; among them were Aunt Hannah, aged one hundred years, Aunt Nancy, and Aunt Dinah Young. Of mornings, these old culinary queens were often preparing breakfast by the light of the fires long before the first glimmer of dawn; and as early as three o’clock, a long-drawn shout would bring all the sleepers to their feet in an instant.

As they advanced, the route led them past Hawk’s Nest, one of the landmarks of West Virginia. The mountain rises a considerable distance perpendicularly above the river channel, then bulges out in a manner suggestive of a pendent bird’s nest. This rock is one of the points of interest to-day along the picturesque line of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. The fantastic shapes reflected in the mirror of waters below the nest struck terror to the hearts of the children, no less than the towering cliff.

The happy-go-lucky natures of the wagoners, together with their disregard of each others’ rights, brought them into frequent collision, much to the delight of the negroes, who derived as much amusement from the fistic encounters as the Spaniards do from bull-fights. Among the wagoners were two brothers, Dave and Sam Harvey, who were inveterate quarrellers. On one occasion, Dave became angry at his brother over some indignity, and enlisting the help of Tom Cousin, another teamster, he watched his chance for revenge. It came at dark that night, when Sam left his wagon unattended for a short time. The two

avengers unloaded all his cargo and piled it by the roadside.

One day, upon crossing Black River, so called because of the inky hue of its waters, the unsophisticated travellers were induced to believe that a miracle had been wrought in changing the color of the waters, which presaged a dire calamity.

On the eighteenth of June the band reached Charleston. Here the steamer *Ohio* awaited them, but proving to be too small, the steamer *Old Kentucky* was substituted for it. As the boat took its way down the Kanawha and up the Ohio, toward Cincinnati, laden with its dusky burden of nearly four hundred persons, it presented an animated spectacle. Over all waved proudly the banner of the free. The *Ohio* was at low water mark, and during the voyage the steamer grounded upon a sand-bar. Immediately the excitable passengers were filled with consternation, and giving themselves up for lost, prayed to go straight to heaven. They were safely unloaded in skiffs, and conveyed to the Kentucky shore to await the floating of the steamer. When all was well once more, and they were aboard unharmed, they were full of song, and with all their fervor struck up :

"Seek him, seek him, seek him truly,  
My Lord, I feel like I'm new-born again;  
I've got free-grace, 'deemin' Lord,  
I'm new-born again.  
Glory, glory, free at last;  
I'm new-born again!  
We've been a long time talkin' 'bout trials here  
below,  
I'm new-born again!"

Then as a single voice continued,

"We've been a long time talkin' 'bout trials here  
below,"

the entire band joined in,

"I 'clare to God, I 'clare to God, I'm new-born  
again;  
Pray hard, pray hard, pray hard, mourners,  
I feel like I'm new-born again."

At Cincinnati, they were transferred from the river steamer to three canal boats, and by easy stages began the progress up the "Miami and Erie" toward the prospective homes, which the executors of Randolph's estate had already

purchased in Mercer County, about one hundred miles north of Cincinnati.

The manœuvring required to effect passage through the first of the many locks of the canal greatly puzzled the travellers. They maintained a breathless and awestruck silence while the boat slowly sank, and when it rose again manifested a belief that some supernal power had grasped invisible strings attached to their craft, and was raising them up and up, they knew not where.

As they came into rural regions, immense fields of wheat and corn, stretching away on every side as far as the eye could reach, alternated with green pastures in which the groups of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine fed. The rugged scenery of the mountain way, and the high bluffs along the river were replaced in the landscape by the low round hills, not much elevated above the rest of the land, with long gentle slopes and wide valleys between, which make the country of Ohio beautiful. Fields of flax and tobacco took the people back in memory to familiar scenes in Virginia, but did not dampen their zeal for the new life which they were about to enter upon.

At every town and hamlet along the way, crowds of people assembled to gratify their curiosity about the appearance of a band of real live plantation negroes. Those who remember seeing them, testify to their hilarious joyousness. When near their destination, as if inspired by the prosperous aspect of the country, and the sight of liberty beckoning still onward, they again lifted their voices in song :

"Any more, any more,  
I'll never turn back any more;  
When I get there on yonder hill,  
I'll never turn back any more."

On the 4th of July, the boats were drawn up along the dock at Bremen. The long journey was seemingly ended and, strangers in a strange land, the emancipated "children" were prepared to enter upon modes of life eminently different from those which prevailed on the old plantation, not realizing that the jubilant feeling manifested in the spirit of the last song was soon to be rudely dispelled by impending misfortunes.



At this time significant ripples in the great agitation of the slavery question had appeared on the surface of society. Many who were in sympathy with the cause of the slaves were decidedly averse to association with them. While such persons would have been ready to fight for their liberation, they would not have cherished them when freed. The inhabitants of the section to which the Randolph family emigrated were of this class.

The intelligence of the approach of a band of liberated slaves from the plantation of John Randolph of Roanoke, coming for the purpose of settlement, preceded their arrival at Bremen, and the inhabitants, captained by a man named John Young, were ready to give a reception anything but reassuring to the negroes. As they disembarked, the whites surrounded them with an armed guard, and thus conducted them under surveillance to the dry basin of a pond used at times for soaking flax before breaking it. From William Stewart, an old colored man, a resident of the parts referred to, and from a few of the older members of the "family," yet living, we glean the facts concerning the treatment of the negroes by the German whites.

Reason proved of little avail with the obdurate Germans, who were fixed in their determination that this colony should not settle among them. Not only did they maltreat the new arrivals,—menace them with clubs, kick and cuff them,—but, stirred to anger by their coming, manifested an active hostility toward colored residents who had dwelt in their midst for years. The man Young was zealous in circulating remonstrances throughout the region, and thereby became the ringleader in the persecution. Cabins of negroes were torn down and set on fire; tools and implements were destroyed; lives were threatened; and many, filled with fear, sold or abandoned their farms and moved into more friendly communities. But Stewart's was one of the brave spirits. He heroically breasted all storms, and because of his courage came to be feared by Young and his accomplices.

One day, intimations were made to the negroes that the cabin of one of their

number would be demolished that night by Young and his men. In order to prevent this, the owner, Butler Enyeart, secreted himself in his well, taking with him three guns, with the intention of firing several shots as indications of a considerable opposition party. When the gang began work, he fired one shot. "Fire again," yelled Young. Bang! bang! went the second and third guns in quick succession. The ruse was effective, and as the marauders retreated, Young whispered to his pals, "By G—, that's Stewart."

The Randolphs were quartered for three days under the hot sun by day and in the dampness by night. The agents in charge were careful to prevent trouble by refraining from any active opposition to this treatment, for the minds of the Germans were in such a state of irritation that an open warfare might easily have been precipitated. Believing it better to sacrifice the property than the lives of their charges, the agents concluded at last to abandon the attempt to plant the colony on the land which they had purchased. Since this land had been purchased from the government, and no buyers could be found in the region, it was simply left, without realizing any return whatever of the purchase money. It was thus for a time unclaimed land, until illegally incorporated by the Germans into their farms.

Sorrowfully, the discouraged "children" re-embarked, and began to retrace their way, that they might find homes in other localities. Some were placed among the farmers at Sidney. At this place, "Old man" Quashee, who had been a body-slave of the "old marster," died. Strangers buried him by the side of the river, and "no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day." The rest continued the retreat to Piqua, where a considerable number landed and encamped on the site of the present council-house. In this town the writer recently visited Nero Randolph, who was a house-boy in the mansion of his master. He and his wife came North together, and both still live, in a comfortable home of their own creation. The remainder of the band went back still further, and landed at

Troy, where are still to be found a considerable number. Among others, Aunt Sallie Jones and Aunt Chloe Williams, to whom we are indebted for the snatches of plantation songs, which they sang for us in true old style, with all the accompanying grotesque motions of the head and body, which contribute so much to the effect.

To-day, wherever found, the Randolph people are noticeable among their neighbors of the same race for their sobriety, industry, and thrift. Ten years ago they began an investigation of their claims to the lands which they were driven from in 1846, with a view to recovering damages to the amount of the present value of the lands; but, suspecting dishonest intent on the part of the counsel which they had employed, they abandoned the case. Recently, they have resumed the investigation, and seem determined to push it to a conclusion. They are greatly hampered, however, by lack of funds and business tact. About two hundred persons remain (including heirs), who hold a legal claim to the property which their

master's money bought for them. Records in the archives of Mercer County show about twenty-five hundred acres of land to have been deeded to them from the government, in the name of Judge Leigh, the only one of the executors of Randolph's estate who came with them to Ohio. All transfers of the property have been made without clear titles, so that the present owners live in fear of being compelled to give up their farms to the negroes who have the first and only claim to them. By virtue of the general improvement of the country, these lands have an accrued value of upwards of seventy-five thousand dollars.

A fraud perpetrated at such variance with Christian ethics and the civilization of the age calls for an equitable adjustment, even at this late day. Let us hope that time, the righter of every wrong, with the aid of philanthropy, will ripen events for the desired consummation of the labors and the fulfilment of the cherished hopes of the survivors of "the Randolph People."

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## PHYLLIS.

*By Henry Cleveland Wood.*

HOW fair the day that Phyllis came,  
 What matter if the chill winds blew  
     The wan snow-blossoms through the air,  
     And whistled in the branches bare?  
 What matter if the skies were gray,  
     And singing birds had gone away?  
 I heeded not, my fond heart knew  
     Her rosy cheeks were all aflame  
 For love of me, — the day all through  
     Was fair, — the day that Phyllis came.

How drear the day that Phyllis went;  
 What matter if the sun shone bright?  
     What matter if the odorous breeze  
     Stole softly through the budding trees?  
     What matter if the skies were blue?  
 I heeded not, my poor heart knew  
 That it had lost its sole delight  
     On which its richest love was spent;  
 Her cheeks and lips were marble white;  
 Oh, woe the day that Phyllis went!



Gov. James Bowdoin.

## BRUNSWICK AND BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

*By Charles Lewis Slattery.*

**T**HREE hundred years ago the valley of the Androscoggin River was the home of the Anasagunticook Indians. The Pejepscot Indians belonged to this tribe, and lived at one time at the Brunswick Falls. One finds many a spot on the Androscoggin now where, surrounded only by the stately trees and the music of wind and river, one can picture how the Indian "lived and loved and hunted and made war." As he paddled down the beautiful river in his canoe, he must often have wondered if he were not already in the happy hunting-grounds.

But one day in the spring of 1605, the

herald of a new race appeared. Captain George Weymouth was on a voyage of discovery, and sailed up the Androscoggin River as far as the falls. The Indians may have peered at him from behind the bushes, but that was all; for he did not stay. In 1628 the first settler came. His name was Thomas Purchase; further, we know almost nothing. He cheated the Indians, and sold them rum containing much water. One Indian said that he had paid a hundred pounds for water drawn out of "Purchase his well." Purchase and his companions, besides making treaties with the Indians, fished,



Bowdoin College Campus.

ploughed, hunted, and built forts. They called the country Pejepscot.

The land was sold and resold until at last it came into the hands of the Pejepscot Company, who were "the tenants in common" of the soil. In 1715 this company set forth proposals "to encourage substantial farmers to remove with their stock from England." They were going to found towns of at least fifty families each; they were to have military protection from the Indians; their purchase was to be legally confirmed, and they intended to lay out a convenient plot of ground in each town for "the subsistence of the first minister, the ministry, and a school." Later they voted to lay out a broad road from the river to the sea, which was called "the Twelve-rod Road." On this road they decided to lay out the "Town of Brunswick in one Line of Houses." Each proprietor was to take a lot and build upon it at once. A man named Noyes promised to build a "Defensible House," and so was given the lot next the sea. The fort was by the river, and was called Fort George in honor of the king. Midway, the meeting-house was built, and the lots for "the ministry, the first minister, and the school," were the centre lots. As for the other lots, he who came first took his choice. In 1717, Brunswick was made a township, and on February 4th, 1739 (O. S. January 26th, 1738), it was incorporated by the government of Massachusetts, and thus became the eleventh corporate town in Maine.



Bowdoin College in 1830.

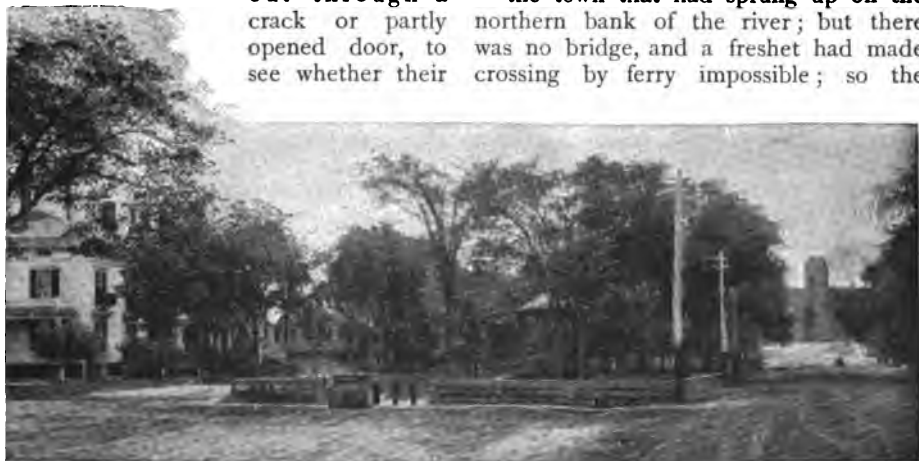
The people of Brunswick had hard work to hold their own during the eighteenth century. The Indians were constantly coming down upon them, so that most of them had to live in block-houses, which were really forts. The children had to be kept near the door, or an Indian would dart from behind a thicket and whisk a youngster off to his wigwam. When the men worked in the field, they placed the cattle between them and the forest, since the cattle would always show great terror as soon as the Indians approached, and so warn the farmers.

The population was made up of adventurers, speculators, heretics, and scapegraces. The historian of Brunswick tells us that these early settlers "used to peek

out through a crack or partly opened door, to see whether their

callers were friends or foes; and," he adds with keen observation, "the same habit of peeking out through a half-open door to see who their callers may be is noticed to this day in their descendants." But people who came later were often well-to-do folks. They wore rich and fashionable clothes; and it is said that the hoop in the ladies' dresses "drew forth the gaze and wonder of the earlier and more rustic settlers." Slaves were held even as late as 1765 in Brunswick.

A few names stand out in the records of these times. Jeannie Miller was sentenced to be put into the public stocks and to have rotten eggs thrown at her by those who passed by. The Rev. John Miller was to marry a couple in Topsham, — the town that had sprung up on the northern bank of the river; but there was no bridge, and a freshet had made crossing by ferry impossible; so the



Main Street, Brunswick.

bride and groom stood on the Topsham side at the ferry-landing, and "after the bridegroom and bride had joined hands, Mr. Miller, on the opposite shore, lifted up his voice, and in a speech heard distinctly across the river, pronounced the twain to be one flesh." Another marriage is worth noticing here: the Misses Jones of Brunswick were twin sisters, and in 1825 married the Messrs. Cole of China, who were twin brothers.

which fell out of a cart as he was trying to unload it. A surgeon was sent for, and though in great agony Andrews composed the following characteristic lines:

"By a sudden stroke my leg is broke,  
My heart is sore offended;  
The doctor's come — let's have some rum,  
And then we'll have it mended."

Life in eighteenth century Brunswick was by no means a merry life. Indian wars were too numerous for any tale except



Joseph McKeen, First President of Bowdoin College.

Patience Wallace was going to a party one night. Her hair must be powdered. But she had no powder, chalk, or flour; so she took some unslacked lime. "Dur-the evening," her historian solemnly relates, "she danced, and as she got heated the perspiration slacked the lime, which entirely destroyed the hair. She never thereafter had any hair."

Before the days of temperance societies, rum flowed freely. One Andrews had his leg broken by a barrel of rum

some sad story about the kidnapping of a child or the hairbreadth escape of a party of fishermen. The wild beasts, especially wolves, made the woods dangerous. And what with the severe climate and the Indian raids, starvation was frequently staring the settler in the face. Happily, however, these good people found great comfort in their religion. On Sunday every one went to "meeting." The sermon was so long that the parson had to pause occasionally and

shout, "Wake up, my hearers!" Even to-day we have the memorials of these pious people in the old churchyard "midway between the river and the sea," about a mile south of the present village. This has been a graveyard since 1735. Many of the stones are crumbled and broken, and the words thereon are no longer legible. But the passer by can still read the names of a few, together with the verses they or their friends composed. Let me quote one or two inscriptions:

"Samuel is gone, he is at rest  
From worldly care, pain, and distress.  
To a brighter world his spirit's fled,  
His body slumbers with the dead."

"The grave receives the incongruous dust,  
The spirit lives among the just;  
Where youth and virtue o'er the tomb  
Shall triumph in immortal bloom."

As one stands now in this old burying-ground, sees the weeping willows or skulls and cross-bones cut on the gray stones roundabout, reads the inscriptions dreary, yet hopeful, casts the eye out over the sandy plain to the rugged pines that surround the plat of open ground, catches the smell of the cold mist blowing up from the sea, and beholds the one lonely house near by,—one can well imagine what the sad life of these early settlers was; for here is one spot in Brunswick which has not advanced with the century. The railroad and the electric lights, the colleges and the mills are a mile away, and about them is the new town.

The first meeting-house stood in front of this graveyard; before it were the



King Chapel, Bowdoin.

"Farewell my friends, dry up your tears,  
I must be here till Christ appears."

"How blest the change to give a world like this  
For robes of glory and a crown of bliss."

"My loving friends, as you pass by,  
On my cold grave pray cast an eye;  
Remember as I am, so you must be,  
Prepare to die and follow me."

Beneath these last lines some one has cut two more lines:

"To Follow you I'm not content,  
Untill I know which way you went."

stocks, and behind, the whipping-post. At the north of the graveyard was a pound carefully fenced and locked. This meeting-house was never warmed by a stove or fireplace, though sometimes people carried foot-stoves to meeting. During the Revolution, part of the building was used as a powder magazine. Here until 1806 the people worshipped on Sunday and held town-meetings on an occasional week-day. In 1806, the "First Parish" built its meeting-house near the





Lincoln Street, Brunswick.

college, and the old building was abandoned. Fire destroyed it in 1834; and now a single house and the graveyard alone mark the centre of the eighteenth century village.

With the new century came a new order of things for Brunswick; for in 1802, Bowdoin College was opened, to promote, as the founders said, "virtue and piety, and a knowledge of the languages, and of the useful and liberal arts and sciences." On September 2, a president and one professor were inaugurated, and the next day eight men were admitted to the freshman class. The single building of the college was just completed, and on the day of the inauguration was named Massachusetts Hall. In 1806, Bowdoin held her first commencement. People came from all parts of the great commonwealth of Massachusetts; they came as to a militia muster, one writer tells us. In 1807, there were forty-four students, the library had fifteen hundred volumes, and the departments of chemistry and physics had apparatus unexcelled in New England, except at Harvard. Prominent graduates of Harvard showed their interest and approval, and the college was looked upon as one of Harvard's children. The Hon. James Bowdoin, the earliest patron of the college, died in 1811, and bestowed

upon the college his valuable library of two thousand volumes, many minerals and curiosities, and a priceless collection of paintings, engravings, and original sketches by the masters, collected in Europe.

The first president of Bowdoin was the Rev. Joseph McKeen. He was a man of learning and judgment, and did much to start the new institution rightly. He built a picturesque cottage near by, which still stands as the home of two of his grandchildren. He died in 1807, and was succeeded by the Rev. Jesse Appleton, a graduate of Dartmouth, and a famous theologian in his day. Mr. Appleton served the college with great faithfulness till his death in 1819, when the Rev. William Allen was chosen president. He was inaugurated in May, 1820. This year was marked by important changes, owing to the fact that at this time Maine became a state. The Maine Medical School was founded in connection with the college, and through the new president's energy was within a year in great prosperity.

But these early years of President Allen's administration are interesting to people at large for far different reasons than those that seemed so important at the time. In 1820, Franklin Pierce entered Bowdoin to meet William Pitt Fes-

senden as a sophomore. Calvin Ellis Stowe was also a freshman in 1820. The next year the illustrious class of '25 entered; among its members were John S. C. Abbott, James Bradbury, Horatio Bridge, George B. Cheever, Jonathan Cilley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Henry W. Longfellow. We must therefore, turn aside a moment to inquire more particularly what Bowdoin College was in the days of these interesting men, — in the days between 1820 and 1825.

And first, how did the college look? "The college buildings at this time (1821)," says an authority, "were three in number, arranged to form the three sides of a square, but at suitable intervals from each other. The southern building was of wood, and two stories high. The lower apartment contained the library, consisting at that time of about six thousand volumes. The building on the north was a large square brick building, three stories high, divided into apartments for philosophical apparatus, laboratory, mineralogical cabinet, etc. The eastern building was of brick and was four stories high, and contained thirty-two rooms for students. In 1822, an additional building, Winthrop Hall, was erected for dormitories." These buildings, severely plain, stood in a beautiful grove. To the east there is still a multitude of "whispering pines" which the graduate never forgets.

But more important than the buildings are the teachers. I have already mentioned President Allen. A graduate from Harvard in the noted class of 1802, a pupil in theology of the Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline, the orator of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa in 1810, a successful preacher at Pittsfield, and the acceptable president of the short-lived Dartmouth University, he was "vigilant and efficient as a college officer" at Bowdoin, and "by example, by precept, by action when

necessary, he inculcated order and good morals." The professors were Parker Cleveland, Samuel P. Newman, Nathan Smith, and John D. Wells. John Abbot was librarian, and Alpheus S. Packard and Benjamin Hale were tutors.

The great name in this list is undoubtedly that of Parker Cleaveland, "Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Materia Medica." Graduated from Harvard in 1803, he returned to Cambridge as a tutor. But in 1805 the new-born college in Maine offered him the first professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy, and he came to Bowdoin. He became an original investigator in the natural sciences, and

was recognized both at home and abroad. He never became so prominent as his genius deserved, on account of his abundant caution. "So far from ventur-



Longfellow's Class Picture.



Henry W. Longfellow at the Age of Thirty-five.

ing across the Atlantic," a friend once wrote, "he would not cross a river except



The Cabot Cotton Mills, Brunswick.

by a bridge, and then only after a careful investigation of its strength. As to steam-boat and railway travel, he is more innocent of it than many a child unborn," So he gave his idiosyncrasies, his knowledge, his inspiring example of promptness, faithfulness, and untiring research to the generations of Bowdoin students, of whom, it is reckoned, no less than two thousand were in his classes. He died in 1858, after serving Bowdoin for more than half a century. Graduates of Bowdoin have delighted to draw his picture and sing his praise. In one of Mr. Kellogg's

clever books there is a chapter devoted to him. Mr. Kellogg assures us that "there was no lack of projections to which affections might cling and around which associations clustered;" the epithet "Old Cleve" was the most dearly beloved in the college. If he had a good chance, when lecturing on hydraulics, he was sure "to souse those on the front seats, to send a stream down the throat of some one who chanced to have his mouth open, or into his eyes if he wore the appearance of having been out late the night before." The town-people

loved him, too, for while at the height of his fame he was captain of the fire company and "held the hose at every fire."

"Although the professor would work for weeks," says Mr. Kellogg, "amid the most deadly poisons and explosive gases, he cherished a mortal dread of lightning or a thunder shower, and the prospect of one near the hour of recitation always signified an adjournment. The students said it was because he knew so much about it; some few, indeed, cherished grave doubts as to his getting into the middle of a featherbed or a hoghead of water up to his chin for fear of the lightning; but they were be-



Town Hall, Brunswick.

nighted freshmen, and what could you expect?"

He was also terribly afraid of dogs, and so seldom went out at night. "Upon one occasion, while escorting two young ladies, he espied a dog in the distance, and leaving them to the protection of a kind Providence (in which he cherished the most implicit confidence) took to his heels."

He was kind-hearted and won the affection of the scared freshman at his entrance examination, and kept it forever.

"'Richardson,' said the professor, 'what is the capital of the United States?'"

"Richardson's lips moved, his eyes starting from their sockets, but never a word could he utter. As the professor looked upon the face of the beautiful boy, in which there was a world of intelligence, he perceived the difficulty.

"'Wash, wash,' whispered Cleve.

"'Washington!' burst from the lips of Richardson, like a round shot from a gun.

of a friend, answered the remaining questions promptly. Do you think Richardson ever forgot that?"

Professor Cleveland had nothing to do with college discipline. He was too



House in which Uncle Tom's Cabin was written, Brunswick.

much afraid of dogs to go to a bonfire; and he cared not whether the chapel bell were thrown into the Androscoggin or not, so long as the day was clear, "with no white floating clouds to interfere with his lecture on light." He could, however, be severe. For instance, he never allowed a student to say *unprepared*.

"One morning," Mr. Kellogg tells us, "Hathaway said, 'Unprepared, sir.' In-



Up the Androscoggin.

"'What's the capital of Canada?'"

"'Bothered again.

"'Que, Que,' whispered Cleve.

"The boy, now encouraged by the consciousness that he was in the presence

stant as the lightning's flash, Old Cleve's eyes turned as green as an enraged tiger's, his stern, massive features flushed, he exclaimed in tones that made the whole class tremble, and almost annihilated the



Professor Cleveland.

delinquent, 'What's that you say?' It was the first and last time that Hathaway or any member of that class said *unprepared to him*.

He also demanded promptness. "Was a student late, the moment the door opened he stopped short; there was an awful pause; fixing his eyes on the individual, he continued to look at him till he had taken his seat, and for some moments after, causing that unhappy person to feel as small as can be imagined."

This was the man who stayed at Bowdoin while all things else changed. The graduate returning after long years at some Commencement season, looked in vain for this or that picture drawn on the walls of his old room or carved on his door, but he was always sure to meet Professor Cleveland "before the door of old Massachusetts on Commencement morning, who, the moment his eye rested upon his face, would

grasp his hand and call him by name." We can see how this funny, manly man influenced the humor of Hawthorne. And Longfellow was inspired by him we know from his own sonnet, written on a visit to Brunswick fifty years after his graduation :

"Among the many lives that I have known,  
None I remember more serene and sweet,  
More rounded in itself and more complete,  
Than his, who lies beneath this funeral  
stone.

These pines that murmur in low monotonous,

These walks frequented by scholastic feet,  
Were all his world; but in this calm retreat

For him the Teacher's chair became a throne.

With fond affection memory loves to dwell  
On the old days, when his example made  
A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen;  
And now, amid the groves he loved so well,

That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,

He sleeps; but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, Amen!"

The other distinguished name in this list of Bowdoin instructors is Alpheus Spring Packard. A tutor from 1819, he was made a full professor in 1824, and held successively the chairs of Greek and Latin, of Rhetoric and Oratory, and of Natural and Revealed Religion. After the resignation of President Chamberlain



Massachusetts Hall, Bowdoin.

in 1883, Mr. Packard held the office of acting-president till his death. His saintliness and learning made him the idol of the sons of Bowdoin. Indeed, he held almost the same place at Bowdoin that Dr. Andrew Peabody still holds at Harvard. Though the students felt his goodness and purity unapproachable, he endeared himself to them by his constant kindness and consistent living. When Mr. Longfellow delivered his "Morituri Salutamus" to his old class in 1875, he speaks of Professor Packard as their only surviving teacher :

"They are no longer here; they all are gone  
Into the land of shadows — all save one.  
Honor, and reverence, and the good repute  
That follows faithful service as its fruit,  
Be unto him whom living we salute."

In 1824, the faculty of Bowdoin was adorned by a new professor of metaphysics and moral philosophy, Thomas Upham. He published many books, and was at one time prominently before the philosophical and religious world. Calvin Stowe became librarian the last year Longfellow was in college. William Smyth, then a tutor in the mathematics, became a full professor in 1828. He was philanthropic and interested himself greatly in the public schools of Brunswick, which are now worthy of good repute.

One can now have some idea of the instruction Longfellow and Hawthorne received at Bowdoin. The year they entered college there were 49 medical students, 24 senior sophisters, 36 junior sophisters, 20 sophomores, and 38 freshmen, making a total of 167. In 1825 the total had increased to 190. Of course, the dormitories were insufficient for this number, and then, as now, many

of the students roomed at private houses. Hawthorne roomed outside the college yard during his whole course; the brothers Longfellow had a college room



The Oldest House in Brunswick.

the last two years. As for the appearance of Bowdoin students at this time, let me quote from Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" :

"From the exterior of the collegians an accurate observer might pretty safely judge how long they had been inmates of those classic walls. The brown cheeks and the rustic dress of some would inform him that they had but recently left the plough to labor in a not less toilsome field. The grave look, and the intermingling of garments of a more classic cut, would distinguish those who had begun to acquire the polish of their new residence; and the air of superiority, the paler cheek, the less robust form, the spectacles of green, and the dress, in general of threadbare black, would designate the highest class who were understood to have acquired nearly all the science their *Alma Mater* could bestow, and to be on the point of assuming their stations in the world. . . . A few young men had found their way hither from the distant seaports; and these were the models of fashion to their rustic companions, over whom they asserted a superiority in exterior accomplishments, which the fresh, though unpolished, intellect of the sons of the forest denied them in their literary competitions. A third class, differing widely from both the former, consisted of a few young descendants of the aborigines, to whom an unpracticable philanthropy was endeavoring to impart the benefits of civilization.

"If this institution did not offer all the advantages of elder and prouder seminaries, its deficiencies were compensated to its students by the





Woodlawn, Brunswick.

inculcation of regular habits, and of a deep and awful sense of religion, which seldom deserted them in their course through life. The mild and gentle rule was more destructive to vice than a sterner sway; and, though youth is never without its follies, they have seldom been more harmless than they were here. The students, indeed, ignorant of their own bliss, sometimes wished to hasten the time of their entrance on the business of life; but they found, in after years, that many of their happiest remembrances, many of the scenes which they would with least reluctance live over again, referred to the seat of their early studies."

It may be interesting to glance at Longfellow as he was at Bowdoin. His classmate, Mr. Bradbury, speaks of "his slight, erect figure, delicate complexion, and intelligent expression of countenance." Another classmate writes:

"I remember him distinctly as of fresh, youthful appearance, as uniformly regular and studious in his habits, rather disinclined to general intercourse, maintaining a high rank as a scholar, and distinguished, especially for the excellence of his compositions."

Another at first thought him unsocial; "but first acquaintance," he says, "showed

to me that what I had mistaken for indifference, and an unwillingness to form new friendships, was merely a natural modesty. I soon found him to be one of the truest of friends." "In his recitations," says still another classmate, "he was rather slow of speech, and appeared absorbed, but was almost always correct, if not *always*." "He was always a gentleman in his deportment," Mr. Bradbury testifies again, "and a model in his character and habits. . . . As a scholar, Longfellow always maintained a high rank in a class that contained such names as Hawthorne, Little, Cilley, Cheever, Abbott, and others. Although he was supposed to be somewhat devoted to the muses, he never came to the recitation-room unprepared with his lesson."

While in college, Longfellow contributed several poems to the literary papers of Boston, but received no compensation beyond a year's subscription and a copy of Coleridge's *Poems*. He was assigned a commencement oration, and took for his subject "Native Writers."



Just before leaving college he had his picture taken, as did all his classmates, except the obstinate Hawthorne. There being no photographers in the world as yet, a "silhouette artist" was found, and he produced the "class pictures." Longfellow was only nineteen when he graduated, but at the senior examination he made a translation from Horace that so delighted an influential trustee, that he was recommended for the chair of Modern Languages; and in 1829, after study in Europe, he returned to Bowdoin as a teacher.

Hawthorne was very different from the studious Longfellow. It is true both loved to wander through the woods and along the river, and neither cared much for fishing or gunning, or any of the usual pastimes of the Bowdoin student of that day. During his college career Hawthorne, too, wrote verses; but, so far as they are known, critics do not regret that Hawthorne gave up trying to be a poet. Here is a stanza:

"The ocean hath its silent caves,  
Deep, quiet and alone.  
Though there be fury on the waves,  
Beneath them there is none."

But Hawthorne was notably a poor scholar, insomuch that he was one of the twelve who received no commencement parts in 1825. He did two things well, however: he wrote elegant Latin and elegant English.

His classmate Bradbury wrote in 1882:

"Hawthorne (then spelt Hathorne) was in college a peculiar and rather remarkable young man,—shy, retiring, fond of general reading, busy with his own thoughts, and usually alone or with one or two of his special friends, Pierce (afterwards president), and Horatio Bridge of Augusta."

In his prefatory note to the *Snow Image*, he thus addresses Mr. Bridge:

"If anybody is responsible at this day for my being an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but while we were lads together at a country college—gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall Academic pines; or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trout in that shadowy little stream, which I suppose is still wandering riverward through the forest—though you and I will never cast a line in it again—two idle lads, in short (as we need not

fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things the faculty never heard of, or else it had been worse for us—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

He played cards and drank a little wine, but never, I think, did anything disgraceful; though the president wrote to Mrs. Hawthorne concerning her son's bad habits, saying that now that a certain student had been sent home, her son would have no further temptation; at which insinuation, Hawthorne was indignant, and wrote to his sister:

"I have a great mind to commence playing again, merely to show him that I scorn to be seduced by another into anything wrong. Ever since my misfortune, I have been as steady as a sign-post, and as sober as a deacon; have been in no 'blows' this term, nor drank any kind of 'wine or strong drink.' So that your comparison of me to the 'prodigious son' will hold good in nothing, except that I shall probably return penniless, for I have had no money this six weeks."

One may be interested to know how



The First Meeting-House in Brunswick.

Hawthorne took part in these 'blows.' It is said that much as he enjoyed being present at these festal scenes,

"he never told a story nor sang a song. His voice was never heard in any shout of merriment: but the silent beaming smile would testify to his keen appreciation of the scene, and to his enjoyment of the wit. He would sit for a whole evening with head gently inclined to one side, hearing every word, seeing every gesture, and yet scarcely a word would pass his lips."

Jonathan Cilley used to say of his college mate: "I love Hawthorne; I admire him; but I do not know him. He

lives in a mysterious world of thought and imagination which he never permits me to enter."

Professor Packard, his old teacher, wrote a few years ago that if he had the gift of the pencil he could portray Hawthorne "as he looked in the recitation-room of those days,—with the same shy, gentle bearing, black, drooping, full inquisitive eye, and low, musical voice, that he ever had."

Hawthorne was very handsome. His long, black, wavy hair, his heavy eyebrows, his deep, beautiful eyes, and his regular features and graceful figure made him the Apollo of the college. It is related that one day while he was wandering through a woodland path in Brunswick, an old gypsy woman gazed at him admiringly, and exclaimed, "Are you a man or an angel?"

Linked with Hawthorne's name, his friend Franklin Pierce must be mentioned. Fortunately, I may use Hawthorne's own sentences from a biography of Pierce written during his campaign for the presidency. Speaking of him as he was in college, Hawthorne writes :

"He was then a youth, with the boy and man in him, vivacious, mirthful, slender, of a fair complexion, with light hair that had a curl in it. Pierce's class (1824) was small, but composed of individuals seriously intent on the duties and studies of their college life. Their first scholar,—the present Professor Stowe,—has long since established his rank among the first scholars of the country."

Hawthorne then points out that Pierce studied as little as possible; and when the first official standing was ascertained in the junior year, lo! Frank Pierce was precisely at the foot! He was so mortified that he tried to get himself expelled; but the president was surprisingly lenient, and took no notice of his repeated "cuts." Pierce gaining a better frame of mind meanwhile, determined to atone for the past. He studied early and late, gave up time-taking frivolity, though as jolly as ever; and in the end graduated third in his class. And here Mr. Hawthorne draws the moral that he himself did not see fit to follow as a collegian.

It would be interesting to glance at the college days of William Pitt Fessenden, of whom the words are quoted :

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one, Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and pervading; Lofty and sour to those who loved him not, But to those men who sought him, sweet as summer."

No less interesting is the record of Calvin Stowe — "witty, brilliant, popular, and withal, an acknowledged and consistent Christian." Then there are the brothers Abbott, Bradbury, Little, and many others that one might dwell on till a volume was made; but we must pass to the later days of Bowdoin.

Mr. Longfellow's term as professor of modern languages lasted from 1829 to 1835, when he accepted the choice of *belles-lettres* at Harvard, which Mr. Ticknor had just resigned. Daniel R. Goodwin took the place at Bowdoin, and remained till his election as President of Trinity College, in 1853. In 1839, President Allen resigned, and the Reverend Leonard Woods was elected as his successor. Mr. Woods was admired as a scholar and as a gentleman. People in Brunswick tell to-day of his wonderful conversational power,—when, as at a dinner party, the guests would refrain from talking, even from eating, that they might enjoy to the full the doctor's "flow of thought."

It was during Dr. Woods's administration that the beautiful King Chapel was built. It is a granite structure in the Romanesque style, graced by twin spires. The interior is finished in black walnut, with stalls facing from opposite sides, like an English choir; and the walls are decorated with elaborate fresco by German artists. The panels on the walls have since been filled, through the generosity of individuals, as memorials. The subjects on one side are drawn from the Old Testament; on the other, from the New. One of the paintings is a copy of the famous picture of St. Michael's triumph over the devil. The artist was about to put his last stroke to the picture one Saturday night; but the light failed him, and he had to stop work. He was anxious to go away Sunday, so he went to President Woods to ask him if he might finish the painting Sunday morning. "Ah!" said the gentle president, "wouldn't that look as if the devil were getting the upper hand?"

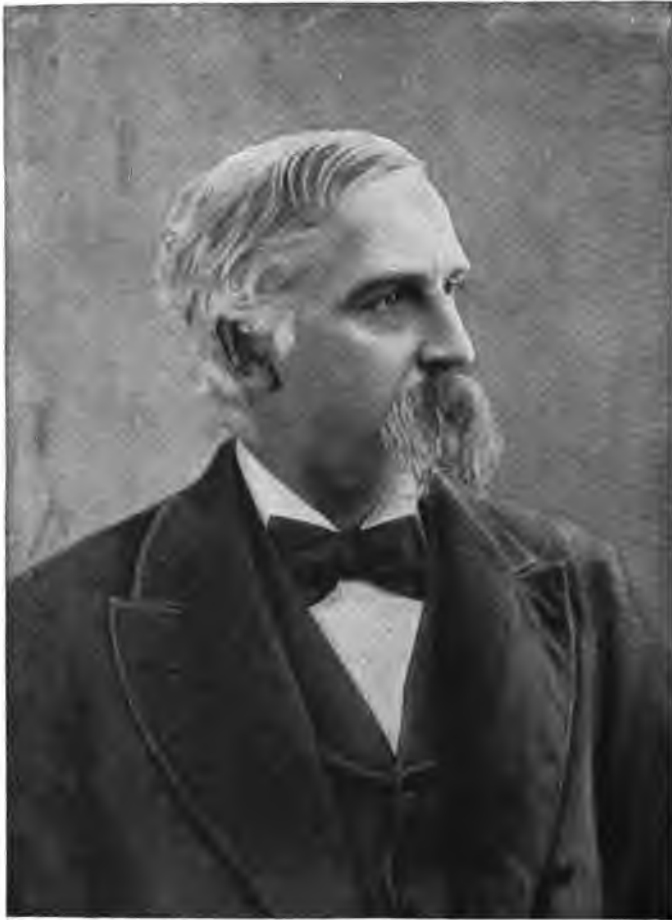


William DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College.

In 1850, Calvin E. Stowe was elected to the chair of Natural and Revealed Religion, just founded; and in 1856, Egbert C. Smyth was made professor of rhetoric and elocution. After Professor Goodwin's resignation in 1853, Charles Carroll Everett, a Bowdoin graduate, became professor of modern languages. But he soon accepted a call to Harvard, where he now does honor to Bowdoin as a brilliant philosopher. So teachers came and went. And when the war broke out, Bowdoin did her full share. Professor Chamberlain resigned the chair of modern languages to take his place in the army; but he was granted only leave of absence. Coming back in 1865 with

the reputation of a "dashing general," he became professor of rhetoric and oratory; but in 1866 he was made governor of Maine, and so again resigned.

In 1865, the alumni of the college voted to build a Memorial Hall, in honor of the college men who died in the war. The building, now completed, is a severe granite building, presenting but little architectural beauty; but its rigid plainness fitly represents the sturdy bravery of the sons of Bowdoin who fought for the Union. Its walls are hung with the portraits of the Bowdoin family, of the presidents of the college, and of distinguished alumni; and a bust of Longfellow is placed above the platform of the assembly-room.



Joshua L. Chamberlain, Ex-President of Bowdoin College.

President Woods resigned in 1866, and was succeeded by the Reverend Samuel Harris, of the class of 1833. Mr. Harris, in turn, was followed by "the eminent scholar, civilian, and general," Ex-Governor Chamberlain. With his administration, the college was re-organized: a scientific department came into being, and new professorships were founded.

It would be useless to mention the other learned men who have taught at Bowdoin; for I could barely say their names. Among those of late years are Professor Goodale, now at Harvard; Professor Charles H. Smith, now at Yale; and Professor John Avery, whose knowledge of the languages and history of the East was profound.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-five was one of Bowdoin's great years; for then the class of 1825 celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation. Eleven of the thirteen surviving members were present. The afternoon before commencement, they held their exercises, which consisted of prayer by John S. C. Abbott, a poem by Henry W. Longfellow, and an address by George B. Cheever. Mr. Longfellow's poem,—*Morituri Salutamus*,—has been judged by some critics, the noblest poem extant on old age. Thus he addresses the college:

"O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,  
That once were mine, and are no longer mine;  
Thou river, widening through the meadows green

To the vast sea so near, and yet unseen;  
 Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose  
 Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose  
 And vanished,— we who are to die  
 Salute you; earth and air, and sea and sky,  
 And the imperial sun that scatters down  
 His sovereign splendors upon grove and town."

After President Chamberlain's resignation in 1883, Professor Alpheus S. Packard was acting president till his death. In 1885 William DeWitt Hyde, Harvard '79, was elected president of the college. He was then only twenty-six years old;



Chief Justice Fuller.

and still has the honor, I believe, of being the youngest college-president in America. The faculty, too, is made up of young men: the senior member, Henry L. Chapman, professor of English, being only forty-six. Accordingly, while the work of the college is conducted on the well-tried principles of the past, the fresh life of young teachers makes the conservatism progressive.

In the early part of the century, the hatred between the college students and the town-boys, called "Yaggers," was intense; so that of an evening influential citizens would be called out to put down

a "Yagger War." The violence has entirely passed away; but the distinction is still sharply kept.

An important institution peculiar to Bowdoin is the college jury. This happy organization was suggested by the ingenious Professor Charles H. Smith. It consists of representatives from the classes and fraternities. When any fences have been destroyed to build a college bonfire, the jury meets to decide who shall pay for a new fence. If it is the night for a sophomore celebration, and it is known that none but sophomores took part, the expense of the good time is divided among the sophomores, and an extra dollar or two is added to the next term bill of each. Of course, this representative body of students always knows who the offenders are; and justice is justice, and prompt at that. Occasionally those finding the decision of the jury distasteful, appeal to the president, but he generally, if not always, sustains the jury's verdict. The faculty cannot be too grateful to Professor Smith for this discovery, since it saves them untold bother and worry.

A word more must be said about Professor Smith. For many years he held the chair of mathematics. In a college where mathematics is prescribed, it is hard to find the teachers popular. Professor Smith was a marked exception. Still, men could not always like mathematics for all that. One winter day, I am told, a grand plan was concocted by the members of one of the courses. The windows of the recitation-room were taken out and concealed; the blackboards were covered with lard; and tar was placed on every one of the students' benches. The members of the class came early to see the astonished Mr. Smith enter. The room was very cold, and they huddled in a corner warmed only by their expectations. At last, punctually on time, the door was opened and Mr. Smith walked in, laden with overcoats and shawls. He seemed not at all surprised, took his seat behind his desk, and covered himself with his many wraps. Then he said coolly, "You may sit or

stand, gentlemen,—as you please. We will begin the recitation at once ;” and the outwitted, shivering pupils had to do their “sums” on the floor, while the brilliant professor betrayed not a sign of ungentlemanly triumph. Professor Smith went to Yale last year as professor of American history, and every one, from president to freshman, mourned.

The Junior Ivy Day is one of the feast days of Bowdoin. Celebrated at the close of the year, it is chiefly remarkable for its informal exercises, after the more dignified program has been finished. The junior class is assembled in Memorial Hall, surrounded by friends from far and near. The president of the day addresses his classmates, and then presents appropriate gifts to certain members. The lazy man (who is generally never idle) receives a child’s arm-chair ; the popular man, a spoon ; the dig, a spade ; the handsome man, a looking-glass ; and the “tough,” a whiskey flask. After each presentation, a short reply is made by each recipient. If a class has any wit, it is displayed on Ivy Day.

Class Day and Commencement are much the same as in other small colleges. The chief interest of Commencement day is to see some old graduate of national reputation. Two years ago, Chief-Justice Fuller, of the class of ’53, came to receive the highest degree his college could bestow. It must be remembered that Speaker Reed, Dr. Newman Smyth, Senator Frye, and General Chamberlain may be expected as sons ; and occasionally a friend comes to express his regard, as when Mr. Blaine came in 1883 as an honored guest.

Bowdoin College to-day seems very prosperous. President Hyde is beloved by the students, and his discipline seems perfect, for he has brought about reforms in student-life that were once deemed hopeless. Bowdoin makes no pretence to the title of a “University,” but prefers the humbler work of a college, for which she is admirably fitted. So when a young graduate desires further instruction, she sends him to Johns Hopkins, to Yale, or to her mother Harvard. She shows an enterprising spirit, moreover ; for example, during the summer just past

she sent an exploring expedition to Labrador under the charge of Professor Lee. Bowdoin is a college with traditions, with able teachers, and with ample equipment to do the work she attempts. Though under Congregational control, the policy of the college is not narrow or petty. Altogether, while Bowdoin is proud of her illustrious sons, they have reason to be proud of her ; and never more than to-day.

Let us return, before closing, to the town. To be sure the life of the town has been influenced by the college : but there is still something separate. The manufacturing life of Brunswick is now considerable. Begun about 1820, the mills have increased in number and im-



Seal of Bowdoin College.

portance. Cotton cloth, paper, wooden boxes, and pasteboard and plush boxes are sent away constantly from Brunswick. The cotton mill is being enlarged by a dignified brick building, which appears the more imposing from its position at the foot of Maine Street. There is a large population (about 1500) of French, who work in these mills, living in crowded tenement-houses near by ; and it is interesting to pass through the quiet village of a summer evening to “French Town” by the river bank, see the gayly dressed people gathered in groups here and there and jabbering merrily in their Canadian-French dialect. One seems to have passed from a stern, stiff New England village into the very midst of a foreign hamlet. These people keep together in their own district, and do not disturb the English-speaking people. The influence of the college is too strong to allow

Brunswick to become a noisy manufacturing town.

Famous as Brunswick is for eccentric professors and learned men who walk the streets, it is by no means the least jewel in her crown that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written on her own Federal Street, in the old "Titcomb House." It is an amusing and pathetic chapter of Mrs. Stowe's biography, in which she describes her life in Brunswick. She tells about her landlord, John Titcomb, who is "a man studious of ease, and fully possessed with the idea that man wants but little here below;" so he boards himself in his workshop on crackers and herring, washed down with cold water, and spends his time working, musing, reading new publications, and taking his comfort. In his shop you shall see a joiner's bench, hammers, planes, saws, gimlets, varnish, paint, picture frames, fence-posts, rare old chairs, one or two fine portraits of his ancestry, a bookcase full of books, the tooth of a whale, an old spinning-wheel and spindle, a lady's parasol frame, a church lamp to be mended; in short, Henry says Mr. Titcomb's shop is like the ocean: there is no end to the curiosities in it."

In this Titcomb house, Mrs. Stowe read the news of the "Compromise" and the Fugitive Slave Law. Here she kept house and guarded and guided her children's mental and moral development. Here she wrote stories for the *Washington Era*, to eke out Professor Stowe's slender and well-earned income. And here, surrounded by children, busy over household matters, perplexed over big bills, she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," crying or laughing as she wrote. Her son tells us in her biography that at a communion service at the college church, the whole picture of the death of Uncle Tom suddenly unrolled before her mind.

"So strongly was she affected that it was with difficulty she could keep from weeping aloud. Immediately on returning home she took pen and paper, and wrote out the vision which had been as it were, blown into her mind as by the rushing of a mighty wind. Gathering her family about her, she read what she had written. Her two little ones of ten and twelve years of age broke into convulsions of weeping, one of them saying through his sobs, 'Oh, mamma! slavery is the most cruel thing in the world.'"

Mrs. Stowe long afterwards wrote to one of her children, who was then a baby, saying:

"I remember many a night weeping over you, as you lay sleeping beside me, and I thought of the slave mothers whose babes were torn from them."

I have heard how Mrs. Stowe used to go through the streets of Brunswick with a brown paper bundle and a new-bought broom,—the picture of the womanly independence you desire for the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But in a recent after-dinner speech in the town hall, a friend of "Freddy" Stowe, when the Stowes lived in Brunswick, said that although Mrs. Stowe had written a book to thrill the world, her pies and cakes were abominable. One is inclined to think that the economical and skilful Mrs. Stowe *could* have made good cake and pie if she had wanted to; but realizing how bad they were at best, she gloried in their weight and sour flour, because the hungry boy, once fed with them, would desire no more.

Brunswick has had its great days. February 22, 1800, was observed in memory of Washington's life just closed. Dr. Page delivered an oration, finishing with, "If Washington is dead, we can thank our God that we have our Adams in the chair." Independence Day was often celebrated with great gusto. The Declaration of Independence was read in church, the people sang "America" and "Old Hundred," listened to a long prayer, and thereafter retired to a collation in the grove.

In the days of shipbuilding in Maine, there were frequent "launchings" to go to, within the limits of the town,—at "Pennellville," at "New-Wharf," or at "Maquait."

It was in a Brunswick ship-yard that Longfellow found the material and impulse to write "The Building of the Ship." The town is full of retired sea-captains, who in the busy days gone by toiled and brought home much gold, and now live in the glowing memory of adventure and commerce. People recall now how of a Sunday afternoon, thirty or forty years ago, these dignified old men, dressed in their fine blue broadcloth and brass



buttons, would be seen making their way, one by one, with seemingly no common purpose, to the old tavern.

Nowadays, Commencement is the one great day of the Brunswick year. The town's folk are careful that their bonnets are stylish and their dresses new for this season, and the week before is the week of brisk trade in Brunswick. But June 13, 1889, was undoubtedly the greatest feast day of modern Brunswick, for the people then celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town. In the morning, Professor C. C. Everett of Harvard University, a native of Brunswick and a graduate of Bowdoin, delivered an oration, in which he spoke philosophically of the value of "the town as the essential thing in a nation." Then he touched briefly on the history of Brunswick, pointing out the anti-climax in its development—"the church, the college, the factory." This, he said, "shows well the temper of the times,—first the needs of the spirit, then those of the intellect, and at last those of the outward life." Then Prof. H. L. Chapman of Bowdoin College read a poem on the Androscoggin.

The exercises over, the procession formed and marched through the principal streets of the town. Town and college displayed themselves with their distinguished guests, and at the end (the whole procession was three-quarters of a mile in length) came the trade exhibits and the floats representing the early history of the town. There was a dramatic representation of the capture of Molly Phinney by three Indians, a spinning-wheel in constant motion, a minute man at his plough, an old chaise driven by a man dressed in clothes made in 1789, and Parson Dunlap represented riding on an old saddle, with a Bible of 1737 and a hymn-book of 1820. Dinner was served in the town hall, with speeches by Governor Burleigh, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, President Hyde, and Professor Everett. Fireworks, a reception in the town hall, and an exhibition of historic relics closed the day.

A railway centre like Brunswick has many visitors. Many a traveller on his way to Bar Harbor stops in Brunswick an

hour or two to run up to the college or over to Federal Street to see the house where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. At the college the library and art gallery are of chief interest. The Assyrian tablets in excellent preservation, the governor of Gibraltar, an original painting by Van Dyck, the Stuart portraits, of Jefferson and Madison, portraits of graduates and teachers, young and old. all these are interesting to the travellers. The library and art gallery are under the same roof with the chapel, and together make the most artistic building in the college-yard both inside and out.

In the room of the village library in the town hall are many memorials of the early history of Brunswick, also a note from Mrs. Stowe assuring the reader that she really wrote "Uncle Tom" in the old "Titcomb House." The Lincoln house, on Main Street, is one of the Revolutionary houses, and is notable as the home of the Drs. Lincoln, father and son, The congregational "meeting-house," by the college-yard, is also interesting both in itself and for the sake of the saintly Dr. Adams, for forty years its pastor. St. Paul's Church, on Pleasant Street, is attractive for its memorials to Bishop Burgess and Dr. Ballard; here for twelve years Dr. Edward Ballard preached, and his name is still a proverb through the town for dignity and high purposes.

With just pride in her history, Brunswick is moving forward to the innovations of the closing century. Electric lights are everywhere, and soon, it is predicted, electric cars will be running through the streets. But with the stability of a college town with a history, the conservative inhabitant jumps into no new improvement suddenly, so Brunswick will never have a "boom" to disturb the even growth of her story.

Naturally the society of Brunswick is of a much higher tone than in most towns of seven thousand people. I doubt if any town can boast so many really notable women. One of the most distinguished is Miss Kate Furbish, who has devoted many years to the "Maine flora."

Brunswick is therefore by no means the least of New England villages. Here

thinkers and statesmen were educated ; and here noble men have lived. From the woods and the river and the sea the young poet received his inspiration, "whose poems were to charm the world ;" and here wandered "that brooding spirit whose genius was to glorify the colonial age, of which the town had borne

so much of the burden." I can do no better than to close with the last lines of Mr. Chapman's poem,—

"So, listening to the river and the sea,  
Whose voices blend in sweetest harmony  
Of hope and memory, thou dost seem to greet  
Thine elder sons and future, as they meet,  
And join with us, who throng about thee now,  
To crown with living love thy radiant brow."




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PARNELL.

By T. H. Farnham.

DEAD in his prime ! How pitiful the fate !  
His work unfinished, but his fame secure ;  
Whose name, enshrined within a nation's heart,  
Through all succeeding ages shall endure.

Wisely he spake who first the precept gave,  
*Naught of the dead but good.* In memory  
Of him let but the good alone survive,  
And speech be tempered with sweet charity.

Remember One who once in mercy spoke  
Words of divine compassion, when he said  
*Neither do I condemn.* Who sinless is  
Let him first cast a stone upon the dead.

To-day, while bitter tears bedew his bier,  
Let strife and hatred, clash of faction, cease,  
And, like a guardian spirit, gently brood  
Above his grave the white winged dove of peace.

And when in coming years shall be effaced  
From him who loved not wisely but too well,  
The one dark stain, a people's grateful voice  
Shall ever softly breathe the name — Parnell.

# THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

*By Ellen Marvin Heaton.*

## CHAPTER IX.



NOTHING is more kaleidoscopic than an operetta troupe. The chorus is subject to constant change, so that Edith felt quite like an old member when she found herself

one among the very few who had proved constant all winter. But summer was coming, and she was confronted with the question of continuing with the company during its provincial rounds. The only alternative would be to go home for the season, since all engagements for lessons would be discontinued for nearly three months. She wondered what became of people who had no homes, when the pittance which barely supported them was suspended. In the midst of her perplexity a fortunate event occurred, which settled matters.

She had continued regular in her attendance at the choir-rehearsals at St. Cecelia's. It was, as Mr. Stevenson had said, a kind of training school for church choirs, and the director detained Edith as she was leaving after rehearsal, one evening, and informed her that he had been applied to for a contralto to fill a vacancy in the Twiller Street choir. Would Miss Campbell undertake it?

Edith blushed and was about to express her doubts of her ability, when it occurred to her that the director was perhaps the better judge of that; so she simply said, "If you advise me to try, I will do my best." She then learned what the compensation would be, and agreed to report at the given time and place for rehearsal. The result was satisfactory, and an offer was made her for the coming year, which she gladly accepted. The salary was not large, for the church was a small one; but the question of continuing with the troupe was now settled, and she

could remain in the city, as the Twiller Street church did not close its doors during the summer, like some of the more fashionable places of worship.

Her great concern was to be at hand upon Mr. Stevenson's return. "Bring your brother to me, and I will set him to work," were the words which recurred to her constantly, and kept all despondency at bay.

Another piece of good fortune occurred about this time. Mrs. Delevan proposed that Edith should come to her as companion for the summer. The girl joyfully consented, and exchanged her close quarters at the "Home" for a comfortable room on the third floor of the house in Thirty-seventh Street.

She had been there only a few days when Mrs. Delevan informed her that Mr. Stevenson would return in July. Edith's heart gave a great jump. What if he had forgotten her and her brother! His life was so filled with more important matters! Would he come again to visit his relative, or should she write and remind him,—should she send Joe to him, as he had said?

"Take him at his word," said Mrs. Delevan, to whom she confided her perplexities. "He's not the kind of man to say what he doesn't mean." Edith felt this to be true. She wrote the joyful news to Joe, and bade him be in readiness, enclosing an amount sufficient for his travelling expenses.

In her capacity of companion, the greater part of the day was passed with Mrs. Delevan, conversing, reading aloud, or helping the old lady through the mazes of the elaborate pieces of fancy-work with which she beguiled the hours. The latter bestowed upon Edith a vast amount of autobiography, and claimed in return some passages from Edith's life. In this way she came to know quite familiarly the few of whom Edith spoke, chief

among them Aunt Hannah, Doctor North, and Otis Field.

The latter had learned Edith's present address from his aunt, and one afternoon while Mrs. Delevan was taking her customary nap, his card was sent up.

Edith had been so engrossed with her own plans that it required quite an effort to recall all that Otis had been through since they had met. "Poor Otis!" she thought, "What a change in his life! I wonder if he will be equal to it!"

He came to meet her as she entered, took both her hands in his, and looked at her in wonder. "How you have changed!" he exclaimed.

She was upon the point of reciprocating the expression, but remembering all he had been through she merely said:

"That is what time generally does for us, you know."

He released her hands, but continued to study her face. "It is but little more than a year since I went to Rockford such a wreck," he said.

"But now you are fully restored, I hope."

"Thank Heaven, yes! I cannot afford the luxury of helplessness now, you know."

He looked at her wistfully. The months had so matured her, and her earnest work had given her features that expression of nobility which comes with noble purposes. He had found her attractive before; now all the old feeling rushed back to him, tinged with something finer.

To fill the abyss which threatened to yawn between them, the two launched into personalities. Edith inquired about his father, his travels, and Mr. Chapin. Otis made her reciprocate with details from her own experience, and she congratulated herself that she could speak frankly of her own life as it was at present.

"So you see I am a working woman," she concluded, with a touch of the old archness.

"And I hope to become a working-man," he returned. "It is surprising how much more attractive work looks, now the necessity is upon me. And I must tell you of a great piece of good fortune. I supposed everything was swept

away except the amount settled upon my mother. That will only suffice for her and Maud. So you can imagine my feelings when, rummaging through some papers, I came upon a bank book with my name upon the cover. It seems that my father was accustomed to put a sum to my credit each birthday. At first I imagined it must have been drawn out for use in his emergency, but it proved that there was an amount to my credit sufficient to keep me above water while I am getting my profession."

"How fortunate!" exclaimed Edith. "And you will study law?"

"No, — medicine. I don't know whether it is Dr. North's influence or my experience of the last year, but I feel that is the only work I can go into with enthusiasm."

At the mention of Dr. North, Edith's expression changed. "Ah!" she said meditatively, "Dr. North is one of a thousand! I don't wonder he influenced your choice."

A quick shaft of jealousy shot through Otis. It had never occurred to him that there could be any attraction between these two. Now he called himself an ass not to have foreseen it. He struggled not to betray his emotion, but he could actually feel the gloom that darkened his face. Edith was too preoccupied to notice it, however, and that only increased his alarm.

"You have seen a good deal of the doctor?" he said.

"No, I have seen him only once since I left Rockford. But —"

Otis waited with emotion for what was to follow, but Edith did not finish the sentence; she blushed instead. This was confirmation enough. The blood rushed to Otis's face, and he was almost blinded by the shock of the discovery. If he could only have known the cause of Edith's confusion! She had been near saying that, now she was in desirable quarters, she hoped to see more of her friends than was possible before. In the pause which ensued, they regarded each other awkwardly.

"But what?" insisted Otis, almost defiantly, and determined to know the worst.

"But Dr. North leaves behind him

such an impression, — I mean he has so much individuality, — that I cannot realize I have seen him but once. Don't you think," she went on with growing vivacity, "that the doctor has a wonderful gift of imparting himself — his strength, I mean — to others?"

Any outsider would have found Edith's frankness sufficient guaranty of absence of sentiment, but to a lover the inference was just the contrary.

"Yes," he said, reflecting that it was probably from the doctor that Edith had drawn strength for her own use.

"And he is so versatile!" pursued she, analyzing for the first time, and with a pleasure that surprised her, the doctor's character. "You know what a lover of music he is. And then he is so droll! He has *such* a sense of humor!" and she smiled as various proofs of the last assertion recurred to her.

The smile and the thought of the doctor's humor dissipated Otis's gloom. The sense that a woman in love would not appreciate humor in her lover broke into his darker mood. After this the chat flowed on like a babbling brook. It was astonishing how much there was to be said. It was wonderful what an interest attached to the smallest details. They smiled into each other's faces, they exchanged reminiscences of childish hostilities, and finally they grew sober and began to discuss the future.

Otis found himself saying, "And when I have finished my studies, I shall buy a house up-town, 'pay down' for the door-handle, and mortgage the rest, and put out my 'shingle' at once. And as the first step towards success in a doctor's career is to marry," —

Here the door opened and Mrs. Delevan walked in, the evidences of her nap showing in her eyes and in her confusion at finding a visitor. After this Otis remained only long enough to prevent his departure seeming abrupt. He made a note of that hour as a favorable one for future visits, and he ventured upon a pressure of Edith's hand at parting, which provoked such a shaft of indignation from her eyes that Otis feared he had more than lost what he hoped he had gained.

"Idiot!" he muttered to himself as he descended the steps. "She'll refuse to see me again, — and serve me right too!" he went on, recalling his last ill-chosen speech. "She will think I regard matrimony as a financial investment!"

Much as Otis dreaded his next interview, suspense was more dreadful. So he betook himself to the Twiller Street church the following Sunday morning, and remained at the entrance after service until Edith appeared. What was his astonishment to find her greeting as cordial and unembarrassed as ever! For a moment his elation was unbounded. Then came the thought that her cordiality only showed her indifference. She had totally forgotten his *bêtises*!

Well, the future was before him and the prize worth the winning. Filled with this purpose, Otis appeared to better advantage than ever before. The egotism so natural to his age fell away from him, and deference took the place of his former complacency.

From this time he improved every opportunity to see Edith, during the short time his business required him to remain in town. By the end of the month, however, it was finished, and he returned to Rockford, to the care of the poor invalid. He felt guilty as he realized how he longed for October, when his medical studies would require his return to town for the winter. He was baffled as to what impression he had made upon Edith. He had discovered that if he would see her at her best, he had but to speak of her brother, when she would glow with a warmth which transfigured her. This was both reassuring and discouraging. Otis passed many hours meditating upon what it involved.

The doctor also dedicated much of his time to Edith. When the two men met, each discerned the state of the other's mind regarding the girl, yet each fatuously fancied his own sentiment a dead secret. The doctor, reflecting upon the opportunity Otis would have of prosecuting his addresses, felt the result a foregone conclusion. It was characteristic of him that, instead of nursing his own disappointment, he fell to studying Otis with new interest.

As to Edith, it was little thought she gave to either swain. She had accepted Otis's attentions as a matter of course — a tribute to a friendship dating from childhood. Moreover, the time was drawing near when her great hope would be realized. Mr. Stevenson was expected back within the month. To their great joy he appeared to them a fortnight sooner than anticipated.

"Took you by surprise, eh? Well I came over on an electric current — shortest trip on record!" he exclaimed as he greeted them. "I knew you would be going off to the country soon," he continued, turning to Mrs. Delevan, "and I lost no time in coming around."

"And your brother — what of him?" he said suddenly to Edith, after some further chat. "Still at his studies, eh? It ought to be vacation with him at this time of year. Well, send him to me as soon as you like. He'll be glad to drop his books."

Edith's face gleamed. As soon as the guest departed she flew to her room and wrote the wonderful tidings to Joe. "And you are not coming as an adventurer, dear Joe. You have his promise. Were ever two people so fortunate as we? And you are to stay here with me for the six weeks Mrs. Delevan is to be away; so we shall have plenty of time to hunt up quarters for next winter — for a home we will have."

Of course his coming had to be secret. The station was two miles away. He was to walk there, and he was not to attempt to bring anything with him. Edith read her letter over more than once to be sure that nothing was forgotten; and as she went out to post it, it was hard to keep from breaking out into singing upon the street. What a wonderful world it was! how great a thing was life! how good a thing was work — when it was congenial! And they would both work, — she at her music, he at his science, and at night each would tell the other what the day had brought!

Filled with these anticipations, Edith sought Mrs. Delevan upon her return, to find relief for her joy. The drawing-room door was ajar, and voices, — could one be Dr. North's? Yes, but how sober

he looked! What could be the matter? He saw her and rose, but did not advance and smile. She stood as if spell-bound. Why did they both look at her so? What could it mean? She gazed from one to the other and went towards them. Why did he not greet her? Mrs. Delevan came to her and put both arms about her.

"My dear, dear child," she said, "Dr. North has bad news for you. I wish —"

"My sister! Is she ill? — Not Joe! Don't tell me Joe is ill! No, no! you can't mean that!"

"I wish I could spare you. But there has been an accident —"

"Is it Joe? Is he hurt?"

"Yes, Edith. I went to him immediately, and —"

"And you will take me to him. You have come to take me to him?"

The doctor's features worked convulsively. How should he tell her the truth?

"Why don't you speak?" she shrieked. "You are deceiving me. Have they killed him?"

"Edith," said the doctor, taking both her cold hands in his, "you had better not go. He would not know you. He was insensible from the first."

She drew her hands away and stepped backwards. She read the truth in his sad eyes.

"Joe is dead!" she said.

He did not contradict her.

"Joe is dead!" she repeated almost in a defiant tone, as if daring him to deny it.

"He did not suffer," was all the consolation he could offer.

She gave one wild look about her. The desolation in her eyes was heartrending.

"Oh, where is he? Where shall I go?" she said. "Take me away. I must go — I must go — somewhere!"

She was struggling with the instinct to join her brother's spirit. If she had been a more fragile girl, she would have fainted, and it would have been a mercy.

There had been no opportunity of softening the news. She did not know the worst even yet. The poor boy had been instantly killed by a blow inflicted in a frenzy by the irresponsible Walters.

Mr. Campbell had been summoned by telegraph, and the doctor had accompanied him. Thence he had come direct to Edith. And now that the blow had fallen, how futile was any help he could offer! There she stood, with hands half extended, — a world of desolation in her eyes!

"My poor, poor child!" said the old lady, taking Edith again in her arms, and pressing her head down upon her own motherly breast. "My poor, poor child!"

She drew her gently to the sofa. The tears were streaming down her face, but Edith's eyes were dry and bright. She sat upright, looking straight before her. At last she shuddered, and a groan gave token that she was beginning to comprehend her sorrow. She looked about her. Was it the same world? All the purpose which had filled her life, making it tense and fruitful, had vanished, — in a moment, — in the twinkling of an eye! The utter emptiness appalled her! Whither should she go? What should she do? She was conscious of an awful void, — oh, such an aching void! Was it in her head or in her heart? She pressed a hand to each.

"I — cannot — bear it!" she exclaimed brokenly.

"Don't try to be brave, dear Edith — don't try," said the doctor, taking her hand in his. She turned uncomprehending eyes to him, and her hand lay listlessly in his. He felt that he must break this awful spell. He began softly to speak of her brother.

She groaned again, and opened her lips as if to speak. At last she said haltingly, "I know — you mean — to be kind. But oh! I want Joe!"

The last words were a great cry, and she wept violently.

Mrs. Delevan learned with surprise, as she talked with the doctor late that night, that Edith's father was living. The doctor's story explained many things in the girl's character and conduct which had puzzled her.

"Now," she exclaimed, "I can ask Edith to remain with me altogether! I should have done so before, but for this mystery hanging over her. Poor child! Poor child!"

Noticing that the doctor did not brighten at this proposal, the good lady appealed to him for his opinion. He scowled, as was his custom when perplexed, and was intent for a moment. Then he said:

"You are very kind. It would seem a great opportunity for Edith. But I know her so well, and how necessary an active life is to her. She needs activity now more than ever. Work must be her salvation. With you she would have time to brood. But, —"

"She has lost her motive for work now," said Mrs. Delevan.

"Yes, that is what I was going to say. We must provide one. I don't yet see how. But, — yes, that is the very thing!" exclaimed the doctor suddenly, starting up.

He explained his thought of consulting Mr. Chapin, in the hope of finding that Edith could be useful in the work which, of late, had grown so fast as to make more help necessary.

The result justified the doctor's hope, and it was arranged that Edith should become a working member of Mr. Chapin's family whenever she felt disposed.

But the poor girl was prostrate. She lay half conscious, — the prey of a low fever. The doctor was her constant attendant; and at last she rallied. There were days when there were drives in the open air, and then the days came when it became evident that work would be the best medicine.

Meantime Mrs. Delevan affectionately urged on Edith her offer of a home. The girl was grateful, but still apathetic, and postponed her decision. One day the doctor proposed her going back home for awhile. The effect of his proposal frightened him.

"Home!" she echoed. "To that home from which my poor Joe was driven? To live in the same house with his —" She faltered at the dreadful word. "No — I will speak!" she cried. "I have grown up under such a system! I have seen such wrongs done in the name of duty! I have seen love crowded out and my poor Joe — oh, Joe, so full of genius, so full of talents which ought to have been fostered — made to lead the



skulking life of a coward! His tastes were made to appear criminal! Oh, it might have been so different! It ought to have been so different!"

"And the world is full of Joes," said the doctor, "full of people who could be good and great, but who find the struggle with circumstances too much for them. Some fall by the way and fill early graves. Others, less fortunate, succumb to the evils which beset them and drag out their thwarted, perverted lives."

She looked at him with eager eyes. In her own terrible grief, the struggles of others had never occurred to her. The doctor knew that no sense of duty would compel her to effort. The impulse must be one of affection.

Other people's Joes!

That was the idea which aroused her. Was it possible that other boys were struggling and sinking, struggling and sinking day by day, for want of a chance?

Other people's Joes!

What could be done for them? Could she do anything? She had done everything for her own Joe. How? She wondered now as she looked back at what she had accomplished. It was such a mixture of effort and good fortune! It seemed as if the first step led to all the others.

"Other people's Joes!" she said aloud. "Who can find them?"

"Mr. Chapin can and does," said the doctor. "He and his wife give all their time to them. But they have more than they can do. They need help. Will you go and help them, Edith?"

He watched the new light dawn in the girl's eyes. He went on to tell more of the work, of what had already been done, and what the future promised.

Grief has many ways of materializing. Beds in hospitals, memorial windows, mission chapels, all these and many more attend the aching void which Faith tries to fill with worthy monuments. But better than any visible sign was the impulse now growing in this girl's heart. It was rooted in love, and destined to find expression in devotion to — other people's Joes.

"Yes," she said at last softly, "I will go."

Mrs. Chapin came for Edith the following day, and as the latter took leave of her benefactress, she felt that the door of the past closed behind her.

The doctor made his farewell visit to her the same evening. Some dawning sense of his devotion made Edith's manner very tender when they parted. He held her hand long in his, and she did not withdraw it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since then, three years have sped. Otis Field has earned the right to put "M. D." after his name. His visits to Edith have been many, and his devotion sincere, but he has not again ventured to refer to that "house up-town with its door-handle paid for and the rest on mortgage." His sense of Edith's high purposes and earnest, successful work have taught him humility. But there will come a day, and that very soon, when he will persuade himself, with that sophistry of the heart which lovers use, that she can work better with his help; and he will try to persuade her so.

As for Dr. North, time has only strengthened his sentiments. He has seen Edith rarely, for it has long been a foregone conclusion with him that she and Otis were destined for each other. Of late, doubt has sprung up in his mind, and with the doubt has come the resolution to put his fate also to the test.

The situation is very transparent to Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, who often discuss it. The former is on the doctor's side, and when he sounds his friend's praises, no one assents more fervently than does Edith. Mrs. Chapin predicts that youth and opportunity will win in the person of Otis Field. The only apparently unbiased person is Edith herself. It is doubtful, Mr. Chapin sometimes thinks, whether her heart is not already irrevocably given to — other people's Joes.

And still the invalid babbles on, — winding up occasionally with, "My wife says I grow rusty. Gad! I'd like a chance to rust!" as he smiles confidently in the face of the listener.

And another elderly pilgrim still pursues his abstract way — confident, as he has ever been, of following the path of

duty. To him his son's sudden end was "a mysterious Providence." In his own sight, and in that of the community, his life has been one of rectitude. Aunt Hannah only occasionally confides to the doctor that, in her opinion, the most disgusting of all odors is the odor of sanctity.

## WINTER.

*By Julie M. Lippmann.*

E'EN as in days of old when Jael went  
 Forth for to meet the chieftain on his way,  
 And spread o'er him her mantle as he lay  
 Within the fancied fastness of her tent;  
 And as he slept, with wandering forspent,  
 Dreaming perchance of triumph-wreaths of bay,  
 All stealthily she crept with nail to slay  
 The trusting guest o'er whom she breathless bent:  
 So comes pale Winter to the aged Year,  
 And spreads her mantle o'er him, friendly-wise;  
 He, sleeping, dreams not once of death or fear,  
 So pure she seems in all her shining guise,  
 While with the spiked frost, full cold and clear,  
 She works his ruin and he, dreaming, dies.

## BLACK AND WHITE.

*By Lillie B. Chace Wyman.*



THE history of the Anti-Slavery movement in the United States is full of picturesque as well as significant scenes. One January day in 1850, Fredrika Bremer, a Swedish romance writer, attended a meeting in Faneuil Hall in company with Charles Sumner who, forty years old, had not yet been heard in the Senate. Miss Bremer looked on with foreign eyes, and listened to the speaking with foreign ears. She gives the account in her book entitled "The Homes of the New World," and says:

"A young, fair lady, in a simple white dress, and hair without any ornament, stepped forward, leading a dark mulatto woman, by the hand. She had been a slave, and had lately escaped from slavery on board a vessel, where she had been concealed. Her owners, who suspected her place of concealment obtained a warrant for searching the vessel, which they did thoroughly, burning brimstone in order to compel her to come forth. But she endured it all, and succeeded in making her escape.

It was a beautiful sight, when the young white woman, Miss Lucy Stone, placed her hand upon the head of the black woman, and called her sister, before the assembled crowd. It looked well and beautiful, and it was certainly felt by all, that the white woman stood here as the friend and protector of the black. She then related the history of the late slave, and talked about slavery for a full hour, with perfect self-possession, perspicuity and propriety of tone and gesture."

Miss Anne Warren Weston in a report published in an issue of the *Liberator* of that month, says the ship in which this fugitive girl was hidden, was "repeatedly smoked," while it waited at the Southern wharf, in the hope of forcing her to betray herself. Miss Weston adds that the girl was only nineteen years old, and that she came to the cold North, half starved and half frozen, leaving behind her own baby, who could not have survived the hardships of her way of escape.

Dramatic as was the scene which Miss Bremer beheld in Boston's old Cradle of Liberty, Lucy Stone was destined before many years had passed to associate her-

self with a tragedy more awful and more suggestive of classic heroism than that which enveloped the life of the young creature who left her infant forever and fled in the dead of winter to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The name of Margaret Garner was long a name for Abolitionists to conjure by, but it is very probable that few people to-day know the details of her story or attach any special significance to its mention. The incidents of her experience are nevertheless worthy, even now, of study, not only because they illustrate some phases of our national history, but because the development of a great despair and a great resoluteness in a lowly mind evidences with peculiar power the divine essence of the soul, which sometimes bears noble fruit, though it may have received but rude nurture.

A connected account of the Margaret Garner tragedy is given in a volume of "Reminiscences" published in 1876, by Levi Coffin, a Quaker Abolitionist.

The Cincinnati journals reported the case as it proceeded, and from these sources, and from Lucy Stone's own verbal relation, it is possible to gather the main facts. The details vary slightly, but not more than it is to be expected that hastily written newspaper reports would differ from the recollections of persons intimately affected by the events. All that is essential and unfortunately all that is terrible in the story stands out in unmistakable truth and clearness.

In the winter of 1856, the Ohio River was frozen over, and a tempting path to possible freedom was thus opened to the slave men and women of Kentucky. Seventeen negroes undertook to avail themselves of it one Sunday night. They took possession of a pair of horses and a large sled belonging to one of their masters, and drove to a place just below Covington. They left their conveyance here, crossed the ice-covered stream, and reached Cincinnati, after daylight had broken. They dared not remain together, as people were now walking about the streets, and the movements of such a large party as theirs would naturally excite attention. They separated, and nine of the fugitives found friends who con-

cealed them until night, and then forwarded them safely to Canada. The other eight were less happy. They sought the house of a colored man named Kite, whose freedom had been purchased by his own father. His dwelling was on a river road in the lower part of the city, and they had to inquire their way to it. Meanwhile, one of their masters, Archibald K. Gaines, traced them, by means of the sled, which had been left on the Kentucky bank of the Ohio and followed them to Cincinnati. The questions the fugitives asked enabled the hunter to track them to Kite's house, within a few hours of their arrival. Kite himself went early that morning to consult Levi Coffin as to the best way to secure their safety, and when he returned he found that the master, in company with United States Marshall Ellis, "and a large body of assistants," were gathered before his house. The assailants sent in word to the fugitives to surrender, but the negroes were armed, and they barred the doors and windows and prepared to fight. The party consisted of an elderly man, named Simon, his wife Mary, their son Robert, and his wife Margaret or Peggy Garner and her four little children. Several shots were fired on both sides, the window was broken, and one of the deputy marshals was wounded in his hand. Then the door was battered down, the pursuers rushed in, and Margaret's husband was overpowered and dragged out. All hope was over for the fugitives. Margaret Garner seized a kitchen knife which lay on the table, and "with one stroke cut the throat of her little daughter." She then struck two of the other children and wounded them slightly, but the officers caught and disarmed her.

The Cincinnati papers reported that she "avowed herself the mother of the three children, and said that she had killed one, and would like to kill the three others, rather than see them again reduced to slavery." The little dead girl, her oldest, was very pretty, and nearly white. The two next in age were "woolly-headed little fellows, with fat, dimpled cheeks." The baby was whiter than the mother, according to the testi-

mony of Mr. Coffin. The story of what was happening at Kite's house spread over the city. A great crowd collected speedily about the premises. The helpless negroes were put with difficulty into carriages and conveyed to the United States District Court rooms on Fourth Street. The populace followed closely, but showed little inclination to attempt a rescue. The slaves were ushered into the court-room, and seated around the stove, preserving a moody silence. The son of one John Marshall, of Kentucky, had now arrived on the scene, and said that Simon, Mary and Robert, belonged to his father, and had "never expressed any dissatisfaction in regard to their remaining in bondage." Possibly, in saying this, he hoped to impress his hearers with the belief that liberty-loving slaves were apt to exchange confidences of that nature with their owners in Kentucky.

Various formalities passed among the legal folk, and the fugitives were moved about in person and on paper in exchange from United States to State authority, and back again, while it was decided that a *habeas corpus* warrant could not be made effective as a step towards their liberation.

In the course of all this miserable shuffling of these poor human cards, one attempt was made to convey them in carriages to the Station House. When the crowd in the street saw the captives appear, guarded by a strong posse of police, they shouted to the coachmen, "Don't take them!" "Drive on!"—and the drivers either became frightened or caught the sympathetic impulse, for they whipped up their horses and drove their empty carriages rapidly away. The officers, thus left in the lurch, proceeded on foot, carefully guarding their prisoners through the city.

The Abolitionists were naturally much interested while the case pended, but it is a curious fact that Mr. Garrison made no editorial comment upon it in the *Liberator*, although that paper copied full accounts of the affair from the Cincinnati sheets, published letters from Henry C. Wright about it, and re-printed from the New York *Tribune* a poem on the subject, written by Mary A. Liver-

more, who was then unknown to the general public. The explanation for this silence is easily found. A glance at the situation in the whole country makes it manifest that the time was too crowded with momentous events to allow the thoughts of anti-slavery people to concentrate upon one poor woman, even though that woman were a mother like Margaret Garner.

Salmon P. Chase was then governor of Ohio and a possible candidate for the presidency. He did not at first make himself prominent in this fugitive slave case. Kansas was seething with strife. A Free Soiler in that state, named R. P. Brown, had just been murdered at Easton by a Border-Ruffian military company called the "Kickapoo Rangers." Charles Sumner was still sitting quiet in the Senate Chamber, but was soon to make his great speech, and the character of Preston S. Brooks was ripening to purposes of assassination. Slaves were constantly trying, with more or less success, to escape to the North. The *Anti-Slavery Bugle* at this time quoted the New Orleans *Picayune* as authority for a report of "the burning of a negro in Lexington in that state, after chaining him to a stake in the public street," in punishment of a hideous crime, of which a young woman—presumably white—had been the victim. The American people, North and South, anti and pro-slavery, had much to think of during the six weeks which elapsed after the seizure of Margaret Garner, before her fate and that of her companions was definitely settled.

Some attempt was made to hold Margaret subject to the Ohio law on the charge of murder, and thus prevent her from being remanded to slavery, but the attempt was defeated, and the precedence in authority was given to the United States Court. The lawyer Joliffe who acted on behalf of the fugitives, said, indignantly, "that even a savage tribe reserved to itself the right to investigate a charge for murder committed within its borders, but the sovereign state of Ohio allowed itself and its laws to be overruled by the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, made in the interests of slaveholders."

Joliffe pressed a motion in vain, that papers should at once be served on his clients, so that they might be tried — Margaret for murder, and the others for complicity, giving as a reason for his course that the fugitives had all assured him they would go "singing to the gallows, rather than be returned to slavery."

An effort was also made to prove that the negroes were legally free, because their masters had in former years brought them into Ohio; but the Court decided that since the slaves had then returned to Kentucky with their owners, the temporary sojourn in a free state had not sufficed to entitle them to freedom.

Visitors were permitted to see Margaret in the jail. P. S. Bassett, in a letter dated from the Fairmount Theological Seminary and published during the trial, states that he preached in the prison and talked with her. She told him that if she had had time, she would have killed all her children. She did not care about her own fate, "but she was unwilling to have her children suffer as she had done." She said she was not excited, but perfectly cool, when she made the attempt, and described her life in slavery, while tears ran down her face and her countenance expressed the agony of her soul; but she alluded to the child that she had killed with perfect satisfaction, and dwelt upon its freedom from suffering.

She seemed to him to be about twenty-five years old, and to possess "an average amount of kindness, with a vigorous intellect, and much energy of character."

In the court-room, Margaret wore a dark calico dress, with a white handkerchief around her neck, and a yellow turban on her head. She carried her baby in her arms, and the little thing constantly caressed her face with its tiny hands, while her two little boys in happy unconsciousness played on the floor near her feet. She occasionally looked timidly about her, but most of the time she gazed upon the floor. She had a very sad expression, and she seldom noticed her baby, yet Mr. Bassett, speaking of her manner in prison, says, "She evidently possessed all the passionate tenderness of a mother's love." She had a scar on her forehead and one on her

cheek bone. Some one asked her "what caused these marks." She answered simply, "White man struck me."

Simon, his wife Mary, and Margaret's husband, did not manifest the same despair that the young mother did. Their religious trust survived their experiences. They longed to be free, but said they would not try to kill themselves if returned to slavery; but Margaret brooded in a stony grief, which no one had the power to assuage.

"Those who came to speak words of comfort and cheer felt them die upon their lips," says Mr. Coffin, "when they looked into her face, and marked its expression of settled despair." The negroess Mary told Mr. Bassett that she had neither encouraged nor discouraged Margaret to kill the children, "for under similar circumstances she would probably have done the same." She was an old woman and had once been separated for many years from her husband.

Lucy Stone who was then living in Cincinnati, went to see Margaret. She describes her to the writer of this sketch as a beautiful woman, not very dark, and of a dignified presence. She talked with her, doubtless in that same sisterly fashion of intense sympathy in which she had once held the hand of that other fugitive woman in Faneuil Hall. But Margaret shed no tears as she listened to the kindly words. Her misery seemed to her visitor too deep for tears. Perceiving her unalterable sadness, Lucy Stone told her of a method by which, even though deprived of weapons, it would be possible for her to take her own life. The marshal, a man named Brown, was present at this interview, and some gossip as to the white woman's speech got abroad.

The following day, Colonel Chambers, counsel for the slaveholders, complained to the court that the lady had asked Marshal Brown to permit her to give the prisoner a knife, so that she might kill herself and her remaining children. When the court adjourned, the audience resolved itself into a public assembly, and Mr. R. Pullen acted as chairman. Lucy Stone went up into the judge's place, and quietly began to speak, in her

peculiarly sweet and penetrating voice. She spoke of Margaret :

"I told her," she said, "that a thousand hearts were aching for her, and that they were glad one child of hers was safe with the angels. Her only reply was a look of deep despair, of anguish, such as no words can speak. I thought the spirit she manifested was the same with that of our ancestors to whom we had erected the monument at Bunker Hill—the spirit that would rather let us all go back to God than back to slavery. The faded faces of the negro children tell too plainly to what degradation female slaves must submit. Rather than give her little daughter to that life she killed it. . . . Who shall say she had no right to do so? . . . If I were a slave as she is a slave, behind prison bars, with the law against me, society against me, the church against me, and no death-dealing weapon at hand, with my own teeth would I open my veins and let the earth drink my blood, rather than wear the chains of slavery. How, then, could I blame her for wishing her child to find freedom with God and the angels, where no chains are?"

The speaker went on to say that she had talked with the claimant, Mr. Gaines, and had besought him passionately to free Margaret, and she stated that he had promised that he would do so after his right to her possession as property had been legally recognized; whereupon Mr. Chambers arose to deny on behalf of Mr. Gaines that he had made any promise upon which a claim could be founded.

The drama of shame proceeded to its end, and in March the fugitives were carried to the ferry-boat, to go back to Kentucky. The United States marshal openly exulted, to an audience in the street, and said that "the people in Ohio might well be proud that day."

Mr. Finnell of Kentucky assured the crowd, that the Union "was far dearer to him than it was two hours ago." Mr. Gaines was "ten thousand times obliged" to the gentlemen who had been diligent in carrying out the laws, and he called on Mr. Flinn of Cincinnati to speak for him; whereupon that gentleman declared that Mr. Gaines was actuated by principle and not by any mercenary motives in his pursuit of his slaves, as was evident from the fact that their recovery "had cost him more money," said Mr. Flinn, "than would boulder that whole street with woolly heads."

The Cincinnati papers were not all pleased with the result. One declared

boldly that the negroes had been delivered up in order to secure Southern trade to the city; and a bitter feeling is discernible in the *Leader's* record that "a body guard of Union savers assembled and escorted the slave-catchers in triumph to the ferry-boat."

It was understood that Gaines would hold the slaves for a time, subject to a possible requisition from the state of Ohio, if, prompted by an after-thought of its sovereign dignity, the Commonwealth should demand the return of Margaret Garner to be tried for murder committed within its borders. So, shortly after the United States authorities had declared the woman to be a piece of personal property like a horse, and as such had given her to her owners, Governor Chase made a requisition upon Governor Morehead of Kentucky that she be sent back and tried on a capital charge like a responsible human being. Of course, this was done with the hope of rescuing her from slavery, and of finally saving her from punishment for her unconscious imitation of the Roman method of averting dishonor from her child.

One Mr. Joe Cooper was intrusted with the business of getting Margaret back; but probably the nature of his errand leaked out, for when he reached Frankfort, Gaines started with the negroes for Louisville, before Mr. Cooper was able to obtain a necessary acknowledgment and order from Governor Morehead. The eager northern agent followed and arrived at Louisville two hours after the boat, the *Henry Lewis*, had sailed down the river for the South, with the slaves on it, handcuffed, in charge of Marshal Butts of Covington. The boat came in collision with another vessel. Margaret's baby was thrown into the water and drowned. Lucy Stone says that as she understood the occurrence the mother might have saved the infant, but allowed it to slide out of her lap. Another story is that Margaret herself was thrown or sprang into the water with the little one, and that she was pulled out by a colored man. At any rate, she was taken after the collision on to another vessel, the *Hungarian*, and she displayed "frantic joy when told that her child was



Lucy Stone.

drowned, and said she would never reach alive Gaines's Landing in Arkansas, the point to which she was shipped." A blanket was wrapped around her, and she crouched "like a wild animal, near the stove."

This is the last picture I have been able to find in any printed record of this woman. Her after fate was wrapped in such mystery, that most of the men and women in the country, who had wept and agonized over her story never knew aught

of what became of her. Even Mr. Coffin, her staunch friend in Cincinnati, wrote sadly twenty years afterwards, "Margaret was lost in what Joliffe called 'the seething hell of American slavery.'" But during most of those years she was at rest, for before the abolition of slavery a letter found its hazardous way to Lucy Stone, signed by Robert Garner, saying that he knew she would be glad to hear that Margaret's troubles were over. The slave woman was dead.





Mozart.

FROM THE BUST IN MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

## MOZART.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

**A**S through the leafy close, the crystal shine  
 Of streamlet purling on its way is seen,  
 Nor in its mazes down the clust'ring green  
 Of interlacing boughs and pendent vine,  
 Nor 'neath the shadows of the day's decline  
 Is hid, — so doth thy melody's bright sheen,  
 Flash through close harmony's inwoven screen ;  
 And well we call thy matchless strains divine !  
 Who lists, shall live in Golden Age once more,  
 Shall catch the voice of sweet Arcadian lutes,  
 Behold, as erst, glad nymphs dance on the shore,  
 To tabor's sound and dithyrambic flutes, —  
 Hear Philomel within the moonlit grove,  
 And tuneful shepherd piping to his love.



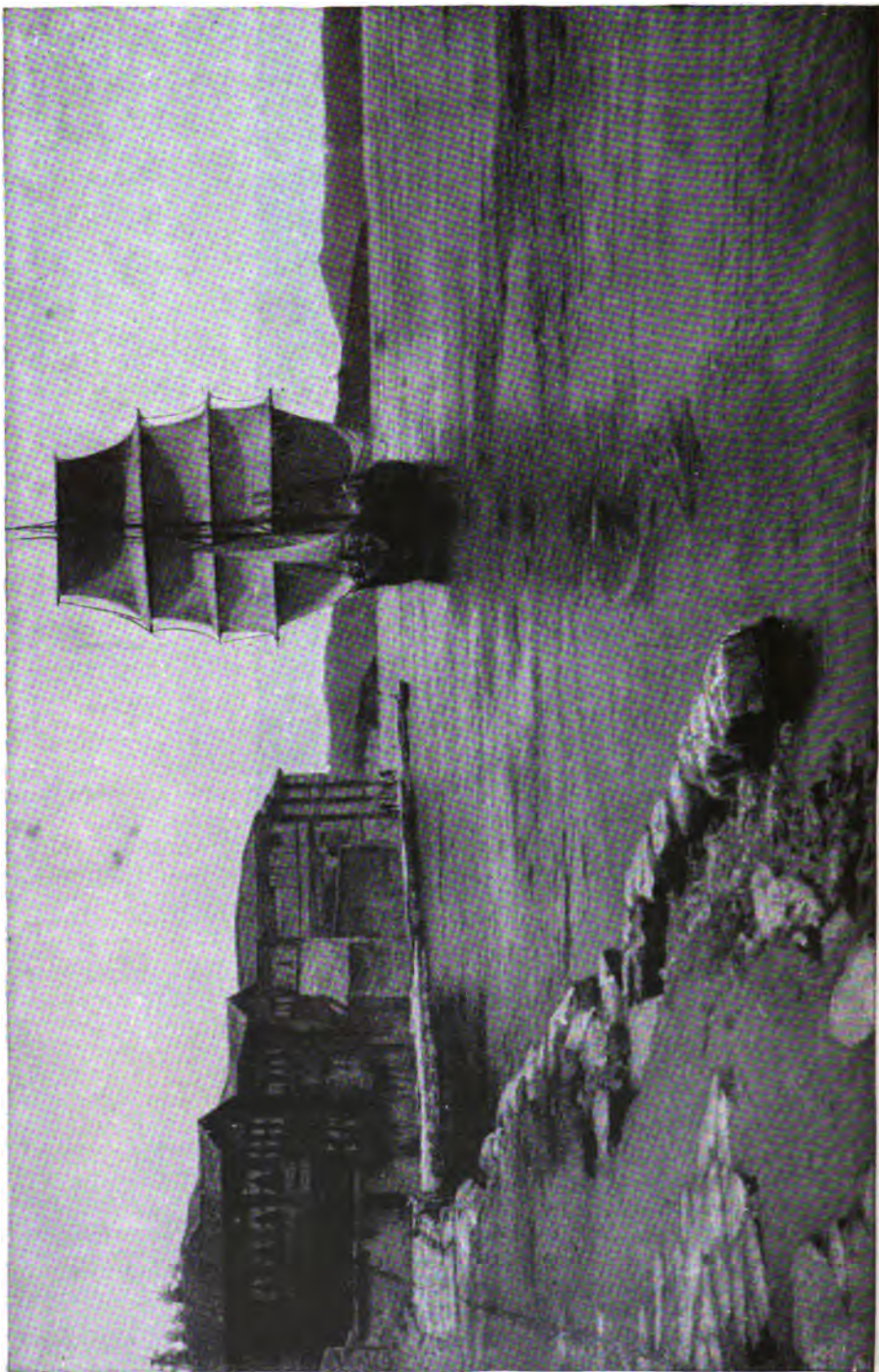
Mendelssohn.

FROM THE BUST IN MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

MENDELSSOHN.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

**H**ARK ! hear the lark, bold prodigal, elate  
 And jubilant, his wealth of music fling  
 To listening vales, that all-expectant wait  
 The thrilling touch of rosy-fingered Spring !  
 Thus hath she touched thy heart, O Mendelssohn,  
 Till of her life and beauty thou art fain,  
 And all her winning witcheries of tone,  
 Her coy caprices, and her joyous strain  
 Are thine. Lift but thy magic wand, and lo !  
 Queen Mab and all her fairy court shall trip  
 To chorus of bright waterfalls, and flow  
 Of streams melodious 'neath the rhythmic dip  
 Of elfin oars, — while in enchanted boat,  
 On sounds mellifluous, we dream and float !



On the Bosphorus.



The Shores of Two Continents alternately approach and recede."

## PEN PICTURES OF THE BOSPHORUS.

*By Alfred D. F. Hamlin.*



THE passenger upon the little black steamers of the Chirket-i-Hairié — the "Association for Promoting the Public Welfare" — may not be provided with the most sumptuous accommodations, but he is furnished with the most sumptuous feast for the eyes that any fifteen-mile stretch of land and water upon the earth's surface can afford. The partisans of the Hudson and of the Rhine, of the Danube with its Gates of Iron, and of the Trossachs, or the English Lakes, and those again for whom the Bay of Naples epitomizes all the loveliness of earth and sea and sky, may protest against such a claim. But that is because they have never lived upon the shores of the Bosphorus, nor felt the spell which exhales with its evening

vapors and morning mists, from its wooded heights and imperial palace-gardens. It is a spell compounded of natural beauty and romantic charm, into which are woven graceful myths of classic antiquity and sombre tragedies of mediæval Byzantium and Turkish Stamboul, marshalling before us the ghosts of the Argonauts and the Achaemenidæ, of Constantine and Justinian and Bayazid the Thunderer and Soliman the magnificht. Under its magic the beautiful shores and sparkling waters of these straits grow more entrancing with each day's contemplation of their picturesque wildness and luxurious splendor. The shores are fringed with marble palaces and rambling mansions with terraced gardens, and in the embrace of their steep valleys lie the quaintest of wooden villages, whose sesquipedalian names greet, at every landing, the ears of the passenger by the boats of the company with the philanthropic name,—Dolma Bagtché and Arnaoutkietüy, Konskoundjouk and Beyler-Bey and Khandilli succeeding one another in sonorous euphony as the boat touches now at the shore of Europe, and now of Asia. At each landing a motley and polyglot throng embarks and disembarks, and the crowded deck presents a scene of the most animated and various interest. Its coffee-sipping and chattering multitude salute the ear with a very Babel of confused tongues, and the nostrils with



"The Boat touches now at the Shore of Europe, and now of Asia."

the redolent fumes of Samsoun and Latakia exhaling from countless pipes and cigarettes. There is a fascination in all this, but let not the neophyte delay over its attractions, for fairer things await him when he shall mount to the upper deck. From that vantage-ground, his eyes command such a glorious panorama as makes all commonplace things fade from the mind. The shores of two continents alternately approach and recede in a varied succession of bays and promontories, of wooded heights and populous valleys. The prospect is surpassingly lovely, and if there be a jaded traveller who longs for one rekindling of his youthful enthusiasm, let him betake himself straightway hither, it is but a fortnight's journey or less from New York. His sensibilities must be dead indeed if they do not awaken to new and joyous life; for Nature will touch him here not with the awfulness of her sublimest moods, nor yet with mere prettiness and dainty elegance, but with a varied and uncloying beauty which fills the tired soul with ever new delights, and stirs the emotions by gentle pulsations instead of overwhelm-

ing shocks. And the longer he subjects himself to the spell, the more beneficent and complete will be its mastery over him, until he, too, confesses the Straits of Constantinople the fairest spot on earth.

Undoubtedly, the charm of this favored region belongs partly to the conditions which surround life there. These are external to the scenery, and yet minister greatly to the fascination it exerts. When one has dwelt awhile amid these scenes, surrounded by these fatalistic orientals, whose character so curiously blends good nature and fanatical bitterness, artistic taste and blindness to many forms of beauty, the mind opens to new impressions and assumes new points of view. The contrasts and combinations everywhere met with, seem to envelop everything in a sort of glamour. The East and West, the Old and the New, races and religions of divers sorts, are continually brought into strange and picturesque juxtaposition. Here civilization has grown old and died and revived again, and the wrecks of its successive developments strew the hills, adding new attractiveness to the scene. The peaceful deliberateness of life among



The "Castle of Oblivion."

the lethargic Turks contributes to one's appreciation of it all, for here one has plenty of leisure to enjoy the visible world. Modern improvements have not converted life into a ceaseless rush. The telephone is unknown, and no messenger boy hastens with feigned eagerness along the sidewalk—for sidewalks and messenger boy are equally wanting. Here and there a deliberate horse car jingles through crowded thoroughfares; a railway train shrieks its way through one of the city gates, bound for Adrianople and Vienna; and the bustling *Chirket* steamers afford a moderately rapid transit between the great city and its suburbs. But all these have only ruffled the surface of Turkish repose. One may still substitute for the steamer the fleet *caïque*, gracefulest of all craft propelled by oars, and enjoy its easy motion over the waves of the Bosphorus. Business and house-keeping move alike on oriental wheels. In vain the Yankee resident multiplies his cries of "*Chabouk, chabouk*,"<sup>1</sup> in the futile endeavor to expedite the dignified movement of his subordinates; "*Yarash, Yarash*,"<sup>2</sup> is their motto, and even the Yankee succumbs at last to the prevailing

*otium cum dignitate*, doubtless not without gain to his comfort and to the quiet of his nerves. His soul opens wider to the voices of Nature and the influences of beauty in a land where prices current are discussed and bargains made over hot coffee and bubbling *narghiles*, beneath the spreading leafage of giant sycamores by the water's edge, instead of amid the din of the Stock Exchange and the rush of Western business methods.

But aside from the atmosphere of poetry created by special conditions of life, the Bosphorus owes its delightfulness quite as much to its elements of human interest as to its natural charms. One cannot conceive of its shores as uninhabited. It is impossible, even in imagination, to denude them of their palaces and villages, their castles and gardens, or to picture these laughing waters swept clear of the darting *caïques*, the thronging sails and smoke-belching steamships which enliven their surface. Even this done, the Bosphorus would still be beautiful to the eye. The pristine wildness upon which the Argonauts gazed in the days of myth, which witnessed the passage of Darius and his hosts, and the march of Xenophon's Ten Thousand,

<sup>1</sup> "Lively, lively." <sup>2</sup> "Slowly, slowly."





In the Harem.

would, if thus restored, still warrant our claiming for these the first place among the straits of the world; their scenery would in parts, at least, be not wholly unlike our own regal Hudson at West Point, though with less of loftiness to its hills. But the hand of man, through five and twenty centuries, has been transforming that untamed wildness into something fairer and more welcome to our human natures. However ruthless the first collision of man with nature, however savage his first attack, when the strife has lasted long enough, nature seems to

make friends again with him. Her revenge upon him is gentle, decking with grace and loveliness the decay and havoc she works upon his evanescent doings; and the hills and shores covered with the peaceful fruits of his labor, fields and forests alternating with palaces and towns and gardens, and crumbling ruins clad with moss and ivy, smile instead of frowning on us, and win us by their nearer kinship with ourselves. So man has endowed the Bosphorus with a beauty beyond that of mere topography, vegetation, and color. Her shores are fringed



with palaces, her waters flecked with sails, and her hillsides covered with villages,—villages unlike any others in the world, piled with the strangest and quaintest of habitations in picturesque

whose upper stories and widespreading eaves jut curiously out with strange and irregular angles over the street. Here and there some sudden turning brings us to an unexpected splendor of prospect; the



"The Bosphorus with its Villages and Palaces far below us."

confusion; terraced into gardens upheld by gray and ivy-mantled walls, with fig-trees and umbrella-pines peeping refreshingly out over the red and brown tiles of the fantastic roofs. They repose in the green valleys, spreading up their sides well to the summits, and extending along the water-front in a succession of comfortable, rambling mansions with lovely parks and gardens about them, with here and there the white façade of a palace of the Sultan to add distinction and splendor to the landscape. Less fascinating upon closer acquaintance than when they seem to pass in panorama before the traveller by steamboat, they are yet, even then, delightful places, full of charming surprises for the lover of the picturesque. Their roughly-paved streets wind deviously up from the water's side, flanked by high garden walls of stone, and gayly-painted wooden mansions with latticed windows, or by more modest dwellings whose once bright colors have faded to indistinguishable hues of gray, and

Bosphorus far below us heavenly blue, with its palaces and hills and other villages like this one, breaks without warning on our sight.

If we retrace our steps, we shall reach



"Innumerable Windows Flood the Rooms with Sunshine."



"The Village Mosque is not far off."

at the water's side the focus of the village's activity. Here we find the *charshi* or market, and the village square, adorned with its marble fountain, and cool in the shade of gigantic oaks and plane-trees, around which rude chairs and tables — the property of neighboring *cafés* — invite to *kéf* with black coffee and cigarettes or *narghilés*.<sup>1</sup> *Kéf* is the Turkish equivalent of *dolce far niente*; the quintessence of earthly beauty, made up in equal parts of repose, coffee, and nicotine fumes. Around the groups of smokers under the trees, and in the merry coffee-house, stirs the traffic of the little town and its port. Along the stone embankment and the occasional shelving beaches are ranged the *caïques* and other craft, whose owners, the *caïque-djis*, in spotless white shirts and trousers, vociferate the merits of their boats and their own skill. Fishermen mend their nets near by, or tar and caulk their leaky boats; hucksters with fruit or sweetmeats drive a prosperous trade, and Jew-peddlers, looking for all the world as though they had just stepped over from Hester Street, cry their thread and needles with

nasal twang. Sober Moslems about the fountain in the square, perform their ablutions as the noon or sunset call to prayer sounds musically from the minaret gallery of the village mosque, and yellow-slipped Turkish dames with white veils chatter on their way to the bath or the boat. The scene is gay and full of life, but with no suggestion of hurry or worry. The streets about the square and market-place boast a few stores where the necessities of life may be procured, and which display their more or less tempting wares to every passer by, on counters which alone mark the limit between street and shop. The whole front is open to the weather by day, and closed at night by a series of wooden shutters; the haggling customer stands in the street, the haggling dealer in the shop, and separated by the window-sill counter, they exchange offer and refusal, and compromise *in re* a can of Pratt's Astral oil, a slice of caviare, or an oke of figs.

Away from this centre of life the streets seem buried in slumber. The passers by are few, and the houses, from their latticed windows, give no hint of the life within. The narrow and ill-paved streets make wheeling almost impossible, and the ab-

<sup>1</sup> The *narghilé* is the Turkish hubble-bubble or water-pipe for Persian tobacco.

sence of the roar and rumble of traffic on wheels explains in part the strange and sleepy quietude. But another reason lies in what is one of the great charms of these villages, — the fact that they are so entirely composed of dwellings. The unlovely accompaniments of manufacturing industry and the railway with its disfiguring area of tracks, sheds, and round-houses, are not to be found. Even what we call "public buildings" are few and unpretending. Near the water stands the guard-house or barracks of the local police, a modest yellow-washed building of stone; across the square, one may find the baths, with their odd little domes

shops are merely the first stories of dwellings, and every house is a home, and has its garden, large or small, jealously secluded by the high street wall that joins house to house without break from street corner to corner. These walls usually present no opening but the house-door and garden-gate; but from over their tiled copings one sees the boughs of trees, or overhanging masses of fragrant wistaria very suggestive of the shade and freshness on the other side. The houses themselves, built of wood, and almost destitute of architectural ornament, are yet not without a certain expression of spaciousness and at least a possible comfort; and the



"The Narrow, Ill-paved Streets make Wheeling almost Impossible."

studded with glass bulls-eyes, and their smoking chimneys; the village mosque is not far off, its slender minaret towering above the surrounding roofs; these, and one or two little churches and schools belonging to the Greek and Armenian communities, make up the list of buildings not devoted to residence. For even the

irregularity of their exteriors, their overhanging stories and broad eaves, give them a quaint and picturesque aspect that is very pleasing. And when the foreigner has finally adjusted himself to changed conditions, and learned the habits of thought of the people he has to deal with; when he has mastered the



The Mosque of Miri-Ma at Scutari.



"The Projecting Wings and Bays absolutely Disregard the Line of Basement."

language enough to defend himself from the petty swindling to which foreigners, ignorant of the vernacular are in every land alike exposed, he will not improbably find these houses and their steep-terraced gardens the most charming homes possible. He will forget the need of those multifarious conveniences he deemed indispensable to comfort in his American home. Life swings along peacefully and quietly without them, and a hundred modest luxuries dear to Oriental taste take their place.

For one thing, these Bosphorean houses never make one feel cramped for room. Rarely more than two, or at most three-stories high, they spread over a large area, with wide halls and staircases and roomy apartments, furnished with a wonderful array of *doolaps* or capacious closets. Innumerable windows flood the rooms and halls with sunshine; broad divans beneath them tempt to repose, and the terracing-up of the hillsides affords to every house an unimpeded

prospect over the roofs of the neighbors in front. In the moderate temperature of the Constantinople winters, these rooms are easily kept comfortably warm, while in summer their size and height and airiness make them delightful refuges from the æstival heats. If the kitchens are somewhat primitive in equipment, they suffice amply for the demands made upon them; and the water-supply from wells, cisterns, and aqueducts is usually abundant and of excellent quality. The architectural pretensions of these houses are slight, lying rather in the direction of spaciousness and quaintness than of elegance, and but a small part of their cost goes for rare materials or expensive decorations, but they are, nevertheless, not without points of full suggestiveness to the architects even of our own land.

One of the first impressions they make on the foreigner, alike in Stamboul and in its suburbs, is of the amazing variety of exterior shape evolved out of two or three simple elements. The owner



A Turkish Interior.

appears to be little hampered by the exigencies of street alignment ; if the house lot is of inconvenient shape, he remedies the defect in the upper stories, which he builds out over the street to the desired plan. The projecting wings and bays absolutely disregard the line of the basement wall, and are supported by huge curved brackets of ship-timber, which give the façade a striking aspect of bold originality, until one has seen the device repeated eight or ten thousand times. But even in this repetition there is endless variety and the oddity and absurdity of the capricious angles and projections seem to have no limit. Above are tiled roofs of extraordinary design, if design can be predicated of roofs, which, like Topsy, seem to have "grown" rather than to have been constructed. Hips and valleys are disposed without regard to the resulting intersections and warped surfaces, and the whole is covered with primitive tiles held down by their own

weight in lieu of nails, with the help, perhaps, of an occasional paving-stone. And as, with true Oriental pertinacity of tradition, these roofs are invariably built low-pitched, and every wind, and even the tread of cats is likely to dislodge and break a tile or two, they become in time very porous affairs, and a reserve of pots and pans becomes a necessity to catch the leakage in a rainstorm. In this, however, they are not wholly unlike certain much more elaborate and pretentious roofs in the favored lands of the West. But with their pink tiles turned grey and green by time and lichens, they form a charming element in the landscape, nor could shingles, nor steep gables be made to accord so well with the surrounding scenery. Broad shadows are cast by the eaves, which are of almost excessive width, projecting sometimes five or six feet, and not infrequently panelled and carved on the under side. The public fountains, whose graceful forms are among



the most characteristic creations of Turkish architecture, depend largely for their picturesque elegance upon their spreading eaves, which slope upwards and outwards in very Chinese fashion, and are adorned with carvings of an almost grotesque rococo style, brilliant with gilding and color. One sees occasionally a house or summer-kiosque similarly bedecked like a militia-general with cocked hat and plumes. But such is the sparkle of the atmosphere, and such, after all, in spite of the oddity and gaudiness of some of its products, is the innate decorative taste of the Turks, that one rarely feels inclined to quarrel with these gay embellishments. These broad eaves must be a survival of Tartar or Arabian ideas, for in Constantinople they are a climatic absurdity, the latitude being that of New York, and the summer heat less intense, if anything, than in the Western city, though drier and more prolonged. The deep shadows they cast are artistically rather than practically valuable. Indeed, the Stambaili courts the sunshine, and innumerable windows invite its genial rays; windows so large and so crowded that one almost wonders how the walls hold together. The Turk is no partisan of subdued lights, and these veritable walls of glass give him a wide sweep of view from the divan, upon which, seated cross-legged in that posture which is the torture and the despair of Europeans, he can scan half the horizon without moving, for to move is no serious matter for the cross-legged sitter, and is only undertaken for the greatest of reasons. But to the European this expanse of glass suggests a greenhouse rather than a dwelling, and calls up whimsical queries as to the possible origin on the Bosphorus of a familiar proverb concerning those who shouldn't throw stones. The writer well remembers one mansion whose parlor was lighted by nine windows, each four feet wide. Its American purchaser walled up four of the nine, in order to procure furniture space and to shut out a little, at least, of the penetrating rain which sometimes beat through their broad and loosely-set sashes. Furniture space is, however, a minor consideration with the Turk, for whom a divan, a few rugs and cushions, and one or two

low stands of inlaid ebony or palm-wood, suffice for a room. And as for the beating in of the rain and the wintry rattling of shaky sashes, he endures these with the resignation of fatalism. They are the offspring of bad workmanship rather than of faulty design, but he makes no effort to correct or improve the workmanship. The Yankee tenant, as winter approaches, closes up the numerous cracks with listing or strips of paper pasted over them. "Pasting-day" was a great event in the calendar of my youth, but its labors did not result in beautifying the room.

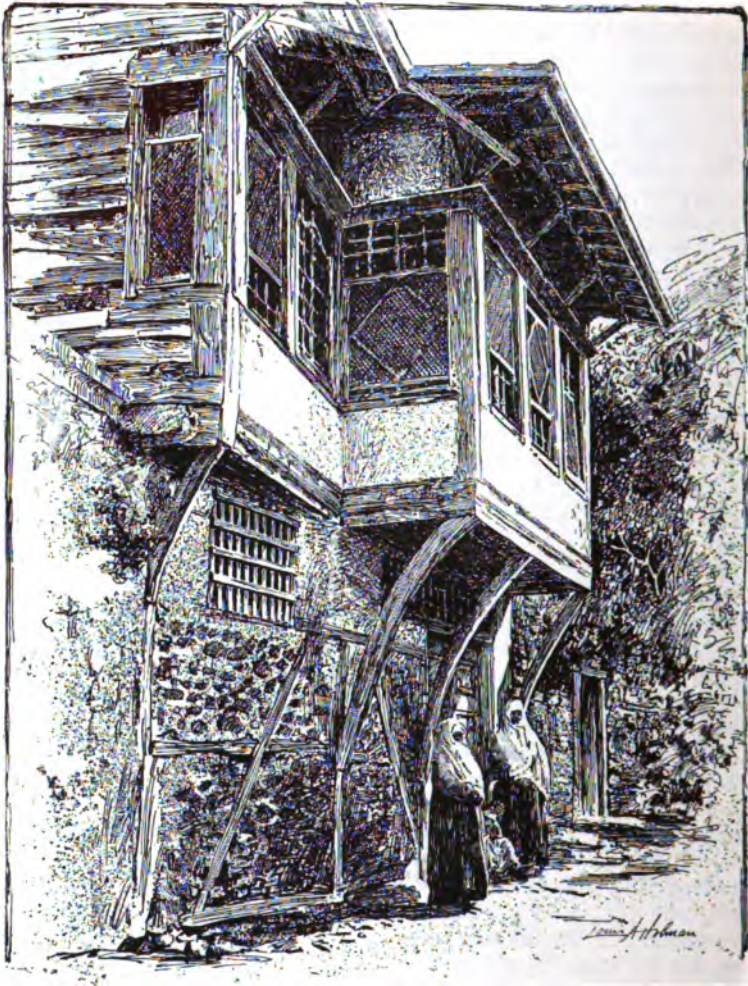
There is no national no local uniformity in the pattern of these windows; some are hinged and some double-hung, but the latter seldom boast the refinement

of sash-weights, and in order to keep them open one has recourse to sticks of assorted lengths, to wooden buttons, or even to the adventitious aid of boot-jacks or brushes. But all these crudities of construction are insufficient to destroy the charm



of many of these rambling old houses, and one soon learns not to mind trifles. The climate is seldom severe, either in its heat or cold, and the comfort of spaciousness, the pleasure of delightful gardens and a glorious prospect, the quaintness and faded splendor of mansions, now in humble ownership, but once the





A Street in Stamboul.

abodes of princely wealth or rank, make abundant compensation for petty inconveniences.

The situation and the gardens! Who but a Turk or an Alpine shepherd would think of building on such precipitous hillsides! When he may not set his house on the very brink of the shore, the Bosphorean prefers the steepest lot he can find, because of its unobstructed view over his neighbors' roof-trees. Little as we are inclined to credit the "unspeakable Turk" with the gentler sentiments, it is a fact that he possesses a profound appreciation of certain aspects of the beautiful in Nature, loving especially trees and flowers, and manifesting

even toward the brute creation a kindness that often surprises the European. He cares little for formal regularity in the placing of his house, which he faces whichever way the lay of the land may make most convenient, or a broad horizon may invite; and no abruptness of slope affrights him when the lines are once marked out. He cuts the hill into terraces, — two, three, or even four, each fifteen or twenty feet high, held up by massive walls of stone, strengthened where required, by huge buttresses. From the various levels thus provided one catches lovely glimpses of the Bosphorus, while each terrace forms a garden by itself, scenting the air with the perfume of

its roses and jessamines, or shaded by fruit-trees and pines, or rich with the vegetables the Turkish epicure esteems. The larger estates boast their hot-houses and orangeries; rustic seats, summer-houses and gold-fish ponds, grottoes and fountains adorn their various stages, above which are spread the umbrageous masses of the umbrella-pine and the *kokonari*.<sup>1</sup> About the whole property is a massive circuit-wall, whose masonry, added to that of the terraces, often costs more than the whole house to which they belong. All this stonework would look bare enough in the landscape but for the ivy and wistaria which mantle it, and the lichens and hyssop which vary its hues and give it a pleasing air of antiquity and permanence. The house bestrides two or even three of the terraces, two stories high in front, four or five in the rear, and is often bracketed out over the lower terrace, on which it perches like an eagle's nest on a crag.

From the water, these irregularly-built habitations, piled rank behind rank, the basement windows of one overlooking the ridge-pole of another, have a singularly attractive appearance. To the brilliant color of gardens and foliage and the gray and yellow of the terrace walls are added the varied hues of the houses themselves, giving a wonderful gayety to the picture. Built of wood, they are decked with the wildest variety of pigments. While some have weathered to a sober neutral tint, and others wear a modest coat of buff or dark red ochre, others still are begauded with strange tints of pink or blue, green, lavender, or brilliant yellow; but somehow the landscape seems to rejoice even in these crude idiosyncrasies of color. There is in the brightness of sky and air, and in the sparkle of the water, something which harmonizes the whole into a truly exquisite beauty. It is a picture in a high key, but the tone is preserved throughout. And there is a sort of humor, to our minds at least,—in this barbaric choice of pigments, which accords well with the oddities of site and shape of the houses themselves.

The Turk has been for centuries the most ruthless of Vandals in classic lands, destroying the most precious antique monuments to obtain lime and mortar. Much havoc of this sort has been wrought in and about Stamboul, but a wiser use has sometimes been made of ancient ruins. Wherever a bit of mediæval wall could answer his purpose, he has made of it the basement of his house, thus subserving at once the interests of his purse and of the picturesque. The frowning machicolations of the old fortress become the windows of his kitchen and storeroom, and upon their crest his wooden walls perch in truly triumphant fashion. Part of the walls of old Byzantium are thus crowned with houses, and at Roumeli-Hissar, beneath the windows of the American Robert College, a whole village clings to the scarpments and towers of the frowning "Castle of Oblivion."<sup>2</sup> No odder or more delightful confusion of beetling walls and comical houses could be imagined. The tops of the thick walls from lanes and alley-ways, leading down from level to level by steep inclines or crumbling steps. The crow's-nest houses stand at every possible angle and elevation, overhanging the abyss on the further side of their lofty foundations, and gay with all the hues of the spectrum. A fine triple gate, commanding a noble prospect up the straits towards the Black Sea, forms the upper entrance to this extraordinary hamlet, whose lower exit upon the quay is through an arch scarce five feet high.

And since we are now again by the water's side, let us follow along the embankment fringed with *konaks* and *yalis*, the mansions of pashas, bankers, and grandees. Here and there stands an imperial palace with its long frontage of white marble, extending for a quarter of a mile with its sumptuous gardens and dependencies. Bad as is the mongrel architecture of these palaces, their general effect is magnificent, in the impression they produce of splendor, gayety, and costliness. They sparkle a moment on the sight as the tourist sails by, and then

<sup>1</sup> A species of pine much valued for the edible nuts in its cone.

<sup>2</sup> This is the gigantic fortification built in 1453 by Mehuret II., the conqueror of Constantinople, to blockade the passage of the Bosphorus. It is one of the finest military ruins in Europe.

give place to the less pretentious *yalis* and *konaks*. These advance to the very edge of the water in many places, overhanging its waves with their upper stories, while their cellars, open to the Bosphorus through tunnel-like arches in the embankment, serve not as storerooms, but as bathhouses. One can sit in the parlor and hear the rippling of the waves under one's feet, or step into the caique without leaving the house. In such cases the quay-road bends landward, and passes behind the house, or occasionally under it, for the larger houses sometimes span the road with a wing which extends across to the park or gardens on the other side. But for the greater part of the way, the quay or street passes in front of the houses, which are often of great size, with façades a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet long, deserving by their extent, if not by their architectural splendor, the name of palaces rather than of mere houses. But from many of them the ancient glory has departed. The mildew of Turkish ruin has come upon them. The princely line has come to an end, and the house has fallen into hands too poor to maintain its former grandeur; or the fortune born of imperial favor has waned with the waning of that favor, and the bankrupt has resigned his wealth to Jew brokers or Armenian bankers. So the house decays with the increasing poverty of successive owners, until it appears ready to fall apart in one crash of ruin, like the famed deacon's "one-hoss shay." The Turk is never fore-handed with his repairs. When it rains, 'tis too inclement to mend the roof, and when 'tis fair, where is the need? Thus a flavor of mild and gradual decay comes to pervade the house. The windows fall victims to a pane-less ruin; the clapboards drop away, posts and rafters rot, and some fine morning the neighbors look out upon bare basement-walls and a heap of rubbish from which the rats have fled in dismay. But so full of life and animation is the general scene, that the various stages of disintegration met with along the Bosphorus, impart to it only an air of picturesque antiquity in no wise marring its loveliness.

In spite of the variety of exterior form

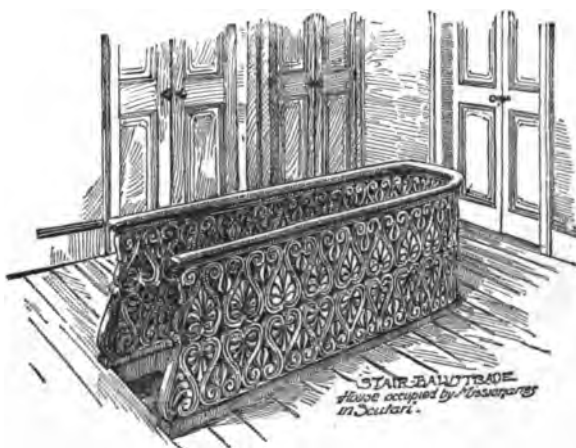
of these large houses, their plans are generally only variations of one common type, in which the basement is devoted to the domestic service of the establishment, the reception-rooms and private apartments occupying the floors above. There is always a main hall of entrance, extending through the house on the street floor paved with flagstones, and entered through ponderous doors directly from the street, or more often through an entrance court with pebbled walks and flower-beds. To the gardens behind the house, this hall gives access through another large door, while at one side are the main stairs leading to the upper stories. In the adjoining domains of cook and steward, the kitchen is the most interesting part, but not by its resemblance to the complicated establishment presided over by the *chef* of a swell house in Paris or New York. A stone-flagged floor, one or two tables, and rush-seated stools, a marble fountain and basin at one side, and across the whole end of the room a cavernous arch, gathering up the smoke of a half-dozen tiny charcoal fires, — these are what one sees. The great arch and the stone bench or ledge under it, with its minute fireplaces heating each its kettle or stew-pan, forms the *oşak* or range, and is equipped at one end with a copper cauldron, and at the other with a brick oven. Around the walls hangs an imposing array of shining copper saucepans, and sometimes there stands in the corner a huge terra cotta amphora of antique pattern, to serve as water-cooler when the cistern is low or the aqueduct runs dry. In this primitive *atelier*, the turbaned *chef* fanning the microscopic fireplaces with a turkey's tail, or damping them with ashes to keep the stew at a gentle simmer, concocts his savory *chorbas*, his toothsome *pilafs* and well-seasoned *dolmas*, with results which no epicure ventures to despise.

A great reception hall is the main feature of the second floor, and is, indeed, the most characteristic part of the house of every Turk, from pasha to peasant. It extends nearly or quite through the house, thus often reaching really imposing dimensions, measures commonly about twenty by thirty feet, but is sometimes of nearly

double these dimensions, and twelve to eighteen feet high. From the sides of this hall open the several rooms and passages belonging especially to the private life of the household. One or both ends of the hall are filled with windows, under which are divans piled with cushions and rugs. Here the house lord receives his guests with an etiquette strictly proportioned to their rank, and guided by an unwritten and unchangeable code. The Turk yields nothing to the Parisian in politeness and courtly dignity of bearing, and his hospitality is ungrudging and generous. Here, too, are served his diners of ceremony, from richly-chased brass trays, unencumbered by knives or forks, and set upon stands of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. But no voice of woman reaches his guests, and none ventures upon the vulgar and (according to Turkish ideas) indecent liberty of asking after the health of the host's wives, sisters, and daughters. These, within their own apartments, wives, concubines, and slaves together, are perfectly secluded from external approach, but can freely watch from behind their window lattices all that passes in the street, and here they spend those lives of idleness which are one curse of the Mohammedan social system. But of the *harém* we are not privileged further to speak; the sterner half of humanity never sees anything beyond the walls that separate the *harém* from the *selaâmlık*, except what each beholds within the inviolable precincts of his own *harém*.

Those who expect to find in the halls of even the larger houses all the splendors of Turkish decorative art are usually disappointed. Rarely, except in the palaces of great pashas, will one meet with those exquisite Persian tile-wainscots, those finely-wrought doors inlaid in minute geometric panels, that rich frostwork of Saracenic and Moorish patterns in plaster, and those elaborate *moucharabiyé* lattices which play so large a part in the domestic architecture of Cairo and

Granada. Even the distinctively Turkish type of fireplace, with its tall opening and elegant polygonal hood of tiles, is rare in these houses of the Bosphorus. The preoccupation of housebuilders here seems to be rather the view, the gardens, the air of space and breadth than any display of interior ornamentation. The great cost of terraces and foundations may possibly be another reason for this economy of decoration. But such modest adornments as they boast are often charming and suggestive, and here and there one is surprised by an unexpected bit of wood mosaic, a carven niche, a cupboard door of Arabic star-panelling, or some other example of Mohammedan skill in the decorative arts. The walls are plastered and highly finished with a fine quality of hard stucco, sometimes wrought into large panels with ornamental borders. The ceilings, always of wood, are made attractive by a simple scheme of mould-



ings, nailed into the sheathing of carefully-matched boards, and forming long and narrow panels, or intersecting in a small quarry pattern. At each intersection is a rosette or pendant, and a larger rosette or star adorns the centre of each quarry. The cornice usually consists merely of a coving with a few mouldings; the whole is painted in various tints, and there is no fear of falling plaster or cracked ceilings. The doors are wide, ornamentally panelled, and surrounded by a pseudo-classic trim of more or less elegance, not unlike what one sees in our

colonial mansions, and betraying the influence of those Italian architects who seem to have revolutionized Turkish architecture a century and a half or two centuries ago. Like nearly all the wood-work they are generally made of pine or maple and painted, finish in "native woods" being exceptional.

Another architectural embellishment peculiar to these Turkish houses is that of their indoor fountains. They are of marble, carved sometimes into forms of considerable grace and beauty, and spout forth a minute stream of water whose musical tinkle is most refreshing. These fountains usually adorn the reception hall, and are either of purely Saracenic type, or carved in that sprawling and florid but not wholly unpleasing Turkish rococo style to which allusion has already been made.

The whole realm of pictorial decoration is forbidden the Turk by Koranic injunction, but in the great houses of Greeks and Armenians the luxury of frescoed

which once boasted an unusual splendor of ornamentation. Carved ceilings and alcoves, flanked by rows of pigeon-holes for bric-à-brac, marble fountains and plaster relief-work, and an extraordinary set of rococo and pseudo-Pompeian frescoes made it the wonder of the day. In one of these frescoes, Turks and Greeks, issuing from opposite castles waged a bloody fray. The owner's Greek patriotism and his Turkish loyalty found equal expression in the absolute evenness of the conflict, which, though fierce, seemed in nowise to affright a disciple of the gentle Izaak in the foreground, whose rod was bending with the weight of the huge trout. A more peaceful scene adorned the parlor alcove. In the background was the Bosphorus with its hills, up which toiled three colossal figures (ninety feet high by the scale of the hills themselves) while in the foreground a bit of Pompeian architecture sheltered other figures of more modest proportions, and a marble fountain in the left middle distance poured

forth its cool stream. Theatrical draperies in the highest style of Italian scenic art, seemed to veil the arched top of the alcove.

The banker for whom all this splendor was created, has passed away, and all his family and descendants. Robert College, which in its infancy tenanted this palace, moved twenty years ago to its present regal situation upon the heights of Hissar, whence its



ceilings and walls is not uncommon. Perhaps the less said of their artistic merit, the better; they do not betray the touch of a Raphael or a Tiepolo. There is a famous mansion in the village of Bebek, erected some ninety years ago by the Sultan's Greek banker Yorghaki,<sup>1</sup>

enlightening influence has streamed so freely into Armenia and Bulgaria, kindling the nascent patriotism of oppressed peoples into effective life, and so working powerfully towards the solution of that nightmare of Europe, the Eastern Question. The glories of the old mansion have grown dim or vanished before the "improvements" introduced by successive tenants. Its huge timbers

<sup>1</sup> It was sold by his descendants to the American Mission, was then the property of Robert College, and is now occupied as an apartment-house and chapel by a number of English families.

are decaying, like the framework of the Turkish state, and like that state, it is doomed to fall some day, we know not when. And so must pass away, one after another all these rambling *konaks* and picturesque *yalis* crumbling to dust, or giving way to something more modern and European. These villages are very slowly but surely changing. The Western leaven, if not Western conquest, must

work in time its mighty transformation; the crescent must wane, the Turk decamp, with his dignified, leisurely ways. This is the law of Progress, doubtless of Right; but it may well be questioned whether one hundred years hence the Bosphorus, thus modernized, can be as lovely, its houses and villages as quaintly interesting, as to the traveller of to-day on the little black steamers of the *Chirket-i-Hairië*.

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## ONLY AN INCIDENT.

*By Herbert D. Ward.*



YOUNG man sauntered into the smoking-room of the Queen's hotel in Edinburgh and sat down by the window. It was five o'clock, and February of — let us call it about ten years ago. The coal fire in the open grate had at last succeeded in worrying the temperature of the large mahogany room up to a tolerable degree of comfort. At superficial sight, the young man would have been taken for a Scotchman, with his broad shoulders, his six-feet-one, and his ruddy beard; but the experienced eye would have decided otherwise upon observing the mobile lips, the nervous eyes, and the pale forehead, that bespoke a more highly organized nationality. As there are only two peoples that have added fire to the Scotch stolidity and caniness, he must have been an Australian or an American.

Kendall Crocker was of New England blood, and a senior of Harvard University. He was considered to have much promise and little contemporary worth as

a student. He had, however, by the modern gauge of compensation, made up an ample equivalent through taking high honors in the gymnasium. His specialty was the horizontal bar. But it broke with him one afternoon while he was doing the "giant swing" to the adoration of some freshmen and their giggling cousins, and the possibility of a diploma became suddenly microscopic. After hovering between brain fever and permanent paralysis, he had recovered so far as to take his first trip abroad, with letters of introduction to distant Scottish relatives. The *Circassia* had come in only the day before, and Kendall was waiting until he could walk straight and sleep in a steady bed before entering upon a round of Highland hospitality, such as a gay fellow does not forget when his graver years overtake him.

As he looked out of the window into the steady drizzle, he perceived the obvious difference between the old men of Edinburgh and of New York. Through the well-defined glare of the hotel lights a hundred gentleman on the black side of sixty had passed by, always erect, handsome, able, well-preserved, and invariably braving the penetrating down-pour with their umbrellas tucked safe and dry under their arms. This phase of Edinburgh customs amused Kendall considerably. In a semi-scientific spirit, natural to the dabbler in mineralogy and chemistry, he



began to estimate the ratio of men who used their umbrellas for the purposes of protection, compared to those who did not, when he was interrupted in his calculations by two gentlemen stopping directly before his window. The rain now fell thicker and faster. A few merchants even quickened their paces and shook their heads cautiously, as if afraid of being observed in an impious act. The two who stopped were both at least seventy, and they were gesticulating furiously with their umbrellas closed to the tightest fold. The water shone from their derbies and dripped from their coats. The altercation waxed until it threatened to be serious. It occurred to Kendall Crocker to rush into the storm between them. But the foot-passengers passed the disputants by carelessly, as if it were no great matter if a heptagenarian chose to have his eyes pricked out. The squall passed; the disputants closed together, smuggled their watersheds under their arms, and in a most friendly manner walked on. A difference of opinion in Scotland looks more fatal than it really is. Kendall laughed aloud at this tame ending to an aged "set-to." The athlete looked for a bit of a row, at least, and was disappointed. He sat down again, turned impulsively to a man in the seat next to him, and said:

"Don't the people in Scotland use their umbrellas when it rains? What do they buy them for?"

The man shifted his chair a little toward his young interlocutor as if he were grateful for the privilege of conversation, turned upon him a delicate face that would at once have struck a finer observer than Kendall as superlatively sad, and answered in an accent Scottish enough, but modified by evident education:

"This is nothing, sir. We don't call this rain. It's only a slight mist. It's foggy this evening, I notice again."

Kendall knew not whether to distrust his eyes or his ears. He could hear the rain and he could see it. "The man is a professor," he thought; "perhaps he's guying me."

But the man interested him. The first *bona fide* son of a foreign soil, no matter

what or where he may be, generally has a fascination of his own to the traveller.

"If this isn't rain, will you kindly tell me what it is?" proceeded Kendall, turning around. He now obtained a full view of his new acquaintance. He was a middle-aged man with a rough, uncut beard, not unlike that worn by Carlyle, according to the pictures. This ornament might have been the freak of a genius, or the carelessness of poverty. The man's face was not regular or handsome; but the features had evidently been moulded by the influence of thought or study into a refinement that was exceedingly attractive. His cheeks were hollow, as if from midnight watches or from hunger. His eyes were dark and deep-set; they glowed with more than commonplace intelligence. "He is a prof." said Kendall to himself, "probably of the University here."

But when the natty Harvard student observed the man's dress, he began to doubt. Kendall had been told that Scotchmen were famous for the peculiar care they gave to their clothes. A second glance revealed to him that this man was, to say the least, shabby. His overcoat of rough, cheap material was worn to threads about the collar and down the front; yet it was neat. The under coat was a very shiny, over-sponged diagonal, and so closely buttoned at the throat that the absence of a shirt was too ostentatiously hidden. Kendall's eyes involuntarily rested upon these details; he could not help it; there was such a marked contrast between the face and its setting. He then allowed his gaze to wander down to the stranger's shoes,—the problem was so interesting; but these, to his surprise, he found of superior make and material. This inspection occupied but a few seconds, yet the young man already felt ashamed of a curiosity which was indelicate enough to surprise this stranger of a secret, which all but beggars hope to conceal—poverty.

The American raised his eyes and encountered a bleak look of reproach that he could never forget. With an obvious effort the man broke the pause, and with a singular grace of manner proceeded to answer Kendall's light question. The



cultivated modulations of this soft Scotch voice, so fascinatingly different from the strident noises that generally emanate from the New England throat, were sufficient in themselves to oust from Kendall's easy memory his acute deductions.

"I see that you are a stranger, sir." Kendall nodded.

"Perhaps an American?"

"How did you know that?"

"It's a trick of the voice you from over the water have. Now, sir, I don't doubt that you would call this rain in New York; but when it rains with us, umbrellas are of no use — it pours right through. An umbrella with us is a more constant companion than a wife. A Scotchman carries it with him wherever he goes, irrespective of the weather, for he can never tell what it will do the next hour."

"Then I suppose," interrupted Kendall with a roguish smile, "they are never used at all; this deluge is considered nothing. If it could possibly rain harder, it would pour through."

"I remember one time in Linlithgowshire, the day I discovered a new *cyclophyllum*," said the Scotchman musingly. "Now, that *was* a wet day. It took me five hours to dig one specimen out without spoiling its delicate septa. I was working in a hollow. Before I knew it the water was up to my knees. It was either a new species or nothing. But I finally dug it out intact. By that time I was up to my waist, and just managed to wade out. That *was* a rain. I was taken advantage of, for I had no umbrella with me, what with my bag and tools."

The stranger laughed softly at the recollection of his exploit, and his eyes twinkled for a moment like two stars in a rift. Then they saddened quietly, and he sighed. At this sigh the young man glanced up keenly, and his eye happened to fall upon his companion's hands. Their backs were delicate from the knuckles to the wrist, but the fingers were rough and coarse from manual labor. "Probably from chipping rocks," thought Kendall; then he added aloud:

"I can appreciate your not giving in. You see, I've collected minerals for a

good many years. You are a professor, aren't you?"

"No — I am not a professor," answered the man, shaking his head sadly, "although —"

"You look like one, anyway," said Kendall cheerfully. "I'm a member of Harvard University and know slews of professors, and I took you for one."

At this careless speech, there came a hopeless, chilly look into the man's face. Kendall did not notice it. He was now looking at the increasing gusts of rain, and congratulating himself on not having to dine out in such weather. He had experienced eight days of it on the trip over, and speculated idly on how long it could hold out. With an effort his chance acquaintance recovered himself. He perceived quickly that he was passing out of the American's mood. Had Kendall been a man used to observing the sufferings of others, he would have been pierced to the heart by the expression of the Scotchman's face. He turned lazily from the window, and began to speak again in his easy, pleasant way:

"Have you collected minerals? Is there anything of interest to be had near Edinburgh? I mean to run down to your famous Cornwall mines. I wish to collect some fine cassiterite and fluor."

Kendall was really an enthusiastic collector, but his knowledge of anything but the physical features of the minerals and their localities was exceedingly superficial.

"My department is narrow," said the Scotchman quickly. "I only collect fossils, and of these only corals. I have one or two scarce specimens in my cabinet. If you would care to come and see them, you would confer on me a favor, and perhaps experience a slight interest yourself."

Kendall fancied that the man looked eagerly at him, as if hoping for his acceptance.

"I should like above all things to come if you will let me," replied the young man heartily. "I don't know anything about fossil corals, though. Here's my card. I'm staying here for about a month. When would it be convenient for me to call?"



"I am not a Professor."

At this ready response to his timid hint, the stranger's face turned radiant. He took the pasteboard, glanced at it, and put it carefully into his pocket.

"I have no card, Mr. Crocker," — with a courteous bow; "but" — A slight flush of embarrassment mounted to his forehead. He drew a bundle of letters from his pocket and, taking one out of its envelope, he handed the envelope to the young man. "I am not a professor myself, but this is from the professor of palæontology at the University of Oxford. He is a correspondent of mine.

He paused, while Kendall, with a decided advance in respect for what was previously an unknown quantity, read the name and address. As the Scotchman spoke, he rose from his seat and stood in an attitude in which, for a brief moment, pride dominated his usual expression of hopelessness. He was a tall, thin man, lean as a spendthrift's purse. Even as he stood in the light of the room his clothes seemed thinner than himself. Which of the two were more worn, they

or he? A waiter in the garb of his profession now entered, cast a disdainful glance at the correspondent of an Oxford professor, and obsequiously announced to the rich American that dinner was served. Without, the rain had burst down with renewed vitality. Kendall noticed that the man had no umbrella, and he protested cordially:

"You can't think of going out in this weather with no protection? Take mine Mr. —" glancing at the envelope, — "Mr. Mentieth."

Before Kendall could call a boy, his gaunt acquaintance shook his head, putting both hands gently on the young man's arm. In the full light, his face, especially the upper part of it where the forehead meets the corners of the eyes and cheeks, had a heroic cast. As he answered, there came a wistfulness into his voice and mouth that touched Kendall more deeply than he liked. Was it the need of food or sympathy?

"By no means, Mr. Crocker. It is nothing. I am used to it. I can change

about when I get home. And you will come, will you not? It isn't very pleasant where I live. You had better take a cab, sir, for the street is ill lighted. I am always home in the evening."

He buttoned his coat tightly to his throat. The coat seemed to Kendall stretched like a skin across its wearer's back. He stooped a little when he reached the corridor, dropped his eyes uneasily before the clerk, hastened to the front door, shivered on the sill, and then made the leap into the storm. Kendall watched the man to the corner, pitching unsteadily in the wind, and beaten by the rain. Thoughts that were new to the luxurious invalid stirred within him. He could not formulate them. He was dimly conscious of but one thing, namely, that he was a brute not to have asked his enigma to stay to dinner.

Kendall Crocker stood before his mirror in the Queen's Hotel, putting the finishing touches to his evening dress. Like so many Americans before him, immediately upon his arrival he had hunted up the best tailor in the city, and had ordered clothes enough to last him three years. He looked upon this as a method of paying for his trip. It was a subtle stroke of economy not appreciated by the parental understanding. The dress-suit had just come that day, and he surveyed himself critically before the glass.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated after two twists and a turn, "it's fine stuff, but a beastly poor fit about the shoulders."

He surveyed the creases darkly for a moment, and then brightened up.

"I guess it will have to go. It isn't any worse than the natives wear, — that's one comfort." Nor was it.

Kendall had starved it in Edinburgh to his heart's satisfaction. His distant relatives proved of unexceptionable blood, and wealthy enough. Moreover, they took cordially to this representative of Western civilization, and were delighted that he had distinguished manners, and showed no trace of Mohawk blood. The absence of feathers and war-paint puzzled them for a space, but they were becoming used to it. American travellers, at the time of which we write, had not been so

frequently entertained in the homes of Scotland as they have been since. Kendall had been invited to a real castle with a wall of stone ten feet thick, a monk's chamber, a secret staircase, a rookery, and a ghost. He had attended a "meet," and had followed the hounds creditably, in spite of his broken back; he had met a marquis, and numberless viscounts and baronesses. He had been regularly lionized, for handsome foreigners were scarce in February. He had met the prettiest girl in the world, the sister of an M. P. What more was there needed to make a very young man perfectly happy?

But this happened to be a night off. By some slip, he was to dine at the hotel alone, and he felt considerably bored. Time could but hang heavily on his hands till nine, when he was due at the club. He emptied the pockets of three or four old coats, to see if there were any letters which he had failed to answer. He sat down to his table, lighted a cigarette, and sorted over a small pack. A crumpled envelope fell out and stared at him. Kendall threw it on the floor without looking at it, and then thinking that it might contain something valuable, stooped and picked it up.

"Mr. James Mentieth, 28 Mary's Court, Edinburgh," — he read slowly. "Who the Dickens is that?" he asked of himself; then, after a puff or two, "by Jove, it's that old chap with the collection of corals."

He tipped back in his chair, and through the curls of smoke began to recall his first Scotch acquaintance. Kendall had entirely forgotten him. What are the claims of an obscure old scholar to those of society? He got up and walked about the room, and consulted his watch.

"I will go and call on the old fellow. He seemed considerably cut up. It will please him, I'll wager half a crown."

Kendall skipped two courses of his dinner, to the disapproval of his grim waiter, and hurried through the remainder in an American fashion, very different from the languid dignity which he had already acquired.

"You may take me to 28 Mary's Court," he ordered his driver curtly, ten minutes after.

"Where, *sorry?*" The man touched his hat, and appeared to doubt his senses.

Kendall took out the envelope, read the address peremptorily aloud, and got in. The driver shook his head and muttered to himself.

The cab whirled Kendall far away from his Edinburgh; away from the city of fashion; away from broad streets, granite shops, luxurious hotels, and beautiful homes. The lights became dimmer, the streets tortuous, narrower, and darker, the houses lower and sad. There was an interminable winding in and out, a rush up a black alley, and the cab came to a sudden halt like a surprised curse.

"Hullo!" cried Kendall, poking his head out of the window, "what's this? What are you stopping here for?" He had a vague suspicion of foul play. It was a wicked-looking spot. But he was quickly convinced that this was the place he sought. His common sense, or at least his commonplace sense, urged him to return immediately. This forbidding court was enough to make him distrust any stranger; but a voice within bade him seek the adventure to its end. When he stood in the mud and saw the cab rattling off, he felt a cold shiver stealing over him such as precedes an act of daring or of chivalrous folly.

A little ragged girl sat upon the step before him, rocking to and fro. Kendall noticed her bare feet and a ragged bit of woollen fringe over her head. She must have been very cold. He made a troubled inquiry of the child concerning the whereabouts of this Mentieth. He glanced as he spoke into the open door, and saw a black, bare hallway. There were no lights visible in the building, only a glimmer from the top story. The little girl made an upward motion with her head, and moved along as if to let him pass.

"Here's sixpence. Now, show me his rooms and it is yours."

This the child understood. Her eyes rolled at the sight of this inconceivable wealth. She uttered her first plaintive note.

"She's at it. Dinna ye hear?"

"Who?"

"*She*. You'll see. Coom!" With an odd, instinctive motion she took his

gloved hand in her cold fingers and silently led him up the three flights of unsafe stairs.

"What does Mr. Mentieth do, little one?" Kendall asked on the way. He felt bound to see the thing through.

"Got a shop." The child evidently thought this explanation enough, and very lucid at that. The little girl pattered along noiselessly, but Kendall purposely tramped with all his might. The noise, re-echoing moodily in this desolate shell, kept his spirits up. Before the child could lead him to the door he sought, it opened, and the face of his hotel acquaintance looked out from it with a startled expression. The man recognized the child first.

"Ah, Meg," he said drearily, "that you? Better not come in just now. We are not very happy here to-night."

"Here's a mon fur saxpence. Gimme!" said the mite. She had a chariness of words, as if she were accustomed to be beaten for every effort at articulation.

Kendall slipped the silver piece into her clinging fingers, and advanced towards the man at the door, clearly revealing himself before he said:

"I have come to see your corals, Mr. Mentieth."

The scientist stared at him pathetically. For the instant, he seemed more frightened than pleased. He recovered himself with tremulous pleasure.

"This is — this is kind indeed, sir. I thought you had forgotten me. I am sorry the stairs are so dark. I kept them lighted for you for seven nights. I had given you up. Come in, sir. Come right in."

Kendall Crocker bowed rather stiffly and walked in. As he did so, an inner door shut with a slam, and he thought he heard muffled moans and a suppressed exclamation. Decidedly an uncanny atmosphere! Should he turn around and rush down stairs? He might have done so without a word of apology, had not the imploring eyes of his sad host compelled him to the spot.

Kendall was not a sensitive, imaginative youth. His muscles were too highly developed. He was luxurious and easy-

going and careless; even his own accident had not sobered him. Now, for the first time in his career, he felt that tragedies are not a monopoly of the stage, and that before him one of the most hopeless was enacting. A woman, however encrusted her heart, would have read Mr. Mentieth's history from a glance at this room. With Kendall, it was the first successful effort at intuition.

The room was about fifteen feet square; it had one window, and three doors; one led to the hall, the second to an inner chamber, and the third to a dark closet at the right. Kendall was too well bred to have betrayed curiosity or surprise at the interior of the Marquis of Bute's Island Palace; but, entrapped from his guard, he could not help looking about him in this dim place. This was made the more easy, for his host did not speak to him, but, with contracted, questioning eyes hungrily watched Kendall's changing expressions, as if waiting for the verdict.

The first thing that smote the gay American was the terrible contrast between his own rich, almost foppish costume and that of the man before him. He felt quietly conscious of his fur-trimmed overcoat; of the diamond, gleaming from the embroidered bosom of his shining shirt; of his patent leather shoes; his crush hat, held lightly in a hand protected by spotless kids; and of his silver-headed silk umbrella. It was the insolence of wealth flaunting itself in the teeth of desperate poverty.

The correspondent of an Oxford professor wore a leather apron, which was attached by straps over his shoulders and which reached to his ankles. Only a rough, gray undershirt was beneath it. His arms were bare. His trousers were patched at the knees and neatly darned at the foot. A pair of rough, woollen stockings completed his scanty outfit.

The leathern apron furnished the grim hint, and the corner behind the entry door completed it. Here stood a low stool and a low work-bench filled with shoemaker's tools. Beside the bench were lasts, and under it a tub of black water, out of which a ragged angle of



"Does Mr. Menteith live here?"

leather peered with a hard look, as if refusing to be softened. Mr. Mentieth — this gentleman, this learned man, the correspondent of the palæontological professor at Oxford University — was a cobbler.

But the aspect of the room was another matter. Oxford University might have well been proud of it. The poor place was, in short, a magnificent museum. With the exception of the unhappy corner, the window and the doors, the entire space was dedicated to the occupant's scientific specialty. Cabinets lined the walls, rising to the ceiling. Behind spotless glass doors rows upon rows and pyramidal tiers upon tiers of fossils appeared, methodically arranged; while the whole

centre of the apartment was taken up by one large glass case, within which were exhibited fossil slides. These were exquisitely mounted, each in front of its looking-glass, and with all the latest appliances for showing off these delicate wonders. Kendall was quick to note the absence of carpet, of dust, of everything that could detract from the perfection and dignity of such a noble collection. And there, between him and a tall, stately cabinet, whose reflective glass was a shimmering background, whose stained pine was an outline frame, stood this rude trunk with its grand, patient head, looking like a terrible cameo, engraven by a divine hand to represent the torturous marriage of brains and penury.

The room, by reason of its one necessary blot, exhaled the musty odor of tanned hide unearthed from the lower carboniferous formation. Kendall's hand was upon the broad case in the middle of the room. After this inspection, he instinctively dropped his eyes before the burning gaze of his host. He was embarrassed, as if caught in an indiscretion. The little mirrors, each flung back its specimen at him, and danced merrily in the flicker of the one dim light. The prince of curators might have classified and catalogued them. Their great value was evident even to the undergraduate's light eye. The corals seemed to show a certain respect for their surroundings. Their scant duty was performed when they had flashed their own little reflections, "each after its kind." This service was rendered as graciously in this garret as it might have been in the great British Museum.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Crocker?"

The collector had noted the different expressions of surprise and astonishment fleeting over the young man's face. He noticed also that the New Englander had none of the insular contempt for struggle and poverty, such as he had fought against all his life. Kendall's long look of boyish admiration seemed to touch the lonely cobbler at his depth; and it was sweet to him to hear the enthusiastic word he craved—who could have said how much?

"It is wonderful, Mr. Menteith! It is

superb! It's a stunner! How on earth did you do it? Why are *you* doing this?"

He pointed at the bench. The last question was not an impertinence. It was a compliment; and so the shoemaker took it.

"Take off your coat, sir, and I'll tell you. Lay it on the case. Take the lamp and look about. Excuse me for a minute. You'll stay a bit, will you not, sir?"

Kendall assented gracefully, though waiving the point of the overcoat. He found the room cold; it occurred to him to wonder whether its tenants were quite comfortable. He took the flickering lamp; it cast restless shadows on these ghostly cabinets. Had they been stolen by a maniac from some museum? They were as much out of place in that room as an *escritoire* by Boule. Kendall was devoured by curiosity. Here was an adventure! Was this scientific cobbler in political disguise? Or was he a philosopher in voluntary seclusion and poverty? Or the unhappy offspring of a noble house, sacrificed or sacrificing himself for a name? He looked noble enough; he had the unmistakable air of one who would yield liberty or life itself to that all-comprehensive sentiment which men are pleased to include in the word honor.

Kendall, while left to himself, examined the collection with a pseudo-scientific eye. He could roughly appreciate its importance, but not its value, nor the extent of patience and labor which it represented. These hundreds of fossilized specimens were the mute appeal of the weakest, the most persistent, the most significant creatures in the economy of nature. This polyp is godlike, for it is a creator. Choose between man and the zoophyte! Which is the eternal architect! Not Nebuchadnezzar, the Pharaohs, Pericles, Augustus, nor Michael Angelo, but the microscopic life that deposits the calcareous coral. Kings have built cities and tombs and temples, but the coral has raised islands and created continents, which nourish man, and will outlast his mightiest works. There is no more enticing, no more delicate field of research in the broad realm of fossil remains than the microscopic study of corals.

Kendall glowed over these treasures

with the enthusiasm of an amateur collector. In his junior year he had understood Darwin's theory of barrier reefs, and had approved of it, as a junior might. He had seen in Bermuda evidences of the zoophyte's tremendous push and perseverance, and had learned to respect creatures that were responsible for so fascinating a winter resort, and whose innumerable sarcophagi furnished the sawn blocks to build the hotel he lived in. But his complacent college learning was staggered before labels solemnly ensconced beside five-fingered specimens bearing the lucid inscription: *campophyllum paracida*, and so on, row upon row.

The young man's scientific investigations were suddenly diverted by strange sounds. Harsh, guttural noises were interrupted by a soft, pleading feminine voice:

"Don't, mother! There, there; that's a dear. Now sit down here while father goes into the other room."

Kendall put the lamp down on the glass case and listened. He felt uncomfortable. Silence reassured him a little, and Mr. Mentieth came out, dressed as he first appeared at the Queen's Hotel. The man bore a haggard, hopeless look. His deep-set eyes had the dulness which indicates the endurance of all but unbearable anguish. Kendall had experienced so many new emotions during the last quarter of an hour that he had hardly another left to spend on the sight of such irremediable sadness. The man came in stooping. For some reason he had evidently come almost to the end of his self-control. His expression of irresistance was heart-breaking. He sat down on the bench, and motioned Kendall to take the three-legged stool beside him. His lips were tightly bitten together as if he would groan if they were unlocked. He put his two hands over his face and bent to his knees. Kendall did not know what to say. He was not used to consider the discomfort of other people. Plainly, here was no effort at acting. The man did not want pounds or pence; he craved sympathy. The convict in solitary confinement would gladly barter a ten years' lease of life for an hour in

which to unbosom his misery to a heart of flesh. The collector of corals had been singularly attracted to this young American, as broken age and disappointment are attracted to youth and careless hope. Kendall was natural; he was no snob, and his expression was cheerful and kind. The shoemaker had not invited a guest to his miserable home for two years. This evening was an epoch in his existence; it was an odd incident in Kendall's European tour.

"I wish I could help you, sir," faltered Kendall with a blush. He felt immediately sorry that he had made such a boyish remark. Nothing more mature occurred to him. The Scotchman started up with a sudden motion, and took the lamp in his hand, and looked at his guest piercingly.

"Come, sir, let me show you my collection. It will do me good. You will see many rare and some unique specimens. I have collected every one myself. It is not boasting to say that this is the best private collection of corals in Great Britain. Even the British Museum cannot show such a collection from the carboniferous system of Scotland."

He hustled from case to case, flushed and excited.

"Just look at this *Clisiophyllum*, sir. This is one of my discoveries, sir. I have named it after the eminent paleontologist, McCoy. This is the *McCoyianum*. Here is its section. Notice these dense, interlamillar dissepiments; that is its characterization. What a delicate, wonderful product of God's genius! Look at its numerous septal system through the microscope. It is almost allied to the *bipartitum*, but not quite. A small, impalpable divergence from the typical lines makes all the difference in the world. Do you think it strange, sir, for an Honorary Member of the Royal Ducal Society of Jena to be cobbling shoes? It is no boast, you will pardon me if I say it, but there is not a man in the United Kingdom who is such an authority on corals, sir, as I am; and this is recognized, too. That is the terrible bitterness of it. See here!" dragging Kendall up to another tall cabinet. "This is my life work, sir. I may die in this garret, but my name



cannot be forgotten. Look at them ! Here is a new family of Rugose Corals, sir. I discovered this family and described it in a publication which I shall

you don't mind taking this old chair, let us sit down. I will fetch—Martha !—she will get a jug of ale from around the corner, and I have some crackers and cheese ; then let us talk. It will benefit me, if you don't mind, sir ? ”

With the instinct of hospitality so strong in the Scotch nature, this host would have spent his last penny for his guest's entertainment. But Kendall, now a little tutored in the make-shifts of misery, divined through the feverish eagerness of the request that even a sixpence was more than the poor man owned that night. He put the suggestion easily by, adding that the next time he called, they should have the proper feast. As it was, his host insisted on crackers and cheese. He brought them in a spotless crockery plate, and Kendall noticed that while the man talked, he ate in an absent-minded way, as if he were hungry. Kendall sat on the three-legged stool with his back to the table and the lamp, while the shoemaker sat on his bench before him,



“Why are you doing this ? ”

take pleasure in giving you, if you think it is worthy. This is my family. It bears the name I gave it. A much valued friend suggested it to me — ‘ *Diplocyathophyllidæ*. ’ ”

The enthusiast waited for a moment to let this hundred-ton name sink into Kendall's soui. The young man looked as intelligent as he could, and nodded as if he had met an old acquaintance. It might have been a slight wandering glance, or an imperceptible shrug indicative of a shrinking from a hobby ahead, that made the sensitive coralist stop in the middle of his eager description. Perhaps it was the absurdity of firing such names at his fashionable caller that made him utter a deep sigh and turn around.

“ Ah,” he said, “ of course you are not interested ? Come away from this. If

the light shining full in his grand, haggard face. Kendall was profoundly puzzled. The contrast of that bench, the tools, the dreary toil with the daring intelligence, the broad forehead, and such eyes beneath it, perplexed as much as it moved him ; nay, more, for Kendall was a butterfly. His face must have betrayed his thoughts plainly. The Scotchman hastened to speak.

“ It may strike you strangely, sir, but I was born to this bench. It was my father's. He was a shoemaker. I am not ashamed of that ; nor is Martha, my daughter, sir. Twenty years ago we lived in Beith,—that's in Ayrshire, sir. We were happy then, and I cared for nothing but my trade. One day there came a Londoner, a barrister, on a vacation, into my shop, and he waited while I was put-

ting a patch on one of his boots. Among other things he asked me—he had a careless way with him—if I ever saw any fossils about, and if I had been to the Langside Quarry. What did I know about fossils then? And he laughed at me good-naturedly, and showed me a specimen he had found, and told me if I could get any number of them he would send for them and pay me well. He gave me the name of a book on corals, and he seemed amused at the cobbler's enthusiasm. Martha calls that one—see?—the Governor of my collection. The Londoner gave it to me. After I had studied for ten years from all the books I could buy, I found that it was a new species;—so I named it *concentricum*; that was my revenge on the laughing barrister. So the fever got me, and so I studied—all my odd time. My God, sir! it is a terrible thing for a man in my station in life to dare to wedge his way among universities and professors and to try to understand even the tiniest of God's secrets. It brings a thimbleful of comfort, and a homeful of misery. And so I began to collect, whenever I could lay by a penny or two to tramp about. I collected in all parts of Scotland. A few years ago we came to Edinburgh. I thought I could find more work and be nearer the libraries at the same time. That was the day troubles began with us, sir."

He stopped, as if hesitating whether to confide further. Kendall was oppressed by the moment of silence. He saw his companion's face twitching. He remembered the word of the little waif that piloted him to the door. He thought of the mysterious sounds from the inner room. He felt that he had to say something.

"Pardon me, is it your wife?" The Scotchman nodded faintly.

"Eh—is—eh—she—eh—" Kendall faltered, lest he should have committed the unpardonable sin of a false interpretation. The man looked up, and Kendall in despair tapped his forehead significantly with his finger. A groan answered him.

"Five years she has been out of her head, sir. Only Martha can manage or comfort her. She obeys Martha, and has

forgotten me. We used to be happy, sir. Why should the good God do such things?"

"How did it happen?" inquired Kendall, feeling that it would be brutal not to interest himself in this tragedy.

"I cannot tell. The first I knew of it, I came home and found her throwing my specimens into the court. She said they were thieves and took away her bread. Ah, I could stand it better if she didn't strike at my life's blood. For my corals are my life, sir, and I'm afraid to go from home lest I find them destroyed, and the work of years undone. Now and then I despair. I crave companionship. I hunger and thirst for the intelligent world, and I go out and sit in the hotels watching people and sometimes hazarding a little conversation. It was thus that you did me good. We have watched my wife, Martha and I, for five years. She has never been alone. Do you think a man would send his wife to an asylum? Not if he loved her, sir."

The poor man brushed a hot tear from his cheek. He did not mention for how many years he had slept on the floor at the door of that closed room, that he might protect his wife and his corals at the same time.

"I shouldn't have told you this, sir. I have no friends. I live alone."

"But the professor at Oxford, is he not



"He put his Hands to his Face."

your friend?" demanded Kendall thoughtlessly.

"These, sir, are paper friends. I could show you letters from Huxley and Tyndall and Darwin and Geikie: these and many more are my good friends by correspondence. Do you think one of them would call a cobbler his friend?"

"Why, yes!" cried Kendall in a burst of genuine feeling; "I do, certainly I do."

The other shook his head skeptically.

"Not one of them knows that I mend shoes for a living. I meet these at the rooms of the Philosophical Society, of which I am a member — here in Edinburgh. They don't know of my poverty or my misery. You, sir, are the first that has stepped foot in my room for two years. I have been so poor, and she so — as she is, sir. Good God, sir! and this cabinet is worth two thousand pounds, and I less than sixpence, unless I finish these boots to-night!"

He got up and paced the room in great emotion. It was pitiful to witness these struggles of a high order of intelligence against the roughest throws of fate. Kendall felt a dramatic fascination in the sight. The contrast of pathetic learning with pitiable ignorance and deprivation was overwhelming to one to whom the value of an education had been proportionate to his ability of cashing his father's checks. The gentle language spoken by the miserable man told what years of culture in his specialty had done for him. The loneliness, the terrible battle for supremacy in one department of human knowledge, the narrow selection, and the rigid adherence to his choice: these, united with the stubborn pride of the middle class, and the determination to avenge his lowly birth by compelling the respect of the great scientists, were sufficient to lend the accent of education to his voice, to expand his forehead, refine his mouth, give the lustre of power to his eyes, and dignity to his carriage, while the sublime self-sacrifice involved in his domestic tragedy had lifted an otherwise rude countenance into moral grandeur.

Not long ago there died a cutter of tombstones whose leisure life was spent in the gathering of one of the finest private collections of butterflies in the world.

But he had three dollars a day and no skeleton at home. This James Mentieth, in spite of those tremendous odds, had discovered no less than two hundred unnamed varieties of corals, and even a whole new family. This was in itself a title to recognition. It had won him "paper friends," corresponding disciples by the score, honorary memberships to many a foreign scientific society, and that *kudos* which satisfies vain minds, but no sympathy. What is there impossible for a man to do if he but concentrate his existence into that resistless form of energy described by the term will?

Kendall pondered this problem of effort versus condition as his eyes followed the motions of his host.

"Why don't you sell your collection, and get out of your troubles that way?"

The young man was disturbed at the result of his practical inquiry, as soon as it was made. The collector turned upon him with quivering lip:

"*Sell?* Sell my *specimens*? What should I do if they took my corals and did not take me too?"

"But why don't you become a professor of corals somewhere and take them along. There must be plenty of such chances." Kendall was now cutting un-awares to the quick.

"Not with us, sir. I am not well connected. I am only a shoemaker. People would not forget that in England. I have no influence, only the little knowledge I have acquired. Now it is different in America. All men are equal, I understand, there. If I could only get to the other side —," he faltered. Kendall felt that the man had uttered the secret desire of his soul in that last wail.

"Oh, perhaps I can help you in that," interrupted the youth with his enthusiastic, careless exuberance, and also with a slight air of patronage. "My uncle endowed the geological cabinet at Harvard. He gave them a hundred thousand dollars. I guess they would do anything I asked them to. They could easily buy your collection and appoint you professor of it, or curator. I'll speak to them about it when I go home."

Just as an aspen pushing its head upward for many a waiting year in a shady



hollow, meets at last the sun and trembles toward it—so the struggling, quivering man bent toward and clutched at the good-natured suggestion of this sunny young lord.

"You don't mean it, sir? America is such a rich, such a generous country! It appreciates learning and is not ashamed of honest poverty. My good wife might recover in America? Do you think, sir, that your land, your university, would consent to receive *me*?"

Kendall was a little frightened at the hope he had so thoughtlessly raised in this despairing life. He made a movement as if to speak, but said nothing.

"Martha," cried the collector eagerly, "Martha, Martha! come here!"

The door opened and a tall woman appeared. She was freckled and red-haired and ugly, but her eyes had that curious steadiness, her manner that authoritative calmness which characterize eminent alienists.

"Well, father?"

"Come in, Martha. This is an American gentleman, come to see us. He takes a great interest in our collection, Martha. This is my daughter, Mr. Crocker. Mr. Crocker is an undergraduate of the great Harvard University in America. His uncle is a very rich man, and he will have the university buy my corals, and they will take me too. Thank him, Martha! It is very kind of him to take so much trouble for strangers."

The young woman advanced with a stately step to Kendall, and gave him a warm, firm hand. She then cast a troubled look at her father, and put her hand upon his arm. Kendall felt strangely when she touched his hand. It seemed to him as if a giant had stroked him and bade him be still. He tried to speak, but, not for the first time that evening, found that he hadn't a word to say.

"Mr. Crocker thinks very highly of my collection, Martha," proceeded the palæontologist excitedly. "There is nothing like it in the great Harvard University, he says. America is a noble country,

Martha. This is the first American she has seen, sir."

Kendall was not a little embarrassed at the old man's words. He began to see that he had conjured hopes which he might not be able to gratify. He inwardly cursed his boastful suggestion, or careless promise. What had he said? These poor people were too terribly in earnest to take his colloquial varnish as he had meant it. This was not society. It was life.

"Let us show Mr. Crocker my publications." The collector rose feverishly. "He shall have some copies to send to his university. Here are two papers read before the Philosophical Society." He handed two fat, gray pamphlets to his disturbed guest.

"Martha, show him the plates. Look, sir, these were engraved by me."

Kendall could not credit his ears at this preposterous statement. He looked up quickly at the strong eyes of the young woman beside him. These were serious, masterful, compelling belief. He looked at the lower left-hand corner of the page spread before him. Truly, there it was, printed in smallest type: "Jas. Mentieth, Del." Above this patent of the cobbler's truthfulness were the most marvellous results of the engraver's needle which the American had ever seen. He glanced at his host gently. His eyes apologized for a moment's distrust. He was lost in wonder. A peniless shoemaker, interrupted at his bench, one of the greatest authorities on corals? That was incredible enough, but to find the same brown hand that cobbled old shoes producing engravings like these—it was a miracle. Kendall brushed his hand over his forehead. He felt as if he were intoxicated. The room with its dark cases and little spots of mirrors seemed to dance about him.

"Yes, sir, that is my work, all of it, except what Martha does. Her hand is steadier than mine. I am a hard-working man. I am growing old. Perhaps you would be interested, sir," continued the shoemaker, drawing close and pointing to one of the plates. "This has taken me fifteen years to do, sir. The process is a discovery I made. It is a secret.

Only Martha knows. It is a process of photo-engravure. There was nothing microscopic enough before to represent the sections of my new corals. So I made up my mind to do it myself. I have done it, sir. Here is a fineness never before attained. Why, I could engrave your portrait, if I were that kind of an artist, in half an hour, to an eyelash."

Kendall did not think this boast immodest, and received it with silent respect.

"But the process is very expensive, sir. I sell duplicate specimens, and have been able from time to time to buy plates and acids and tools. Get Mr. Crocker my last plate from the closet, Martha, my dear."

The woman put a large copper plate into Kendall's hands, and then held the light over it. Kendall could hardly contain an exclamation of admiration. There was only one small completed engraving upon the plate. It represented a transverse section of what Mr. Mentieth was pleased to call a *Microphyllum*, discovered by himself. The lines, the cells, the structural details, the most intricate parts of that microscopic anatomy, were cut with faithful fineness and delicacy. With the naked eye Kendall could not detect most of the strokes. They seemed to be the work of an intelligent spider rather than of a man, so filmy, so impalpable were the infinitesimal outlines of the imperceptible molecular structure in this deft engraving.

"It is wonderful, marvellous!" cried Kendall, seizing the engraver's hand. "Why don't you make a fortune with this process?"

He was interrupted by the familiar deprecatory gesture. The cobbler's hand was laid upon his arm. Martha's eyes pleaded with him.

"You forget, Mr. Crocker, I could engrave nothing but corals."

"You might as well say you have achieved nothing but glory!" cried Kendall.

Martha laid her face against her father's shoulder, and kissed his coat. She nodded gravely to her elegant guest. Her father put his arm about her. His



eyes looked into her face and drank inspiration. They blazed back at Kendall in pardonable exultation. He felt himself every inch a man, worthy of honor from the greatest of American universities. Yet it was not hard to see that the daughter was the strength of the two.

As Mr. Mentieth was opening his lips to reply, the door of the inner room was flung open, and the maniac walked slowly into the museum. It was the mother — the wife. She looked about the group, then centred her stern eyes upon her husband, stretched out her hand, and pointed her finger at him. Her chin and forehead retreated, of hair she had none. Kendall hastily took up his hat and umbrella from the glass case, and made ready to leave the room.

The poor man shrivelled under his wife's look, and trembled before her pitiless finger. Martha took a calm step toward her mother.

"Jamie!" began the woman in an expressionless voice. "Jamie, gang to yer bench an' finish them butes. Did ye think them stones would feed ye? They will rise up and curse ye, Jamie, as I do. Them corals are thieves. They steal yer brains and yer vittles. Go to yer bench!" The wretched woman pointed to the bench in the corner. Drops stood out upon the husband's face. He appealed mutely to his daughter. Kendall grew cold, and edged to the door, to escape witnessing the poor man's shame. But Martha went up to her mother, and drew her into the inner room.

"Not now, mother dear!" she soothed the lunatic, "there is a stranger here, — a gentleman, who came to help father.

Father will finish his work when the stranger is gone."

She shut the door gently. Dull grumbling and cursing sounded from behind it. She came back, and kissed her father again, and then she turned with dignity to the guest.



"You forget, Mr. Kendall, I could engrave nothing but Corals."

"You will not disappoint my father, will you, sir?" she said in a low voice. Kendall even fancied he detected a tone of rebuke in it. Before he could reply, she had gone.

"Must you go, sir?" pleaded the palæontologist, as he saw Kendall bowing at the door. Tears were streaming down the Scotchman's face. "You will pardon this, sir, will you not? Martha should not have left her. I am afraid you will not come again. You have seen my misery, sir. I feel that you will respect it."

Kendall wrung his host's hand silently.

"I will light you down. You will not forget what you spoke about, sir. When do you think you can hear from Harvard University? We shall be very eager, my daughter and I."

"Oh, in about a month, I should say," answered Kendall near the bottom of the stairs.

"You have my pamphlets, sir. I should like to call on you. You must drop me a line before you come again, that I may receive you properly. Ah, sir, if we should go to America, how could I repay you? I think that God has sent you to me at my darkest hour."

Kendall tried to answer. What was it that smote him dumb? Such a trust as this was enough to suffocate a man!

"I say," piped a thin voice at the corner of the court, "when will ye be coomin back, me lud?"

It was the little girl to whom he had given the sixpence. She dogged him for a short distance, like his half-developed conscience, — then fell back.

Four weeks after, the shoemaker sat in his garret looking dreamily at one of his Rugose family.

"Haven't ye seen him *to-day*, father?"

Martha his daughter asked the question cheerfully. She had given up hope herself; but he should not know that. The collector shook his head.

"They said he had gone to the Highlands on a visit, and would be back some time. The answer from his letter is due from America soon."

"Isn't he but a young mon to have so much power — to do the thing you've set your heart on?" suggested Martha with evasive caution.

"Should he deceive a poor man?" cried the cobbler piteously. "He was a gentleman, Martha, and a gentleman keeps his word. Watch for the postman, girl, whenever I am out! It might come at any time. It may come to-day. I am sorry I haven't heard from him since he was here. It seems a long while.

Perhaps he was displeased with us about something. Or, maybe, Martha, the young man means to surprise us with his kindness. But we shall hear. I am not afraid, Martha. He is an American gentleman. He will keep his word."

\* \* \* \* \*

Another three weeks and a month went by. Kendall was very busy, and luxurious homes were very hospitable, and he was having too good a time to think of miserable strangers.

On the steamer, coming home, for the first time he began to think seriously of his promise to the collector. There was a pretty widow on board, the daughter of a great senator. Kendall thought himself in love with her — for the time; and, under the smoke-stack, he told her the story, and asked her co-operation in aiding the shoemaker. But she laughed merrily at the boy's innocence and enthusiasm. If he had travelled in Europe as much as she, he would not have been so easily taken in, she told him. Then she dismissed with a light shrug his improbable story, and began to chat about the new casino at Lennox, until Kendall really felt ashamed of his unworldliness.

But the young man did not brutally forget his promise. Upon his arrival at college, he called upon the president the first thing, and began to tell his story; but before he was fairly under way, a tremulous freshman was ushered in — and a trustee followed, — and Kendall retired, the president bowing him and the fate of a family out.

Then came the excitement of football, training for athletics, "boning" for rank, until — like the narrowing perspective of the railroad track from the rear of the train — the palæontological cobbler insensibly became but a line — a spot — a blank, in Kendall's hurrying memory.





# STORIES OF SALEM WITCHCRAFT



By Winfield S. Nevins.

## I. THE EARLY WITCHCRAFT CASES.

**B**ELIEF in witchcraft, demonology, spiritualism and kindred isms, under slightly differing names and phases, is as old as the history of mankind. We read very early in our Bible: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live!" We find other mention of witchcraft in the Holy Book, and so on down through all the pages of history to the very year 1889.<sup>1</sup> In the twelfth century it was believed that a witch was a woman who had made a secret compact with the devil, and received from him power to ride through the air when going to meetings of kindred spirits. In 1484, Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull, ordering the arrest of persons suspected of witchcraft. In 1485, forty-one aged women were burned at the stake in Burlia for substantially the same thing as was alleged against the men and women of Essex County in 1692, and others in Massachusetts earlier than that. Some years later, forty-eight persons were condemned in Ravensburg, and a hundred in Piedmont. In Geneva, in 1515, five hundred persons are said to have been executed for witchcraft in twelve weeks.<sup>2</sup> England, that boasted

land of light, liberty, and law, has been cursed with the superstition. History records that as far back as the reign of King John, about the year 1200, persons were executed for the so-called crime. It continued to be a recognized crime down to 1712 in England, and 1727 in Scotland. Executions are recorded in Aberdeen in 1597, when twenty-four persons were burned to death. In the same place, in 1617, twenty-seven women were burned at the stake. Others were hanged or burned in Barking, in 1575; in Chelmsford, Abingdon, and Cambridge, in 1579; thirteen in St. Osith's, in 1582. Ninety were hanged in 1645, and one hundred

cided that she should be submitted to the ordeal by fire—that is to say, she was to be burned and tortured in the hope that she would confess her supposed crime. The terror of the poor old woman deprived her of coherent speech. This was assumed to be a proof of her guilt. She was seized and tied to a pole and burned to death. What gives a still more fiendish aspect to this carnival of cruelty is that her surviving son was among the most energetic of those who tortured his mother. The peasantry of this remote region are said to be generally amiable and affectionate, and it is only when their supernatural terrors are aroused that they seek their own safety in malignant manifestations of fanatic cruelty.

Some of the negroes of the South still believe in the reality of witchcraft. In the spring of 1890 a woman of the name of Jaycox, living in Georgia, attempted to bewitch Willis Mitchell. She dropped a toad before his door after having decorated it with a long strip of red flannel in which she had tied numerous knots and a bundle of red flannel in which were a lot of roots and sewing needles. See *Journal of American Folk Lore*, Vol. III. p. 205, "The Plantation Negro as a Freeman," by Bruce, and "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast," by C. C. Jones. See also *London Spiritual Magazine* for 1868 for a case that happened in London that year; *Notes and Queries*, London, V., 143 (4th series); *Morgan Advertiser*, Eng., for 1862.

<sup>1</sup> The *Kadkas*, a leading Russian journal, gave an interesting account, in the early part of 1889, of a revolting case of witchcraft superstition. An old peasant woman living near Sookoom, in Caucasus, was suspected of witchcraft. Beyond the infirmities of age, and, perhaps, of ill temper, the unhappy wretch was no doubt as innocent as the victims of our own witch finders were. Her son died, and immediately the rumor ran that she had slain him with the assistance of the Evil One, whose co-operation she had claimed. The neighbors sat in judgment over her and de-

<sup>2</sup> Pop. Hist. U. S. II., 451.

and twenty in 1661. The last execution for witchcraft in England was in 1712, and in Scotland in 1727. Sir Matthew Hale, one of the ablest of English jurists, tried many of these cases, and firmly believed there was such a thing as witchcraft. Dr. More, Sir Thomas Brown, Boyle, Cranmer, Edward Fairfax, and many other of England's wise men were believers. When, therefore, such men as these believed in witchcraft, how could the people who dwelt in the American wilderness in 1692 be expected to doubt? Chief Justice Holt was the only man of prominence on the English bench who, down to that time, had doubted the correctness of the extreme view of the delusion. He at least protected the rights of the accused, which is more than was done by the judges at the trials in Salem.

The result of a century and a half of prosecutions, trials, and executions in England was a crop of books and pamphlets on the subject, mostly written by clergymen who had been believers and prosecutors, or by jurists who would naturally defend themselves and their associates and their interpretation of the law. Some of these books found their way to America. Many of them were read, during the long winter evenings, before the roaring open fires, by the simple New England people. Children were undoubtedly allowed access to them, as to the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Parris himself seems to have founded his knowledge of the delusion on "Discourses of the Damned Art of Witchcraft," written about 1600 by William Perkins. As late as 1765, Blackstone, the great expounder of English law, wrote :

"To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages both of the Old and New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath, in its time, borne testimony either by example, seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws which at least suppose the possibility of commerce with evil spirits."

Blackstone adds that

"These acts continued in force until lately, to the terror of all ancient females in the kingdom, and many poor wretches were sacrificed thereby to the prejudice of their neighbors, and their own illusions, not a few having, by some means or other, confessed the fact at the gallows."

How accurately this last sentence describes the condition of affairs in Essex County in 1692, we shall see.

What was witchcraft? What did people mean by the term? These are questions which should be understood in studying the delusion in the seventeenth century. In early times, witchcraft evidently meant, in connection with the terms sorcery, conjurer, etc., almost any singular conduct on the part of a person, more especially if that person were an aged female. The crabbedness of old age or misfortune was evidently looked upon as witchcraft. People whom we now term common scolds, neighborhood gossips, — those who, in some unaccountable manner, know the inmost secrets of their neighbors, what they have done and what they contemplate to do in the future, — would have been, two or three centuries ago, accused of witchcraft, in all human probability. Witches were persons supposed to have formed a compact with the devil to torment God's people, and sometimes to cause their death. The apparitions of these bewitched persons were supposed to go through the air, mostly at night and on broomsticks or poles, to a place of meeting. Many of them were charged with having signed a book presented to them for signature by his satanic majesty. This book was said to contain a contract which bound those who signed it to do his bidding. Sometimes, as was believed, they took the form of negroes, hogs, birds, or cats when going to perform their supernatural deeds.

For the punishment of witchcraft, in whatever form it appeared, the nations of the earth, as we have already seen, fixed the penalty of death, usually without benefit of clergy. England by the statute of 33 Henry VIII., chap. 8, declared all witchcraft and sorcery to be felony without benefit of clergy. Later, by statute of Jas. I., chap. 12, it was enacted that all persons invoking any evil spirit, or consulting or covenanting with, entertaining, employing, feeding, or rewarding any evil spirit, etc., should be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, and suffer death. Under the colonial charter, laws for the government of the colony were

adopted, among them one against witchcraft. It provided that, "if any man or woman be a witch (that is, hath or consulteth with a familiar spirit) they shall be put to death."<sup>1</sup> When the Charter was taken away, in 1684, these laws were abrogated. Whether they were revived by the proclamation of Andros, on his becoming governor, that all colony laws not repugnant to the laws of England would be observed<sup>2</sup> and whether the forcible removal of the governor a few years later terminated them again, have been open questions among historians and lawyers. The early witchcraft prosecutions in 1692 were undoubtedly brought under the statute of James. That some of the later ones were, it is certain. Most of the indictments closed in these words — which would have been the form, probably, under English law direct, or colonial law approved by the king — "against the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady, the king and queen, their crown and dignity, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided."<sup>3</sup> The indictments against Samuel Wardwell and Rebecca Eams, however, refer directly to the statutes of James I. They were among the last found. The closing words are as follows:

"With the evil speritt the devill a covenant did make, wherein he promised to honor worship & believe the devill contrary to the statute of King James the first in that behalf made and provided."<sup>4</sup>

This would seem to settle beyond controversy the question which has been raised, as to what law these prosecutions were made under. On June 15, 1692, that General Court, which had convened on the 8th in obedience to the summons of Governor Phips, passed an act to the effect that all local laws made by the late Governor and Council of Massachusetts Bay and by the late government of New Plymouth, being not repugnant to the laws of England, should be and continue in force until November 10. At the adjourned session in October, a general

<sup>1</sup> "Notes on the History of Witchcraft in Mass." 1888. Geo. H. Moore.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 7. 9 Gray, 517. Mass. Hist. Coll., 2d series, VIII., 77.

<sup>3</sup> Essex Court Records.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

crimes bill was passed, the second section of which read:

"If any man or woman be a witch, that is, hath or consulted with a familiar spirit, they shall be put to death."<sup>5</sup>

This was substantially the language of the old colonial law. On the 14th of the following December, an act was passed "for the more particular direction in the execution of the law against witchcraft." The wording was substantially that of the statute of James. The first section declares that any person who shall "use, practise or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any wicked spirit or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, or employ, feed or reward any evil or wicked spirit . . . or take up any dead man, woman or child, out of his, her or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone or any other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted or consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body, shall suffer the pains of death." The second section provides that if any person attempt by sorcery to discover any hidden treasure, or restore stolen goods, or provoke unlawful love or hurt any man or beast, though the same be not effected, he shall be imprisoned one year and once every quarter stand on the pillory in the shire town six hours with the offence written in capital letters on his breast. For a second offence of this nature the punishment was death. Both of these acts were disallowed on August 22, 1695, but they had full force and effect in the mean time.

It is a little uncertain just when the first case of witchcraft occurred in New England. Hutchinson says it was in 1645 at Springfield, Mass., when several persons were afflicted, among them two of the minister's children, and that every effort was made to convict some one of bewitching them, but in vain. It is not quite certain that Hutchinson has not here confounded the Springfield case of 1651 with this date.

The first execution for witchcraft in

<sup>5</sup> Province Laws, 1., 55.

the new world was at Charlestown, in 1648, the victim being Margaret Jones. She was accused of practising witchcraft, tried, found guilty and hanged. The records of her case, if ever there were any, have long since been destroyed. The best account of it, undoubtedly, is that found in the journals of Governor Winthrop. He was not only governor of the colony at the time, but presided at the trial. He says that the evidence against her was "that she was found to have such a malignant touch as many persons, men, women and children, whom she stroked or touched with any affection or displeasure or, &c., were taken with deafness, or vomiting, or other violent pains or sickness." Her medicines, being anise-seed or other harmless things, yet had, he says, such extraordinary effect, and she used to tell such as would not make use of her physic that they would never be healed, and "accordingly their diseases and hurts continued with relapses against the ordinary course." "Again," Winthrop says, "in the prison there was seen in her arms a little child which ran from her into another room and the officer following it, it vanished."<sup>1</sup>

Such is the story told by the judge who tried the case. Can we doubt the correctness of his summary of the evidence? No man in the colony stood higher than John Winthrop. Margaret Jones, from all we can learn of her, was something of a physician, an "irregular practitioner," perhaps what would be called a "quack" in this age. Possibly she met with success sometimes where a "regular" had failed. As indicating the sentiments of the times, it is worthy of note that the governor, a man naturally of sterling common sense, relates in his journal that, "same day and hour she was executed, there was a very great tempest at Connecticut which blew down many trees."

Shortly after the execution of Margaret Jones, her husband endeavored to secure passage to Barbadoes in a vessel then lying in Boston harbor with a hundred and eighty tons of ballast and eighty horses on board. He was refused pas-

sage because he was the husband of a witch, and "it was immediately observed that the vessel began to roll as if it would turn over." This strange action was alleged to be caused by Jones. The magistrates, being notified, issued their warrant for his arrest. As the officer, going to serve the warrant, was crossing in the ferry, the vessel continued to roll. He remarked that he had that which would tame the vessel and keep it quiet, at the same time exhibiting the document. Instantly the vessel ceased to roll, after having been in motion twelve hours. Jones was arrested and thrown into prison, and the vessel rolled no more.<sup>2</sup> He was not executed, and I do not find that he was ever tried.

Mary Parsons, wife of Hugh Parsons of Springfield, in 1649, circulated a report that the Widow Marshfield was guilty of witchcraft. The widow began an action against the Parsons woman before Mr. Pyncheon, the local magistrate, on the ground of slander. Mrs. Parsons was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of three pounds or be whipped twenty lashes.<sup>3</sup> In May, 1651, Mary Parsons was herself charged with witchcraft on Martha and Rebeckah Moxon, children of the minister. She was tried before the General Court in Boston on May 13, 1651, and acquitted. She was then charged with the murder of her own child, to which charge she pleaded guilty, and the court sentenced her to be hanged. A reprieve was granted on May 19, but whether it was made permanent is not known. Hugh Parsons was tried in Boston on May 31, 1652, on a charge of witchcraft, and acquitted.<sup>4</sup> The particulars in these cases are very meagre. It is hardly safe to say that any statement relative to the final disposition of them is true beyond question. As showing somewhat the state of the public mind at that time, it is related that on the same day

<sup>2</sup> Everett's *Anecdotes of Early Local History*.

<sup>3</sup> King's *Handbook of Springfield*.

<sup>4</sup> Mass. Colonial Records for May 13, 1651. Also, May 31, 1652. Drake says Mary Parsons died in prison, and that she had charged her husband with bewitching her. (*Hist. of Boston*, 322). Palfrey thinks she was executed. (*Hist. New England*, IV., 96, note). A writer in the *Mercurius Publicus*, a London newspaper, of Sept. 25, 1651, says: "Four in Springfield were detected, whereof one was executed for murder of her own child and was doubtless a witch, another is condemned, a third under trial, a fourth under suspicion." (*Ibid.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Winthrop's Journal*, II. 326.

that Parsons was tried, the General Court appointed a day of humiliation, in consideration, among other things, "of the "familiarity with the Devil." The order of the court, subsequently pronounced, was that, "John Bradstreet upon his



Governor Bradstreet.

extent to which Satan prevails amongst us in respect of witchcraft."<sup>1</sup>

John Bradstreet of Rowley was tried in Ipswich on July 28, 1652, on a charge of

<sup>1</sup> Mass Colonial Records for May 13, 1651.

presentation of the last court for suspicion of having familiarity with the Devil, upon examination of the case they found he had told a lie, which was a second, being convicted once before. The court sets



Site of "Salem Village" Church, Danvers.

a fine of twenty shillings or else to be whipped."

The next case of which we have a record was that of Ann Hibbins of Boston, a widow, whose husband had died in 1654. Hibbins had been a prosperous trader, but during the later years of his life had met with reverses, and soon sickened and died. This double affliction is said to have made his widow crabbed and meddlesome. At all events, she had so much trouble with her neighbors that the church censured her. During the closing weeks of 1655 she was accused of being a witch. We have no record of her trial. We do not know just what the form of the charge against her was, nor the nature of the evidence. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, but the judges would not receive it. The case, under the law of the times, went to the General Court for trial. Mrs. Hibbins was called to the bar and pleaded not guilty. The evidence which had been taken in court was read, and the witnesses, being present, acknowledged it. The General Court thereupon ad-

judged the woman guilty. Governor John Endicott pronounced sentence, and she was hanged.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Beach, a minister at Jamaica, wrote in a letter to Increase Mather that Mr. Norton once said that Ann Hibbins was hanged for "having more wit than her neighbors; that the principal evidence against her was that, once on a time, seeing two neighbors conversing on the street she remarked that they were talking about her, and so it proved."<sup>2</sup> One John Scottow, a selectman and otherwise a prominent citizen, testified somewhat in favor of Mrs. Hibbins, and the court compelled him to write a most humble apology for having appeared to say a word in favor of one accused. It is a little singular in this case that while the woman was a sister of Deputy-Governor Bellingham, and he could undoubtedly have exerted sufficient influence to save her, nothing of the kind appears to have been done.

In 1659, John Godfrey, an Essex

<sup>1</sup> Mass. Colo. Record, VI., pt. 1, 269. Also, Witchcraft Papers, State House, Boston.

<sup>2</sup> Poole's Introduction to Johnson's *Wonder Working Providences*, note cxxix.



County man, was accused of witchcraft, and bound over to the higher court. As no further record of his case is to be found, it is presumed he was either not brought to trial or, if so, acquitted. He sued two of the prosecutors and witnesses against him, and recovered damages from them. Another item on a later court record indicates that Godfrey was before the court and fined for being drunk. Ann Cole of Hartford, Conn., in 1662, was concerned with two people of the name of Greensmith, man and wife, in some sort of transaction which brought against them all a charge of witchcraft. John Whiting wrote to Increase Mather that she was "a person esteemed pious, behaving herself with a pleasant mixture of humility and faith under very heavy suffering.<sup>1</sup> She made a "confession" and used the names of the Greensmiths to their prejudice. The Greensmith woman made some grotesque confessions.<sup>2</sup> She was executed, and two of the others condemned, but probably not hanged. It looks very much as if, beneath all

this piety and humility exhibited by Ann Cole, there was some evil; that her conduct was not always perfect, and that to cover up her responsibility for evil deeds she confessed to being a witch.

The next case in chronological order was that of Elizabeth Knapp of Groton, Mass., in 1671. I quote largely from Putnam's account, condensed from the record left by Rev. Samuel Willard.<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth was at first subject to mental moods and violent physical actions. Strange, sudden shrieks, strange changes of countenance appeared, followed by the

exclamations: "Oh, my leg," which she would rub; "Oh, my breast," and she would rub that. Afterwards came fits in which she would cry out, "Money, money," offered her as inducement to yield obedience, and sometimes, "Sin and misery," as threats of punishment for refusal to obey the wishes of her strange visitant. Subsequently she barked like a dog and bleated like a calf. Then she told Mr. Willard he "was a great rogue." Some voice replied, "I am not Satan, I am a pretty black boy, this is my pretty girl." She charged Willard himself and some others of his parish with being her tormentors. Elizabeth Knapp's case seems



The Parris House, Danvers.

to call for little comment. We may form our own opinions as to the disorder from which she suffered.

The first important Essex County case of witchcraft was that which occurred in the family of William Morse of Newbury — now Newburyport — in 1679. The family consisted, beside the old gentleman himself, of his wife, about sixty-five years of age, and grandson, John Stiles, twelve or fifteen years of age. To show the condition of affairs as it appeared to Morse, I quote from his testimony:

"About midnight, the door being locked when we went to bed, we heard a great hog in the house grunt and make a great noise, as we thought willing to get out, and that we might not be disturbed in our sleep I rose to let him out, and

<sup>1</sup> Mass. Hist. Coll., VIII., 466.

<sup>2</sup> Hutchinson's Hist. Mass. Bay, II., 23.

<sup>3</sup> Putnam's Witchcraft Explained, etc., 157. Also, Mass. Hist. Coll., VIII., 555.





Ann Putnam House, Danvers.



Gage House, Danvers.

Osburn House, Danvers.

I found a hog in the house and the door unlocked. The door was firmly locked when we went to bed. . . . The night following, I had a great awl lying in the window, the which awl we saw fall down out of the chimney into the ashes by the fire. After this I bid the boy put the same awl into the cupboard, which we saw done and the door shut to. This same awl came presently down the chimney again in our sight, and I took it up myself. Again the same night we saw a little Indian basket that was in the loft before come down the chimney again. And I took the same basket and put a brick into it, and the basket with the brick was gone, and came down again the third time with the brick in it, and went up again the fourth time and came down again without the brick, and the brick came down again a little after. . . . The next day in the afternoon, my thread four times taken away, and came down the chimney, again my awl and gimlet wanting, again my leather taken away, came down the chimney, again my nails, being in the cover of a firkin, taken away, came down the chimney. . . . The next day, being Sabbath day, I saw many stones and sticks, and pieces of brick come down the

chimney. On Monday I saw the andiron leap into the pot, dance and leap out again leap in and dance and leap out again and leap on a table and there abide, and my wife saw the andirons on the table. Also, I saw the pot turn itself over and throw down all the water."

Morse continued for some time to relate such occurrences as these. He subsequently testified that Caleb Powell came in and said: "This boy is the occasion of your grief, for he hath done these things, and hath caused his poor old grandmother to be counted a witch." Powell then told Morse that he had seen

young Stiles do many of the things, and that if he would let him have the boy he should be free from trouble. He did let Powell have the lad Monday night, and had no more trouble until Friday night. Then the strange performances were renewed. The old man's cap was pulled off his head and the cat thrown at him. They put the cat out and shut the doors and windows, and presently she walked in. After they went to bed the cat was thrown at them five times, once wrapped in a red waistcoat. Such is the story told under oath by an old mam, whom Rev. Mr. Hale said was "esteemed a sincere and understanding Christian by those who knew him." He and his wife under all the solemnities of their oaths, — and an oath meant much in those days, — made these startling depositions.

What shall we say of them? Have the statements exaggerated the facts? How can they be met? how explained? Do we believe these old people wilfully falsified? Caleb Powell seems to have suspected the boy John of mischievously perpetrating the tricks on the old people. He thought he could put an end to them by removing the youth from their house; and he did. So long as John was away, there were none of those strange occurrences. Powell was a seafaring man, and when on land dwelt near the Morses. He was perhaps a trifle boastful of his powers, and told these simple, untravelled people what remarkable things he could do, among others that he could detect witchcraft. We should naturally expect, after Powell had demonstrated to Morse that his grandson was a mischievous scapegrace, that the grandfather would have taken the boy home and given him a sound thrashing, and then thanked the man who had exposed the imposture. But no. It was an age of religious bigotry. and superstition. Morse at once turned upon Powell and charged him with practising witchcraft. Complaint was made against him in the local court on December 3, 1679. His examination took place on December 8, and the court ordered Morse to give bonds to prosecute at the next term of court in Ipswich. The case was heard on March 30, 1680. The court ordered, that though it found no grounds for the procedure against Powell, "yet he had given such ground for suspicion of his so dealing that they could not acquit him, but that he deserved to bear his own share of costs of prosecution."

Complaint was then made against Mrs. Morse herself, and on May 20, 1680, she was tried and convicted. Governor Bradstreet, on May 27, after lecture in the meeting-house in Boston, sentenced her to be hanged. He granted a reprieve on June 1 until the next session of the court, when the reprieve was still further extended. The House of Deputies protested, and urged execution. In 1681, however, the House voted to

give her a new trial, the magistrates concurring in the vote. We next hear of Mrs. Morse at her home in Newbury, through a letter written by Rev. John Hale in 1699. The records do not inform us whether she was ever tried again or how she obtained her liberty. All we know is that, from all the testimony, she lived a Christian life the remainder of her days, and always denied that she was ever guilty of witchcraft. Governor Bradstreet, who passed sentence on Mrs. Morse, subsequently lived in Salem, and his remains were buried in the old Charter Street burying-ground. In 1692, as in 1680, he dared to resist the clamors of a bigoted people and judiciary, and an ignorant, superstitious populace. Had Governor Phips possessed his intelligence and firmness the harvest of death on Witch Hill



Old First Church (Roger Williams'), Salem.

would not have formed a part of our early American history. It is noteworthy that in 1692, the witchcraft delusion did not reach old Newbury. Her people evidently learned a lesson from the Morse case which they did not soon forget.

One of the latest and most interesting of the ante-Salem village cases was that in the Goodwin family in 1688. The daughter of a Mrs. Glover was laundress in the Goodwin household in Boston. John

Goodwin had four children, aged respectively, thirteen, eleven, seven, and five. The eldest, a girl named Martha, accused the laundress of carrying away some of the family linen. Mr. Glover is described by Hutchinsons<sup>1</sup> and Calef<sup>2</sup> as "a wild Irishwoman of bad character." She talked harshly, perhaps profanely, to the children. The girl Martha immediately fell into a fit. The other children soon followed her example. "They



Governor Bradstreet's Home, Salem.

were struck dead at the sight of the Assembly's catechism, Cotton Mather's 'Milk for Babes,' and some other good books, but could read the Oxford Jests, Popish and Quaker books, and the common prayer, without any difficulties. . . . Sometimes they would be deaf, then dumb, then blind, and sometimes all these disorders together would come upon them. Their tongues would be drawn down their throats, then pulled out upon their chins. Their jaws, necks, shoulders, elbows, and all their joints would appear to be dislocated, and they would make most piteous outcries of burnings, of being cut with knives, etc. The ministers of Boston and Charlestown kept a day of fasting and prayers at the

<sup>1</sup> Hist. Mass., II., 25.

<sup>2</sup> Fowler's Ed., 357.

troubled house, after which the youngest child made no more complaints." The magistrates then interposed, and the elder Glover woman was apprehended. Upon examination she would neither confess nor deny, and appeared disordered in her senses. Physicians declared her to be of sound mind, whereupon she was convicted, sentenced, and executed. The eldest child went to live in the family of the minister. For some time she behaved properly, and then had fits for a short time. Hutchinson says that after this they "returned to their ordinary behavior, lived to adult age, made profession of religion, and the affliction they had been under they publicly declared to be one motive to it. One of them," he says, "I knew many years after. She had the character of a very virtuous woman, and never made any acknowledgment of fraud in the transaction." <sup>3</sup>

I have thus traced, all too briefly, the

more important witchcraft cases in New England previous to 1692. Enough has here been given, I trust, to show that the outbreak in Salem Village was nothing phenomenal; that it did not differ from what had happened elsewhere, save in obtaining a firmer hold in the minds of the people, and being fostered by certain ministers and prominent men more than in other places. A few strong, calm words, from them in February, 1692, would have summarily allayed the excitement and put an end to the whole wretched business. But these words were not spoken, and the tragedy followed.

## II.—THE OUTBREAK IN SALEM VILLAGE.

THE witchcraft delusion of 1692 undoubtedly had its inception in the home

<sup>3</sup> Hist. Mass., II., 25-26. Mass. Hist. Coll., VIII., 357.

of Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the church in Salem Village. In his family were a daughter, Elizabeth, nine years of age, a niece, Abigail Williams, eleven years of age, and a servant, Tituba, half Indian, half negro. The tradition is that the two girls, with a few other children of the neighborhood, used, during the winter of 1691-2, to assemble in the minister's kitchen and practise tricks and incantations with Tituba. Among the other girls of the neighborhood, some of whom are believed to have been present at a portion of these performances, were Ann Putnam, twelve years of age, daughter of Sergeant Thomas Putnam; Mercy Lewis, seventeen years of age, maid in the family of Sergeant Putnam; Elizabeth Hubbard, seventeen years of age, a niece of the wife of Dr. Griggs, the village physician, and a servant in the family; and Sarah Churchill, aged twenty years, a servant in the family of George Jacobs, senior. Mercy Lewis had previously lived in the family of Rev. George Burroughs. During the winter these girls held occasional meetings in the neighborhood, usually at the minister's house. Calef says they began to act after a strange and unusual manner, by getting into holes and creeping under chairs and stools, and to use sundry odd postures and antic gestures, uttering foolish, ridiculous speeches, which neither they themselves nor any others could make sense of.<sup>1</sup>

This state of affairs continuing from late in December until into February, 1692, the elder people learned something of what was transpiring in their midst. Great was their consternation. Dr. Griggs was called, but as sometimes happens, even in this age of great learning, the doctor did not know what ailed the young

people. Their "disease" was one unknown to medical science. Evidently feeling obliged to give some explanation of the disorder, the doctor declared that the girls were possessed of the devil, in other words, bewitched. Thereupon the curiosity of the whole community was awakened. People came from far and near to witness the strange antics of these children. Their credulity was taxed to its utmost. Mr. Parris, as was natural, was not only an interested spectator, but he took charge of the whole business. He called a meeting of the ministers of the neighboring parishes to observe, to investigate, to pray. They came, they saw, they were conquered. They unanimously agreed with Dr. Griggs that the girls were bewitched. The all-important question was. Who or what caused them to act as they did? Who bewitched them? Whose spirit did the devil take



Cotton Mather's Grave, Boston.

to afflict them? Mr. Parris and some of the ministers and prominent people of the Village undertook to solve the mystery. Several private fasts were held at the minister's house, and several were held publicly. The children at first refused to tell anything about the mysterious affair. Tituba professed to know how to discover witches, and tried some experiments with that end in view. With the assistance of her husband, John Indian, she mixed some meal with the urine of the afflicted and made a cake.

<sup>1</sup> Calef's "More Wonders," Fowler's ed., 224.





Witch Hill, Salem.

The children, hearing that Tituba was attempting to discover the witches, are said to have "cried out" against her. They said she pinched, pricked, and tormented them, and they fell into fits. She acknowledged that she had learned how to find out a witch, but denied that she was one herself. Tituba was called an Indian, but she was not a North American Indian. She and her husband, John, were brought from the West Indies by Mr. Parris when he came to Massachusetts Bay. They had been his slaves there. Both spoke English but imperfectly, and understood it only partially. In addition to Tituba, the children named Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn as their tormentors. Most of the early writers, and Mr. Upham as well, think there was method in their madness. They describe Good as "a melancholy distracted person," and Osburn as "a bedridden old woman." No one of the three women, they reason, was likely to be believed in any denial of the statements of the girls connected with families of prominence and respectability.

This, in brief, is the story that has come down to us from all the early and most of the later writers. I am not disposed to deny its correctness; but two or three suggestions occur in this connection, which seem worthy of mention. Is it probable that these girls, living miles apart — in some instances five miles from the minister's house — in a wilderness almost, where carriages were unknown

and bridle paths often dangerous, would travel by night, in the dead of winter, to Parris's house and home again? Is it probable that their parents or mistresses would allow them out and away from home in this manner? Is it probable that such meetings — "circles" as some would call them — could be held at the minister's house and he not know it, or knowing, permit their continuance?

Tituba undoubtedly had familiarity with the strange tricks and jugglery practised by the semi-barbarous races; and, although we know nothing definite about it, is it not reasonable to presume that she exhibited some of these to Elizabeth Parris and Abigail Williams, who lived in the house with her, and that they told their young friends in the Village about the performances; that these friends came secretly to witness the mysterious tricks; that they were instructed in the practice of them, and did practise them for self-amusement or the amazement of other young people; and that eventually the business got noised abroad and came to the knowledge of the elder people? They would naturally institute an inquiry. The girls, probably, realized that if the exact truth were known to their elders they would be severely punished, possibly publicly disciplined in church. To prevent this, may they not have claimed that they could not help doing as they did? They undoubtedly had some knowledge of witchcraft, enough at least to enable them to make a pretence of being

bewitched. The girls could not for a moment realize the terrible consequences which were to follow. Having taken the first step, they were in the position of all who take a first step in falsehood or any other wrongdoing — another step became necessary, and then another. Then they were probably commanded by their elders to tell who caused them to do these strange things or, as most writers put it, who "afflicted" them. As already stated, they named Tituba, Good, and Osburn. Is it possible that we have misunderstood the first statements of these children? Is it possible they did not say Tituba's *apparition* caused them to do certain strange things, but that they said she *taught* them? Is it possible that Parris, to save scandal in his own immediate household, made Tituba declare that she had bewitched the girls? I do not mean to assert that this is the correct version of the outbreak of witchcraft in Salem Village. I only desire to suggest what may have been, something which offers, perhaps, a rational explanation of the beginning of this horrid nightmare. Certainly such a course is as plausible, as reasonable, and has as much basis of fact as any of the theories heretofore advanced. We know nothing about these things as matter of absolute knowledge: all is largely conjecture.

At all events, the children "named" the three women as their tormentors. Joseph Hutchinson, Edward Putnam, Thomas Putnam and Thomas Preston lodged complaint against Tituba, Good and Osburn; and on February 29, Jonathan Corwin and John Hathorne, the local magistrates, issued warrants for their arrest — the first warrants issued for witchcraft in 1692. The examinations were begun on Tuesday, March 1, 1692. They were to have been held in the house of Lieutenant Nathaniel Ingersoll in Salem Village, the tavern of the place. But the numbers who came to witness the opening scene in this great drama of the new world could not be accommodated in its rooms, and the court therefore adjourned to the meeting-house.

As Sarah Good was the first person examined I will deal with her case first. Sarah Good was wife of William Good,

"laborer." Calef says<sup>1</sup> she had long been counted a melancholy or distracted woman; and Upham says<sup>2</sup> she was broken down by wretchedness of condition and ill-repute. Her answers to the questions propounded to her, as the reader will see, give no evidence of coming from a person "broken down," or "forlorn." She appears to have answered with a fair degree of spirit. During most of the first week in March, while on trial before the local magistrates, Sarah Good was taken to Ipswich jail every night and returned in the morning, a distance of about ten miles each way. From the testimony of her keepers and the officers who escorted her to and from jail, we learn that she exhibited considerable animation. She leaped off her horse three times, railed at the magistrates, and endeavored to kill herself. Putnam says<sup>3</sup> there is no evidence that Sarah Good ever had trouble with any of her neighbors or accusers, or that any of them had hostile feelings toward her. Evidently he had never seen the testimony of the Abbeys and the Gadges. Samuel Abbey, aged thirty-five, told the magistrates that three years previous to the hearing, William and Sarah Good, being destitute of a house, came to dwell in their house out of charity; that they let them live there until Sarah Good was of "so turbulent a spirit, spiteful and so maliciously bent" that they could not suffer her to live in their house. Ever since that time "Sarah Good hath carried it very spitefully and maliciously towards them." After she had gone from them they began to lose cattle, and lost several "in an unusual manner, in a drooping condition, and yet they would eat." Altogether they lost seventeen in two years, besides sheep and hogs; and "both doe believe they dyed of witchcraft." They further testified that William Good told them he went home one day and told his wife the Abbeys had lost two cows, and she said she did not care if the Abbeys had lost all their cows. They concluded their testimony with this remarkable statement: "Just that very day that they

<sup>1</sup> Fowler's Ed. p. 236.

<sup>2</sup> Salem Witchcraft II. 13.

<sup>3</sup> Putnam's *Witchcraft Explained*. 334.

said Sarah Good was taken up we the deponents had a cow that could not rise alone, but since presently after she was taken up, the said cow was well and could rise so well as if she had ailed nothing." Sarah Gadge deposed that Sarah Good came to her house about two and a half years previously and wanted to come in; Gadge told her she could not, for she was afraid she had been with them that had had small-pox, whereupon Good fell to muttering and scolding. The next morning Gadge's cows died, "in a sudden, terrible, and strange unusual manner soe that some of the neighbors said and deponent did think it to be done by witchcraft." The testimony of these witnesses shows that some of Good's accusers had had personal encounters with her, which may have engendered ill-feeling.

We come now to the examination of Sarah Good herself. It is given here as



First Church in Salem Village.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

found on the court files in Salem. The warrant issued by Hathorne and Corwin charged her with "suspicion of witchcraft done to Elizabeth Parris, Abigail Williams, Ann Putnam, and Elizabeth Hubbard, at sundry times within this two months." This warrant was returned with the certificate of George Locker, constable, that he had "brought the person of the within named Sarah Good." Her testi-

mony was written down by Ezekiel Cheever, and is given below? The examination was on the first and fifth. It is quite evident that only portions of the testimony were taken, and that it is interspersed with comments by the reporter. And here a word of caution may as well be uttered, which will apply not more to the case of Sarah Good than to others. All the testimony in these trials, or examinations, before the local magistrates was taken by persons intensely prejudiced toward the prosecution. In reading it this should always be borne in mind. Much of it was taken by Parris himself. Knowing his feelings, and that he was the leading prosecutor very often, we feel that he would be pretty sure to devote more attention to testimony against the accused than to that in their favor. In fact, this is evidenced throughout the records which have been preserved:

The examination of Sarah Good before the Worshipful Esqrs., John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin.

Sarah Good, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?—None.

Have you made no contracts with the Devil?—No.

Why do you hurt these children?—I do not hurt them. I scorn it.

Who do you employ then to do it?—I employ nobody.

What creature do you employ then?—No creature; but I am falsely accused.

Why did you go away muttering from Mr. Parris his house?—I did not mutter, but thanked him for what he gave my child.

Have you no contract with the Devil?—No.

Hathorne desired the children all of them to look upon her and see if this were the person that hurt them, and so they all did look upon her, and said that this was one of the persons that did torment them. Presently they were all tormented.

Sarah Good, do you not see what you have done? Why do you not tell us the truth? Why do you thus torment these poor children?—I do not torment them.

Who do you employ then?—I employ nobody. I scorn it.—How came they thus tormented?—What do I know? You bring others here and now you charge me with it.

Why, who was it?—I do not know, but it was some you brought into the meeting-house with you.

We brought you into the meeting-house.—But you brought in two more.

Who is it then that tormented the children?—It was Osburn.

What is it you say when you go muttering away from persons' houses?—If I must tell, I will tell. Do tell us, then.—If I must tell, I will tell. It



is the commandments; I may say my commandments, I hope.

What commandment is it? — If I must tell you, I will tell; it is a Psalm.

What Psalm? — (After a long time she muttered over some part of a Psalm.)

Who do you serve? — I serve God.

What God do you serve? — The God that made heaven and earth (though she was not willing to mention the word "God.")

Her answers were in a very wicked, spiteful manner, reflecting and retorting against the authority with base and abusive words; and many lies she was taken in. It was here said that her husband had said that she was either a witch or would be one very quickly. The worshipful Mr. Hathorne asked him his reason why he said so of her, whether he had ever seen anything by her. He answered: "No, not in this nature, but it was her bad carriage to him; and indeed," said he, "I may say with tears, that she is an enemy to all good."

Here is the account of this examination of Sarah Good as written down by Hathorne himself:

"Salem village, March the first, 1692. — Sarah Good, upon examination, denied the matter of fact, viz., that she ever used any witchcraft or hurt the above-said children, or any of them. The above-named children, being all present, positively accused her of hurting them sundry times within this two months, and also that morning. Sarah Good denied that she had been at their houses in said time or near them, or had done them any hurt. All the above-said children then present accused her face to face. Upon which they were all dreadfully tortured and tormented for a short space of time, and the affliction and tortures being over they charged said Sarah Good again that she had then so tortured them, and came to them and did it, although she was personally then kept at a considerable distance from them.

"Sarah Good being asked if that she did not then hurt them, who did it, and the children being again tortured, she looked upon them, and said it was one of them we brought into the house with us. We asked her who it was. She then answered and said it was Sarah Osburn, and Sarah Osburn was then under custody, and not in the house, and the children, being quickly after recovered out of their fit, said that it was Sarah Good and also Sarah Osburn that then did hurt and torment or afflict them, although both of them at the same time at a distance or remote from them personally. There were also sundry other questions put to her, and answers given thereunto by her according as is also given in."

On March 7, Good, with Osburn and Tituba, was sent to jail in Boston. There she remained until June 28 when the grand jury presented an indictment against her as follows:

"The jurors for our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, present that Sarah Good,

wife of William Good of Salem village, husbandman, the second day of May in the fourth year of the reign of our sovereign Lord and Lady, William and Mary, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King and Queen, defenders of the faith, etc., and divers other days and times, as well before as after, certain detestable arts called witchcraft and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practised and exercised, at and within the township of Salem within the county of Essex aforesaid, in upon and against one Sarah Vibber, wife of John Vibber of Salem aforesaid, husbandman, by which said wicked arts she, said Sarah Vibber, the said second day of May in the fourth year above-said and divers other days and times as well before as after, was and is afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, and also for sundry other acts of witchcraft by said Sarah Good committed and done, before and since that time, against the peace of our sovereign, Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, their crown and dignity, and against the forme of the statute in that case made and provided."

A second indictment charged her with practising the same arts on Elizabeth Hubbard; a third charged a similar offence committed on Ann Putnam. The time alleged in the last two indictments was March 1, which, it will be remembered, was the date of the preliminary examination. During the trial of these cases, Deliverance Hobbs gave a "confession" as follows:

"Being at a meeting of the witches in Mr. Parris' field when Mr. Burroughs preached and administered the sacrament to them saw Sarah Good among the rest, and this fully agrees with what the afflicted relate."

Abigail Hobbs testified that "she was in company with Sarah Good and knows her to be a witch, and afterwards was taken deaf; and Mary Walcott saw Good and Osborn run their fingers into this (deponent's) ears and a little after she spoke and said Good told her she should not speak."

Mary Warren confessed that "Sarah Good is a witch and brought her the book to sign."

William Batten, William Shaw, and Deborah Shaw testified that Susan Sheldon's hands were tied in such a manner that they were forced to cut the string. Sheldon told them it was Good Dustin that tied her hands; that she had been tied four times in two weeks, "the two last times by Sarah Good." They further declared that whenever she touched the

string she was bit ; also to a broom being carried out of the house and being put in a tree.

Johanna Chilburn testified that "the apparition of Sarah Good and her last child appeared to deponent and told her that its mother murdered it" ; that Good said she did it because she could not attend it ; that the child told its mother she was a witch, and then "Sarah Good said she did give it to the Devil."

Henry Herrick testified that Sarah Good came to his father's house and desired to lodge there ; his father forbade it, and she went away grumbling. Being followed and forbidden to sleep in the barn, she replied that it would cost his father one or two of his best cows. Jonathan Batchelder added to this that about a week after, two of his "master cattle" were removed and younger cattle put in their places, and since then several cattle had been let loose in a strange manner.

Elizabeth Hubbard, one of the afflicted, saw the apparition of Sarah Good, "who did most grievously afflict her by pinching and pricking," and so continued hurting her until the first day of March, and then tortured her on that day, the day of her examination. She had also seen the apparition of Sarah Good afflict Elizabeth Parris, Abigail Williams, Ann Putnam and Sarah Vibber. "One night," she continued, "Samuel Sibley, that was attending me, struck Sarah Good on the arm." Susannah Sheldon said she had been most grievously tortured by the apparition of Sarah Good "biting, pricking, pinching and almost choking me to death." On June 26, 1692, Good most violently pulled her down behind a chest and tied her hands together with a wheel band and choked her, and William Battis and Thomas Buffinton were forced to cut the band from her hands for they could not untie it. During the examination of Good, this girl pretended to be afflicted, and said Sarah Good, by invisible hands, took a censer off the table and carried it out doors. Here is the deposition of Ann Putnam :

"The deposition of Ann Putnam, Jr., who testifieth and saith that on the 25th of February, 1691-92, I saw the apparition of Sarah Good which

did torture me most grievously, but I did not know her name until the 27th of February, and then she told me her name was Sarah Good. And then she did pinch me most grievously, and also since, several times urging me vehemently to write in her book. And also on the first of March, being the day of her examination, Sarah Good did most grievously torture me, and also several times since. And also on the first day of March, 1692, I saw the apparition of Sarah Good go and afflict the bodies of Elizabeth Parris, Abigail Williams and Elizabeth Hubbard. Also, I have seen the apparition of Sarah Good afflicting the body of Sarah Vibber.

mark  
"ANN X PUTNAM."

Sarah Vibber, a woman thirty-six years of age, testified that Good tortured Mercy Lewis on April 11th, and herself on May 2d, by pressing her breath almost out, and also afflicted her infant so that she and Vibber could not hold it. Since then the apparition of Sarah Good had pinched, beat and choked her, and pricked her with pins. Subsequently, one night, Good's apparition came into her room, pulled down the clothes, and looked at her four-year old child, and it had a great fit.

During this trial, one of the witnesses who sat in the room, cried out that Good had stabbed her, and had broken the knife-blade in so doing. The point of the blade was taken from her clothes where she said she was stabbed. Thereupon a young man arose in the court and stated that he broke that very knife the previous day and threw away the point. He produced the remaining part of the knife. It was then apparent that the girl had picked up the point which he threw away and put it in the bosom of her dress, whence she drew it to corroborate her statement that some one had stabbed her. She had deliberately falsified, and used the knife-point to reinforce the falsehood ; if she was false in this statement, why not in all ? If one girl falsified, how do we know whom to believe ?

The most remarkable witness in this case, and in respect to age, the most remarkable in this whole history, was that of Dorcas Good. Dorcas was daughter of the accused, Sarah Good, and only five years of age. She was called to testify against her own mother. Her evidence was merely that her mother "had three birds, one black, one yellow, and these birds hurt the children and afflicted per-

sons." It may be as well to dispose of little Dorcas and her part in the witchcraft tragedy at this point as later. She was herself accused of being a witch, and three depositions against her are on the files.

"The deposition of Mercy Lewis, aged about nineteen years, who testifieth and saith that on the 2d of April, 1692, the apparition of Dorothy Good, Sarah Good's daughter, came to me and did afflict me, urging me to write in her book, and several times since Dorothy Good hath afflicted me, biting, pinching and choking me, urging me to write in her book."

Mary Walcott deposed that March 21, "saw the apparition of Dorcas Good come to her, bit her, pinched her, and afflicted her most grievously, also almost choking her and urged her to write in a

book." Ann Putnam testified to the same sort of torment in almost the exact words of Walcott. Dorcas was committed to jail with her mother. We have no further record of her. Whether she was ever tried is not known; probably not. Certainly she was not executed.

Sarah Good was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. She was executed on July 19. Rev. Mr. Noyes, who was present, told her as she stood on the scaffold, "You are a witch, and you know you are a witch." "You are a liar," was her indignant reply; "I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, and if you take my life, God will give you blood to drink."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Calef, Fowler's Ed. 250.

(To be continued.)

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## GWENLYN.

By Ernest Rhys.

THEY were two children, like these flowers  
 In simple beauty drest;  
 I loved as dearly Gwenlyn's grace  
 As Eva's deep unrest.

They were but children, — joyous, free,  
 And I thought no harm to tell  
 Of the hopes of eternal fame of song  
 That the poet knows so well.

But time went on, and they became  
 New dowered in woman's ways,  
 And I saw their eyes had a deeper light,  
 And their forms a fairer grace.

And Eva shone, a flower of gold,  
 A flower to sun the night;  
 But Gwenlyn as the spring's first bloom  
 That makes the sad heart light.

And light and glad with wondrous love  
 My sad heart quickly grew,  
 And the merry sun of spring and youth  
 Made all old things seem new.

And yet a little while, and then —  
 And then the end was come;  
 And Gwenlyn's was the way of light,  
 And mine was the way of gloom.

# THE TRAPPING OF THE WIDOW ROSE.

By Francis Dana.

## I.



HEREAS there be many who, from the very lack of well-to-do and beneficent uncles, are in great straits and know not whither to look for assistance, and

*Whereas*, we are blessed with abundance, and have nothing in particular to do,

*Resolved*, 1.<sup>st</sup> That we adopt the World as our Nephew, for the purpose of rendering, collectively, an Uncle's care to such as do most sorely need the same, etc.

The above is an extract from the Constitution of the Uncle's Club of New York.

The club was composed of twoscore of the jolliest old jolly fellows, — practical men, men of leisure, favorites of fortune, but all practical. They believed that nothing in the world was without its use, if one only chose to use it.

Having contemplated human affliction from this point of view, they found it qualified to afford amusement and gratification to the club, and treated it accordingly.

Once a week they met, to amuse themselves with the woes of others. Once a week they dined together royally — the Uncles — in luxurious rooms.

The business of the club was done after dinner.

In a cloud of smoke the secretary read communications from members.

When a member found a man in distress, debt, hard luck, that man, deserving or not, was reported to the Uncles.

And as the secretary read, pictures of sorrow and trouble drawn in the light and shade of humor and pathos, floated in the fragrant smoke-cloud — pictures that took richer hues and warmer tints from the club's good wine, that went merrily round the while.

Then when the Uncle's hearts were warm with good cheer, checks were drawn and signed, ways and means considered, committees appointed, and, ere the next meeting, all the aforesaid troubles were as far as possible relieved — many turned to positive rejoicing.

With infinite tact and delicacy the work was done, men too proud to take help from their own brothers would find their difficulties, as it seemed, miraculously removed. Debts would suddenly be paid, favorite plans (almost given up for sheer hopelessness and discouragement) would become easy of accomplishment, a poor man struggling with misfortune would find the foe yielding when it had seemed strongest.

After these reports had been read and disposed of, came the reports of committees of the previous week, and the Uncles chuckled and roared with mirth and satisfaction, as they heard how Trotter had looked when bills one after another came — all receipted — to his office, or how Downes had congratulated himself on the consummate ability with which he had managed his last deal, or how old Mrs. Murphy, on her knees, had thanked St. Bridget for "puttin' a new pfig in the sty in me absence, an' the ould wan sould for rint," — all being in fact due to the timely help of the merry Uncles.

And if they met with ingratitude here and there (for some people will be ungrateful on general principles, even though they know not to whom they shall be so), they laughed the louder; after all they had done it for their own amusement. So they dined, and the gods were their guests.

Wit and Art were there, and Wisdom, and free-hearted Mirth.

And hand in hand with Bacchus in his merriest mood came the Christian Graces

—for Bacchus in good company is no pot-house deity but an inspiring influence—and the Graces disdain not the feasts of men of good will.

And the secretary read as follows :

“SKOKOMISH, Nov. 15.

“DEAR OLD BOYS:—I don't know when this letter will reach you, for the snow, in spite of the delightful climate attributed to the Puget Sound forests, is four feet deep on the trail, and we are seventeen good miles—bad miles, I mean—eleven by land and six by water from the Post Office, and the storm that's smashing through the tops of the big trees, three hundred feet overhead, means more snow; and more snow means a flooded trail for several days after the first thaw, for the Skokomish drains a large part of the east side of the Olympic Range, and is a sort of wet tornado when it rises.

“It's lonely here, awfully lonely, in the shadow of these huge mountains among the white columns of the trees—white because the snow has clung to the moss and they look like enormous marble pillars, holding up the mass of storm-clouds. In fact, it's like a gigantic cemetery, which makes it semi-terri-fic. It is so lonely that the snoring of Jackson in the next room (for this cabin has two whole rooms in it), snoring, which under ordinary circumstances would support a plea in justification of homicide—is here a welcome and companionable sound. And, speaking of Jackson, he's the subject of this letter. If there ever was an unfortunate wretch, it's Jackson. I recommend him unhesitatingly for adoption, on the following grounds: Jackson is deeply—but the less said about that, the more (which means that the less I say about it now, the more I shall by and by). To begin with, Jackson is the best shot in the Skokomish Bottom, and a skilful trapper. He is terribly hard up; for the game has all gone down to the coast on account of the inclemency, to put it gently, of the winter. Jackson—‘Three-Fingered Jackson,’ we call him, for obvious causes—would go there also, if it were not that he has good reason of his own—and some one else's—for staying here, and he can't even go off to work in a logging camp, which is the settler's usual resource when fish and game give out.

“He is a thoroughly good fellow when sober; and as the heavy snow caught him at the bottom of the bottle, and as we have been snowed up ever since—living, by the way on salt bear, which I don't like—he's been sober for some time. And even when it's otherwise he's not bad.

“Every day he takes his rifle and goes out. So do I. And sometimes he brings home a bit of game, but it doesn't last long, and then we fall back on salt bear, of which there seems to be an unending supply.

“Every day he goes the round of his traps, and his invariable answer when asked what he has caught is, ‘What the little boy shot at!’

“The little boy in question is legendary and proverbial, and is supposed to have shot at ‘nothin’.

“As to the reason of Jackson's staying here, the Widow Rose is responsible. A pretty little woman of about twenty-one, with two children, who would be the death of most mothers, left to take care of herself and them in this black wilderness of forest. Her husband was killed in a logging camp a year and a half ago, by a falling tree. Her little ranch—which she keeps in prime order—is about a mile down the river from here. Jackson goes over every day to help her milk the cows, get in wood, etc., and her loneliness and utter helplessness in case of accident keep him from going away. Besides, as I was saying when interrupted, Jackson is deeply smitten with the lady. She knows it, but doesn't encourage his advances, because he never makes any, and, I think, for no other reason.

“‘I hain't got two bits to my name,’ says Jackson, ‘that's what I hain't. And she's got a good little ranch as ever you see, and I won't be called no fortune-hunter by no man. If I could just lay up a bit—but how can I leave her an' them two kids stay all alone in this bit o' timber, an' go off to get work? That's what! And she ain't nowhere else to go to.’ In fact, Jackson is too proud to marry Mrs. Rose, till he can give her as good as she brings.

“Boys, the candidate for your avuncular protection needs it, and, which is rare, deserves it.

“If we can manage to set him up without injuring that same pride of his, and it don't take much in the woods here to make a rich man, he'll have no scruples about asking the Widow Rose.

“Then—unless I'm greatly mistaken in the lady's feelings—the children will have a father, and the helpless woman a husband, and Jackson will have all he wants in this world, and, counting the children, perhaps a little more.

“If we can only get him into possession of a small sum, he'll marry that girl at once, and there will be joy on the banks of the Skokomish. I hope to hear from you sooner or later, and will do all in my power to further any good turns you may care to do Jackson. (If he knew I had written this, I'd have to sleep in a snowdrift.)

“Your obedient servant, J. M. P.

“To the Uncles, at the Uncles' Club, N. Y. City.”

As the secretary fell comfortably back in his chair, there arose a murmur of approbation.

One of the best cases the Uncles had met with for some time.

Moved and seconded that J. M. P. be fined for the pun on cemetery—amount to be left to his own conscience, and to be expended as he should see fit for the benefit of Jackson. Carried.

Moved and seconded that Three-Fingered Jackson of Skokomish, and the Widow Rose of Skokomish be formally adopted, and that a fund be sent to J. M. P. for the purpose of enabling him to

extend the Avuncular Protection to the Nephew and Niece so adopted.

Carried unanimously, with acclamation. And far into the night the Uncles laughed and sang and chatted, and by and by they rolled away to home and bed.

## II.

THERE had been a flood on the Skokomish. A hundred mountains had poured the wash of their snow-clad sides with its canons and the river had over-leaped its bounds and swept the snow from the trail and the low land. Now, receding again it had left the banks clear, but still roared lustily between its rocky walls, and thundered a great peal of angry laughter to the mountains, and the mountains thundered back and called one to another with resounding voices, and the forests shook with their mirth.

Well up the river trail walked the Widow Rose, behind her with a bag now nearly empty, the representative of the Uncle's Club.

"Did you know that Jackson couldn't live away from you?" he was saying to the lady.

"Here's the best trap but one," said she.

"Now, truly, Mrs. Rose," said he, "don't you think he's a splendid fellow? You can't find a better man nor a stronger in all Washington — and mighty few bigger — and then see how he's stayed right here and looked after you and the children this winter —"

"Well, if he can't live away from me as you were sayin', how can he help livin' here? I ain't nowhere else," said the Widow Rose. "And as for bein' a fine man, he may be all you say — and a good deal more — and he is the best shot in Mason County, and the best-hearted man in or out of it, maybe; but as for me likin' him, he ain't never asked me too, and I've no use for a man as can't say what he means. And if he's as good a feller as you said, he'd do as much for any woman as he has for me, so that don't prove nothin'."

"Don't you know he's afraid to ask you because he has nothing, and you

have a ranch, and he thinks it would seem —"

"Oh, bother!" said she; "these things don't count, an' if he had plain sense he'd know that much."

"Why won't you make it easy for him in some way?" said the Uncle pleadingly. "Give him a good chance to speak, just to see what he'll say," he added, offering as strong an inducement as he could to the feminine mind.

"This," said the Widow Rose, again, "is the last trap but one. You can put that parcel in this one, an' watch from that there holler stump — an' I'll go on to the next, which it ain't fur off, with the rest o' yer things there, an' join ye when he's gone back. It's about time he come along — so get a move on."

So saying she took the bag and went on. He took from his pocket a fat envelop marked:

"Three-Fingered Jackson,

"From his affectionate Uncles."

snapped the trap on one of its corners, and hid in the stump.

About this time an immensely tall fellow, broad and sinewy, with his rifle on his shoulder, was coming up the trail.

"Looks like somethin' had been there," said he reflectively. "Can't see no tracks though — snow's washed off an' the trail froze."

Then he stopped to look at his first trap. "Sprung," said he, "an' by all that's mighty — what kinder bird is that? Well, now, that'll make Hatty an' the kids a good dinner, but I never see no turkey here before." Stopping at the next trap he was further surprised to find a sucking pig in splendid order. "Bald-headed Solomon's beard!" said he; "there's a hen an' pig ranch broke loose up in the mountains some place. But here's this feller already butchered an' ready for pork. Well, some one's a playin' it on me, an' it can't be helped, an' I'm 'bliged to him. It's that feller from the East — that's what it is, an' I don't know where he's gone, nor where his home is — an' he left here this mornin' early. Well — God bless him — he always was a good fellow, only he didn't know much."

The next trap had captured a beautiful Winchester — the result, together with

a belt and much ammunition, of J. M. P's. fine; the next, a fine Smith and Wesson; the next, a good knife.

"The feller's a millionaire," said Jackson, "an' if he'd offered to give me them things any other way I wouldn't a took 'em; but comin' in my traps it seems different some way. He was a good feller." A fur cap was in the next trap, and Jackson put it on without a murmur. The next contained an envelope sealed:

"Three-Fingered Jackson,  
"From his affectionate Uncles."

A paper inside, and another envelope.

"Know all men by these presents.

"That we, the Uncle's Club of New York, do hereby acknowledge as our beloved Nephew, pro tem; three-Fingered Jackson of Skokomish, and beg him to accept the enclosed as a mark of our affection."

This was sealed with the seal of the Uncle's Club—an *ant* dressed in masculine attire—and it was signed with forty names. And the inner envelope contained a roll of bills, one thousand dollars—for the Uncles did well by their adopted. That sum is a large fortune on the Skokomish. The Uncle watched from the stump. Jackson was staggered for a moment. Then he sat down on the trail and read the letter over and over. Then he counted the roll of bills. He opened his mouth, and shut it again. At last he said:

"Well, I never knew I had no Uncles—but as this here note says, I might know it now—by these presents!"—and he went on up the trail.

The Uncle crept from the stump, and followed stealthily, at some distance. Presently the trapper stopped, before a great rock whose base was surrounded with brush.

Man is never satisfied. The more you give him, the more he wants.

"Now comes the last trap," said Jackson. "I wish that I might find Hatty in it—seems like I could ask her, now."

The Uncle heard a rustle in the brush, and the sharp snap of a sprung bear-trap.

"Bear," said Jackson; and, forgetting

for the moment the fruits of his adoption, Hatty—all but the game—sprang to the rock, and stopped. The Uncle crept after him and peered through the leafless bushes. Under the rock was as pretty a grotto as a nymph of ice and winter could wish for a home. The ledge overhung, and long, thick icicles like supporting pillars reached the ground on either side. From the top and front, where a cleft gave them a place, hung ferns and grasses, frozen into a thick fringe of ice. In this cave stood the Widow Rose, cheeks flushed, eyes bright with excitement, hat off, and her thick hair torn from its restraining ribbon by the bushes, falling in rich dark masses to her knees. Beside the grotto, open-mouthed, wide-eyed, astonished beyond the usual power of man to be astonished, stood Jackson, his rifle at his feet, his hand half-lifted, still and dumb with amazement.

"Well, you big booby, can't you help a lady off your bear-trap, or ain't you got no manners? or are you too stuck on yourself in your new hat to think of anythin' else? Here I am caught in yer horrid old trap, an' my fingers too numb to do anything and I can't get my feet on the springs."

Jackson grasped the situation—and the woman. The Uncle, satisfied and unwilling to intrude, departed by stealth and took the trail for Hoodsport, near Skokomish, where his baggage awaited him. At the next meeting but one of the Uncle's Club, he reported in person, and gained several pounds in weight. As to the couple on the Skokomish, ere Hatty's skirt was free from the trap, her fingers were no longer numb, and Three-Fingered Jackson had promise of happiness. And the two coming home along the trail met the parson from the Reservation, who had come over at once on the Uncle's representations. When the news was received, there was mirth at the Uncle's Club, and the health of the Jacksons was drunk thrice over.

"Not forgetting the kids, gentlemen," said the president, as an excuse for another.



## THE NEW SOUTH.—THE CITY OF FORT WORTH.

*By F. M. Clarke.*



Fort Worth looking Northeast.

IN the spring of 1849, Major Ripley Arnold of the Second Dragoons, United States Army, in seeking for an eligible site for one of a line of posts, then recently designated to extend from the Red River southwestwardly to the Rio Grande, camped on the Trinity River about one mile northeast of where the Court House of Tarrant County now stands, choosing the spot as particularly eligible for a garrison on account of its elevation and water supply. The policy of the government was to establish this cordon of posts for the protection of the frontier against hostile Indians and bands of marauders from the Mexican territory, Northern Texas, west of the Lower Cross Timbers, being then almost exclusively inhabited by Indians. The post became a base of supplies for the more distant posts, and was christened "Fort Worth" by Major Arnold, in honor of one of the heroes of the Mexican War, — he who stormed the Bishop's Palace at Monterey. In 1853, the post had a population of about one hundred, and settlers were rapidly coming into the place, and in November of the same year the last detachment of the Second Dragoons were removed, and since that time no troops have been stationed here.

Fort Worth is the capital of Tarrant County. It is situated nearly in the

centre of the county on an elevated plateau overlooking the Trinity River from its high bluffs. The city proper is upon a mesa of peninsular contour, so made by the winding Trinity River, the plateau having a general elevation of from sixty to seventy feet above the river channel, lifting the city above miasmatic influences. It is six hundred and seventeen to six hundred and forty feet above sea level, and so obtains the best possible natural drainage, which has been assisted by all the most modern scientific principles of sewerage disposal. It has perhaps the best system of sewerage in Texas, consisting of fifty-eight miles of sewer mains and laterals, leading to the Trinity River below the city. Its suburbs mount the elevations that surround it like an amphitheatre, but still afford it, through the vales between, an exposure to the South. The temperature on a summer day is, on an average, fifteen to twenty degrees less than it is at St. Louis and Kansas City, and the altitude of the city affords exceedingly dry and pure air. The death rate is but one to ten thousand. The winters are usually mild, owing to the nearness of the Gulf.

The city has beautiful suburbs, and from their heights a panorama is unfolded of manifold charms. In the foreground is the city, with its clustering spires and

towers, and its central squares of urban stateliness, with the clear waters of the sinuous river winding by; in the distance, the fields, the orchards, and the woodlands of Tarrant County.

In the residence portion, every dwelling sits apart, embowered in a fragrant garden, where roses, clematis, heliotrope, and arbutus run luxuriant riot. The visitor from the older states is at once struck with the curious appearance of the streets, which, laid out with uniformity at right angles, are broad and level, and in the general plan convenient, but very few diagonal streets occur. The apparent haphazard way in which the buildings are

ber 26, 1876, when the Town Council adopted the general charter of the state, incorporating cities of one thousand population or over. A census taken at that time showed that something over 1,100 people were living within the boundaries of the tract officially fixed as the city site. The business at this time was done on the "Plaza," or public square about the Court House, and from this building, at that time a quaint, one-story, frame structure, to the city limits, brought one into the country. To-day, Fort Worth, including its suburbs, has 30,000 population, her business reaches out over 11 thoroughfares of steel,



"Idlewild" on Trinity River, near Fort Worth.

located outside of the strictly business centre of the city, will perhaps most arrest the attention of the stranger. A magnificent eight-story structure, built of granite and sandstone, occupied from ground to roof with busy offices, elbows a dilapidated one-story frame building, with curling clapboards and sway-back roof. A huge wholesale house blockades the sidewalk with boxes, barrels, and bales for half a block, and beside it are a couple of vacant lots. A retail dry goods store, palatial in size and equipment, shares its occupancy of the block with a six-by-ten fruit stand.

Fort Worth became a city on Septem-

ber residences extend beyond the city limits, and a number of additions to the city have been made. In the year 1877 the total assessable value of Fort Worth amounted to \$246,516; in 1880 they had reached \$1,467,580; and in 1891, \$23,927,047. City taxation for all purposes being, this year, \$1.15 on each \$100 assessed. In 1878, wagons went to their hubs in mud on the principal street. An improvement is now visible, in the presence of 65 miles of paved, guttered, curbed, and macadamized streets.

Fort Worth is not a paradise for dreamers. It is one of the busiest marts of trade in the country. The first trading

was with the cattle men, and it remains with her. The bulk of the supplies for the ranches scattered over the Staked Plains are purchased here. It has now 50 jobbing houses, doing \$30,000,000 of annual trade; a manufactured product of \$6,000,000 a year, and bank



Cumberland Church.

clearings (which may be taken as the sum total of its commerce) of nearly \$100,000,000 per year. Its real estate transfers have aggregated as much as \$10,000,000 in 6 months, and its buildings and public improvements \$3,300,000 in 12. The city is fully abreast of the times in all the modern applications of science to the necessities of mankind. Fort Worth was the first city in the land to use electric street railroads. Forty-six miles of electric street car lines; together with 3 electric light

companies, one of them owned by the city, furnishing illumination for 200 arc and 1,000 incandescent street lamps, show the extent to which electricity is used. Numerous business blocks employ their own plant.

Fort Worth is sometimes called the city of artesian wells. Its water supply is both excellent and bountiful; being provided partly by public and partly by private funds. The public supply used for municipal, manufacturing, and railroad purposes, is obtained from the river by a system of gang wells, and is distributed through 39 miles length of mains. The city is now engaged in adding additional water works at a cost of half a million dollars. The private supply is drawn from about 300 artesian wells, sunk through the limestone substructure of the city's site, to depths ranging from 150 to 2,000 feet. From these two sources about 10,000,000 gallons daily are obtained. The purity of the artesian supply is unexcelled, the most rigid analysis failing to discover any trace of organic taint. Until within the two years last past, the wells were all taken from the 150 foot stratum. In the spring of 1890, the city government began the experiment of sinking a deep well in search of flowing water. Tucker's Hill, an elevation situated in the southern portion of the city at a height of 52 feet above the bench mark at the Court House Square, was selected as the site. The boring of the well was begun, and at the depth of 895 feet a flow of water was reached that discharged 200,000 gallons per 24 hours, through a circular

orifice of 8 inches diameter, at a pressure of 17 pounds to the square inch. This flow was cased off (that is, an iron pipe was driven down so as to completely shut off all of the water from the well tube), the boring was continued

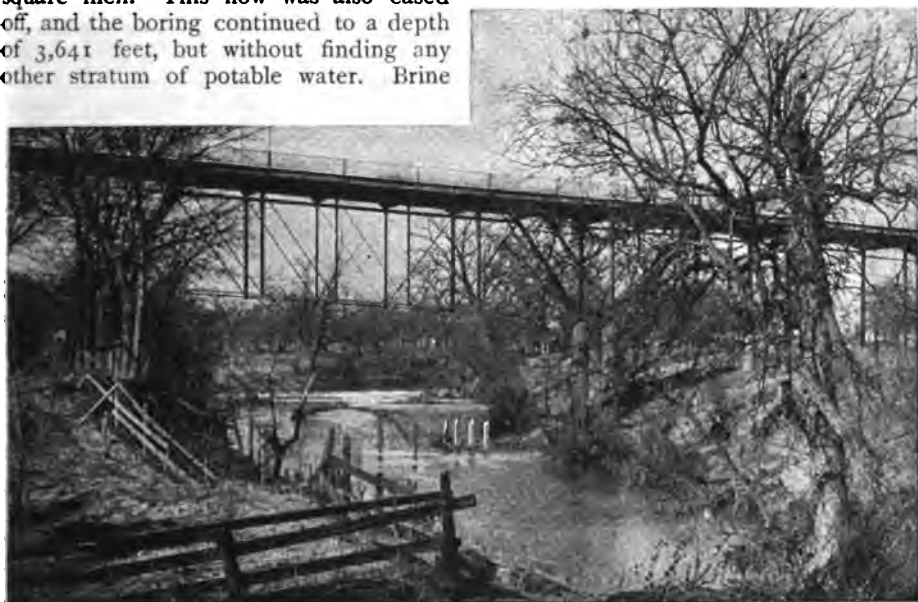


Fort Worth High School.

downwards, and at a depth of 1,035 feet another stratum of water was reached yielding a flow of 250,000 gallons in 24 hours through a 7-inch circular orifice, at a pressure of 22 pounds per square inch. This was in turn cased off and the boring proceeded with. At the depth of 1,135 feet a third stratum of water was found, which gave through a 6-inch circular orifice, a flow of 332,000 gallons per 24 hours at a pressure of 29 pounds to the square inch. This flow was also cased off, and the boring continued to a depth of 3,641 feet, but without finding any other stratum of potable water. Brine

tum, 78 degrees; and that of the 1,135 feet stratum being 84 degrees Fahrenheit. The presence of so desirable a water supply has been a valuable factor in solving the problem of economical administration of manufacturing enterprises.

One of the finest buildings in Fort Worth, is the Natatorium, occupying one-fourth of a block. The flow of two large wells is utilized. The building contains



"High Bridge" across Trinity River near "Idlewild,"

and traces of gas and oil were passed through. The problem of flowing wells was solved. Since that time a large number of wells have been sunk to the various strata, some of them reaching the lowest stratum and the flow of all the strata utilized. The well at the packing-house is one of this kind, and yields a flow of considerably over 1,000,000 gallons daily. The natural pressure of the flowing wells is sufficient to carry the water to the tops of the tallest buildings,—the water of the Brewing Company's well flowing to the height of 90 feet above the ground. The temperature of the water varies with the strata. That of the shallowest stratum, 150 feet, being 60 degrees; of the 895 feet, 68 degrees; of the 1,035 feet stra-

one of the largest enclosed swimming pools in the country, and is equipped with all the latest appliances in the nature of Turkish, and Russian baths, etc. The Natatorium is one of the institutions of Fort Worth and is a constant source of pardonable pride to the citizens. The supply of water for domestic uses is almost entirely derived from the artesian source; not, that the river water is impure or unpalatable, it is exceptionally good, but from the known absolute purity of the artesian. To this is largely due the low death rate. An analysis of this water shows the following results in grains per U. S. gallon. Silica, 1.3456; alumina, trace; iron, sesquioxide, 1.496; sodium chloride, 5.0267; sodium and



Some Residences at Arlington Heights, Fort Worth.

potassium sulphates, 17.2583; sodium carbonate and bi-carbonate, 16.6587; calcium carbonate 11.1579; magnesium carbonate .9432; total solids by all calculation: 43.801 grains. Eminent medical authorities testify to the beneficial influence of these waters in all cases of visceral engorgements, functional diseases of the digestive organs, diseases of the liver and kidneys, as well as skin diseases, though they are in no sense mineral waters.

Standing at the edge of the fertile grain fields of the Texas Panhandle region, in close rapport with the boundless cattle plains, and fairly within the great cotton belt; possessed of an unexcelled water supply, and abundant and cheap fuel,—it was not long before Fort Worth was recognized as the proper place where manufacturers could be located. Shrewd men of business carefully viewed the field, decided, and promptly acted. The manufacturing industries of Fort Worth are both varied and extensive. The Lead Packing Company's Works embrace a pork packery

having a daily capacity of 1,500 hogs, a refrigerator with a daily capacity of 500 beeves and 600 sheep, an ice plant of 60 tons daily, together with the concomitant industries of lard producing, sausage making, canning and packing, bone and fertilizer work, tanning, etc. There are 5 grain elevators, having a combined capacity of half a million bushels (too small for the great harvests); 4 flour mills, minimum capacity of each, 700 barrels per day; 3 stock yards, one of them capable of accommodating, with shelter and water, 5,000 head of cattle and 3,000 hogs; 2 iron foundries; an iron rolling mill; a stove foundry; a windmill and pump factory; a boot and shoe factory; a cotton mill; a tannery; a jute bagging factory; a cracker factory; two candy factories; a granite roofing factory; the largest brewery in the State, the plant of which, including lands, cost \$300,000 the output for the first year being 50,000 barrels. Fuel costs an average of \$3.25 per ton. This establishment has one of the finest of the flowing wells, affording 500,000 gallons in 24 hours; also a plant

for the manufacture of ice, producing 60 tons per day, all of which is used by the refrigerating portion of the brewery and the ice chests of its customers. At \$5.00 per ton, this item is a most valuable adjunct to the establishment. The buildings are handsome, and are located in the city on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railroad, and are also connected by switches with all of the other eleven railway outlets. In addition, there is a huge cotton compress; woven wire mattress and cot factory; baking powder factory; wagon factory; cement works; canning factory; large woollen mill; 6 planing

of Texas, producing already such remarkable wheat crops, that 12,000,000 bushels is reported a conservative estimate of its yield for 1891. To the west, and extending slightly southward, is the extensive and fertile "corn lands" region of the state; while southwest and south are the rich fields of the immense belt of the "cotton king." A vast area, extending from the 26th to the 37th parallels of north latitude, and from the 97th to the 105th degrees of west longitude.

Imagine an irregular pentagon, with Texline at the northern apex, El Paso at the western edge, Bronwood and Galveston marking the southern base line, and Fort Worth at the eastern corner, containing close upon 200 square



Residence of T. J. Roe.



Residence of H. W. Tallant

mills; 2 paint factories; and the machine and repair shops of the Union Pacific, Texas Pacific, Fort Worth and Denver, and St. Louis and Southwestern Railroads. A beginning only has been made by Fort Worth in the manufacturing industries; and yet it has 30 large establishments comprehending standard lines of production, and giving employment to nearly 2,000 people.

Within a radius of 150 miles of Fort Worth, 2,500,000 of people are resident, and this number bids fair to be increased to 3,000,000 before the close of 1893.

Northwest of it lies the vast domain popularly known as the "Panhandle"

miles, where cotton, wheat, corn, and cattle are the staples, and one can at once understand what it is that has caused the growth of

Fort Worth. On it rests her future greatness. That such is assured, is evident from the fact that no other large city lies nearer to the golden grain fields. Fort Worth stands nearest in line between the spinning jennies of the East and the white billows gathered "in the chill September."

To give a measurable idea of this expanse of territory, it may be well to state that the Texas Pacific road runs west about 600 miles from Fort Worth before crossing the state line, and that it is 400 miles northwest on the Fort Worth and Denver road to where the road crosses into New Mexico. The 600 miles of Texas Pacific road runs through lands unsurpassed in fertility; lands that grow

cotton, corn, wheat, oats, rye, and barley; lands that produce apples, pears, peaches, apricots, and grapes unsurpassed in size and flavor; lands that cover with light mantle, beds of coal, salt, gypsum, and the precious metals. To the northwest lie the magnificent wheat lands of the Red River country, and the Wichita and Pease Valleys, where sod land gives 20 bushels of wheat to the acre, and the products of older lands from 25 to 40 bushels.

These sections are rapidly filling up with men who go to reap what the country will produce, and between both and the great markets of the east lies Fort Worth, with unrivalled railroad facilities, the entrepot of this whole southwest em-

made Fort Worth the great railroad centre of the southwest. Although in 1876 it was without a railroad, in 1891, nine different roads with eleven outlets are taxed to their utmost complement to carry its commerce. Other railroads are projected and partly graded, and already Fort Worth is the largest railroad centre in the state, more main lines centring here than at any other point in Texas. Many of the main lines at Fort Worth have branches leading from the city to important crop and cattle regions.

In 1876, according to Dun's commercial register, Fort Worth stood number twenty-two in a list of twenty-two of the largest Texas cities. In 1890, according to the same authority, Fort Worth was the fourth city in the same list. Eight national banks handle the finances of the place with an aggregate capital stock, undivided profits and surplus, of four million dollars; with loans and discounts amounting to five millions, and with one and three-quarters million dollars cash in bank. Fort Worth's bank clearings were, for 1889, \$63-, 264,782.23, and for 1890, \$98,443,413.60, an increase of \$35,178,631.37, or 55.6 per cent.

A commodious federal building is one of the assured improvements in the near future; an appropriation having been made for that purpose by Congress, and the site selected by the Treasury Department and paid for. A new city hall, to cost \$200,000, is being arranged for.

The convenience with which building materials of various kinds can be obtained here contributes no little to the presence of



Hendricks' Office Building.

pire. No other large city is so centrally located.

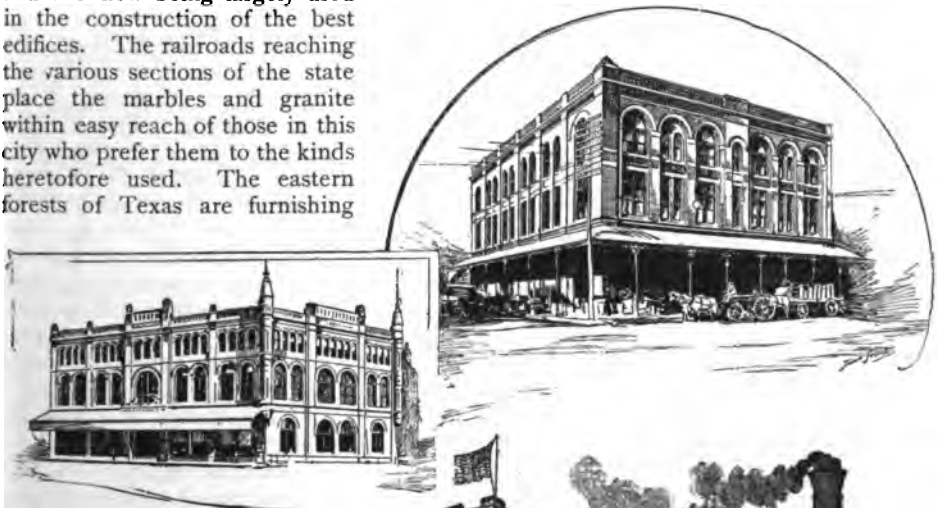
This view of the case is evidently taken by the railroad managements who, with their proverbial sagacity, have built their trunk lines to and from the city, and

many handsome edifices. A fine quality of brick is made from clay which abounds here. The kinds of stone used in buildings recently erected, and now being erected in this city, are numerous, and come from the quarries



in the surrounding sections, rendered easy of approach to Fort Worth's builders by the many railroads radiating from this centre. There is the red sandstone from the Pecos, of which the Chamber of Commerce building is constructed; it can be seen also to good advantage in the Hendricks Block. The famous Granbury and Millsap white sandstone, susceptible of fine finish, and of enduring quality. These are all popular with builders, and are now being largely used in the construction of the best edifices. The railroads reaching the various sections of the state place the marbles and granite within easy reach of those in this city who prefer them to the kinds heretofore used. The eastern forests of Texas are furnishing

taught or mode of teaching; 18 private schools and two business colleges aid in conferring knowledge. The High school of Fort Worth is, perhaps, the finest building of its kind in the state. It is very large and is a model of beauty, and has all the modern conveniences, laboratory, library, and with all apparatus and appliances to be found at the best institutions. The Fort Worth University is under the care of the Methodist Episcopal church.

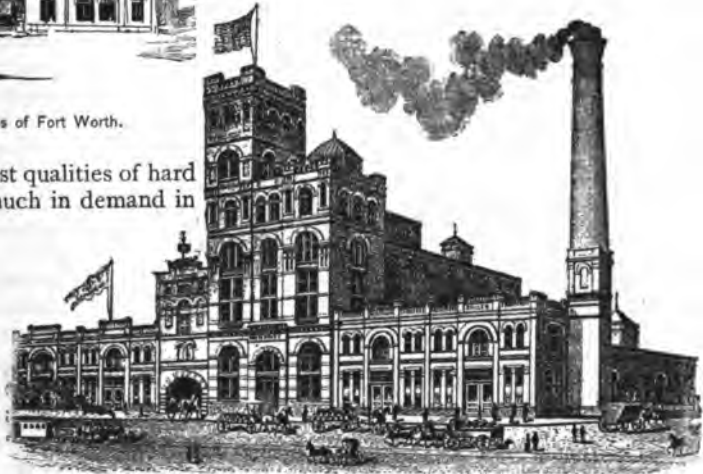


Some leading Industries of Fort Worth.

to this market the finest qualities of hard wood, and they are much in demand in the northern states.

Nowhere is the assertion that, "the Republic rests upon the common school" more fully believed in or more heartily sustained by intelligent action, than here. Fort Worth has 13 public schools, valued

at \$200,000, employing 60 teachers, who receive annually \$57,000, the individual salaries ranging from \$65.00 to \$100.00 per month, exclusive of superintendent. The number of scholars between the ages of 7 and 20 is 4817. Separate schools are provided for white and colored, but without distinction, either in the matter



It has several fine buildings and is well attended. The Polytechnical Institute is also the protege of the Methodist Episcopal church, South.

The Fort Worth people are a church-going class, and the large church congregations here surprise all visitors. Fort Worth has been called the "Railroad

centre," the "Cattle centre," and it is equally the Religious centre of the southwest, for both the bishops of the P. E. church and the M. E. church, South, reside here. The edifices of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Catholic and Congregational denominations are good specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. Fort Worth is kept well in touch with the continent and the rest of the world by its newspapers. The principal paper is the *Gazette*, an eight-page, seven column folio, published daily and weekly, which under the able editorship of Mr. W. L. Malone,



Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade.

has achieved recognition as one of the foremost Journals of the South. *The Mail*, an evening issue, is a bright newsy sheet, occupying a high place in the ranks of live newspapers. The *Trade Review*; *Texas Live Stock Journal*; *Critic*; *Sunday Mirror*; *Oracle*; *Anzeiger* (German); *Argus*; *Columbian World*; and *Torchlight Appeal*, are published weekly. The *Texas Railway Guide* is a monthly

journal, devoted to railway issues. There are the usual number of fraternal and benevolent societies.

The Commercial Club, an organization for social purposes, embraces within its membership some of the best citizens of Fort Worth. The club has richly appointed quarters in a fine, four-story building owned by it on Main Street. The Railway Employees Club is the latest acquisition to the list, having been recently organized. Its commodious quarters in the Hendricks Building are complete in every appointment.

The Grand Army of the Republic has a strong post here; and R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans assembles a goodly host of comrades. The two organizations turn out together on their respective memorial days, standing side by side over the graves where lie the memories, bitter and sweet, of the past.

The police and fire departments are models of systematic organization. But Fort Worth enjoys an especial immunity from the presence of criminal classes.

The residence suburbs of Fort Worth are very attractive. Arlington Heights, located west of the city, begins about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the business centre, and extends about 1 mile further. It is 150 feet higher than the city itself, and about 200 feet above the Clear Fork River, which sweeps its eastern border. The Chamberlin In-

vestment Company, a wealthy corporation, has already expended nearly \$500,000 in the work of improving and beautifying the Heights; and is not done yet. About 12 miles of streets have been graded and gravelled, and a fine boulevard, 3 miles in length, 125 feet wide with a triple row of trees along it, is the fashionable driveway. Completed water-mains, with hydrants attached, are laid throughout the tract.

A large electric plant, capable of supplying all needs of the future, has been in operation for some time, furnishing the



First Presbyterian Church.

illumination of the Heights, and also the requisite current for the rapid transit, electric railway that connects the Heights with the business centre of the city. Artesian wells have been sunk, and an abundance of pure water secured. A pumping-house conveys the water to a large elevated reservoir, standing on the crest of the Heights 100 feet above the ground, and having a capacity of 110,000 gallons. In the centre of the grounds is an artificial body of water, covering forty acres of land, known as "Lake Como." The lake and surrounding shores are lighted by sparkling electric lamps, and pleasure-seekers assemble here every evening to listen to good music, while over the lake's smooth surface are scattered pretty boats, each with its colored lantern, that rocks and swings to the rhythm of the music. The beauty of a southern summer night must be seen and *heard* to be appreciated. Southerners are devoted to sweet sounds and pleasing colors, and enter into the enjoyment of an affair like this with an abandon that is a stranger to colder climes. The Heights bid fair to become the aristocratic portion, not only of Fort Worth, but also of a very large share of Tarrant county. A number of high-class resi-

dences already occupy desirable sites, and many others are in process of construction. A one hundred thousand dollar hotel is projected.

North Fort Worth is an addition lying immediately north of, and adjoining, the original town of Fort Worth. Many of the most important manufacturing plants and industries are located here.

To the eastward, a couple of miles from the city, is Riverside, a very charming residence suburb, located on the west bank of the Trinity River, amid a shady grove of noble live oaks. A fine park is one of the attractions of the place.

The South of to-day presents to the view a situation which, in social, political, and commercial aspects is truly encouraging to the unpartisan and progressive citizen. Its social life to-day is one of the most wonderful illustrations of progress ever presented. From a condition of vicious prejudice, the rank growth of generations of unnatural practices, the South has risen



The Natatorium.

to a position that is prophetic of a yet higher attainment of those features which render living within its borders comfortable and desirable.

## FORTUNE-TELLING.

*By Marion P. Guild.*

**M**Y darling has learned the secret  
That the gypsies, long ago,  
Wielded to lure the yellow gold  
From credulous hands of snow ;  
And now, in a charmed silence  
No voice from the world must break,  
She deals and ponders the fateful cards  
For dear Dame Fortune's sake.

Anon, she starts, exulting :  
" A letter, a company,  
The smile of the sun, the laugh of the lute,  
And a lover of high degree !  
But alas for my wish ! It comes not."  
The broad brows knit as in pain.  
The poor little prophets are straight upswept  
And the tale begins again.

O gray eyes, masterful, steady,  
On the whimsical game intent,  
Little ye reck of the shining forms  
That over your folly are bent ;  
Little ye reck of the promise  
That throbs in the living air,  
Or the gracious hands outstretched in vain  
With gifts that mock compare !

Great Mother Nature lingers, —  
" I have almost lost my child " ;  
And stately Learning echoes her  
In accents deep and mild.  
That was Love's plummy pinion  
That brushed against your face.  
That strain of music is calling you  
As it soars to the heavenly place.

But hist ! what hurrying footsteps  
Nearer and nearer sound ?  
What shape more fair than all beside  
Transfigures the scene around ?  
Quick, maiden, break from your glamour !  
Down, the false prophets ! 'Tis she !  
O quick, or eternity hides her, sweet !  
'Tis *Opportunity* !

## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

A WORK is going on in Brooklyn at the present time, which it would be a grateful and encouraging thing to see going on in every city in America. Politics and religion have met together and kissed each other in the city of churches. A course of Sunday evening lectures, devoted to all the leading questions in our current politics, and to extend through the entire winter, has been inaugurated in the church of which the poet-preacher, John W. Chadwick, is the minister. The opening lecture in this course was given by President Andrews of Brown University, on "The Duty of a Public Spirit." Other subjects in the course are "Suffrage and the Ballot," "The Land Problem," "The Problem of City Government," "Taxation and Revenue," "The Immigration Problem," "Education as related to Citizenship," etc.,—eighteen lectures in all. The Brooklyn Ethical Association, under whose auspices these lectures are given, is not an association identified in any strict way with Mr. Chadwick's church, although its organizers and many of its leading members are connected with that church, so that the church may be properly spoken of as its home. It is an association of men and women representing various forms and phases of religious life in Brooklyn, but all drawn together in common devotion to studies related to the interests of a better society and a better state. These men and women are mainly, we judge, radicals in religion; but they are to be congratulated on pioneering the way backward to a condition and relation, a feeling and usage, as concerns religion and politics, much more like those which marked more orthodox times than ours. Our sharp separation of Church and State, which for the present at any rate is an excellent and necessary thing, has gradually led to an almost entire separation of religion and politics, which is a very bad thing. It has come to that,—or it had come to that a few years ago; things have been bettered somewhat in this very latest time,—that any striking or strong attention to week-day matters in Sunday sermons has been looked upon almost as a desecration. "Preaching politics" has come to be a stigma upon a pulpit, in many religious quarters. The minister of the most historic church in New York recently thanked God, through the columns of the *New York Herald*, that he had never preached a political sermon. Religion, to his thinking, as to the thinking of so many, seems to be something related expressly to the department of "kingdom come," and to be carefully protected and reserved for the concerns of that department. Such was not the theory nor the practice of the fathers of New England, nor of the great Puritans of old England, nor of the men whose lives make the Bible which we read in our churches. That Bible has very little to do with the interests or performances of priests or with things peculiar to Sabbath days; it has very much to do with the words and deeds of kings and statesmen and social reformers. There was no divorce between politics and religion in

the great leaders of Israel, like Moses and David and Isaiah. Three-quarters of the Jewish prophecy which our ministers read to their congregations on Sundays has to do with Jewish politics. Jewish politics has become American religion. It were much to be wished that American politics might become so to some extent. The old Puritan divines, the ministers of Boston and Salem and Plymouth, would have found it hard to understand the regard into which "preaching politics" has fallen since their time; they would not have relished cautions about the danger of too great mixing in public affairs on the part of the clergy. It was natural for our fathers to vote and have their town-meetings in their churches, because the feeling with which they went to vote was more like the feeling with which they went to pray and to hear sermons than is the case with most enlightened folk to-day. It is on Sunday, after morning service in their churches, that the sturdy voters in the little Swiss cantons—in Uri, in Appenzell—gather to transact their political business and elect their magistrates. Is it likely that they vote worse for praying first? Is it likely that their chances of heaven will suffer for the voting after the praying? It is high time for us here in America to approach our political duties in the religious spirit of these men of Switzerland. It is time for us to leave our feebleness and ghostliness in religion, and get back closer to our Puritan fathers and the men who lived our Bible. We do not think that we shall soon see our people voting again in their churches, as the fathers did—although the common feeling of incongruity or unfitness in this is something which accuses us; but we do think that we shall see our ministers and our people rapidly getting over the notion that it is not the thing, that it is "bad form," to consider in the church their duties to the State. We look for a great revival of high political study and political devotion under church roofs; and we count the movement of these Brooklyn radicals a salutary sign of the times.

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MR. FOSTER, the Secretary of the Treasury, has recently said, with reference to the ruin of the Maverick Bank in Boston and the failure of the bank examiners to discover the irregularities which must have existed in the bank for a long period before the final catastrophe, that the best system in the world and the most careful rules and regulations in the world are not security against the machinations of shrewd and dishonest men. "The business world," said Mr. Foster, "has only one real security and protection, and that is in having *honest men*." This is a word worth saying and worth taking to heart—worth taking to heart not only with regard to business, but with regard to politics. Let us certainly have the best political machinery that we can create, or that we can discover in Australia or anywhere in the world; but let us have no superstition about our

machinery, nor lull ourselves to sleep in the fancy that we can delegate to it the functions of individual virtue. Mr. Lowell has warned us, in one of his most impressive passages, of the danger of imagining that popular government itself is a panacea, that it is better than any other form, except as the wisdom and the virtue of the people make it so. Things do not "go" of themselves in politics any more than in Boston banks. The scales of the State are as exact as the scales of the grocer. Just so much thought and devotion as we put into our political life, so much in the way of abiding good results shall we realize. If we expect to see this republic continue firm and steadfast, then we have got to give a degree of attention to our politics vastly greater than ever before. The problems of our past, with our boundless areas of available land, with the simple life of our towns, and with our comparative insulation here on a separate continent, have been slight compared with the problems of our future, with a population becoming great and crowded, like that of the countries of the Old World, with the grave municipal evils which we see, and with those relations daily multiplying which make it harder and harder for us to keep wholly outside of the complications of European politics. To deal with these things wisely demands not only more attention to our politics, but a higher quality of attention. We must not only give more thought to our politics; we must put more conscience into our politics. We must not only study to improve our system and our laws; we must labor to make sturdier and more sensitive citizens—to fill the state with *honest men*. Citizenship and its duties must be viewed from the highest standpoint and in the most serious spirit; and so it is, we say, an encouraging thing to see our people beginning to go into their churches on Sunday evenings to consider their duties as citizens.

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FROM a very different quarter from that which we have spoken of comes an expression no less remarkable in its way of the feeling of the duty of the religious world to the world of affairs. This expression is from the midst of the Roman Catholic Church, to which many of us are less apt to look for practical and vigorous words and deeds concerning things political and social than to the other churches. It is in the form of an address

on "The Church and Poverty," by Mr. John Brisben Walker, first given at the Roman Catholic University in Washington last March, but only now published in pamphlet form, or only now at any rate finding its way to our table. When it is considered that the speaker is a very prominent Roman Catholic, and that his audience was perhaps the most learned, thoughtful, and representative Roman Catholic audience that is in the habit of gathering anywhere in the country, it will be felt by every reader that the address and the occasion were remarkable in the highest degree. "No such plain speaking has been heard upon a platform under similar circumstances," said one of the leading Washington papers at the time; and when we turn the pages of the printed address and find Mr. Walker asking his distinguished Catholic audience, in his earnest zeal for truth, "Why do Catholic writers seek to cover up the horrors of St. Bartholomew, the cruelties of an Inquisition which burned the flesh of human beings made in God's likeness, or the self-sufficient wisdom which refused to recognize the truths discovered in Galileo?"—when we read such words, we certainly feel ourselves reading what distinguished Catholics are not in the habit of listening to from one of their own number. But it is not such words as these that give this address its significance; these things are merely by way of a preliminary clearing of the field. The significance of the address is in its severe arraignment of our present industrial organization, of the wicked inequalities in our society, and of religious men and the churches—other churches as well as the writer's own—for their neglect of duty in the matter. We have read nothing in this field more trenchant, nothing more exact, and nothing more righteous. It is to be hoped that it will be read by Protestants as much as by Catholics.

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THE face of Gordon Brown will be missed by many Canadian readers of the article on "Canadian Journalists and Journalism." The omission is due to the fact that Mr. Brown had no portrait of himself which he could loan to the writer, and the exigencies of a publication office compelled the editors to send the article to press before a woodcut could be executed. A fine pen-and-ink portrait of Mr. Brown, by H. M. Russell of Toronto, arrived after the forms were closed and the article was on the press.



## THE OMNIBUS.

At the time of his death a few years ago, John B. Finch was one of the most popular of all temperance orators. Of all the temperance orators, too, he was the most cordially disliked by his opponents. His unanswerable logic, irresistible humor, and mastery of pathos and appeal were powerful weapons for the temperance cause, and carried consternation into the ranks of its enemies. Mr. Finch was speaking one evening in the Prohibitory Amendment Campaign in Ohio, in 1882. He was emphasizing very strongly the point that the friends of the amendment bore no ill-will toward the liquor dealers as persons, but were simply opposed to the business they were in.

"Why," said Mr. Finch, "take an ant,—put him under a microscope, and you will be astonished at his hideous appearance; again take a bed bug—examine him in the same way, and you will be equally astonished at his good looks. Why is one extolled the world over, and the other held in universal dislike? Their manner of getting a living is an easy answer to the question." Mr. Finch did not have time to apply his illustration before a man in the audience rose to his feet in a rage and excitedly exclaimed:

"Mr. Speaker."

"Sir."

"May I ask a question?"

"Certainly."

"Well, what is the difference between you and a fool?"

A few titters were heard here and there in different parts of the hall, but this was speedily hushed, for curiosity was at a high pitch to hear Mr. Finch's reply. Mr. Finch was always cool upon such occasions, and this time was equal to the emergency. Carefully calculating the distance from where he was standing on the platform to the place where the questioner was still standing in the audience, he replied:

"Well, about thirty feet, I reckon."

The disturber apparently agreed with Mr. Finch, for he slunk out of the hall amidst the uproarious cheers and laughter of the audience.

\* \*

A CENTURY ago and more, Connecticut was the possessor of a scold who became famous in her day and has been carefully embalmed in local tradition. She was the wife of Jethro Rogers, a most meek and inoffensive man. Tradition speaks of her as having an ungovernable temper and a tongue of flame. If a visitor approached her house, she invariably ordered her husband to "get," and he always obeyed. On one occasion, however, the advent of the minister gave him no time to escape, and Jethro was ordered under the bed. The minister made a long call, and the henpecked husband, wearied by his cramped position ventured to look out. The scold espied him, and her eyes met him with a stern, "How dare you?"

For once the hitherto obedient husband rebelled and lowly exclaimed: "You may wink,

Mrs. Rogers, as much as you have a mind to, but as long as I have the spirit of a man in me I will peek."

On another occasion, when death seemed almost preferable to his never-ceasing servitude, Jethro ventured on some very emphatic language. The scold was astounded and shouted, accompanying her words of command with a sweeping gesture: "Jethro Rogers, not another crooked word." But the meek but rebellious Jethro drew himself up to his full height and defiantly exclaimed, "Ramshorn! ramshorn! ramshorn! if I die for it."

\* \*

THE Wabbaquasset Indians, a portion of whom lived in eastern Connecticut, were a very peaceable and industrious tribe. John Eliot, the Indian missionary, visited them and introduced many civilized customs among them. During one of his visits he appointed Waban, a shrewd and well-known Indian, justice of the peace. Many anecdotes are still current showing the Indian justice's oddities and never-ceasing sense of fair play. His legal papers contrast very strikingly with those of to-day in respect to brevity. When he directed his warrant to a constable he uniformly wrote: "Quick you catch um, fast you hold um, and bring before me, Justice Waban."

A young justice was very much puzzled as to what verdict to render in a case in which the defendant, complainant and witnesses were all mixed up in a drunken debauch. Justice Waban, who was the great legal light of his tribe, was appealed to by the young justice for advice. Justice Waban listened to all the particulars of the case and, assuming a very judicial expression, emphatically answered: "Whip um plaintiff, whip um defendant, whip um witnesses." No doubt the wise justice's advice, if it was carried out, had a discouraging influence on that kind of litigation.

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FOR a century the stern laws of Connecticut prohibiting Sunday travel were rigidly enforced. Any man was authorized to stop a person travelling on Sunday with a team and oblige him to stay at the nearest house until morning, and, before resuming his journey pay expenses and a fine.

The story is told of a Connecticut justice who felt it his duty to look carefully to the enforcement of the Sunday laws. One day he accosted a stranger who was violating the law, inquiring his name, residence, and excuse for his unlawful conduct. The stranger replied with apparently the utmost sincerity, giving name and address in full, and stating that he was on the way to his native town where his father lay dead. He was deemed excusable and allowed to proceed. A short time afterward the justice was attending county court, and meeting a lawyer from the town reported by the traveller to be his home, the justice inquired of the lawyer if he knew the person named, and was answered affirmatively.

"He has lately buried his father, has he not?" inquired the justice.



"Buried his father!" exclaimed the lawyer, "why, his father has been dead these twenty years."

"Dead these twenty years?" asked the astonished justice; and then the thought flashed upon him that sure enough the stranger's father "lay dead" at the time.

Another story is told of a pious deacon who never failed to call a halt on all Sunday travellers. One Sunday morning the good deacon observed a man approaching in the distance, riding in great haste. The deacon jumped to the conclusion that he was trying to dash by his house to avoid arrest. He hurried to his yard gate, opened it, and placed himself squarely in the road so as to stop the traveller. The man came up, and to the deacon's astonishment rode willingly into the yard, jumped from the wagon and began unharnessing his horse. The deacon was amazed at the traveller's excited condition. His amazement soon turned to intense nervousness when he began to hear groans coming from the wagon.

"Have you a sick companion?" asked the deacon. But the wary traveller paid no attention to the deacon's inquiry. It was repeated.

The traveller saw his opportunity, and, turning to the deacon, apparently in a state of suppressed anxiety, requested the deacon to examine the person in the bottom of the wagon, covered with blankets, and see if he had the small pox.

"Small pox!" shouted the alarmed deacon; "has he got the small pox?"

"No, I am sure not," replied the traveller. "I think after a little rest and good care he will be better."

The deacon was thoroughly alarmed, however, and, distrusting the stranger, he begged him to harness his horse and proceed on his way. The deacon urged that he had a large family and that he could not run any risk. In vain did the traveller protest that there was no danger from the person in the wagon, that there was not much the matter with him, and that he was positively sure that he would be able to accompany him on his journey in the morning. The deacon would not yield, and the traveller harnessed his horse and resumed his journey. It is needless to say that being forewarned, he had carefully arranged his hoax. Next morning the story circulated rapidly through the neighborhood and the deacon never heard the last of it.

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ONE of the most popular and wealthy persons of Eastern Connecticut, a century ago, was Squire Elderkin. Although a lawyer noted for his keenness and ability, he was equally famous for his convivial habits. On town meeting days, and during seasons of general muster, it was a common thing for him to need an escort home. This was always a source of worry and mortification to his proud and aristocratic wife. On one occasion, when he had imbibed a little more freely than usual, he was obliged to be brought home by his companions. They were met at the door by his enraged wife who, taking in the situation at a glance, sternly ordered: "Bring him in, gentlemen; bring him in, gentlemen; but, thank the Lord, he is no blood relation of mine."

#### THE FIRE IN THE GRATE.

WHEN all the shadows merge in one,  
When leaves and grass have met,  
When roofs and steeples blend into  
An endless silhouette;  
When skies are red as russet leaves  
That speak the Summer's fate, —  
I sit and dream alone beside  
My fire in the grate.

Tho' whistles, bells, and hurrying feet  
And fast receding light  
Tell that the despot Toil has given  
The toiler a respite;  
I sit unheeded in my chair,  
My fancy for a mate,  
And watch the faces come and go  
Within the glowing grate.

Faces of friends and fancied foes,  
Who lie in silent state;  
And one who brings the tears to dim  
The fire in the grate.  
Leap high, blue flames! glow red, bright coals!  
Your spirits mine elate;  
My love like Salamander lives  
Within your glowing grate!

So while my friends go skurrying on  
On gastric joys intent,  
For one sweet hour I gladly live  
A self-imposed Lent.  
My dinner may be spoiled, perhaps,  
Because it has to wait:  
I taste of Barmecidal joys  
Beside my friend, the grate.

— Charles Gordon Rogers.

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#### A "HAS-BEEN."

HE held a score of millions  
Grasped in his bony hand;  
He dreamed that future billions  
Would come at his command;  
Men rushed to try their luck at  
The ventures he was in; —  
Now, he's not worth a ducat,  
A broken, old "Has-been!"

What hint of Fortune's hour  
Lies in that faded coat?  
Who'd dream that words of power  
Came from that withered throat?  
But, ah, who dares deride him,  
Or mock his low estate?  
We're proud to walk beside him  
And say, "That man was great."

Wealth, though we may pursue it,  
Yields but a brief success;  
We gain a final *faul*,  
A permanent address:  
A polished shaft of granite  
Is all that we may win;  
We vanish from the planet —  
"Here lies —" a great Has-been.

— Harry Romaine.





PHILLIPS BROOKS.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1892.

VOL. V. NO. 5

## PHILLIPS BROOKS.

*By Julius H. Ward.*



Phillips Brooks as a Harvard Student.

**G**REAT as is the charm which other writers have, this writer, who writes solely because the man of whom he writes seems to him to belong to all mankind, and to have something to say to every age, must always have charm deeper than any other. Great is he who in some special location, as a soldier, a governor, a scientist, does good and helpful work for fellowmen. Greater still is he who, doing good work in his special occupation, carries within his devotion to

it a human nature so rich and true that it breaks through his profession and claims the love and honor of his fellowmen, simply and purely as a man. His is the life which some true human eye discerns, and some loving and grateful hand makes the subject of a picture to which all men enthusiastically turn."

Phillips Brooks wrote these words with reference to Professor Masson's "Life of Milton;" and they emphasize his idea of "the great Puritan poet, standing in the centre of the great tumult of human life," and the attitude of his biographer toward him. Bishop Brooks is in that central position in public interests among Americans which Milton occupied in the political and religious convulsions in England during the middle of the seventeenth century. He is not only a distinguished preacher, but, to use the language of one of his friends, "a twelve-sided man." He has arrested attention from the beginning of his career through the possession of remarkable gifts and the exercise of them in great simplicity and in a unique manner; and in this passage from his lecture on "Biography" he has unconsciously outlined his own career. His rich intellectual and emotional gifts have been controlled by a warm and earnest devotional life, which has played through them and made them its voice to mankind.

It is felt that the time has come when a true and faithful account of what can be properly stated concerning the personal

life of Phillips Brooks should be given to the public. Nearly all that has been published about him is either a fulsome statement which has caused him pain, or it abounds in mistakes which should have been avoided, or stories which are apocryphal. There is nothing wonderful or exceptional in the events of his early life or in any part of his career. He dis-

never put upon himself the estimate in which he is regarded by others, and perhaps there is not a man in the country equally prominent, about whom in a strictly personal sense, so little can be said. This is here remarked, both to excuse the poverty of details and to show why his life cannot be considered by those who know him well with the freedom which is taken with other persons who are equally before the public. All that can here be attempted is to trace the leading and shaping influences which have guided and controlled him, so far as they can properly be a matter of comment.

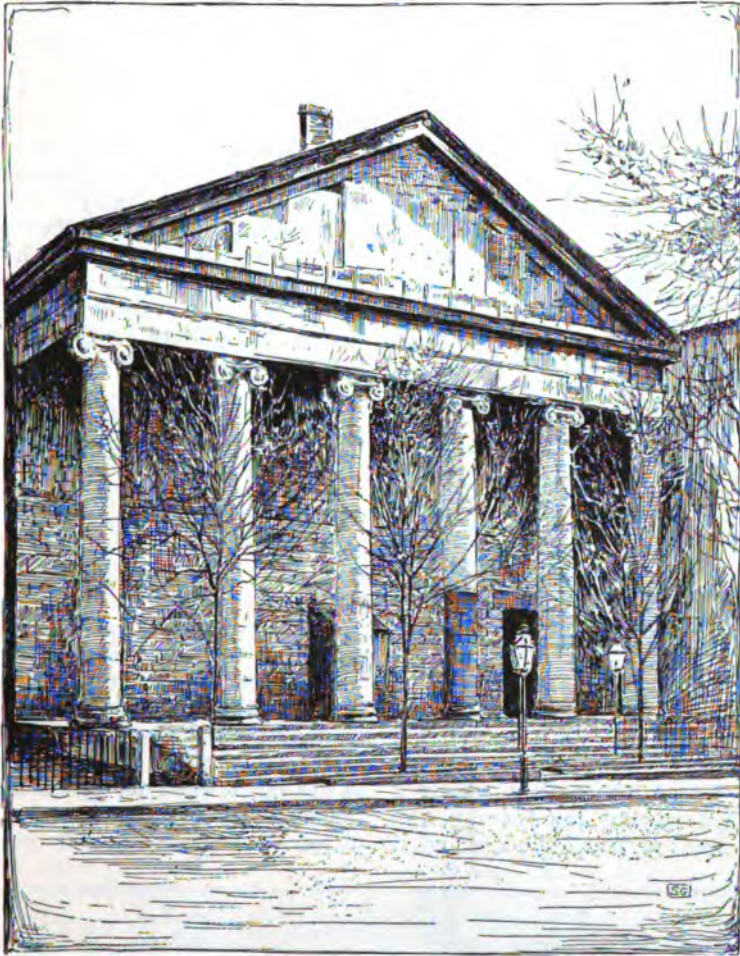
Phillips Brooks has the best Puritan blood of New England in his veins. On the side of his mother, who was the granddaughter of Judge Phillips, the founder of Phillips' Academy, at Andover, he is descended from a family that has had a controlling influence in New England, and whose traditions of piety and learning and benevolence are fondly cherished at the present day. Mary Ann Phillips, his mother, was a woman of fine intellect, and known for her unusually intense and earnest religious life. She was a believer in prayer, and used to spend hours by herself in devotions. His father, William Gray Brooks, was likewise descended from an eminent ancestry. The



Rev. Alex. H. Vinton.

missed the subject in writing about himself to the secretary of his class at Harvard in what could be put into a single line, and has never been induced to go beyond it. His modesty concerning himself is excessive. Even members of his own family find it difficult to obtain from him any mention of the great honors which have from time to time been paid to him. He is equally reticent among his personal friends. It would seem as if he had

famous Puritan divine, John Cotton, after whom one of Bishop Brooks's brothers is named, was his ancestor, and the position of the family in Boston society may be inferred from this fact. The ancestors on both sides held high positions in church and state. His father was a hardware merchant in Dock Square, and was greatly interested in the local antiquities of Boston. He liked the society of editors and literary people, and when the late Daniel N.



St. Paul's Church, Boston.

Haskell was the editor of the *Transcript*, he was almost daily to be seen in company with the little band of congenial men of whom the late Edward Stearns, the late Thomas Starr King, and Hon. M. P. Kennard were members, who resorted to Mr. Haskell's office after the editorial labors of the day were over, to tell stories, to discuss the new books, or to go over the gossip of the town. Mr. Brooks had the capacity for keeping quiet and absorbing what was going on, which has often been manifested by his son, who seems to have inherited from his mother the deep and earnest piety and intellectual strength which have

always been his characteristics, and from his father the robust physical constitution, the strong and resolute spirit, which he has shown in using them. The oldest son of the family is William Gray Brooks, who was born in 1834. Phillips is a year and a half his junior, and was born December 13, 1835, on High Street, in Boston, which was then a residential part of the city. William and Phillips were so nearly of the same age that they were constant companions and playmates. They had such a rich and generous boyhood together as those who know them both can imagine. They studied together in 1843, at the Adams School



Boston Latin School, Bedford Street.

in Mason Street, where they remained until Phillips entered the Latin School in 1846, and William, after a short

stay in the Latin School, was transferred to the English High School, from which he was graduated to enter upon a business career. He is now cashier of the National Eagle Bank of Boston. Phillips was baptized as a child by Dr. N. L. Frothingham, the pastor of the First Church in Chauncy Place of that day; but later the family changed their religious home, and his father became a vestryman in St. Paul's Church on Tremont Street, when Dr. Alexander H. Vinton was the rector. This brought young Brooks very early under the influence of one who had much to do in directing his life, and the lives of his two younger brothers, Dr. Arthur Brooks, now rector of the Church of the Incarnation in New York City, and the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, now rector of Christ Church, Springfield, and also of his other brother, the late Frederick Brooks, who died while rector of St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, and who gave abundant promise of a brilliant and successful service in the Episcopal ministry. He was drowned while crossing the bridge between Charlestown and Boston by falling through the openings on the railroad track into the rushing water below, in the night, when no one was near to render him assistance. A volume of his sermons was published, and there was a



Massachusetts Hall, Harvard.





Rev. John C. Brooks.

feeling among many that one who might have repeated the career of Frederick Robertson in England then suddenly passed away.

Phillips Brooks is said to have been a quiet but good scholar, always among the first in his class in the languages, and not deficient in any studies. He has himself been the historian of the Latin School in an address which he delivered in 1885, on the occasion of the celebration of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. At that time he was more anxious to do justice to the great masters in its earlier history, than to tell stories of his own connection with it; but the address is not without some interest in connection with his own life. He gives a bright picture of the school of that day:

"There stands the master, like a priest between the present and the past between the living and the dead, between the ideas

and the life of the world. His is a noble, nay, a holy priesthood; he is the lens through which truth pours itself on human souls; he is the window through which fresh young eyes look out at human life, and there around him sit his scholars. Like Homer's heroes, Mr. Hillard says they are, in the frankness and directness of their life. They make their friendships and their feuds. They meet the old temptations with their sublime young confidence. That school life is to them their hill of Ida or



Rev. Frederick Brooks.

their palace of Jerusalem. They are Paris or Solomon in the critical encounters with the nobler and the baser allurements of their life. Yet for the time they live magnificently apart. The old world roars around them and they do not care but to live their separate life, and are in no impatience for State Street or Court Street. In these days School Street and the Common and the Charles River make their sufficient world. This ever-recurring life of the new generation, this narrow life of boyhood opening by and by into the larger experience of manhood, to be narrowed again into the boyhood of their children, and so on perpetually, — this makes perpetual inspiration; this makes the rhythmic life of the community."



Rev. Arthur Brooks.

The head master of the Latin School in



Professor William Sparrow.

his time was Francis Gardner, a strong and unique character, whom his distinguished pupil thus characterizes:

"Tall, gaunt, muscular, uncouth in body; quaint, sinewy, severe in thought and speech; impressing every boy with the strong sense of vigor, now lovely and now hateful, but never for a moment tame, or dull, or false; indignant, passionate, an athlete both in body and mind — think what an interesting mixture of opposites he was! He was proud of himself, his school, his city, and his time; yet no man saw more clearly the faults of each, or was more discontented with them all. He was one of the frankest of men, and yet one of the most reserved. He was the most patient mortal and the most impatient. He was one of the most earnest of men, and yet nobody, probably not even himself, knew his positive belief upon any of the deepest themes. He was almost a sentimentalist with one swing of the pendulum, and almost a cynic with the next.

There was sympathy not un-mixed with mockery in his grim smile. He clung with an almost obstinate conservatism to the old standards of education, while he defied the conventionalities of ordinary life with every movement of his restless frame. . . . He was a narrow man in the intensity with which he thought of his profession. I heard him say once that he never knew a man who had failed as a schoolmaster to succeed in any other occupation. And yet he was a broad man in his idea of the range which he conceived that his teaching ought to cover. He made the shabby old schoolhouse blossom with the first suggestions of the artistic side of classical study, with busts and pictures, with photographs and casts; and hosts of men who have forgotten every grammar rule, and cannot tell an ablative from an accusative, nor scan a verse in Virgil, nor conjugate the least irregular of regular verbs to-day, still feel, while all these flimsy superstructures of their study have vanished like the architecture of a dream, the solid moral basis of respect for work and honor, for pure truthfulness, which he put under it all, still lying sound and deep and undecayed. . . . The life of Francis Gardner was not without a certain look of pathos,

even in the eyes of his light-hearted pupils. As we looked back upon it after we had left him, we always thought of it as sad. That color of pain and disappointment grew deeper in it as it approached its end. It was no smug, smooth, rounded, satisfactory career. It was full of vehemence and contradiction and disturbance. He was not always easy for the boys to get along with. Probably it was not always



Theological Seminary, Alexandria.

easy for him to get along with himself. But it has left a strength of truth and honor and devoted manliness which will always be a treasure in the school he loved."

This is the mature judgment of a great teacher by a pupil, and it is a sketch of the first instructor who influenced the life of young Brooks. He never distinguished himself at the Latin School in public speaking. His compositions were notable for imaginative vigor and rush of style, but he was not eminent above his fellows, and gave no indication, beyond a certain command of words to express his ideas, of the distinction which he was subsequently to attain.

Like almost all of the boys trained in the Boston Latin School, he was predestined to enter Harvard College, where he was matriculated as a freshman in the



St. George's Hall, Alexandria, in Mr. Brooks's time.

are the late Dr. William R. Dimmock, Col. Theodore Lyman, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, and Prof. James K. Hosmer. At this time young Brooks was as tall as he is now, but not at all filled out. He had grown too rapidly in height to be able to take any part in athletics, but he was one of the



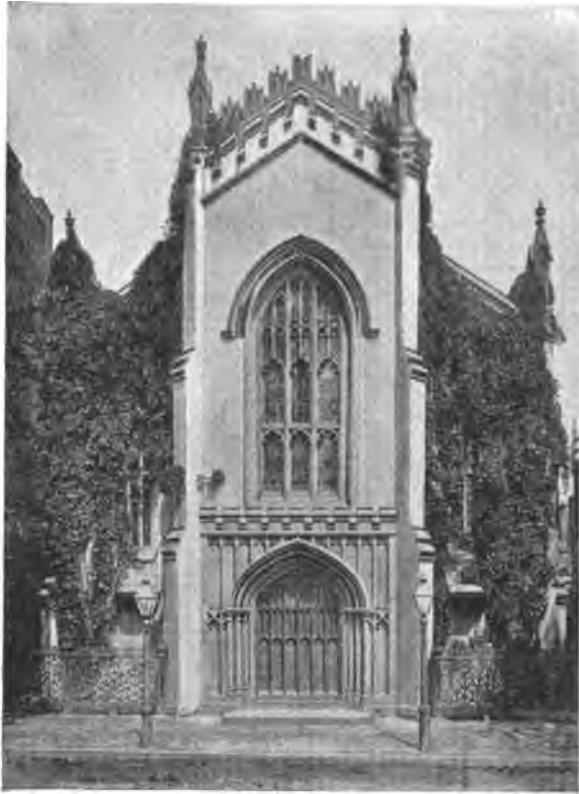
Mr. Brooks in his old Room at Alexandria.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

fall of 1851. Among his classmates were several men who are now widely known. The first scholars were General Francis C. Barlow and Mr. Robert Treat Paine ; and others who have become distinguished

best scholars, always made good recitations, and did his work without strain or effort. He never spoke at any public gatherings in college, and made himself exceptionally prominent in nothing be-

yond his compositions, in which, however, he was always head and shoulders beyond his classmates. He struck into subjects with the bold and confident range that marks his best efforts to-day. He never seemed to feel that he was doing anything wonderful, and few of his classmates dreamed that he would reach the eminence which he has gained. He



Church of the Advent, Philadelphia.

never seemed to be anything but a tall, modest, good-natured young man, who was always faithful and manly and serious, ready to do his part, but never putting himself forward. Harvard in those days had many great men, but few teachers who made an impression on the students. Agassiz and Felton and Childs and Lowell influenced him, but none of them shaped his life.

After graduation, he was a tutor for some time in the Boston Latin School, where he learned to handle himself and

earned the first money which he could call his own. His family rector, Dr. Vinton, on learning that young Brooks was thinking of entering the Episcopal ministry, advised him to go to the Theological Seminary which had been established by Evangelical churchmen at Alexandria, Virginia, in 1823. The special distinction of this institution is that it has

trained nearly all the Episcopal clergy who have taken a prominent part in foreign missions. Young Brooks accepted Dr. Vinton's advice to go to Alexandria, and entered late in the year 1856 upon his residence in that institution, having a room assigned to him in Saint George's Hall, where he remained until he was graduated in 1859. No greater contrast could be presented than that between his student life at Alexandria and the large secular scope of his life in Boston; but with his usual command of himself, he quickly assimilated his habits and thoughts to the new conditions which surrounded him. Here for the first time he came in contact with a type of piety which was a reflection of the spirit of Simeon and Romaine in England, and found its intellectual expression in such men as the late Bishop Lay, the famous Dr. Bedell, and in the present Bishop Whittle, modified by the unique social

life of the aristocratic families that were then established in Fairfax county in Virginia. The seminary was at that day in its best estate. The old Evangelical school was marked in its fervent spirituality, and its deficiencies in intellectual stir and snap had not been discovered. It was a curious and audacious thing to put a brilliant Harvard graduate into that atmosphere, but young Brooks responded to it as if he had always lived in it. He attended the weekly prayer-meetings and threw himself heart and

soul into them. He soon caught up with his class and was for three years their leader in all kinds of student work. His residence at Alexandria seemed to open the windows of his soul and give vent to his religious devotion. His classmates still remember the simple and fervent prayers which he used to offer in their student meetings, and his spirit and manner with them was always that of an equal, never that of a superior. In a recent letter to Dr. Joseph Packard, who is the present dean of the Seminary, he thus speaks of the late Dr. Sparrow, who was in those days the head and the strength of the institution:

"It is easy to say of men who have not much accurate knowledge to impart, that they are men of suggestion and inspiration. But with the doctor, clear thought and real learning only made the suggestion and inspiration of his teaching more vivid. I have never looked at Knapp since he taught us out of it. My impression of it is that it is a dull and dreary book, but it served as a glass for Dr. Sparrow's spirit to shine through, and perhaps from its own insignificance I remember him in connection with it more than in connection with Butler. His simplicity and ignorance of the world seemed always to let one get directly at the clearness of his abstract thought; and while I have always felt that he had not comprehended the importance of the speculative questions which were just rising in those days, and which have since then occupied men's minds, he unconsciously did much to prepare his students' minds to meet them. His intellectual and spiritual life seem to me, as I look back upon him, to have been mingled in singular harmony, and to have made but one nature, as they do in few men. The best result of his work in influence upon any student's life and ministry must have been to save him from the hardness on the one hand or the weakness on the other, which partly intellectual or purely spiritual training would have produced. His very presence on the Hill was rich and salutary. He held his opinions and was not held by them. His personality impressed young men who were

at just that point in life when a thinker is more to them than the results of thought, because it is of most importance that they should learn to think, and not that they should merely fortify their adherence to their inherited creed. With all his great influence, I fancy that he did not make



Phillips Brooks.

FROM A PORTRAIT DURING HIS RECTORSHIP OF THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT.

young men his imitators. There has been no crop of little Dr. Sparrows. That shows I think the reality and helpfulness of his power. The Church since his day has had its host of little dogmatists who have thought that God had given his truth to them to keep, and of little ritualists who thought that God had bidden them to save the world by drill. Certainly, Dr. Sparrow is not responsible for any of them. He did all that he could to enlarge and enlighten both. He loved ideas, and did all that he could to make his students love them. As to his preaching, I have not very clear impressions. I remember that his sermons sometimes seemed to us to be remarkable; but I imagine that the theological student is one of the poorest judges of sermons, and that the doctor had preached too much to students to allow him to be the most effective and powerful preacher to men. On the whole, he is one of the three or four men whom I have known, whom I look upon with perpetual gratitude for the help



Holy Trinity, Philadelphia.

and direction they have given to my life, and whose power I feel in forms of action and kinds of thought very different from those in which I had specifically to do with them. I am sure that very many students would say the same of Dr. Sparrows."

Dr. Vinton showed a wonderful instinct and foresight in directing him to Alexandria, so that he might come under a man who could feed his intellect without destroying his spirituality.

Men are often surprised into the things which are to be the chief concern of their

lives; and the way in which Phillips Brooks began to preach the Gospel is so unique that the story must be told in full. Two or three miles from the hill on which the Alexandria Seminary stands is a little hamlet called Sharon, composed of poor whites and negroes, which one of his classmates, who subsequently became a foreign missionary, undertook to work up. It was a task in which he needed help, and he begged Brooks to go out with him to the mission for a Sunday. He reluc-

tantly consented to go ; and after he had gone once, his heart was interested and he was ready to go again. Here he preached his first sermon, and began the work of ministering to human souls in which he has ever since been engaged.

quite unconscious that his talks were important. At this time he showed the same simple and Evangelical fervor and intense feeling which have marked his subsequent ministrations. In the student prayer-meetings he took his part in a way



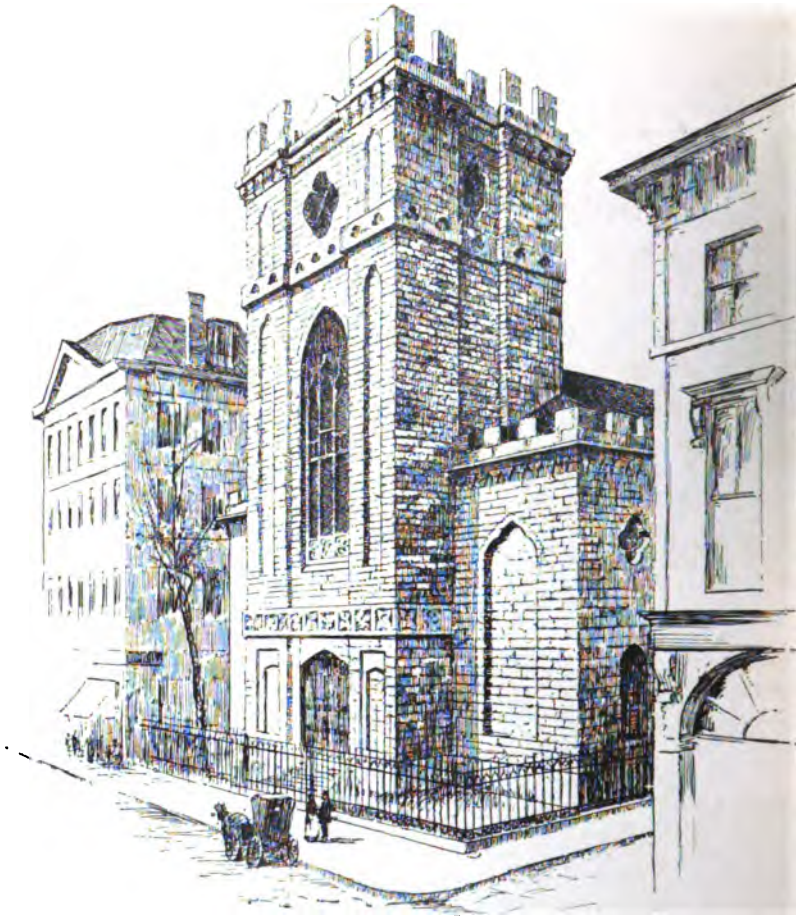
Phillips Brooks.

FROM A PORTRAIT DURING HIS RECTORSHIP OF HOLY TRINITY, PHILADELPHIA.

His addresses were always unwritten, but they instantly interested the plain and simple folk in the neighborhood. The chapel or schoolhouse was quickly crowded, and soon people were standing in the doorway and listening at the open windows to the preacher student, who in his fresh and glowing earnestness was

that surprised the young men who were with him. They could not understand how one who had been trained at Harvard, and who might be supposed to be touched with Unitarian sentiments, could be so simple and fervent in his devotional life. It was then seen, as it has been seen ever since by those who have fol-





Old Trinity Church, Summer Street, Boston.

lowed him intimately, to be the natural expression of his life. It would seem as if his mind moved freely and was at home in spiritual moods, and that he saw life from the centre of things. In all the work which he did as a religious man, there was a certain inspiration or fervor which lifted it out of the common. It was as if his mind and heart were instruments through which passed the stirrings of his soul. He first found vent for his spiritual life in this simplest form of student preaching. His classmate was delighted with such assistance, and the whole neighborhood was eager to hear him every Sunday. The success of the little mission stirred up opposition, which was headed by a Northern man, who had

become an infidel and delighted to express his opinions to a few followers. These men determined to break up the meetings; and when young Brooks was fully aware of their purpose, one Sunday, he denounced the whole set in terms of scathing rebuke, which his classmate still remembers as the most searching and sarcastic speech that he ever heard. Little as he may have occasion to use it, Bishop Brooks is as effective and powerful a master of invective as ever was Theodore Parker and the effect of his speech upon this little community was to destroy the opposition, and to bring all but one of the hostile persons, and he was not the leader, to baptism and confirmation. This was a great triumph for the young



Mr. Brooks's Residence, Clarendon Street, Boston.

students, and their walks to and from Sharon were eagerly taken, with such thankful hearts as they had over the success of their work.

When his classmate went home to Philadelphia, he told his friends what wonderful work was being done. The Church of the Advent in that city was



Trinity Church, Boston.



Interior of Trinity Church, Boston.

then without a rector, and the suggestion was made that a committee should be appointed to hear this young student. It was arranged that, without his knowledge, they should visit Alexandria and hear him speak at the mission ; and the first sight these gentlemen had of their future rector was a glimpse of a tall and beardless

youth stepping over a fence on his way to the chapel, just after he had waded through a stream which he was obliged to cross. Young Brooks was in his best mood, and utterly unconscious of the ordeal through which he was passing. One of the committee was so taken captive that he exceeded his commission and



at once tried to exact a promise from him that he would not accept any other call until they had extended one to him, and assured him that it would be their wish to have him as their future rector.

One further incident connected with his seminary life deserves mention. It must be given substantially in his own words. The present Bishop Potter and Bishop Randolph of Virginia, who were elected to the Episcopate at about the same time, were students at Alexandria with Bishop Brooks. At the session of the General Convention in Philadelphia, the two bishops-elect were the special guests at a breakfast given to the graduates of the Alexandria Seminary. Dr. Brooks was present, and, when called to speak, expressed himself substantially as follows:

"When I went to the Virginia Seminary late in the fall of 1857, I was put into St. George's Hall, and given an attic room in which there were only two or three feet of space where I could stand up straight. I was wondering what I should do, when I heard a knock at the door. In came a nice young fellow, who said, 'I am Henry Potter, and until you have more comfortable quarters assigned to you, I invite you to share my room.' I did so, and I venture the prediction that if that man ever becomes the real bishop of New York, he will let every man have room!"

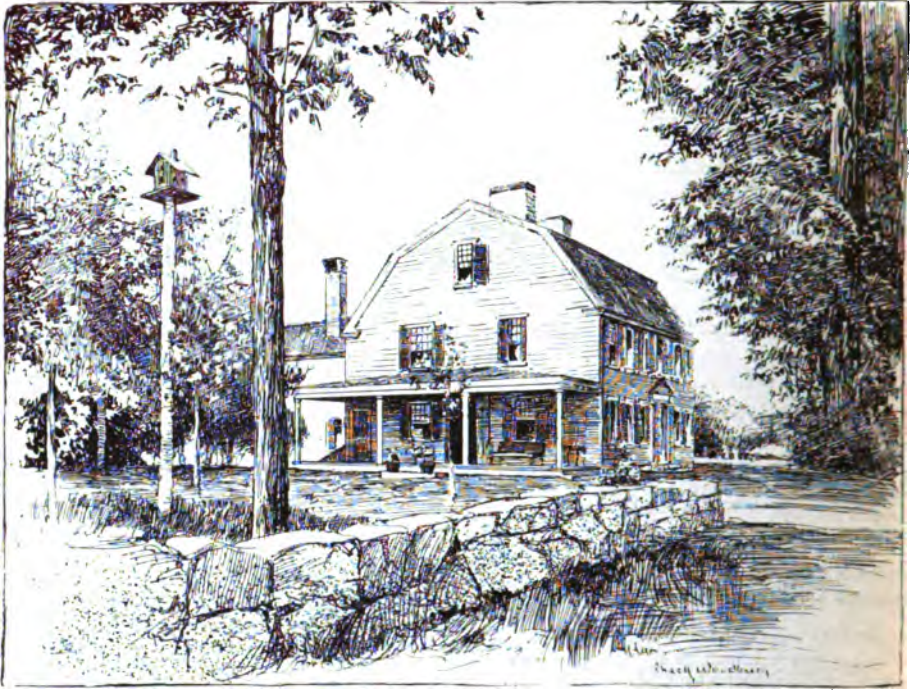
It should be said that at this time Dr. Brooks was as tall as he is now, but that he had not grown out into his present amplitude of body. It should also be stated that Dr. Henry Potter was first chosen as assistant-bishop of New York, his uncle, Dr. Horatio Potter, being the authorized occupant of the see. In this connection the following extract from Bishop Potter's personal address to the Bishop-elect at his recent consecration, is a still further illustration of the intimacy which then existed between two men who are to-day among the most influential bishops of the American Church.

"I wonder if you can recall as vividly as I the day when first we met. The old seminary of Alexandria, the simple but manly life there, our talks with fit companionship, though few, the chapel and prayer hall, Sparrow and May, and the dear old Rab, and all the rest,—how it comes back again out of the mist, and how the long tale of years that stretch between seem but the shadow of a dream! Your privilege and mine it was to begin our ministries under the Episcopate of one whose gifts and character, I rejoice to believe, you prized and loved as I did."

It was said at the time that no man had ever been at the Alexandria Seminary who was Brooks's equal, or who gave equal promise. He stood physically and intellectually above all others, and in his essays and recitations, and in his bearing, impressed all who met him with the wonderful vital quality of his work. Dr. Sparrow, the substantial head of the seminary in those days, and one whom Bishop Brooks regards as the teacher who most influenced his life in the right direction, was greatly impressed with his extemporaneous power, and followed the career of his pupil with zeal and admiration. To young Brooks it was a new sort of life and thinking, and for his temperament and leadings it was perhaps the only place where his genius could have been developed in full religious freedom. It was surely then a place where men "buildd better than they knew."

It has always been characteristic of Bishop Brooks that he distrusted himself. Though he shrank from the responsibility implied in taking holy orders, he was admitted to the diaconate in June, 1859, by Bishop Meade of Virginia, and proceeded immediately to the Church of the Advent, where he preached his first sermon from the text, "Master, what is the great commandment of the law?" It was like him that he consented to be the minister of the parish for only three months, refusing to engage longer, lest he might not come up to expectations. Then he engaged himself for a year, at a salary of a thousand dollars, and at once set about his work in earnest. The parish was in one of the poorer parts of the city, where it was not easy for a young man to acquire an outside reputation; but he was at once appreciated by the plain people who mostly made up his congregation. His sermons were conceived in such a vein that he opened to people a new life. He inspired everybody. People said to one another as they went out of church, "That was the Gospel we have had to-day." Others would say, "We never heard that here before."

Mr. Brooks's early pastor, Dr. Vinton, had then removed to Philadelphia, and was the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, a new parish that had been



Phillips Brooks's House at North Andover.

created in a wealthy and growing part of the city. He felt much interest in his friend and former parishioner, and used to invite him to preach in his church on Sunday afternoons. Mr. Brooks was here a revelation to the young people. The inquiry was in everybody's mouth, "Who is this Mr. Brooks?" Dr. Vinton was delighted, and is reported to have said, "I never preached such sermons at his age or since." From this time there was a steady pilgrimage of Trinity parishioners to the Church of the Advent, and the latter place of worship was full to overflowing. Dr. Vinton was maganimous over this interest in his "son in the ministry," and little dreamed, when he was called away from that parish to St. Mark's in the Bowery, New York, that his friend would be his successor.

Mr. Brooks was admitted to the priesthood by Bishop Potter in less than a year after his entrance upon the work of his first parish. It was not till he had been invited the third time to the Church of the Holy Trinity, that he consented to consider the call, and even then he would

not decide the matter till he had consulted his former fellow-worker at Sharon, who was then the rector of a country parish at Swedesborough, twenty miles distant from Philadelphia. The tall form of Mr. Brooks confronting him out of doors was the first knowledge he had of the arrival of his classmate, who impulsively and abruptly said, "I want your advice about going to Holy Trinity." "Let us go into the house," said his friend. "No," replied Mr. Brooks, "Let us talk it out here"; and the two sat down on a log and talked the matter out. Mr. Brooks returned to Philadelphia and accepted the rectorship of Holy Trinity. Not long after this he was invited to the chair of ecclesiastical history in the Philadelphia Divinity School, at a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars a year, and seriously thought of accepting it. The difficulty was that he did not see how he could live on the salary, and he determined at the suggestion of a parishioner to publish a volume of his sermons to increase his income. The sheets had been printed, and the book was soon to come

out, when he reached the conclusion that the pulpit was his chosen field and withheld it from publication, giving the only copy of proofs to his Swedesborough friend, from whose library it was subsequently stolen. Thus ended the first efforts of Phillips Brooks to appear in print.

The new rectorship was his stepping out into a large field, where he rapidly gained distinction and still more thoroughly developed his power as a preacher. This is the place to give his estimate of Dr. Vinton, the friend of his youth and early manhood. At his death, Mr. Brooks delivered a memorial sermon, in which he paid the tribute of his heart to this great religious leader. He says:

"I think that Dr. Vinton did more than any other man who ever worked in Boston to make our Church be and make her seem American. He had no sympathy himself with the sentimental yearnings which would weaken the Church in this land, by making her wear the dress or ape the language of the Church in England."

In another place he says:

"The whole ministry of Dr. Vinton in Philadelphia is one of the brightest and sunniest pictures which the annals of clerical life have anywhere to show. It is like a summer's day and moves in life and music. The powers were all tested. The position was assured. The range of a pastor's duty had been measured in the fields in which he had already worked. There was neither the anxiety of the young minister afraid of the infiniteness of his work, nor the discouragement of the old minister who feels already the premonitions of decay. He had come to a city just different enough from that which he had left to give the stimulus of freshness and variety; and yet he had come with such a faith in the perpetual and universal Gospel, that he was haunted by no imaginary necessity of adapting his preaching to his new hearers. He was just different enough himself from preachers born and bred upon the soil to win a special interest, and yet he threw himself so cordially into the people's life, that no one dreamed of counting him a stranger. And then the church to which he came was new. He preached for six months in the chapel before the church was finished. No old traditions hampered him. He had no predecessor with whom he could be compared. Made up of persons trained in the old, long settled churches, his congregation was yet in large part of young people. But few white heads were in the pews in those first days. And round him there was gathered a multitude of the best workers in the city. The working laity of Philadelphia is unmatched by any in the land, and here assembled many of the most active and best trained out of many parishes. It was in many respects a picked parish."

In the following passage there is a per-

sonal acknowledgment of the influence of Dr. Vinton over himself:

"For my part I thank Dr. Vinton for many and many a word even of protest against what I thought was true, which, while it made me more ambitious to be sure that what I thought was truth was really true, made me also more earnest in holding it as I became convinced that I was not mistaken. I am sure that his great soul would not grudge me that gratification. And I think that it is one that many others share with me."

There is still another personal touch in this discourse:

"He was a splendid man to succeed in the charge of a parish. Many a good and saintly old minister half grudges the work which yet he prays that his successor may have the grace to do in the parish where he himself can work no longer. But I am not the only minister here to-day who could tell you of the quick and earnest sympathy, and the ever-ready encouragement and pleasure with which this great predecessor in our parishes made us rejoice whenever he came among us and looked with kindly interest to see how well our younger hands were doing his old work."

He entered upon duty in his new parish on the 1st of January, 1862, and remained in it until the last Sunday in October, 1869, when he preached his first sermon in Trinity parish, Boston. In his new sphere Mr. Brooks did not forsake Gospel themes; but he rose to the adequate treatment of questions of the day. He could not see a wrong without longing to set it right. He found that the people in Philadelphia socially proscribed the negro. They drew the line at the horse-cars and said that the colored people should go afoot. Mr. Brooks was one of the first to point out and rebuke their inconsistency, and he was so bold and earnest about it that Philadelphia society was compelled to change its rule. The horse-car corporation was on the side of the white people, but fortunately there was a legal right given in their charter for people to ride in the cars without distinction of color. So strong was the sentiment that at one time, in the fear of this law, nearly all the cars in the city were side-tracked. Whenever a negro entered a car it was immediately drawn off to one side, and so thoroughly were the colored people equal to the situation that hundreds of solitary negroes could be found sitting in these side-tracked cars one day, waiting patiently to be carried to their destination.

The proscription was carried to the point of absurdity, and then society gave way.

Not less earnest was Mr. Brooks in dealing on suitable occasions with the questions arising out of the Civil War. Two of these efforts have passed into history. One was a Thanksgiving sermon, preached November 26, 1863, on "Our Mercies of Re-occupation," in which he threw himself with his whole heart into the issues of the hour, and thanked God "that the institution of African slavery in our beloved land is one big year nearer to its inevitable death than it was last Thanksgiving Day." The sermon is full of the stir and throbbing of the middle years of the war, and the impulse of that hour still beats in its quiet pages. He preached when President Lincoln was assassinated a striking sermon on the event, which is another of the very few discourses which he published in those early days. His interest in progress, the way in which he filled his pulpit, and a rare personal magnetism put him into the forefront of the citizens of Philadelphia, which is largely a city of local interests, and was all the more ready to welcome one who in the flush of manhood was living in the full tide of the times. He stepped forward by the side of Bishop Potter and Horace Binney as one of the few men who were in touch with the whole community; and when peace was reached, the rector of Holy Trinity was put forward as the representative of the clergy in emphasizing publicly the end of the war. He was asked to make the prayer on this occasion, standing in front of old Independence Hall before an immense crowd of people. His well-known habit in offering prayer is to throw up his head, so that he might seem to some to be looking over his audience. Two rough men were standing on the outer edge of the crowd, when one said to the other, "That man is a fool; he prays with his eyes open." His companion replied, "Say that again if you dare." The remark was repeated, whereupon the other party dealt him so strong a blow in his forehead that he knocked him down. That was the way he emphasized his belief in Phillips Brooks.

No rectorship in America could have been happier or more prosperous than

that which Mr. Brooks had in Philadelphia. But to a New England man there is no place like Boston. Bishop Brooks was heard to say, shortly after his election, "Two things are first and foremost in my life. One is my interest in the State of Massachusetts, and the other is my love for the Episcopal Church." The attraction of Boston, alike his birthplace and his home in boyhood, and then still the home of his parents, grew with his years and the development of his mind and heart; and while he had all that one could ask for in Philadelphia, there was a growing yearning for Boston.

When Harvard celebrated the end of the war, he was asked to make the prayer for Commemoration Day. The man whose heart and imagination had been fired to the utmost in the heat of the contest rose as if by inspiration to the feeling of the hour; and Colonel Henry Lee, the Harvard marshal for the day, thus speaks of it and him: "The services on that occasion were not equal to what men felt. Everything fell short and words seemed to be too weak. Phillips Brooks' prayer was an exception. That was a free speaking to God, and it was the only utterance of that day which filled out its meaning to the full extent. Lowell's Commemoration Ode was great, and so was General Devens's speech, but Brooks surpassed them both." The eager inquiry of that day after prayer was, "Who is Phillips Brooks?" It was the first time that he had appeared before the most distinguished audience that could be collected in New England, and from that moment the growing thought at Trinity Church was to induce Bishop Eastburn to resign, and to call Phillips Brooks to the rectorship of the parish.

Before the great fire of 1872, Trinity Church, a Gothic edifice, said to have been the first of its kind in the country, and built of Quincy granite, was located in Summer Street, then just ceasing to be the section of the city inhabited by many of the oldest families. Bishop Eastburn had been the rector for many years and had carried on the parish in his stiff English way, making it an eminently respectable congregation but failing to use it so as to make a strong impression upon the people of Boston. There had



been many assistants, of whom the late Dr. John Cotton Smith and the present Bishop Potter were the latest; but with even this aid the parish was eminently conservative and inactive. The parishioners had used every effort to induce the Bishop to resign his charge, and when he finally consented, they invited Phillips Brooks from his delightful work in Philadelphia to the vacant rectorship. Temporarily the youthful preacher lost by the exchange. He left a better congregation than he found; but the temptation to return home and to labor for the rest of his life among his own kith and kin was too great to be resisted, and on the 31st of October, 1869, he preached his first sermon as the rector of old Trinity in Summer Street. He was then in his thirty-fourth year, and in the freshness of his strength.

Whatever men may do elsewhere, the Boston people only believe in what they can do in Boston, and Phillips Brooks had to win his laurels anew in the old Puritan city. He was not long in doing this. He had two superb qualities for his position. He knew how to mind his own business, and he refused to be drawn aside by engagements that were foreign to his work. He also developed from the first a great amount of sturdy common sense. His sermons were new to an Episcopal audience. They had the literary culture and fine ethical flavor which distinguished the retiring clergy of the Unitarian pulpit, and they also had an Evangelical fervor and a belief in the divine personality of Christ which entered the hearts as well as the minds of his hearers and drew people to him. Soon old Trinity was full. When the Bishop first returned, after giving up the charge, to preach in his former pulpit, he looked in vain for vacant pews; and when the older heads of the parish took counsel of one another in regard to the new rector, one of the most distinguished members, still living in venerable age, said to the rest: "Phillips Brooks will be good for ten years, and then he will have said all that he has to say and we shall want a new man." But as time went on, it was found that Mr. Brooks had something

fresh and new to say every Sunday, and the longer he preached the more eager people were to hang upon his lips and to enjoy the stimulating thoughts which he gave to them. It gradually dawned upon the members of Trinity parish that they had in their rector a man of genius; and when the fire of 1872 destroyed the church edifice, they rose as one man to the opportunity which opened to them to build a magnificent cathedral church on what was then the outer edge of the Back Bay. Mr. Brooks had gathered a congregation which possessed collectively the wealth to erect a church which could in the future be the diocesan centre of Massachusetts, and which would be architecturally one of the ornaments of Boston. Though costing altogether perhaps a million dollars, the burdens of the undertaking were cheerfully borne, and the Trinity people put up with all manner of inconveniences during the five years that they worshipped in Huntington Hall. Mr. Brooks kept the congregation together by his wonderful personality and by his rich and suggestive sermons, and when in 1877 the church, designed and erected by a man of genius for another man of genius, was consecrated, the venerable Dr. Vinton preaching the sermon of the occasion, the churchmen of Massachusetts, sitting down to the collation at the Brunswick, realized, for the first time as they looked over the goodly company, that the little one had become a thousand in a community where the progress of the Episcopal Church had been stoutly resisted at every step.

It would be hard to express the joyous and rightful enthusiasm with which Mr. Brooks entered upon what might be called his enlarged rectorship in the new edifice. He had some things his own way. If the seats must be rented, the galleries must be free, and if the parishioners did not occupy their own seats, the public must have the use of them. It should be said here that the wardens and vestrymen and the pew-owners of Trinity parish took their cue from the rector and have been inspired to repeat his large-mindedness in their generosity toward the people who wished to profit

by his sermons. Nowhere else in Boston has a church been more fully open to all sorts and conditions of men, and it may be said that no other Episcopal clergyman has to the same degree exercised the preaching function in all parts of Massachusetts. Phillips Brooks has always been willing to preach in the suburban and other parishes, to the extent of his ability, and the people have heard him gladly. Though a pronounced Broad Churchman, and not himself inclined to ritualistic practices, he has warmly recognized the loyalty to the Church of those with whom he differed in matters of doctrine and ritual. His liberality gradually extended to other religious bodies, and his affiliations with them, though never compromising his own position, have done much to put aside the prejudice against the Episcopal Church which once made it almost impossible for this communion to make headway in New England. One act of his, which has been greatly misunderstood, was a singularly brave and noble exhibition of his Catholic spirit. At the consecration of Trinity Church, he invited prominent Unitarian clergymen, and at least one layman, to receive the communion. They were representatives, excepting President Eliot, of the old and conservative Unitarian and Trinitarian parishes in Boston, and whatever might have been the difference between their beliefs and his, he put the Christian interpretation on their position and accepted them personally as baptized members of the Church of Christ. No more effective rebuke to the traditional doctrinal hostility to Unitarianism could have been administered, and yet if Mr. Brooks had then and there been required to give an account of himself, he would have boldly stated that his Christian belief was anything but Unitarian. He asserted the comprehensiveness of his church, and he renewed it when he was invited as the rector of one of the oldest Boston parishes to be present at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of King's Chapel. His speech on that occasion had the flavor of Christian charity and brotherly relation between Christian parishes

in the same community which is too rarely manifested on account of our sectarian divisions. But courteously and kindly as he spoke on these occasions, one cannot put his finger upon an indiscreet word. If ever a man took up the fences of religious separation and laid them low, it is this Phillips Brooks, whom the people, when the death of Bishop Paddock made a vacancy in the Episcopate, demanded, as with one voice, for the next bishop of Massachusetts. The foundation for this deep and universal interest was not laid in the idea that he was disloyal to the Episcopal Church, but in the conviction that he made more of Christianity and of what all Christians hold in common than he did of the special position of the Episcopal Church, not ignoring its claims, but insisting upon its higher identity with their own aims and purposes.

Mr. Brooks was made Doctor of Divinity by Harvard University in 1877; but it was not until about 1883, when the venerable Dr. Peabody, the best beloved of all Harvard's preachers, began to feel that he must give up his work, that he began to be invited to preach to the Harvard students. His sermons have always had the flavor that pleases persons of education and culture, and like his early friend, Dr. Vinton, he has constantly had deep interest in young men. During the very last weeks of his Trinity rectorship he invited the son of a brother clergyman, who had just entered Harvard as a freshman, to spend a Sunday with him, giving the youth as much time as he could spare in the intervals of duty, and treating him with that frank courtesy which captivates the hearts of youth like the tenderness of women. The young man naturally talked with the great preacher about his future, and found in Phillips Brooks a wise and sympathetic friend. The next day, after he had returned to Harvard, he wrote a letter to the father, in which, after praising his son, he said: "What dear, beautiful creatures these boys are!" Of all the Harvard preachers, who have been also pastors, Dr. Brooks has been the nearest to its young men, since the new plan of Sunday ministrations began. It has

seemed as if the Harvard parish was even larger than the Trinity one, and in it Dr. Brooks has done a great part of his best work. Whether at Harvard vespers, or on Sunday evenings, or in the confidences of personal ministration, he has rendered a great service to doubting and anxious and unguided minds and hearts. He has done much to create a new conception of American University preaching, and at many other institutions the plan which he has helped to render successful at Harvard has been repeated.

Dr. Brooks made Trinity parish during his rectorship like a Christian family. It was singularly homogeneous and united. If persons did not like the rector, they could go elsewhere. The parish was composed of people who were attracted and helped by his sermons, who liked the spirit of progress that animated them, and who agreed with him in churchmanship; and there was always a large fringe of outsiders, who felt that it was good to be there. It was not, in one sense, an organized parish, and yet it was highly organized. Dr. Brooks was faithful to the regular work of the church, and at an early day applied the funds of the Greene foundation to local missions in the city, for which the parish employed two assistants; but in addition to this he interested the Trinity people in a great many special things, the largest of which was the Trinity House in Borroughs Place. If any one, whether man or woman, felt called to any particular undertaking, he accepted it as proof that this person should undertake it and bade him or her God-speed in doing it; and thus a great many special enterprises have grown up in Trinity parish and become centres of moral, social, and spiritual influence.

It was inevitable that such a popular rector would call forth the spontaneous enthusiasm of women. Dr. Brooks has always been courteous and responsive to women, and treats them as he does men, with that frank appeal to their common sense and intelligence, which is the best compliment he could pay them. In a few homes in Boston, and in perhaps fewer families than one can number on the fingers of one hand, he has been accustomed to a social freedom in which

the minister was lost, as soon as he crossed the threshold, in the personal friend; and those who have been admitted thus freely to his confidence speak of these informal visits at dinner or for an evening as full of the *navet * and genial by-play in which a brilliant man, surfeited with the adulation of admirers, likes to indulge. He has never lived in a fool's paradise. Fixed and resolute in his views on social and religious questions, he has always been willing that the other side should be heard; and, like Bishop Potter, he has been able to be at once a man of the world and a devout and fervent servant of his Master. In connection with his own parish, in later years, he has found himself obliged to undertake a much larger ministry. Two years ago, he delivered noon-day sermons in Trinity Church, New York, and compelled the suspension of business in Wall Street in order that the brokers and bankers might hear him. At the Lenten services in St. Paul's, Boston, for several years, crowds have left their duties at midday to hear him; and wherever he goes he touches human hearts at their point of need, and ministers to their hopes and fears.

Colonel Henry Lee once remarked: "Dr. Brooks is a great exhorter. His sermons are not argumentative, but fresh and inspiring appeals to the emotional and spiritual nature of men. He never put an argument into a sermon in his life." The late Dr. Vinton once said to me: "Dr. Brooks will take any text in the Bible and make a sermon out of it. He writes down the text, and straightway his imagination begins to play upon it, and principles start out, and illustrations multiply, and he grasps the leading idea, and puts the force and rush of his soul into it, and before you are aware he has wrought out a discourse that moves and inspires you." This is a fair explanation of the mental evolution which is to be traced in his sermons. He never repeats himself. The ideas may be familiar, but they are always clothed in the fresh and fervent language of his imagination. They also breathe the spirit of a devout man. Busy as Dr. Brooks constantly is, it is the truth to say that he is a man who lives habitually in communion

with God, and when you are talking with him he has the bearing and spirit of one who believes that this is God's world, and that God is in it. Latterly he has quite as often preached extemporaneous as written sermons; but in either case he always displays the rare power of going far enough, and never going too far. One of his classmates tells a story which illustrates his resources and command of himself. One Sunday he went into Trinity pulpit and opening his sermon case was observed to look puzzled. In a moment he went to the reading desk and took up a small copy of the New Testament, and began to fumble over its leaves. Presently he found a text began to preach on it, rolling and rambling around it in a somewhat confused manner for a few moments until he had gotten hold of it, when his mind seemed to open, and he poured out a rich and copious stream of thought and illustrations and suggestions, resulting in the most impressive and powerful sermon which his friend had ever heard from his lips. As soon as the service was over, he went into the vestry to ask what was the matter. "Why," said Dr. Brooks, "I found when I got into the pulpit that I had brought in the sermon which I preached last Sunday morning."

He has published five volumes of sermons. His first printed work was the "Lectures on Preaching," which were delivered in New Haven as the Lyman Beecher course of 1877. In this volume we obtain a very complete idea of his conception of his work. It is plain that the personal and the manly element rather than the dogmatic idea rules his thought. No book on preaching has had a greater success in modern times, and none has gone so thoroughly into the heart of the subject. This volume was quickly followed by the first publication of his sermons in 1878, in which the public had an opportunity to test his theories by their fruits. The next volume was the Bohlen Lectures of 1879, on "The Influence of Jesus," in which he ventured upon the delicate ground of attempting to gauge the human personality of our Lord. If this work is carefully studied, it will be found to contain the substance of his thought

about Christ. A second volume of discourses appeared in 1881, entitled "The Candle of the Lord, and Other Sermons." The next volume came out in 1883, and bore the title, "Sermons in the English Churches." In 1886 a fourth volume was given to the public, dedicated to the memory of Frederick Brooks and entitled "Twenty Sermons." His next publication was "Tolerance," consisting of two lectures on religious liberty. His latest volume appeared in 1890, "The Light of the World, and Other Sermons," and was dedicated to the memory of his brother, George Brooks, who died in the war. Besides a few stray articles in the magazines, this is the sum total of his authorship, unless one or two Christmas carols and a few poems are included.

In his personality, Dr. Brooks is unlike any one else. There are times when he is as silent as the grave. I have seen him at clerical and other gatherings when he seemed like a sponge, absorbing everything and giving out nothing. When the spirit moves him to speak, you find, even if you have studied the subject carefully, that very often he has gone into it far deeper than you have. Intercourse with him is constantly marked by these surprises. He grows upon those who have come to know him. This is why young men are so delighted with him. He is like Coleridge in the fascination which he has for them, — and for the same reason; they cannot look through him. He takes optimistic views. The devil has no place in his thought or conduct. He likes nothing better than to do kind acts in a quiet way. The question is often asked, "When does he study?" He is always busy. He has the power to read like lightning, and his companions in travel say that he never fails to fill up the interstices of time with a book. He is an omnivorous reader, and remembers what he reads. He never needs to prepare himself to write sermons. His mind is always full of good matter, and he gets through with his immense work easily because he never wastes a moment. He never worries; he has a good digestion and can sleep like a top. He has been from early life a student of the best literature. Tennyson was the poet over

whom he went wild in his youth, and even as far back as the Alexandria days he was an earnest student of Browning. Though a direct pupil of Maurice, he never met him personally, he once heard him preach at St. Peter's, Vere Street, London. He first saw Stanley at Oxford, and first met him a year later. The future Dean of Westminster liked to be the patron of brilliant young men, and Mr. Brooks had an instinctive response for his English friend. They came to stand in the tenderest relations to one another. It was through Dr. Brooks's influence that Stanley came to America, and it was through Stanley's agency that Dr. Brooks was invited to preach before Queen Victoria, and received a cordial welcome again and again in the Church of England. No part of his career has had more sunshine in it than that which he has spent in English churches and homes. In this connection a word should be said about his love of travel. For one year he had a leave of absence from Trinity, which he used in travelling to India, where he spent the winter, and in preaching in England during the summer. He has frequently spent his summer vacations in England and on the Continent, and in this way has obtained mental rest. He has also found much comfort in his ancestral home at North Andover, where he lives during the summer if he does not go abroad.

In 1886 Dr. Brooks was elected the assistant-bishop of Pennsylvania, and at about the same time was offered a professorship in Harvard University. He declined both positions. In refusing the Pennsylvania Episcopate, he remarked that if he ever should feel any attraction for the highest order of the ministry, it would be for that position in Massachusetts, where he belonged, and where he felt that he could do the most good. "But," said he, "Bishop Paddock will unquestionably survive me, and that is not to be thought of." In the divine ordering of events, Bishop Paddock was unexpectedly stricken with illness, and passed away early in 1891. In the state of ecclesiastical parties in Massachusetts there was very little prospect that a Broad Church bishop could succeed Dr. Paddock. He

had united a discordant diocese, but numerically the High Churchmen had the controlling influence, and the impression was that Dr. Brooks, who had declined the invitation to Pennsylvania, would not accept a similar invitation to leave Trinity pulpit for the cares of the Episcopate. In the casting about to see what should be done, it was ascertained that Dr. Brooks would not decline an election, that Trinity parish would not oppose his candidacy, and that the High Churchmen would go against him because he had expressed himself at different times strongly opposed to the belief in the divine authority of the Episcopate. It was then determined to make an appeal to the people of Massachusetts. It was not known at the time, even by Dr. Brooks' friends, except to perhaps one or two, that he had any special desire to enter the Episcopal office, but the fact was afterwards learned that, though he was not aspiring for it or making the slightest effort to obtain it, he felt that, if he were called to it, it would not only be his duty to accept it, but that he could accomplish more for the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts during the rest of his life in this way than he could by remaining in Trinity parish. It was not until the efforts to elect him were well advanced that this was known. On the 22d of March, 1891, the Boston *Herald* published in its Sunday edition an editorial advocating on the broadest and highest grounds the wisdom of choosing Dr. Brooks as the next bishop of Massachusetts. This was the first mention of his name as a candidate. The editorial was widely read and discussed, and within the Church helped much to confirm the hopes of the Broad Churchmen that Dr. Brooks might be elected. In less than three weeks the people in every hamlet and household in Massachusetts were astir with the conviction that Dr. Brooks must be the next bishop. At first, it was said that anybody could be a bishop,—that Dr. Brooks was too great a man for the office; but the strength was taken out of this talk by referring to what certain great bishops in England and America had done, who were equal to the office; if

Dr. Brooks could be elected, it was further urged that he might, under God, make the office a magnificent reality throughout the length and breadth of Massachusetts. This turned the tide of public opinion. The feeling became so intense and earnest that almost the entire press in Massachusetts urged his appointment; and when the annual Convention of the diocese was held on the 29th of April, though the High Churchmen had named, in Dr. Satterlee, a candidate of eminent standing, it was believed that a sufficient portion of their number had reached such comprehensive views of the situation as to secure the election of Dr. Brooks. At the first and only vote on the issue he was elected by a two-thirds majority of the clerical and lay vote. He declined to come into the Convention to speak, but sent word that he would be glad to see the members of the Convention at his home. In the afternoon of that day nearly every clerical and lay member congratulated the Bishop-elect upon the result of the contest. It was one of the most affecting events in the life of Dr. Brooks. He was profoundly moved. In those close moments where a friend is nearer, than a brother, the ties of a new relation between him and the diocese of Massachusetts were cemented in a fresh conception of his largeness of heart and sterling common-sense.

Then followed a long period of waiting, while the different dioceses were passing upon his credentials. The action of Massachusetts was not accepted without challenge. An attempt was made to defeat and prevent his confirmation, and so persistent were the attacks upon his ecclesiastical position and supposed beliefs, that all that he could do was to remain quiet and stand upon his integrity as a man. When Father Grafton had been elected the bishop of Fond du Lac a similar contest arose during his confirmation by the Standing Committees. The Standing Committee of Massachusetts was equal to the occasion, and sent out a circular letter affirming that Father Grafton was not too extreme a man for the Episcopate. Dr. Brooks was one of the members of the Standing Committee. In addition to signing this cir-

cular letter, he sent to the Rev. Dr. Perkins, President of the Standing Committee of Kentucky, the following letter:

"MY DEAR DR. PERKINS:—If we reject extreme men from the Episcopate, we shall make the Episcopate narrower than it is.

"Faithfully,

"PHILLIPS BROOKS."

That appeal had the desired effect, and Father Grafton was admitted into the House of Bishops. But no such magnanimity was shown toward Dr. Brooks, among many of the Standing Committees or among a large number of the bishops, although a bare majority in each case was finally obtained in his favor. He was consecrated in Trinity Church by Bishop Williams, assisted by Bishops Clark, Doane, Littlejohn, and Howe, on the 14th of October, and the next Sunday administered the rite of confirmation to the smallest parish church in his diocese. He has entered upon his Episcopate with the undoubted love and loyalty of every clergyman in this diocese, no matter what may be his ecclesiastical or doctrinal opinions; and it is felt that he has before him the possibility of realizing to the American people perhaps a higher and more complete conception of what the Episcopal office may stand for than has as yet been illustrated in this country. From the pulpit of Trinity Church his preaching power has been extended to almost daily addresses or sermons in all parts of his diocese, and he has grappled with his work in "the spirit and power of Elias," the keynote being at once spiritual and practical. An Albany clergyman wrote to a friend in the Massachusetts diocese, before the Convention met that elected Dr. Brooks to the Episcopate, concerning the effect that the choice of Dr. Brooks might have upon the Church at large, and it seems as if his words were prophetic:

"It would give a new and significant start to our Church progress, not only there, but all through the Church, to have his manly, brotherly idea of wholesome, everyday Christianity proclaimed from a bishop's chair—a living, towering cathedral, bodily, mentally, spiritually."

This is what the outlook is for the great work that has been placed in his hands.

## THE MASTER OF RAVEN'S-WOE.

*By Arthur L. Salmon.*

THE wail of a woman's voice,  
And the cry of a new-born child ! —  
The snowy drifts were eddying far,  
The night was bitter and wild ;  
And ever above the wind there came,  
And over the snowdrifts piled,  
The wail of a weary woman's voice,  
The cry of a little child.

In his large arm-chair the Master sat  
And cowered above the flame ;  
For he heard the wail of that weary voice,  
And he knew that it called his name.  
And it smote his heart with a deadly chill  
Though the fire was blazing high,  
Though the curtains close were shutting out  
The strife of the troubled sky.

In his large arm-chair he sat, and gazed  
On the fire with reddened eyes ;  
And ever along the wind there came  
Those strange, unearthly cries.  
And he shouted, " Keep the woman out —  
Let her not come in, I say ! — "  
While the servants shuddering in the hall  
Were like enough to obey.

" By God," he muttered, " am I a babe  
To be scared by a coward's fear?  
'Tis a roughish night, 'tis a dreary wind,  
Yet the dead cannot come here."  
But ever above the storm there came,  
And over the snowdrifts piled,  
The wail of a weary woman's voice,  
The cry of a little child.

" Let her not come in ! " he shouted again,  
While the women shrieked with fear,  
For that dismal cry on the driving gust  
Seemed coming terribly near ;  
And he drew his chair more close to the blaze,  
And cursed the wind as it blew,  
But the wind laughed loud in the creaking panes  
At the secrets that it knew.

Nearer and nearer the crying came  
Till it seemed at the very door ;  
And the Master quailed as he heard the voice,  
And cursed and muttered the more.  
Then a bitter gust of the howling wind  
Along the corridor passed,  
And the door was suddenly driven wide  
With a blow of the icy blast.



From his huge armchair the Master sprang  
 With the cry of a frightened hound ;  
 And he faced to the door where the woman stood  
 In the snowflakes eddying round.  
 Her face was pale as a face long dead,  
 A ghastly terrible white, —  
 No word she spake, but her eyes shone forth  
 With a strange unearthly light.

None other saw what the Master saw,  
 None other heard what he heard ;  
 None other knew what the Master knew  
 In the shadows chill and blurred.  
 But there in his bitter trial's hour  
 He stood with madden'd dread —  
 Alone with the ghost of a bygone deed,  
 Alone with the risen dead.

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## PURIFICATION.

*By George Edgar Montgomery.*

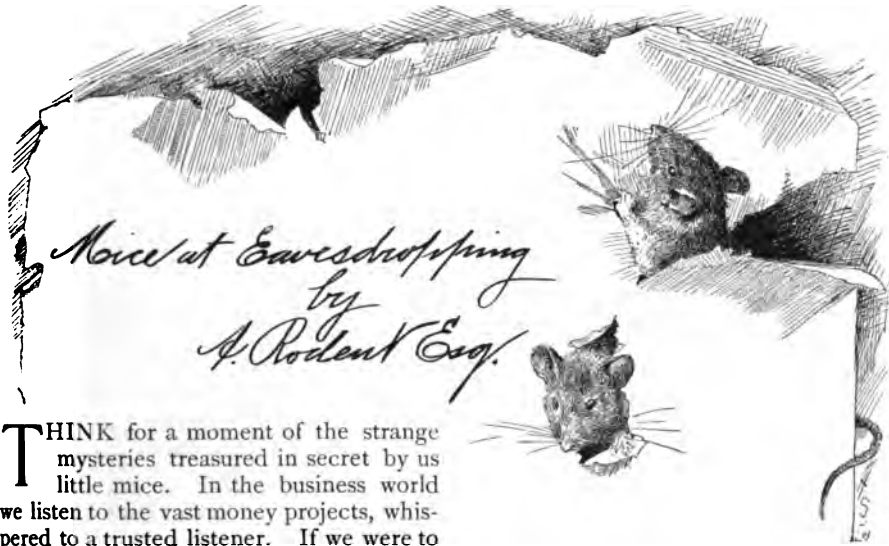
AH, human nature is a thing  
 Too often bitter, selfish, dull ;  
 Which grovels when it cannot sting,  
 And scorns the wise and beautiful ;

But your undarkened soul is worth  
 All that hands strive and strain to hold —  
 The precious jewels of the earth,  
 The hoarded mines of potent gold ;

And yours is such a gentle heart  
 That fools can wound it, yet so deep  
 That few may sound it with their art,  
 Though they may force you, dear, to weep.

Through you I rise above the lust  
 Of sin, the burning shame and crime,  
 Above despoiling years that thrust  
 Desires into the graves of time.

Through you I learn what life may be  
 To one who dreams and utters truth  
 In love, which lifts him strong and free,  
 And showers its glory on his youth.



**T**HINK for a moment of the strange mysteries treasured in secret by us little mice. In the business world we listen to the vast money projects, whispered to a trusted listener. If we were to give a column or two of our knowledge in the daily paper, the whole financial world would be shaken. Many of the social, the moral, and the political celebrities that now glimmer in resplendent light might forever be banished to a shadowy obscurity by the knowledge in possession of us little rodents.

The poverty of the church mouse is proverbial; but in all the varied realms of micedom, those that dwell in the atmosphere of the artistic Bohemian are the most entitled to sympathy. I say this, not with any selfish desire for undeserved compassion, as I have recently vacated the studio of Raphael Smith, of Boston, and taken up my abode in a deserted church, much to the improvement of my wasted physical condition. It is not in the spirit of retaliation that I mention the name of my former landlord, for he, poor fellow, did the best he could, and when there was anything to eat, was never over-anxious to sweep up the crumbs, but gave us rodents a chance to clean house for him.

In my former tenancy I learned much that the ordinary mouse is not supposed to know; for instance, that to paint a picture that shall combine all the qualities requisite to a great work is a tremendous task, one that calls for unremitting effort, united with a temperament that

sees the picturesque and feels the poetic aspect of all about him. When men of mature years, after a life of energetic study, feel that they are just approaching the standard they desire, one can comprehend, in a degree, the magnitude of their undertaking.

These bits of wisdom I have deduced from many lengthy conversations. I have also concluded that tradition has it aright, for once, that poverty seems an attribute of the profession, though it does not necessarily follow that to be an artist is to be poor. I have often heard reference made to sleek, well-fed men, who had followed this profession for years, and contrived to lay by a considerable sum for a "rainy day"; but as I have never been intimate with this class, perhaps my views of artists are somewhat colored by my experience. There has been frequent mention of younger men, who are in receipt of liberal incomes from their art work. But the number of these fortunate ones dwindles into insignificance, when compared with the vast throng that are struggling for an existence. If the artist paints truthfully, as he sees, and what he most deeply feels, it may not reach the popular taste, — and this means financial disaster; on the other hand, in attempting to cater to the prevailing fashion, he degrades his sacred



"Mister what yer doin? What yer doin?"

art, and quite likely fails to please any one, if he has not first satisfied himself. He is thus ever at the mercy of the fickle public until, as is the case with a very few of the brightest lights, his pictures become a permanent fashion, for the possession of which millionnaires contend, as it is for the name and not the merit that the average purchaser invests his money.

I have noticed that most of the favored ones take all their good fortune with a complacency that implies they feel it but too meagre for their deserts. The remorseless way in which fate deals with others leads them, in moments of depression, to rail at the public, with a strength of language that is perhaps better unrecorded; while others seek refuge for their troubled minds in extreme gayety, and among their intimates speak with much droll humor of their misfortunes. Their troubles are many and varied, as the experiences of Raphael Smith may serve to show; his experiences are not unlike those of many other artists.

After study abroad, which he was enabled to procure by means of a slight legacy, together with the small amount his own energies had enabled him to set apart for the purpose, he found, on his return to Boston, with a very small bank account and great hopes, that the streets were not paved with golden cobbles, even for a favorite of Julian's school. Vainly did he look for purchasers at his first exhibition. The much dreamed of art "boom" had come to be a sickly vision, of which poor Raphael had nearly lost sight. That spacious studio which he had at first found scarcely large enough to contain his swelling hopes had now been replaced by an attic chamber in a quarter once the abode of aristocracy, but where business now held sway,—business not of a lively, enterprising nature, but of a slow, drizzling character. Broken-down lawyers, real estate and insurance men, and seedy professors of various sorts here looked in vain for patrons. When Raphael had climbed his four dingy flights, it was his custom to throw himself into the nearest chair, light his long-stemmed pipe, and become a diligent disciple of Micawber. That was a precious chair in which he sat, although the cane-seat had yielded to the

work of time ; it was replaced by a mahogany panel, which had been covered with paint at an exhibition value of \$300.

Yes, Raphael Smith's soundings were near the depths of woe. A ten cent breakfast, no lunch, and fifteen cents for dinner made not an unusual day with him, and even this meagre allowance was very uncertain. In spite of the most determined attempts at respectability, his wardrobe, too, was sadly in need of reinforcements.

Realizing that in his gloomy state of mind, the result of a continued money drought, it would be impossible to produce creditable work, Raphael sought refreshment in a day's sojourn to the country. The warmth and beauty of color and sunlight revived his spirits in a measure. Seating himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree, before opening his color box, he thought to make a note of a passive old bovine, placidly munching her cud. As yet she had scarcely noticed him ; but when his pencil had drawn a line or two of her contour, it was as though an electric shock passed through her frame ; immediately, with a nervous toss of the head and switch of the tail, she moved away with that indifferent air that seemed to Smith a rebuke upon the frivolous pursuit of art. But when he has carefully selected his subject from the landscape, and is about to take his position, he suddenly becomes conscious of a flank movement, and some distance from his first location he collects his startled senses and shaken frame, in season to change his line of battle and confront his opponent.

"Has it come to this," exclaims Smith, as he faces his adversary, "that even the goats would trample on me ! No, monsieur Goat, I draw the line of retreat here. For the first time in years," he exclaims as he swoops down the enemy, "a tangible obstacle confronts me ; see how I can deal with it !"

The fight was brief, but glorious for Smith, as with his umbrella rod he stormed and took his original position. Mosquitoes and black flies were numerous, but he worked diligently, in spite of the fact that the sunlight was coquettish that day. When Raphael had chosen the effect he

desired, the clouds obscured the sun where he would have had it shining, and when he attempted to paint the depth of landscape in shadow the light burst upon it with all its brilliancy. As he realized that his study was a failure, there came from behind in rapid succession the queries :

"Mister, what yer doin' ? What yer doin' ? Mister, what yer doin' ?"

Smith recognized the voice of the little girl who, earlier in the day, as he came along the road, had insisted upon knowing what he peddled. To ask what he was doing was not flattering, as the child was looking directly at his canvas. As the reply was tardy, the child's companion remarked apologetically : "Ther poor thing dun'no what he is er doin'."

Raphael felt this to be all too true, and returned to his quarters, cynically declaring that life offers nothing but a pipe to some men, and dollars and cents to others, as a compensation for living.

All this, and much more, have I heard



"A Precious Chair."

related, while quietly waiting for the cover of night, that I might venture on a marauding excursion.

After Raphael had lived alone for some time, and found much trouble in meeting his rent bill, he took unto him-



"A Strange Expression of Distress escaped Him."

self a wife; or so he called his companion, who had theretofore been known as Rembrandt Jones. Jones was supposed to assist in satisfying the unreasonable agent, who insisted upon the payment of rent. He was a very uncertain relief, however, as he had but taken a different road to arrive at the same position as my first artist acquaintance. Coming from the western part of the state when quite a youth, he entered the Art Museum; but after a brief course of instruction, he found the necessity of gaining a livelihood pressing hard upon him. "Illustrating" was the most to his taste, as a means of earning a dollar; so with characteristic energy he sought the various publishers and engravers who had a demand for this kind of work. Preparing a number of drawings, as samples of his ability, he started in pursuit of his fortunes. A very little art editor, with great dignity and vast ignorance, took occasion to display his knowledge of

terms, in commenting upon the drawings. Mr. Busybee, with a sweeping glance, commended them all as works of art, but feared they would not print well.

A weary tramp it was for Rembrandt, from one to another, each successive man praising what the former one had denounced, and *vice versa*. As he climbed the many long flights to the office of Toodles, Son & Brother, engravers, his heart was sinking within him; but he again made application. There were two gentlemen, growing gray in service, but strangely they seemed not to have gained hardness with their years, for they spoke words of encouragement that were free from patronage, and they sent poor Jones forth to encounter the less sympathetic, with a lasting memory of their kind reception. Another weary round of offices, and that of Pumpelly is reached. With one glance at Jones's work, this man, with his Jewish propensities, sees his opportunity to gain a dollar. For this

reason, and none other, could he be courteous. Here, at last, Rembrandt gets a commission; his drawing is to appear in an elaborate holiday book, with prominent artists. His hopes are at their zenith. He feels dazed as he pursues his way to his dreary lodgings; the lodgings never looked so bright before. By day he works, and at night his dreams are haunted with his labors. After the most unremitting endeavor, his picture is complete. After another weary round of offices to show this new example of ability, he delivers it to the engraver, and receives the liberal compensation of seven dollars and a half; he learned from the publishers afterwards that they paid the engraver forty dollars for the drawing.

There are times when Jones is prosperous. He has really existed for several years with no other resource than art. He tries to fancy that perhaps the dark days have flown — when again comes a season of *drought*. The wolf is not only at the door, but seems gnawing at his vitals; keen hunger is upon him, and in sore distress he turns humorist. With pangs of hunger urging him, he grinds out a pleasant bit of humor to amuse the public in their idle hours, or to refresh them when the duties of the day are ended. To his amazement, he finds a ready market for this funny drawing, and receives a commission for six more, to be executed as soon as possible. With a portion of the proceeds of the first sale, he enjoys what is known to his fellows in his guild as a "royal fill-up." His spirits are restored and the walls ring with laughter.

"Only to think of it!" he exclaims, — "I, whom the boys call 'Old Solemnity,' — I am funny — get paid for being funny!"

The merriment of his voice startles him and recalls the grave fact that he has six humorous drawings to make. Behold, now, the funny man; like a hopeless idiot he glares into open space, groping for an idea. Some of the boys are coming gayly up the stairs while he mutters, "Saxe was right,

" 'Always wear a sober phiz,  
Be stupid if you can,  
'Tis such a very serious thing,  
To be a funny man.' "

After a brief silence, a strange expres-

sion of distress escapes him, which the boys hasten to investigate. They find him a startling figure; his hair erect, face distorted, eyes glaring into space, while his fingers clutch at the surface of the table, and from his twisted coat one might imagine that some desperate struggle had been going on.

"What's the trouble, Rembrandt?" they cried.

"Trouble? Trouble? Trouble enough! I have six funny drawings to make!"

They seized him, carried him to the couch, took the decorative fan from the wall to cool his heated brow, felt his pulse, and bathed his temples.

Smith was despairing of ever making another sale; and Jones's vein of humor proved not to issue from a mine, for after his first flattering reception his witticisms seemed a drug in the market. They were sent hither and yon, far and wide, but to return with little printed slips, expressing thanks for the contribution and regrets that they were not available. And so their little funds dwindled away until nothing was left them. A summons from the collector threatened them with proceedings at law if their poll taxes were not paid. Their gas was turned off until arrears were settled. A substantial meal was known to them only in memory.

Matters looked serious. Smith was engaged in grafting a buttonhole, that had survived the garment which it originally served, into a shirt that was weak at this point. He was boldly asserting that this performance was something "new under the sun." While admitting that the art of grafting was known in Biblical times, he claimed that his application of the principle was entirely original. Rembrandt quietly poked the fire with the bayonet of an old musket that Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown. It was a relic that a pawnbroker did not appreciate, so Jones still held possession; he muttered, as he stirred the coals, that it was a misfortune that this bayonet had not found the vitals of all his ancestors, and thus rescued him from Art. His gloomy soliloquy did not cheer Raphael; the latter turned abruptly, remarking that the sun was getting low, and that he had eaten nothing but two crackers that day.

"What shall we do?" he said, facing his *confrère*. It was a direct appeal and a recognition of Rembrandt's readiness in emergencies. It was a startling problem to spring upon a fellow-sufferer, but Rembrandt rose to the occasion.

"Let's sweep!" he exclaimed. "I've been with you a month now, and in that time we have had money in our pockets, which may have shed a dime now and then when the trousers were upside down for the night. I once found fifty-three cents under my couch in this way," he continued, "and so fell into the habit of sweeping every fortnight,—not in the usual way, but behind and under the furniture." His countenance was illumined as he turned to Raphael, who stood gazing dejectedly into the dying coals. "Come," he added, "gather up the papers, and I'll wield the broom. Out with the couch! Look, there, Smith, hip, hi, hurrah! Twenty-five, ten is thirty-five, and five is forty cents!" He dropped the broom where he stood, smiling with satisfaction. I was glad that he did, for it was coming dangerously near the hole from which I was peeping. "We'll sweep some other time; let's EAT now," he said.

When the substance that would give the most nourishment, for the money, had been selected and disposed of, Jones was so sanguine that he attempted to draw a practical lesson from their late experience, suggesting that wealth was lying within reach, and if they but looked in the right place they would doubtless find it. Smith assented to everything of a hopeful character, admitting that his great toe already felt a little "gouty" in anticipation of the luxuries to follow.

One day, when this gloomy state of affairs had been continued for some time, Raphael was seen by a number of his colleagues coming gayly along the street, dressed in the height of fashion, oblivious to all around him. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, so buoyant were his spirits. His radiant smile was something not to be forgotten. His friends sprang to his side, calling on him to halt and explain himself.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "I have had an adventure. Come to the celestial

abode with me, and I will a tale unfold that for mystery and grandeur has no equal."

"Boys," he began, when his lofty apartments were reached, "I—I have sold a picture! Yes, I was invited out—took tea—slept in a real bed—had breakfast—a *real* breakfast; don't drop your jaws in that fashion; a repast it was, fit for the gods. Believe me, gentlemen, at that moment of greatest enjoyment, when crisp rolls and tenderloin were fast disappearing, I thought of you, and was urged on by philanthropic motives. I ate, not for self alone, but put in two days' rations for every hungry artist in New England, and washed it down with *rivers* of the richest coffee. And that bed!—not of the Bohemian sort, prepared only when necessary for use, upon a couch, or drawn from behind portières out of some mysterious corner, as though one were ashamed that he ever gave way to sleep; but standing upon all four legs, a genuine, old-fashioned *terra firma* bed, occupying a liberal share of the room, as if exulting in itself and extending to a fellow a cordial welcome to its spacious surface. For years, when a boy, I slept in just such a nest, but never realized the real comfort of the luxury. I was determined to enjoy that night's rest; so, by tremendous effort, I remained awake all night, just to appreciate that bed. I used to think that art was all there was worth living for," he continued; "but the pleasure of turning over in the night, without getting up to make your bed as a penalty, quite surpasses it for pure joy!"

This event in the life of Raphael Smith was like the oasis to the desert; so vast, however, were the arid tracts between the posts of refreshment that it seemed oftentimes that he had seen the last oasis he would ever know.

For an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the human mind, we rodents are the best authority. There is something delightful in the utter lack of reserve and deception between two intimates when closeted together. Still better is the soliloquy of one, when his companion has departed. This little literary attempt of mine recalls to mind the many noble efforts there are at composition,



which never reach the public. This is especially true of verse. There are many serious-minded, practical-looking individuals, moving about in the world, that one would never suspect of it, who in secret have attempted the creation of poetry. As I take special delight in the emotional side of human nature, these little effusions afford me a vast amount of pleasure. I did not intend to mention it when I commenced this article, but since any human career is flavorless that entirely escapes the sentimental, I am going to tell that Raphael Smith wrote verse in the solitude of his studio, which he read with much effect — on the echoing walls and my sensitive nature. I do not recall the poem in full, but there was one line that ran,

"Oh! that golden forest, her hair!"

From this one would infer that Smith was sensitive to feminine charms, — which was really the case. Poor fellow! — he actually added to his other sorrows by falling in love.

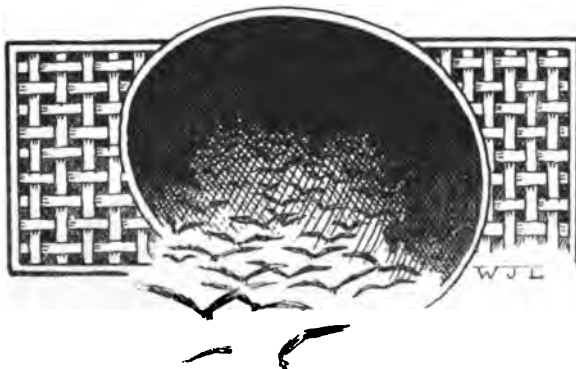
The verses came at a very unfortunate moment for their immortality. When they were completed, Raphael looked in vain for a postage stamp, in order that he might send the poem to the object of his affections, to whom it was addressed. But there was a great hole in the back of George Washington's head. I was dreadfully hungry the previous night, and tried to nibble a little from the other side of the stamp to gratify my palate; but the stamp was ruined — and it was the only one he possessed. This was one of those occasions when he had nothing but

an old-fashioned cent which he carried for luck; so in high rage he tore that piece of paper, burning with tenderness, into shreds, and threw it on the floor. Our nest was in the wall near the fireplace, but as Smith's last fire was fed by but one of his chairs, it was rather a cold quarter; so I lined our nest with these bits of paper, and we toasted our toes through that long, cold winter on the warmth of his tender sentiment. I inferred from Smith's mutterings in his sleep that he did not win his love.

Jones knew nothing of Smith's experience with the muse, and he ventured to try his hand; and though his verses as compared with Smith's were cold, he won his lady love, for we had not fed upon his postage stamps. The charitable lady forgave his unequal measures, and loved him for the sentiments of his heart.

The last I heard of Jones was from a note addressed to Smith, which the latter read aloud, and whistled. It was a pleasant invitation for Smith to dine at No. — Commonwealth Avenue, which Jones now called his home, thanks to the timely verses that won the wealthy wife.

I have quite lost track of my old friend Smith since I vacated his quarters for my present religious abode. At last accounts he had made connections with some prominent picture dealers, and had high hopes of great returns. When I left his place, his visions had not materialized, but if he now revels in the realization of his dreams, I think I will look him up; a studio is a grand place for mice when money is plenty.





Map of St. Louis.

The drawing from which this map was obtained was made for this article in the office of the President of the Board of Public Improvement. The circles are a mile apart. The village of Laclede and the first forty years is bounded by the double line near the St. Louis Bridge. The great bulk of the population now lies within the three-mile circle, but the growth is towards the region north of Forest Park. Nearly all the streets shown are boulevards. The sharp bluffs to the north and along the southern portion are from eighty to one hundred feet high. The position of Mill Creek Valley is shown by the line of railroads between Grand Avenue and the river.

## THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS.

*By Professor C. M. Woodward.*



**T. LOUIS, OR PAIN COURT.** This village is one league and a half above Kaoquias, on the west side of the Mississippi, being the present headquarters of the French in these parts. It was first established in the year 1764, by a company of merchants,

to whom Mons. d' Abbadie had given an exclusive grant for the commerce with the Indian nations on the river Missouri; and for the security and encouragement of this settlement, the staff of French officers and the commissary were ordered to remove there, upon the rendering of Fort Chartres to the English; and great encouragement was given to the inhabitants to remove with them, most of whom did. The company had built a large house, and stores here, and there are about forty private houses, and as many families. No fort or barracks are yet built. The French garrison consists of a captain commandant, two lieutenants, one serjeant, one corporal, and twenty men."

Behold entire the first sketch of St. Louis ever published. It was written by Captain Philip Pittman, an English officer sent out to report upon the European settlement on the Mississippi River, soon after the close of the French and Indian War. He visited St. Louis in 1768, when it was four years old. Fort Chartres was about twenty-five miles south of St. Louis on the east bank. The French officer who had surrendered the fort to the English in accordance with the treaty of Paris (1763) was Captain Louis St. Ange. Pierre Laclede Liquest, the merchant from New Orleans, had shrewdly selected the first high ground south of the Missouri as the site of his post and had landed there with some thirty Frenchmen, February 14, 1764. The gently sloping bank was well suited to the small village, which was laid out in French style with streets from thirty to forty feet wide. The first buildings were mere cabins, built of upright logs standing several feet in the ground. The rafters, which projected several feet beyond the walls, were covered with rough-

hewn shingles secured by pegs. The business of the adventurers was trading and hunting, and the prosaic occupation of tilling the soil had no attractions; as a consequence, St. Louis was not infrequently short of bread, a circumstance which led to the nickname "Pain Court," early applied by the settlements on the south.

The cession to England of all the French territory east of the Mississippi drove nearly all the French families in what is now southern Illinois across the river to the new village of St. Louis, giving it unexpected numbers and prominence. With Laclede came from New Orleans Mrs. Chouteau and several sons, a family which has held and still holds high rank in St. Louis. The people who fled from British rule were strongly French. Hence the great array of French names and relics in St. Louis.

Under the stress of circumstances which forced Louis XV. to yield Canada and the east bank to England, France had at the same time by a secret treaty ceded the west bank to Spain. This was not known in St. Louis till about January 1, 1765. Its announcement was received with surprise, indignation and shame. It appeared that Laclede had really settled on Spanish territory, and that those who had fled from British rule had come under the Spanish yoke. This transfer stopped the growth of St. Louis. During nearly forty years of Spanish dominion, the little village was almost stationary. However, the Spaniards were slow in taking possession, and it was not till 1770 that Spanish authority was established.

From 1770 till 1804, the history of St. Louis was most uneventful. The un-American communities west of the Mississippi knew little and cared less about what was transpiring beyond the Alleghanies between 1775 and 1783; they had no sympathy with either party, and only wished to be left free to trade



The Mercantile Club Building. St. Louis.

ISAAC S. TAYLOR, ARCHITECT.

with the Indians in peace. In 1780 there was an Indian scare, by bands from the north, and two or three of the people were killed in the fields west of the palisade, but no attack was made on the town. The Illinois Indians to whom the

territory of St. Louis had belonged, were always friendly and a real protection.

The comparative insignificance of early St. Louis is shown by the fact that as late as 1799 a careful census showed a white population of only 601, with 56 freed men, and 268 slaves — 925 in all.

In 1804, Louisiana, Upper and Lower, was retroceded to France, and immediately sold by Napoleon to the United States. St. Louis played no part in this momentous change, except to submit, and the history of the event is too well known to justify insertion here. It is said that when Captain Stoddard raised the Stars and Stripes over the old Spanish quarters near where the Southern Hotel now stands, on the 9th of March, 1804, some of the people wept at the thought of coming at last under the jurisdiction of a people who spoke another tongue, who were mainly Protestants, and who were descended from the English. At that date there were but two American families in St. Louis.

The purchase of Louisiana was the signal for immigration from the States. The English-speaking people soon outnumbered the French. In 1808, the *Missouri Gazette* (now the *St. Louis Republic*) was started. In 1813, the first brick dwelling-house was built in the city. The mansion house of Auguste Chouteau, built of hewn stone, was for many years the most imposing structure in the city. In 1817, the steam-boat *General Pike* made its appearance, coming slowly up the Mississippi. It created immense excitement; the Indians were fairly scared. The boat was much like the *Clermont*, Fulton's first steamboat at New York. It could with extreme difficulty breast the current of the swift river. From that date, steamboats multiplied rapidly. In a few years, as the city grew, steamboats lined the levee continually. In the year 1844, there were 2105 steamboat arrivals at St. Louis. Steamboat explosions were frequent in early days, several being reported each year. There was no explosion on any of the western waters during the year 1890.

In 1820, Missouri became a state, and by a deliberate choice of the people, in which St. Louis took the lead, it clung to

negro slavery, an institution which had been permitted by the French and regularly fostered by Spain. Although the last trace of slavery has disappeared, it cannot be denied that its blight retarded the growth and development of the city and state for at least a generation. Missouri is not a cotton-producing state; slave labor was employed in raising corn, potatoes, horses, mules, and hogs. St. Louis is now the greatest mule market in the world.

It was not till 1831 that the city exhibited any marked tendency towards its future career. Its population was then six thousand. During the years of 1831-5, a great many Germans came to St. Louis. The failure of the revolutionary schemes at home made it prudent for many of the young men to flee their fatherland. These refugees were well educated and energetic, and they made valuable citizens. One of them, William Palm, established a machine-shop and later built the first locomotive constructed west of the Mississippi. They were led to St. Louis by a book, published in Germany, giving a glowing account of Missouri, by an enthusiastic German who had come here by chance a few years before. Again after 1849, Germans came in crowds for an equally good reason. Many of our best foreign-born citizens came at that time.

The spot just across the Mississippi from St. Louis, known by the unsavory name of "Bloody Island," was already a notorious duelling-ground. There, in 1817, Thomas H. Benton had killed a popular young man, a member of the Lucas family. So long as the "code" was in full force, duels on Bloody Island were not infrequent. In 1831, Major Thomas Biddle of the Army, and Spencer Pettis, Congressman-elect, fought at a distance of *five feet*. When they wheeled and faced each other at the word, their pistols overlapped. Both were killed. Truly the battle-ground was fitly named. I remember seeing in 1867, in the corner of a small churchyard at Tenth and Biddle Streets, a monumental stone with this inscription: "Pray for the souls of Thomas and Ann Biddle." I am told that the bodies have since been removed.

The Board of Public Schools was or-

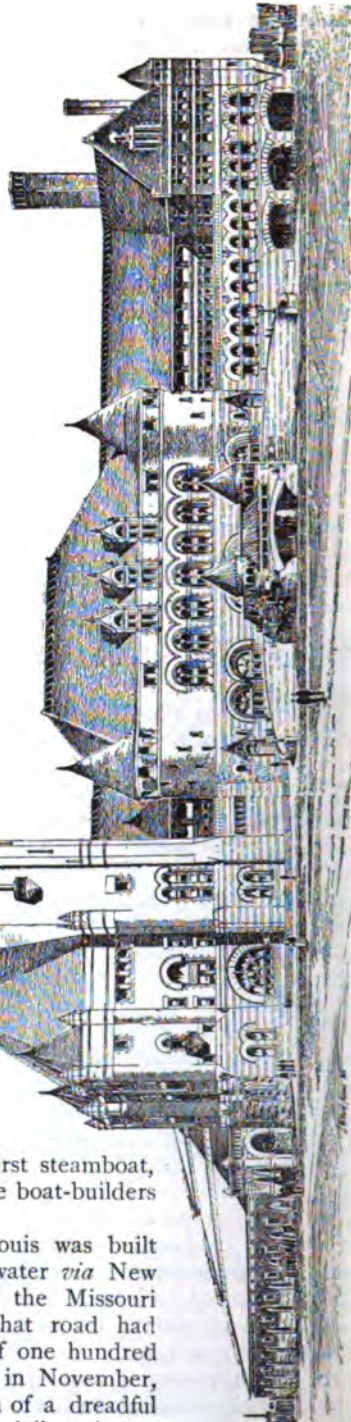


ganized in 1833, and the first public school was opened in 1838, David H. Armstrong (afterward United States senator, and still living) being the teacher. The school was not free, though the annual fee was only ten dollars. In 1848, the school board sent Edward Wyman to Massachusetts to procure competent teachers. He brought back twelve women and four men, who came by steamboat *via* the Ohio River. The first school report was published in 1854, by Superintendent John H. Tice, who afterwards became somewhat famous by his speculations in meteorology and his theory of the planetary equinoxes. In 1861, the state's school money was used to arm the state against the United States government, and the schools were shortened in consequence. In 1863, all the public schools of the city were made permanently free. William T. Harris was elected Superintendent in 1871.

In 1847, eighty-three years after the founding of the city, a grand anniversary celebration was held. It was remarkable for two things: the presence as president of the day of Pierre Chouteau, then eighty-nine years of age, the only survivor from the original party of Laclede; secondly, a historical oration by Hon. William Primm, in which he gave with fulness the early history of

what was at last the thriving city of St. Louis. Nearly at the head of the long procession were two interesting features: four mounted Indians in full costume, as a sort of bodyguard of the venerable president, and a twenty-foot model of the first steamboat, *General Pike*, already a great curiosity to the boat-builders of the city.

The first locomotive ever seen in St. Louis was built in Taunton, Mass., and brought here by water *via* New Orleans. It was placed on the track of the Missouri Pacific in December, 1852. In 1855, that road had been built to the state capital, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. An excursion train in November, 1855, over the new road was the occasion of a dreadful catastrophe. Bridge-building was new, and civil engineers



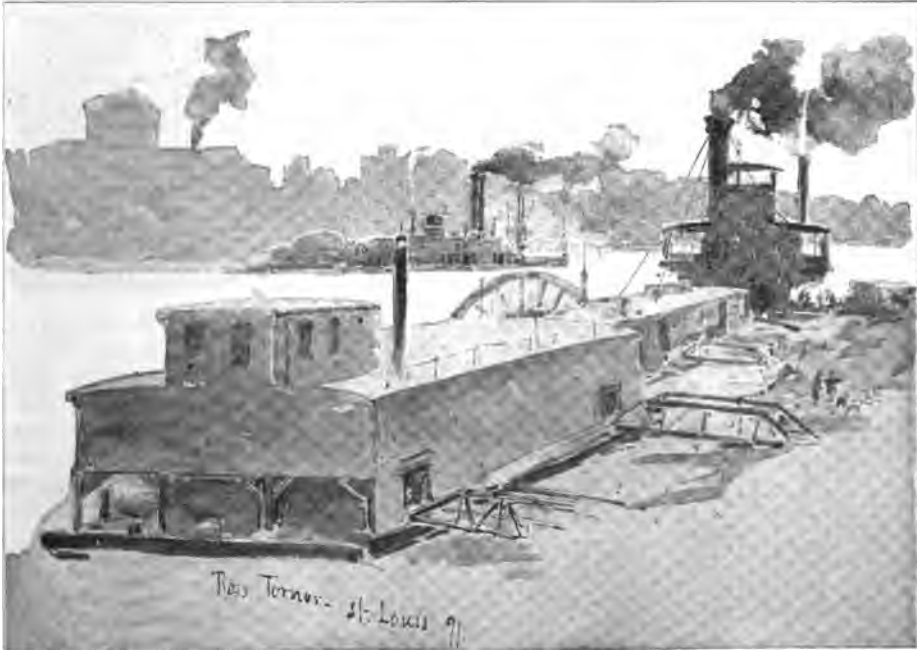
The New Union Depot, St. Louis.

LINK & CAMERON, ARCHITECTS.

were not trained as they are now. The first span of the new bridge over the Gasconade gave way, and the engine and seven crowded coaches plunged a distance of twenty-five feet upon the low bank of the river. Twenty prominent St. Louis people were killed outright, and hundreds were more or less injured.

The first locomotive of the Iron Mount Road, built in St. Louis by William Palm, was put on the track in 1858. This road was constructed to Pilot Knob, the Mis-

new. Huge omnibuses or barges, with four or six horses each, fringed the open-air station in East St. Louis, and the passengers were told off into them in short order. Then came the descent to the ferry, which made one hold one's breath and crowd to the upper side, as the landsman tumbles to windward while beating into a stiff breeze. It was bad enough when one could see; by night it was dreadful and picturesque; one could see only by the torch of pine knots swing-



A Bit of the Levee.

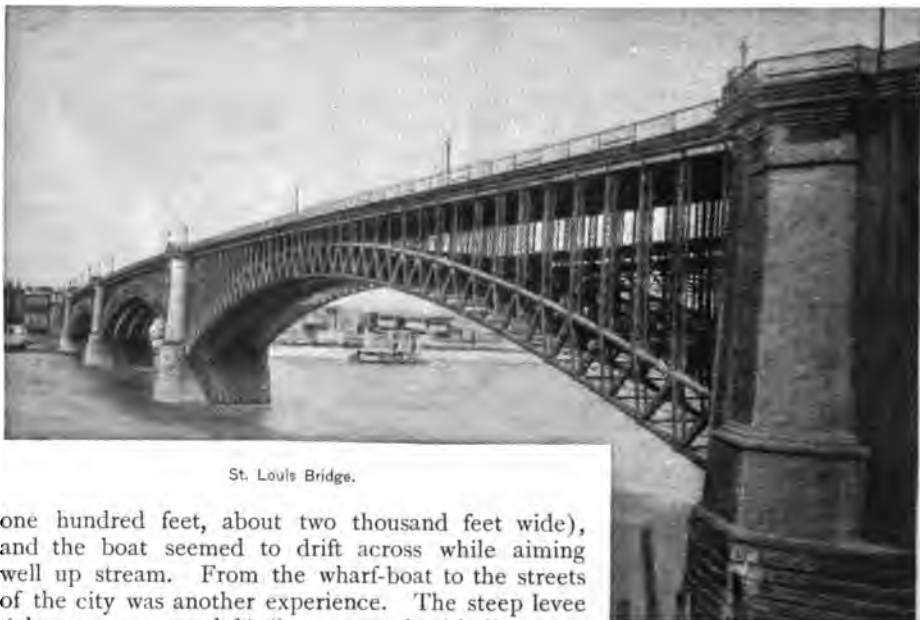
souri Pacific was extended to Sedalia, and the "Frisco" to Rolla, when they were stopped for four years by the war. They all did the Union cause good service, but they suffered severely; the Missouri Pacific was utterly dismantled by Price's army from Franklin to Sedalia. The "Ohio and Mississippi," to Cincinnati, and the "Chicago and Alton," to Chicago, were built just before the war. All other roads have come in since.

Up to 1874, the traveller from the East, on leaving the cars, found himself on "Bloody Island," with the raging Mississippi still to cross. Usually the passage of the river was an ordeal wholly

ing from the bow of the boat or by the fierce light of the furnaces as they were successively stocked. A Mississippi ferryboat is a unique affair. It has a double hull, with the wheel between, protected from ice. A five or six barred fence surrounds the spacious deck, on which fourteen loaded omnibuses with six horses each can easily stand. A large ferryboat can carry a drove of six hundred head of cattle.

The river was deep, swift, and surprisingly narrow (for the new-comer always supposed that the Mississippi must be a broad, imposing stream, instead of an immensely deep river, — at times over





St. Louis Bridge.

one hundred feet, about two thousand feet wide), and the boat seemed to drift across while aiming well up stream. From the wharf-boat to the streets of the city was another experience. The steep levee (always pronounced *lěvě*) was paved with limestone



James B. Eads.

blocks, and it was hard to reason one's self out of positive fright. In winter the river was either full of floating ice or the rough and crowded masses were frozen solid. In the former case the boats worked their way across slowly and laboriously, breaking or driving the ice. When the ice gorged, communication was stopped for a time until the ice started again, or until it was safe to cross on the ice. Passengers and mails were known to have waited two and three days on the east bank, with St. Louis in plain sight. The starting of many square miles of ice piled many feet in thickness was an event which brought half the city down to the levee to see the destruction wrought by its resistless force. Sometimes boat after boat, large and small, would be crushed and sunk out of sight in a moment. The first winter

I was in St. Louis, seventeen boats were crushed and sunk in two days, involving a loss of nearly a million dollars. The ice did not always gorge, and boatmen generally aimed to avoid the St. Louis Harbor in a cold winter. All this is now changed. Two steel bridges span the river high above all floods, and ice blockades are no more. Even the destructive effects of a start of the ice after a long and fast blockade are now prevented by the massive piers of the bridge, which are sufficiently firm to crush to powder any mass of ice that may float against them.

The foundations of the St. Louis Bridges were begun in 1867. Their construction was a triumph of engineering. In spite of a deep and rapid river, in spite of ice and scour, all the great piers of the bridge were sunk to the bed-rock, in two cases more than one hundred feet below high water. No brief description can do justice to the beautiful arches which combine to form the supporting members of the bridge. Each span consists of eight slender steel tubes arranged in pairs, connected by a network of struts, ties and diagonals, which seem in the distance like gossamer. The steam roadways below and the broad lofty street above harmonize so completely with the design of the arch that they add both grace and majesty.

To James B. Eads and his first assistant, Henry Flad, is due the credit of building the great St. Louis Bridge. The former brought to his task, as he did to the construction of his ironclad gunboats in 1861, and to the Mississippi Jetties in 1878, indomitable energy and unrivalled mechanical fertility. Colonel Flad brought a marvellous ingenuity, the training of a superior engineer, enriched by wide experience, and a devotion to

his profession which placed him in the first rank of living engineers. The St. Louis Bridge, while building, was pronounced by London *Engineering* the finest piece of engineering in the world. Few European engineers came to the Centennial in 1876, who did not extend their trip to St. Louis to see the great steel bridge. The universal verdict is



James E. Yeatman.

that, beautiful and interesting as it is seen from the river above or below, it is far more beautiful and doubly interesting when one inspects closely its graceful members and sees in every smallest detail the evidence of a finished design.

Three miles up river is the new Merchants' Bridge, also of steel, and a marvellous work in its way. It is a double-track truss bridge, built by the Union Bridge Company, as designed by George S. Morison, whose home is among the hills of Peterboro', N. H. The bridge

stands 70 feet above the water, in three spans, each over 500 feet long. The steel in a single span weighs 3,000,000 pounds, and yet so exact was the construction of the parts, and so complete the appliances for erection, that one of the spans was put together in 47 working hours. While trains from the old bridge enter the yards of the central station through a tunnel under the city, those from the new bridge enter over an elevated road.

The old Union Depot has always been the occasion of much abuse and many apologies. Scanty room and numerous trains have resulted in confusion and jostling crowds. At last, however, a Union Depot is under way, of which the city may well be proud. Some idea of its

grace and dignity may be inferred from the illustration given on another page, and its size may be inferred from the fact

that under its "train shed" thirty-two trains may stand side by side; it will be the largest railway station in the world.

In the St. Louis of sixty years ago, there was said to be a lovely sheet of water called "Chouteau's Pond," in the valley of Mill Creek, which fairly bisects the city territory, lying at right angles to the river. The little lake was a mile or so long, and boat races were held on it years ago. Latterly the basin has been drained and filled, while Mill Creek has been arched over and

buried out of sight. The entire valley, some half a mile wide and several miles long, is being given over to railroads, warehouses, coal-yards, shops and factories. The city is thus cut in two, and "Southside" and "Northside" are definite terms. Street traffic is carried over on bridges, of which there are now seven; the finest, at Grand Avenue, is shown in perspective in our illustration. The bridge is 60 feet wide and 1,600 feet long, and immensely strong. Its appearance is fine from every point. The suspension cables



The late Henry Shaw.



Vaults of Equitable Building.

are stiffened by a continuous system of bracing, which adds much to their beauty and renders them extremely rigid.

Up to 1850, the city was without any system of house drainage. The dreadful consequence of a lack of sanitary engineering was illustrated by the cholera scourge of 1849, when 4,285 people died of cholera, and as many more from other diseases, one person out of eight in the city population dying during the year. The following year the scourge was less severe, but the lesson was learned. Sewers were begun, and by 1860, there were 31 miles of main and district sewers. But the system was far from complete, and in 1866 the cholera came again. Though not as bad as in 1849, it was frightful, and measures were adopted to put the city in the best possible sanitary condition. By 1870, the system had fairly caught up with the growth of the city. Since that date it has grown with the city. St. Louis is now a healthy city, far more so than formerly, and this is due, first, to the disappearance of the numerous ponds or "sink holes," which formerly infested every unimproved section of the city territory; secondly, to an efficient sewer system embracing every house; thirdly, to an abundance of pure water for flushing sewer connections as well as for kitchen and table use. The sewers range from clay pipes twelve inches in diameter to vast subways in which two omnibuses might pass each other. The system contains 336 miles of pipe, large and small.

During the Civil War, St. Louis was more of a hospital and a camp than a battle field. To be sure it narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the disunionists in the very beginning. The

United States Arsenal, situated in the southern part of the city proper, contained arms for forty thousand men in care of a small number of federal troops under Captain Nathaniel Lyon. The governor of the state, who had already written President Lincoln that "Missouri would not send a single man to his un-



Linnean House, Shaw's Garden.

holy war," was anxious to secure these arms, and a portion of the state militia was called into camp just within the old city limits. By May, 1861, the force of Captain Lyon had increased to 400 regular troops, five regiments of Missouri volunteers, and five regiments of "Home Guards." The volunteers had been organized by Frank P. Blair, in response to the President's call; and the Home Guards had been organized, equipped and drilled in secret by patriotic citizens of the city; these last troops were largely Germans.

On the 10th of May, Lyon marched out with six new regiments and captured "Camp Jackson" containing some 800 men. The prisoners were paroled as

was outwardly loyal. Armored gunboats were built in Carondelet, now South St. Louis, and forwarded to the support of Grant's army; regiments and supplies



Apse of Christ Church Cathedral.

FROM A DRAWING BY M. P. MCARDLE.

soon as they would take the oath of loyalty — some immediately and the rest the next day. From that day till the war was over, Union forces in greater or less numbers occupied the city, and the city

were sent into the field. Though Price's army came within thirty miles, the city was never attacked. Active disunionists in the city were arrested and sent within the Confederate lines, and in some

flagrant cases property was confiscated. Passive sympathizers simply stayed at home, discreetly keeping control of their tongues and their property.

As soon as Lyon took the field, the sick and wounded began to come in large numbers. After the desperate battle of Wilson's Creek, at which Lyon was killed, 721 wounded men were brought to St. Louis. Every hospital was crowded, and more room and hospital supplies were in pressing demand. As with one spirit, those who could not fight set to work to care for those who fell. New buildings erected for business purposes were rented and converted into "Soldiers Hospitals," in charge of Dr. John T. Hodglen. The Western Sanitary Commission was organized to care for the sick and wounded at home, and to carry nurses, surgeons, and supplies to the armies in the field. The Managers of the Commission appointed by General Fremont, then in command of the city, were James E. Yeatman, Esq., president; C. S. Greely, treasurer; Dr. J. B. Johnson, Mr. George Partridge, and Rev. Wm. G. Eliot. The splendid work done under

these men is the pride of St. Louis. I have no room for its history, but readers of this magazine should know that since those sad and weary years, St. Louis holds all those men in grateful and reverent



Part of the Levee.

remembrance. During four years they distributed in money and supplies, the enormous sum of \$4,270,998.55. A single item in the history of the Sanitary Commission is worthy of mention here. It was resolved to hold a Mississippi Valley Fair in the broad area of Twelfth Street between Washington Avenue and





Dr. William G. Eliot.

Olive Street, in May, 1864. A vast frame building was erected, and a fair was held for twelve days. The great mass of material offered for sale was largely given. Every conceivable device was employed to give people opportunity to spend money. Miss Nellie Grant as the "Old Woman That Lived in a Shoe" was an immense success. The net proceeds of this fair in cash were \$554,591.

It is with special pleasure that the portraits of Mr. Yeatman and Dr. Eliot are given with this article. Both have been for many years so active in good causes that St. Louis would hardly have been herself without them.

When I came to St. Louis two years after the war, matters were still in a chaotic state. Old business was recovering and new business was booming, but much capital and a great part of the disposition for business enterprise had been ruined. There was much adverse criticism at the apathy and inaction of the old families. It was grimly declared that what St. Louis needed most of all was a few first-class funerals. The more northern men flocked to St. Louis and cast their lots with a city and state which had just thrown off the curse of slavery and invited immigration, the more Confederate families withdrew from affairs and maintained a haughty reserve. This aloofness of the friends of the "Lost Cause" showed itself in the maintenance of a peculiarly southern social life, and an attempt to foster Southern sports. Instead of baseball

and trotting horses, they indulged in tournaments and running horses. I had the pleasure of attending a tournament in the grand amphitheatre at the Fair Grounds. The young knights sabred wooden heads right and left, and captured rings on their swords in quick succession as they rode furiously around



Grand Avenue Bridge.



the arena. Stylish young ladies were crowned by the victors with all the pomp of chivalry. It was generally admitted that the young men sat their horses well and that beauty and grace and skill characterized the spectacle. To be sure, no end of fun was made of the "chivalry," and the tournament was so effectually burlesqued that its life was short.

Twenty-five years have worked a vast change. Matters which could not be mentioned without a rush of hot blood and a feeling of triumph or of shame are now spoken of tenderly and un-reprovingly, as one would speak of the dead. The new generation is united, public spirited, and harmonious in all the offices of life. The new state of things is recognized by all as immeasurably better than the old, and by-gones are pretty effectually by-gones in St. Louis.

St. Louis is fortunate in having excellent water and plenty of it. It comes from the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches our pumping station turbid with the minerals and clays of mountain, valley and plain. Seen in the river, it looks like cream-coffee, but when the mineral matter is allowed to settle, the water is fairly clear; if filtered, it is crystal; in either case it is altogether wholesome and delicious. I do not hesitate to say that no city has better water; very few have as good, and the supply is inexhaustible.

St. Louis has outgrown two pumping systems, and its third is nearly built. The map shows the location of the old and the new supply stations. The water is pumped into large settling basins and allowed to settle from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. It is then pumped into the city pipes with an overflow into the city reservoir on Compton Hill. The street

pipes vary from three inches to forty-eight inches in diameter. In 1891, there were 374 miles of such pipes. The growth is now twenty miles of street pipes per year. The amount of water used last summer rose as high as fifty-five millions of gallons per day, ten millions being



Church of the Messiah.

used to sprinkle the streets. This is an average allowance, exclusive of sprinkling, of nearly one hundred gallons per day to every man, woman and child in the city. The price in dwelling-houses is three cents per one hundred gallons. Large users get water for one cent and one-quarter per one hundred gallons. The capacity of the new waterworks will exceed one hundred million gallons per day. A glance at the map shows that the

new waterworks lie well above the city at the foot of the bluff, where the valley of the Missouri joins that of the Mississippi; the water used by the city is wholly from the Missouri stream. Compared with the Missouri, the water of the upper Mississippi is stained dark with vegetation, is less palatable, and less wholesome.

The village of Laclede, about a mile long, is shown on the maps. The thin fortification built by Auguste Chouteau,

great by 60,000 or 70,000. In 1880, it was 350,218; in 1890, it was 460,357. By Jan. 1, 1892, it is probably 485,000.

Building in St. Louis has passed through three stages, and is now in a fourth. In the hurry of a new settlement, its first buildings were of logs, built from trees that stood on the ground. The next stage was also of wood, the dwellings being higher and more elaborate. Dickens, who visited the place in 1842, thus describes them :



Washington Avenue looking West.

ran along the site of Fourth Street. In 1822, when the town became a city, the western line had moved to Seventh Street. In 1851, the western boundary ran along Eighteenth Street, and north to the mouth of "Stony Creek." Carondelet was included in 1870, and in 1876, the present boundaries were adopted. The present area is 61.37 square miles. The length of the river front is nineteen miles.

The growth in population has been rapid since about 1834, when it was only seven thousand. In 1859, it is given as 185,000. The official census of 1870 was incorrect, giving a population too

"In the old French portion of the town, the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are quaint and picturesque, being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs, or rather ladders, from the street. Some of these ancient habitations, with high, garret-gable windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and being lop-sided with age, appear to hold their heads askew besides, as if they were grimacing with astonishment at the American improvements."

The third stage was reached when the streets were widened and straightened and brick buildings three and four stories high replaced these grotesque reminders of the old world. The new buildings



Lafayette Park in Winter.

were considered fine, and many of them are still standing. The fourth style began when these last buildings were cleared away and modern business houses, deep and high, took their places. The strength, solidity, and vast proportions of these final blocks are well shown by several of our illustrations. Such buildings are now

going rapidly up on a score of streets. It is to be regretted that all are not equally good. Elaborate exteriors are out of place in the sooty atmosphere of St. Louis. From projecting sills, ledges, and trimmings, disfiguring black streaks destroy an effect otherwise fine. Consequently, the capitals of columns and pil-

asters are sometimes so bald and out of proportion as to be ludicrous.

A conspicuous example of recent architecture is the City Hall, now in process of erection. Its exterior is Missouri granite and brick. It stands in the centre of what was known as Washington Square. In style its architecture is essentially modern, though suggesting the town halls of Belgium and the north of France.

Church architecture in St. Louis is in no way remarkable. Of course there are

slightly arched roof and ceiling over the nave. The pews are high and stiff, the altar imposing and the tinting and frescoing are in good condition. There are some paintings (one of which is very fine) which were presented by King Louis of France nearly a century ago.

As a rule, the older Protestant churches are plain and dingy; some of the later ones are tasteful and attractive. Churches as well as church-goers are moving westward. Many have been torn down to



Reading-Room, Mercantile Library.

no really old specimens. The oldest is known as the French Cathedral on Walnut Street, between Second and Third. It was erected in 1834 on the site of the original log church built by the first settlers and of the larger wooden church which followed, facing Second Street, then called Church Street. It is 136 feet long, 84 feet wide, and the front, of polished freestone, is 50 feet high. The portico is imposing, consisting of four massive Doric columns with entablature, frieze, cornice, and pediment. There are inscriptions in Hebrew, Latin, French, and English. The interior contains two rows of fine Doric columns carrying a

make room for business blocks; many have been converted into warehouses and some into theatres. Christ Church, the entrance to which is shown by our artists, is destined to an early removal; its tower will never be built. West of Grand Avenue, the style of church architecture is thoroughly modern, as instanced by the Church of the Messiah.

Progress in domestic architecture has fully kept pace with that in business quarters. The newer portion of the city west of Grand Avenue in the vicinity of our great parks is being rapidly covered with beautiful and picturesque residences, scattered along broad streets and hand-





Mercantile Library

some boulevards. The old tadpole style of dwelling which was universal twenty years ago, is built no more. The deliberate construction of "Places," or private streets, is a feature of the city. In every "Place" the lots are large, and lawns and shrubbery serve to set off the details of tasteful architecture.

St. Louis has few suburbs, because as yet it has an abundance of desirable grounds on its own territory. Nevertheless, the suburbs of Ferguson, Webster Groves, and Kirkwood along the lines of steam railways, are building up in a most attractive manner. The gentle rolling hills offer great advantages to such as love the country, yet would be near the town.

St. Louis is rich in parks, and it will soon have an unequalled system of boulevards connecting them. Forest Park is a superb stretch of rolling woods and dells of over two square miles. Its drives are fine, and the walks, lakes, and groves charming. Carondelet, O'Fallon, and Tower Grove are all driving parks of great beauty and finish. Tower Grove Park is purely artificial, and forms a pleasant contrast with natural groves elsewhere. The land for this park (266.76 acres) was given to the city by its great benefactor, Henry Shaw, to whose taste and judgment all the beauties of the park are due. The finest statues of the city adorn the principal drive of this park. They are all of bronze, heroic in size, and the work of Baron von Mueller of Munich. The Shakespere and Columbus are much admired, but the Humboldt is the finest, —



Fireplace in Mercantile Library Reading-Room.



St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts.

a magnificent work of art. Adelaide Neilson declared that she "had seen every memorial of Humboldt of any consequence, public and private, in existence, and that this was decidedly the finest." The niece of Humboldt, after seeing this statue, wrote Mr. Shaw that Europe had done nothing comparable to it for the great naturalist. The pedestal of the Humboldt statue contains this

graceful inscription: "In honor of the most accomplished traveller of this or any age."

There are twelve smaller parks, of which Lafayette is the largest and the gem. Its thirty acres contain more variety, grace, and finish than any equal area that I have ever seen. It particularly abounds in snowballs and roses in May, while its grateful shade, its well-kept lawns, and its bewitching curves are a delight all summer long. Our artist shows how it appears in winter. After the three fine statues in Tower Grove Park, and possibly the one of Benton in Lafayette Park, there is little outdoor sculpture worthy of mention. Several attempts have been made, and a few conspicuous positions are occupied, but with no distinguished success.

Mention has been made of Henry Shaw's gift of Tower Grove Park and the statues there. That is but the least of his gifts to the city. No words of mine



A St. Louis Residence.

can convey any adequate idea of what he has done for botany in his gifts to the city, and to Washington University. "Shaw's Garden" is now the property of the city, and it has been so munificently endowed by Mr. Shaw that its perpetual maintenance in the most complete manner can never cost the city a dollar, and yet with all its manifold uses it is to be

land, in 1800. While attending a primary school at Thorne, he was assigned a patch of ground for the cultivation of flowers, as was the custom of the school. There he learned to cultivate and to love a few simple flowers, "anemones and ranunculus." In 1819, he came to St. Louis with a small stock of cutlery from his native town. For years he devoted



Vestibule of Museum of Fine Arts

forever free to visitors, and to subserve the interests of the "Henry Shaw School of Botany." The Botanical Garden covers some fifty or sixty acres, comprising a "Floretum," a "Friticetum," and an "Arboretum." The flower garden is elaborately laid out in English style and contains two series of plant houses. No garden in America can approach this in extent, variety, or endowment; it is doubtful if it is surpassed by any in the world.

Mr. Shaw was born in Sheffield, Eng-

land, in 1800. While attending a primary school at Thorne, he was assigned a patch of ground for the cultivation of flowers, as was the custom of the school. There he learned to cultivate and to love a few simple flowers, "anemones and ranunculus." In 1819, he came to St. Louis with a small stock of cutlery from his native town. For years he devoted himself to selling hardware, but never lost his love for trees and flowers. As he grew rich he bought large tracts of land "out in the country." When he retired from business he went out there to live, and started his famous garden. Gradually the city encroached upon his domain and his broad acres brought him boundless wealth. He died two years ago at the age of eighty-nine.

Simultaneously with the introduction of modern business architecture, the city began to pave its business streets with



granite. There are now forty-two miles of broad durable streets paved from curb to curb with granite blocks standing on concrete. When I say broad, I must except a few of the old French streets like Olive, Locust, and Vine east of Fourth Street, which between curbs are scarce twenty feet wide. Two streets have asphaltum pavement; there are about twenty-five miles of fine Telford driving streets, and unlimited stretches of macadam. Limestone macadam is plenty and cheap (for limestone underlies the whole city), but it wears out rapidly, and the dust and mud formed from its powder are intolerable. Sharp, coarse gravel is just coming into extensive use as a top-dressing to macadam. Last summer over four hundred miles of streets were sprinkled three times a day by the city.

Since May, 1890, all important streets have been lighted by electricity; 2000 arc lights are used for 410 miles, and 600 incandescent lights are placed in alleys. The use of electricity in private houses for light and power is increasing rapidly. One electric company supplies 50,000 electric lights by means of engines aggregating 4200 horse-power. The demand for gas seems to be well maintained, by its use for cooking and heating.

Improvements come most rapidly in a growing city; as would be expected,

there is less of that conservatism which springs from a dislike to disturb methods and appliances well established and familiar. St. Louis is building over four thousand houses a year, and an entire community may spring up in a season. Builders of new houses want the best of everything, and as a consequence a vast

new city, elegant and ornate, is coming rapidly into being west of Grand Avenue, as business encroaches upon the older quarters down town.

The street railway system of St. Louis is well appointed and complete. The city is not compactly built, hence the roads are not only numerous but they are long. Four cable lines have 47 miles of single track where traffic is heavy; three unimportant roads have 12 miles where they still use animals; while ten lines have 161 miles of electric road. The total is 220 miles of single surface tracks, with 1000 cars in constant use. The fare is uniformly five cents. Cables run from 10 to 12 miles

per hour; the electric cars with overhead wires reach at times a speed of 20 miles per hour. In contrast with these, the few remaining "bob-tail" cars dragged by mules seem intolerably slow. There is no record in St. Louis of an accident from an overhead railway wire.

By the light of a tallow dip in his lodgings in Jefferson City, Wayman Crow,



Statue of Alexander von Humboldt.

IN TOWER GROVE PARK.

senator from St. Louis, wrote the charter of Washington University. It was short and comprehensive. It gave to a corporation of seventeen of the best men in St. Louis the right to manage "Eliot

to the charter by legislative action, and the name, Washington University, was incorporated. The original name was dropped and the present one adopted at the suggestion of Dr. Eliot, who was the



Entrance to Westmoreland Place.

Seminary. One only of those seventeen men, Hon. Samuel Treat, is still living. The charter was signed by the Governor of Missouri on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1853. A small school for boys, organized by Dr. Eliot, then pastor of the Unitarian Church, was covered by the charter. When the board of incorporators met, a constitution was adopted changing the name and containing two important articles. The name then adopted was "The O'Fallon Institute."

Article II asserted that the Institute should "comprise a Collegiate Department, a Female Seminary, a Practical and Scientific Department, an Industrial school, and such other Departments as the Board of Directors may determine."

Article VIII. "No instruction either sectarian in religion or partisan in politics shall be allowed in any department of the Institute, and no sectarian or partisan test shall be used in the election of professors, teachers, or other officers of the Institute."

These articles were subsequently added

first and only president of the Board of Directors till he died in 1887.

No one can question the good taste shown by President Eliot in objecting to the use of his own name; but now after that great and good man has gone, we may with propriety regret the use of a name purely accidental and uncharacteristic. The word "Washington" means only "American". It is descriptive of neither place nor character nor founder. Several hundred towns and counties, one great city, and one State, all called "Washington," have so thoroughly deprived the word of individuality that it must always be explained by another word or phrase. This is not the place to advocate a new name, but as I review the rise and progress of this institution during thirty-six years, a feeling comes over me that there is one characteristic name, and only one, which it ought to bear, and

that is the name of the man who organized and built it.

The University opened auspiciously. The south wing of the present University building and the Chemical Laboratory were erected in 1855, and a beginning was made in the direction of a practical and industrial department by the building of the great "Polytechnic" on the corner of Seventh and Chestnut. Prof. Joseph G. Hoyt, of Exeter, N. H., was elected chancellor, and Edward Everett came out in 1857 to pronounce an

stands on, of some \$400,000. When it was finished, the University was heavily in debt, and worst of all, the building was found to be totally unsuited to the daily needs of a technical or of an industrial school. For a year an effort was made to use it. It fell to the writer to take charge of a large evening school there in 1867-8, but beyond the use of a few rooms and the Ames library, the big building was not utilized. In 1868, as the only way out of difficulties, the building and library, with an unpaid



Grand Saloon of Mississippi River Boat.

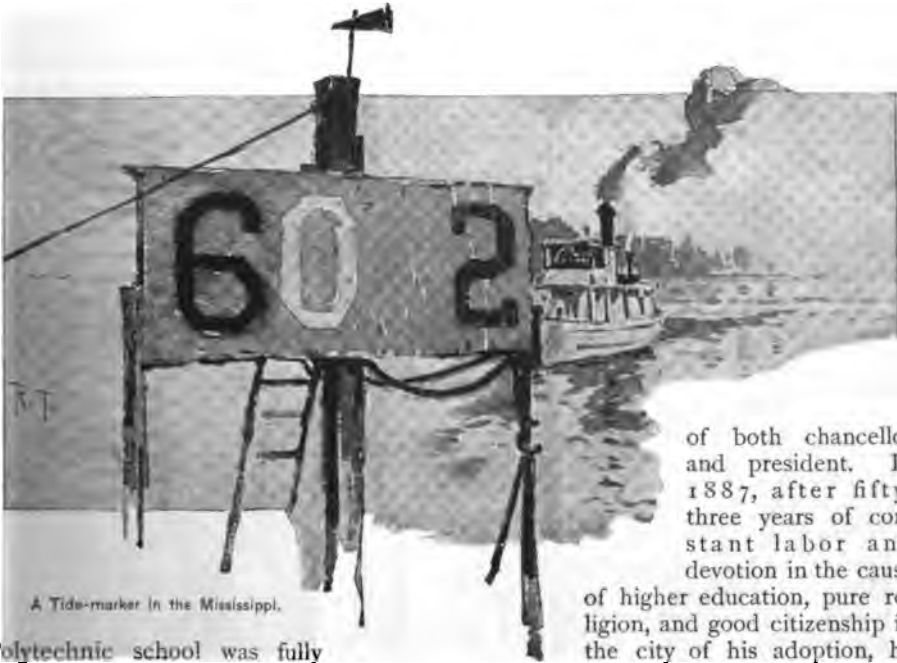
oration which should mark the opening of the University. The fair promise of those years was never kept. The war came with its cloud of woes: loss of students, loss of means, loss of opportunity, and loss of sympathy. The story is too long to be told here; but few people, even in St. Louis, know how nearly the old Polytechnic scheme came to wrecking the whole institution. Business men, interested in practical affairs, had contributed generously to carry it through. Stopped a long time by the war, the "Polytechnic" was nine years building, at a final cost, with the land it

bequest of \$100,000 for the benefit of the library, were sold to the school Board of St. Louis for \$280,000. With that sale the Polytechnic School as it exists to-day at the University really began. It had lost ten years and a vast amount of money, but it was free to begin in the right way without further sacrifice or loss. Meanwhile Chancellor Hoyt, who died in 1862, had been succeeded by William Chauvenet, the eminent professor of mathematics and astronomy.

The Female Seminary known as "Mary Institute" had been organized as early as 1859; it was now in successful

operation in the building which was subsequently assigned to the Law Department. Between the years 1870 and 1880 the University made great progress. The

been. Others still live who have taken up the work and carried it bravely forward. In 1870, Chancellor Chauvenet died, and Dr. Eliot assumed the duties

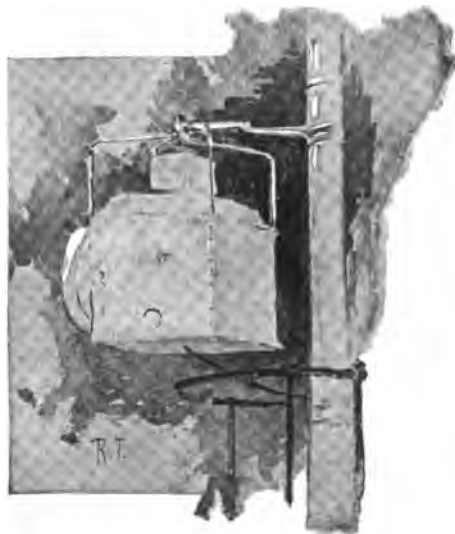


A Tide-marker in the Mississippi.

Polytechnic school was fully organized, with its technical courses in civil, mechanical, and mining engineering, and in chemistry. The St. Louis Law School was fully organized and started on its most successful career. The Mary Institute was moved to a fine new building at Beaumont and Locust Streets. The Smith Academy was separated from the undergraduate department and placed by itself in an elegant building. The St. Louis School of Fine Arts was developed and given a home in the exquisite Museum of Fine Arts; and finally the Manual Training School was organized, and the foundations of its success were firmly laid. These great advances required large sums of money, and it is but justice to the memory of Wayman Crow, George Partridge, Hudson E. Bridge, Nathaniel Thayer of Massachusetts, the brothers James and William Smith, William Palm, Gottlieb Conzelman, Ralph Sellev, William Brown, and Dr. Eliot, to say that without them the University as it stands could never have

of both chancellor and president. In 1887, after fifty-three years of constant labor and devotion in the cause

of higher education, pure religion, and good citizenship in the city of his adoption, he too, like a sheaf of ripened grain, was laid to rest. To no man more than to William Greenleaf Eliot

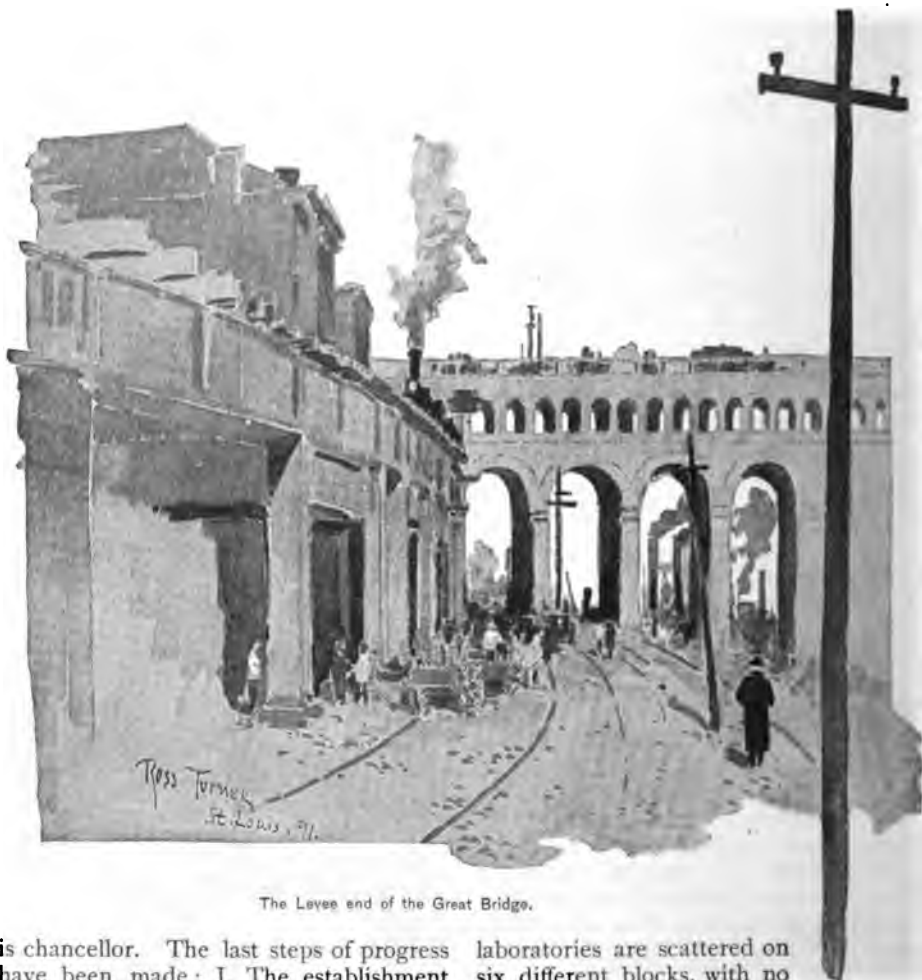


Headlight of River Steamer.

does St. Louis rest in profound obligation to-day.

The office of president is now filled by Col. Geo. E. Leighton; and Prof. W. S. Chaplin, lately dean of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University,

However, I fear that the city fails to appreciate its full worth and dignity. The University does not impress by an imposing array of buildings in the midst of extensive grounds, for it has no "campus," and its halls, museums and



The Levee end of the Great Bridge.

is chancellor. The last steps of progress have been made: I. The establishment and endowment of the Henry Shaw School of Botany, with unrivalled facilities for theoretical and practical study on the part of special students. II. The incorporation of the St. Louis Medical School, well equipped and well endowed as a medical department.

Such is a brief sketch of the University, an institution of the first rank, of which St. Louis is and ought to be proud.

laboratories are scattered on six different blocks, with no evident relationship. It has no dormitory system, no great assembly room, and it makes no grand commencement parade. Nevertheless, it stands, I do not hesitate to affirm, for high aims, and thorough training. The total enrolment of students in all departments at the present time is 1536.

Early St. Louis was not only intensely French, it was exclusively Roman Catho-

lic. The descendants of those early families are with few exceptions Catholics to-day. The Roman church is therefore unusually strong in St. Louis; it has wealth, style, and numbers. The Jesuit fathers founded St. Louis University in 1829, and the College of Christian Brothers dates from about 1850. Both institutions are largely patronized and occupy large and imposing buildings. They give no technical training, confining themselves to the "humanities" and to religious instruction. Convents are numerous in St. Louis and convent schools for girls have been very popular. There are about fifty Catholic churches in the city.

St. Louis has good public schools, and they are cheerfully and loyally supported. Their most remarkable feature is the forty-eight kindergartens established in all parts of the city as part of the system. Under what seems to some an unnecessary ruling, children are not admitted to the public schools until they are six years old; St. Louis, therefore, presents the striking anomaly of having proportionally more kindergartens, and less children in them of kindergarten age, than any other city. In consequence of the large number of parochial schools, Catholic and Lutheran, the enrolment of the public schools is from ten to fifteen thousand less than would be expected in a northern city. The High and Normal school contains between twelve thousand and thirteen thousand pupils, and an excellent corps of teachers; it is particularly strong in the affections of the people. The whole number of teachers now engaged is 1,254, and the enrolment of pupils is 59,700.

The city contains two libraries, besides those of the universities and special schools. The Mercantile, with seventy-five thousand books, is housed on the fifth floor of a fire-proof building; it is very accessible, and its admirable reading room is deservedly popular. New quarters are preparing for the Public Library, with its eighty thousand volumes, in the fine Public School building going up at Ninth and Locust Streets. Neither of these libraries is absolutely free, though the fees charged are small.

One ought not to look for highly developed society in a new town, which has grown up without inherited wealth. Culture in philosophy and art, even in the art of good living and social intercourse, depends chiefly on the ease and luxury which only wealth can bring. Men who are building up business in a new field and meeting, day by day, the imperative demands of a new community, have little time or money for certain refinements which are matters of course in older cities. St. Louis is only now harvesting her first crop of millionnaires. Her men of wealth are just beginning to feel able to use their means to beautify, adorn, and enrich, not only private houses and grounds, but the institutions which give character and comeliness to the city. St. Louis may boast of no mean outlook. Its literary, æsthetic, scientific, and social clubs are numerous and strong.

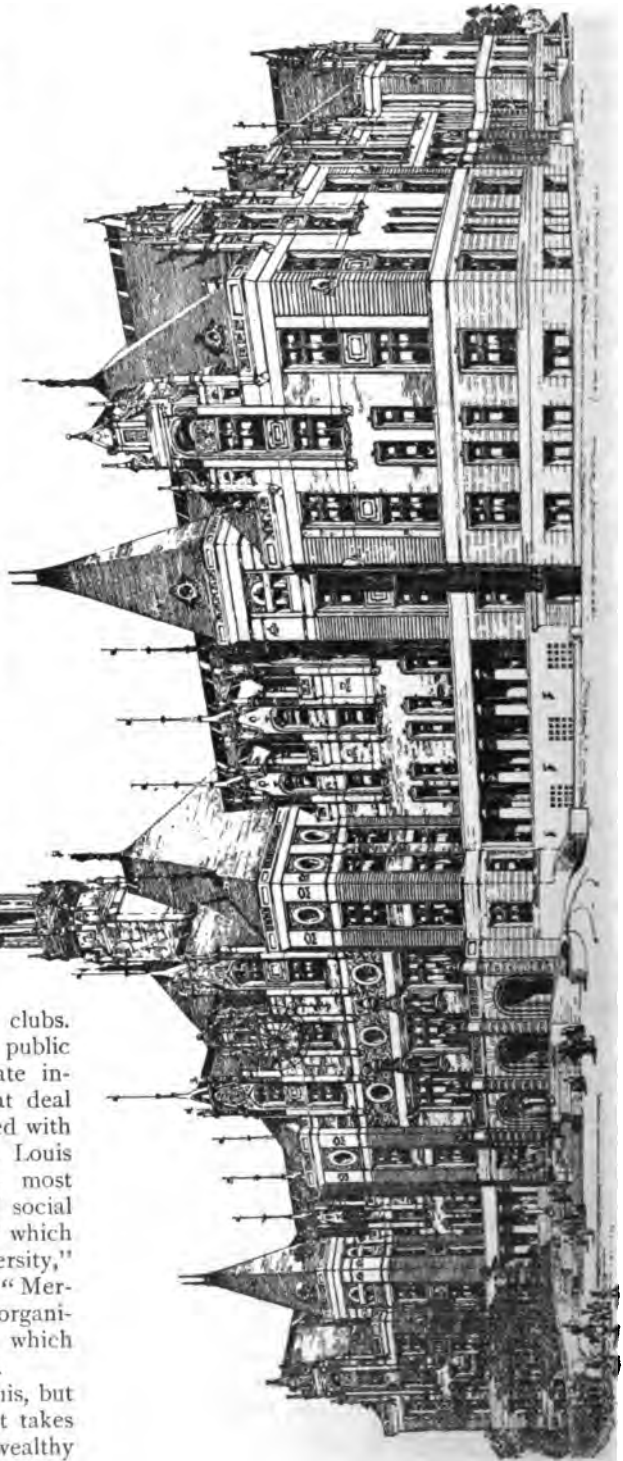
Conspicuous among the influences leading to the study of philosophy and literature was the work and inspiring example of Dr. William T. Harris, now U. S. Commissioner of Education. For twenty years he was teacher and superintendent of our public schools, and since his retirement from that work he has contributed to the activity of clubs which he helped to organize. As would be expected, university and high school men have entered fully into the intellectual life of the city beyond the walls of their lecture rooms and laboratories. Some of the clergy have helped outside of their pulpits. One, a lover and creator of good literature, has for eight winters conducted a fortnightly class of some forty men and women in the study of literature. Browning, Emerson, Wordsworth, Homer, Shelley, Milton and Dante have in succession been the objects of systematic and careful reading. There are many similar clubs. The "Wednesday Club," consisting of over one hundred women, meets in its rented hall every two weeks and discusses literature and social science. The Artists' Guild numbers sixty members, — enthusiastic painters, sculptors, musicians, and literateurs. Every season brings to the front several musical organizations with most excellent programs. The Germans are natural musicians and

exceedingly fond of singing, and they contribute largely, both as artists and as patrons, to encourage music. At this time the "Wagner Club" is exceedingly popular. The Historical Society, the Academy of Science, the Engineers' Club, indicate activity in special directions; the last named with some one hundred and eighty members, is one of the most successful technical organizations in the country.

Of clubs organized to promote the public weal, the "Commercial Club" and the "Round Table," of some fifty or sixty members each, deserve mention; and more recently the "Union Club" on the "South Side." Scarcely an important public improvement is effected which does not rely on

the influence of these clubs. There is such a thing as public spirit distinct from private interest, but there is a great deal more of public spirit allied with private interest, and St. Louis rejoices in both. The most conspicuous examples of social clubs are the "St. Louis," which is large, and the "University," which is smaller. The "Mercantile Club" is a large organization of business men which serves many useful ends.

Art is young in St. Louis, but vigorous and healthy. It takes several generations of wealthy



The New City Hall.

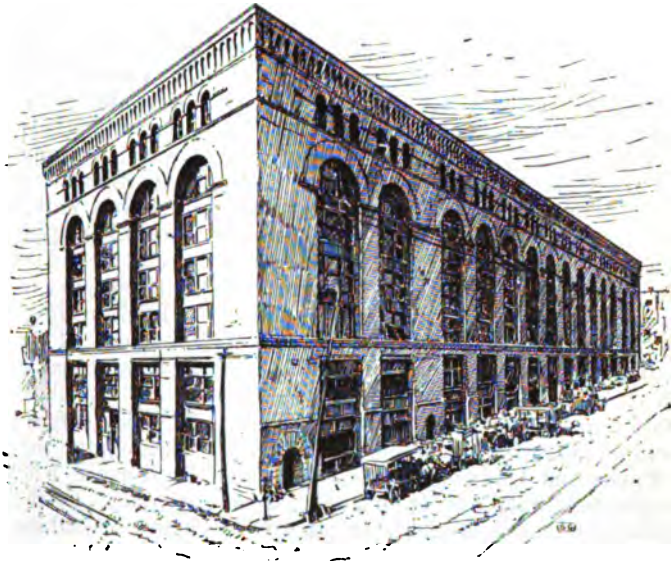


patrons to build up an art centre and to develop great artists. There are doubtless art possibilities in every community, just as there are "mute, inglorious Miltons," but it takes a power of some kind to draw them out. Home talent is usually at a discount, but St. Louis artists ought not to complain. The School of Fine Arts has a reputation deservedly high, and it bears good fruit increasingly. The Crow Museum is filling with interesting treasures, some of great merit. Harriet Hosmer's "Enone" is a wonderfully beautiful statue. It is seen in one of our illustrations.

I now come to speak of the great activities which absorb the working strength and energies of our people. The situation of St. Louis, at the junction of two great rivers and at the head of deep water navigation, naturally suggests trade rather than manufacture, yet, even now, it is pre-eminently a manufacturing city. The reports of the tenth and eleventh censuses furnish figures which indicate in a most emphatic manner the growth and tendency of the city in the direction of manufacture during the past ten years. I dare not quote those figures here — they make a showing so extravagantly favorable as to suggest criticism. It is probable that the business statistics for 1880 and those for 1890 were compiled in very different ways, and that comparisons should be made with caution. It is, however, perfectly safe to say that, while the population of the city has been increasing 31.4 per cent, the capital invested in manufacture, the men employed, the wages paid, the raw materials used, and the annual product have increased in a much greater ratio. The figures show

beyond all question that the city is rapidly becoming wealthy; that the people are turning from other pursuits to that of manufacture; that the natural wealth of Missouri is developing; and that our workmen are commanding higher wages.

In speaking of particular interests of St. Louis, I shall not hesitate to name certain corporations which are so connected with the growth and well-being of the city as to justify special mention. In every instance the facts I give have been



Premises of the Samuel Cupples Real Estate Company.

of my own seeking. I only regret that I have not space for more.

Beer-brewing is an enormous interest in St. Louis, and I have every reason to believe that its beer is excellent. St. Louis has come honestly by this industry. Ever since the German invasion we have had plenty of Teutons who knew how to make beer. Then we have had in St. Louis and vicinity hundreds of thousands of Germans who were fond of drinking beer. Barley is grown in immense quantities on both sides of the Upper Mississippi. Add to these reasons the market in the south and west, and the ready means for export to foreign lands, and no further argument or explanation is needed.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewery is said to

be the largest in the world. Its buildings, yards, and tracks occupy some forty city blocks, and it employs an army of men. The processes of beer making are very interesting, and a visit to these magnificent works is most entertaining. The company exports vast quantities to all quarters of the world. The auxiliary industries of such an establishment are important matters to a large area. The barley and hop fields, the glass factories, the cooper shops, the wagon shops, the coal mines, the water-works, etc., combine a large community. In 1890, the product of the several breweries of the city reached the enormous total of 58,491,814 gallons of beer, of which the establishment named contributed about one-fourth.

The N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company is interesting for two reasons: first, because it has built an immense business (about two millions of dollars per year) in which the chief feature is supplies for sanitary engineering; secondly, it exhibits in its management a method of "profit-sharing" which appears to be remarkably successful. It has three factories in St. Louis and two in Illinois, and employs three hundred and fifty mechanics and laborers. The company inaugurated profit-sharing in 1886. I am informed that it is highly satisfactory to all parties, and economically sound. The hours of labor were reduced from ten to nine, with no diminution in the product. This admirable experiment in social economics is worthy of a few words of explanation. Profit-sharing means a division of "net profits" between capital and wages. As practised by this company (and it follows closely that of Le Claire in France), all wages and expenses are first paid and interest at six per cent on the capital stock. The remainder of the year's earnings is known as "net profit." Of this net profit, 10 per cent is set aside for Surplus Fund; 10 per cent is set aside for Provident Fund; and 80 per cent is divided between capital and wages. The net capital and the total amount of salaries and wages for the year are added, and the 80 per cent net profit is distributed *pro rata*. The dividend on wages in 1890 was 10 per cent, which

was paid in stock. The *esprit de corps* in this company is unusual, and it would appear to be secure against internal discord. Every employee is at the same time a wage-earner and a capitalist, and he finds it to be for his interest to work harmoniously with himself.

Many of the leading enterprises of St. Louis are of recent growth. Twenty years ago there was not a large shoe factory in the city; now there are twenty-five. The total shoe product per year reaches nearly 4,000,000 of pairs, while the sales amount to \$21,000,000. No American city except Boston exceeds this amount. One establishment manufactures 1,500,000 pairs and sells 4,000,000. The composition of this interesting company is typical of many of our energetic firms. Its partners were four country boys, one from New York, one from Tennessee, one from Mississippi, and one from Alabama. The company sells its shoes south to the Gulf and west to the Pacific.

Brick-making was early developed in St. Louis. Fine yellow clay, of the best quality for making red brick, underlies the whole city and almost the entire state. The clay is free from gravel and requires no admixture of sand, and when used for hand-made brick is prepared for the "striker" by the aid of water and shovel alone. Machine-made brick have largely superseded all others. One company has made such development that it deserves honorable mention. E. C. Sterling and his brother, who had learned brick-making in Connecticut, organized the Hydraulic Press Brick Company in 1866. They have steadily improved the quality and increased the quantity of their bricks, until now they have six large yards in the city, and branch yards in the cities of Chicago, Kansas City, Washington, Findlay (Ohio), Omaha, and Collinsville (Ills.) The company makes 90,000,000 bricks per year in St. Louis. The grand total of all the affiliated yards is 260,000,000. About one-third of that immense product consists of high-grade "front" and ornamental brick.

The writer was familiar with brick-making in Massachusetts forty years ago, but a hydraulic press brick made from dry clay was a new thing to him, and it

may still be a novelty to many. When making bricks by hand, the clay is "tempered" to such a degree of moisture as at once in the kiln. Vast supplies of dried clay are stored under sheds, so that the press may run the whole year. Enor-



Security Building.

PEABODY, STEARNS, &amp; FURBER, ARCHITECTS.

will enable it to fill the mould without pressure. The bricks are therefore full of water, and can be made and dried only in warm and pleasant weather. Hydraulic bricks are pressed from dry clay and set

mous pressure produces a very strong, smooth brick which needs no drying, and whose surface is consequently free from cracks and blemishes. The press makes ten bricks at once, giving each brick a



pressure of about forty-five tons. A single machine will easily make forty-five thousand bricks in ten hours.

The company have experimented with different fuels. They burn natural gas in Ohio, where gas is plenty; crude petroleum in Chicago, where oil is cheaper than coal; and coal in St. Louis, where coal is the cheapest. In every case they burn in a permanent kiln with a chimney. A new feature of recent development is the use of a low grade of fire-clay and the production of gray and mottled brick. This fire-clay lies about eighty feet below the surface in a layer from five to twelve

Louis clay is the finest in the country and that it is in demand by glass makers in all parts of the United States. The yearly product of all kinds amounts to 120,000 tons per year, 80 per cent of which finds a market outside of St. Louis. A very considerable amount is shipped to Mexico and the Pacific Coast.

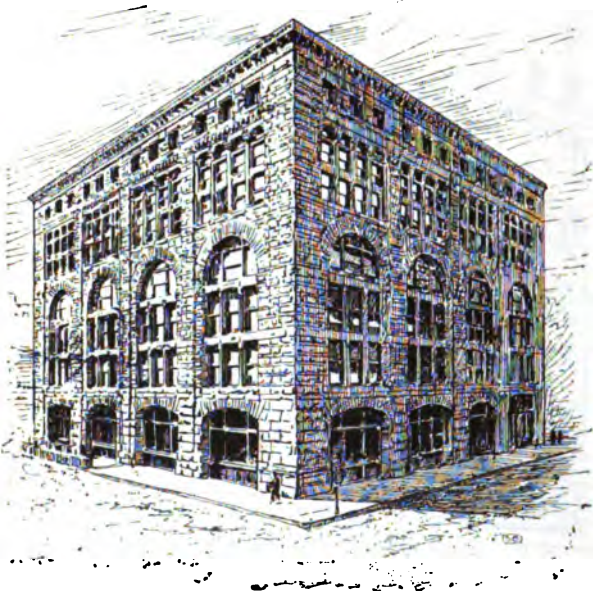
St. Louis takes the lead of American cities in the production of white lead. Its annual product of strictly pure white lead is now 20,000 tons. Three large factories share this industry, of which one in the largest in the United States. The proximity of St. Louis to the lead mines of Missouri, and to the silver and lead mines of Colorado, gives to St. Louis an advantage for such work. A great part of the castor beans and flax-seed raised in the West is used in these mills in making their oil.

St. Louis is a natural market for corn and wheat. In the production of flour she is second only to Minneapolis, and she sends vast quantities of grain in bulk to New Orleans.

I would gladly refer to the tobacco factories, the stove works, the machine-shops, the packing houses, the glass-works, the granite-ware works, the rolling of tinned-plate (an operation now going on on a large scale), to the cooper shops, the carriage factories, etc., but I must turn to the de-

partment of trade. St. Louis sells vastly more than she manufactures. She sells great quantities of dry goods, clothing, hardware, furniture, paper, etc., very little of which is manufactured here.

St. Louis possesses unequalled facilities for trade. "Take the mileage of railways centring in St. Louis, and we find it equal to the total mileage of the German Empire, and exceeding by about 5,000 miles the total mileage of railways of England or of France. These are not boastful facts, but facts which point to a future far beyond that as yet



Ely Walker Dry Goods Company's Building.

feet thick. St. Louis bricks (and there are many companies which produce a superior article) are in demand as far east as New York, as far west as Seattle, and as far north as Winnipeg.

I spoke above of low-grade fire-clay: there is in and near St. Louis a large supply of fire-clay of very superior quality, and our fire-brick companies are doing an immense business. Fire-clay is used not only for making fire-bricks, but for making paving-bricks, tiles, gas-retorts, zinc-retorts, sewer-pipe, and pots for melting glass. I am told that St.



Dr. Wm. T. Harris.

attained by Europe's great river cities." —[*Supt. Robert J. Porter.*]

The freight carried by these roads in 1880, amounted to nearly 9,000,000 tons; in 1890, it exceeded 15,000,000, an increase of 75 per cent. This is the measure and tendency of St. Louis' trade.

It may seem to some that river transportation is destined to disappear, in the face of more and better railroad facilities. Undoubtedly, railroads will always defy competition in the carriage of certain articles, but it is an error to suppose that anything can compete with large, improved rivers in the transportation of grain and general freight. If navigation is uncertain and dangerous and interrupted in winter, it has small chance in competition with railroads. But if water is plenty, in well-defined channels, no other means of transportation is so cheap. This may be shown by a few figures. The barges of the Mississippi Transportation Company have a capacity of 50,000

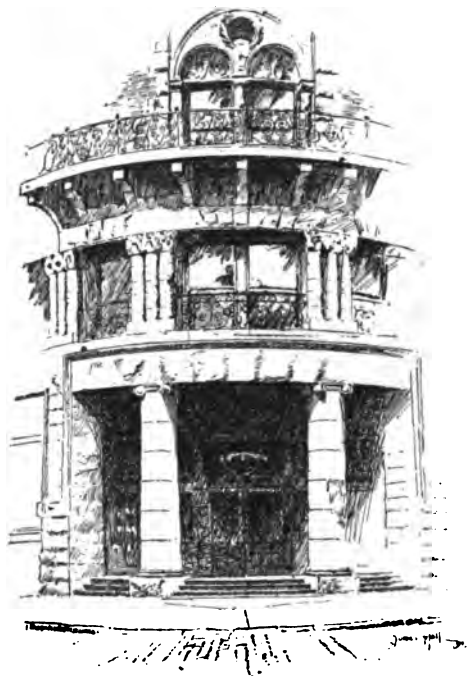
bushels of grain each, and draw when fully loaded ten feet of water. One tug can tow seven barges, carrying an aggregate of 350,000 bushels. The distance by river from St. Louis to New Orleans is 1,241 miles. Under favorable conditions the trip can be made by tug and tow in seven days. The running expense of the trip down is about \$2,450. To carry that amount of grain by rail some 16 trains would be required, each consisting of a locomotive and 40 cars. The expense is about one dollar per mile for every train. Hence the cost of hauling the full cargo to New Orleans (700 miles) would be \$11,200.

This full advantage requires ten feet of water. If during low water bars are allowed to obstruct the channel, the barges cannot be fully loaded, and the cost per bushel is proportionately increased. The river improvements demanded by St. Louis have no reference to the control of the river during high water; it asks for such a control during low water as shall

maintain a continuous steamboat channel from St. Louis to the Gulf.

Shipments by river have not increased as has railroad traffic, but with a good channel they will increase as exports increase.

The amount of wheat and corn shipped by barges to New Orleans during the



Entrance to Boatmen's Bank.

three years is as follows: 1889, 1,672,361 bushels wheat; 13,315,952 bushels corn. 1890, 1,427,313 bushels wheat; 9,371,361 bushels corn. 1891, 7,588,836 bushels wheat; 1,780,348 bushels corn.

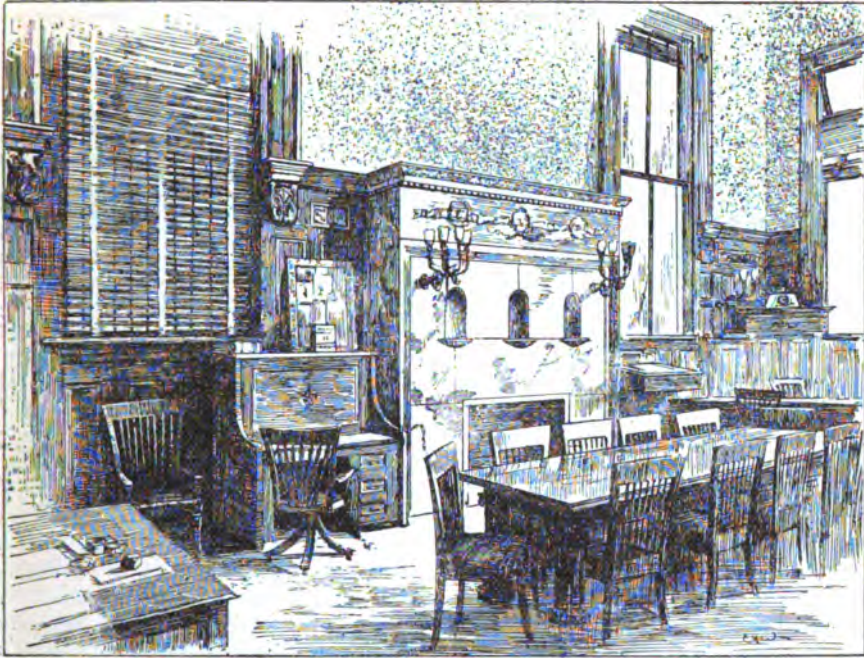
The small amount of corn is due to the failure of the corn crop a year ago. I learn from the president of the transportation company that had it not been for lack of an improved channel during the low water of September, October, and November, the amount of wheat carried in 1891 would have reached 10,000,000 bushels. There was wheat enough, but the barges could not take it all. Increased facilities for carrying grain means cheaper and readier means for export.

Only two of our great commercial houses have I space to mention. The

Simmons Hardware Company was organized in 1874. Its growth has been phenomenal. Already its sales are larger than those of any one house in the world engaged in this line of business. I am told that they amount to \$8,000,000. Only one other house in America, or in the world, sells one-half as much hardware. To better illustrate the magnitude of the business, I will cite the single items of files. The house sells from 40,000 to 50,000 dozens of one brand annually. The company employs about 700 men. It manufactures nothing; its goods are made all over the northern states, and some few in foreign lands. In 1856, 90 per cent of all the hardware sold was imported goods. On the other hand, a great many American goods are now exported, fully enough to equal the value of the few that are imported. The company sells its goods in all the states and territories except New England, the Middle States, and the two Virginias. All orders are given to travelling salesmen from the company's catalogue, which is a curiosity in its way. It is as large as a big family Bible, has over 2,000 pages and 8,000 illustrations. The last edition of 8,000 copies weighed 65 tons!

The Samuel Cupples Woodenware Company is an equally striking example of energy and success in utilizing natural advantages to the full. The magnitude of the transactions of this company may be inferred from the statement that one-half of the entire woodenware business of the United States is done by this single company. Several important lines of its goods, such as brooms, buckets, paper bags, barrels, kegs, axe-handles, and wooden packages are in part manufactured in St. Louis by independent or allied companies. A single factory make for it 400,000,000 paper bags annually. The thoroughness with which this company covers the territory tributary to St. Louis explains its magnificent success. It has just erected an immense warehouse in such proximity to the railways that it actually has become a railway station, and its ability to handle goods has been greatly increased. The substantial character of this building is shown in one of our illustrations.





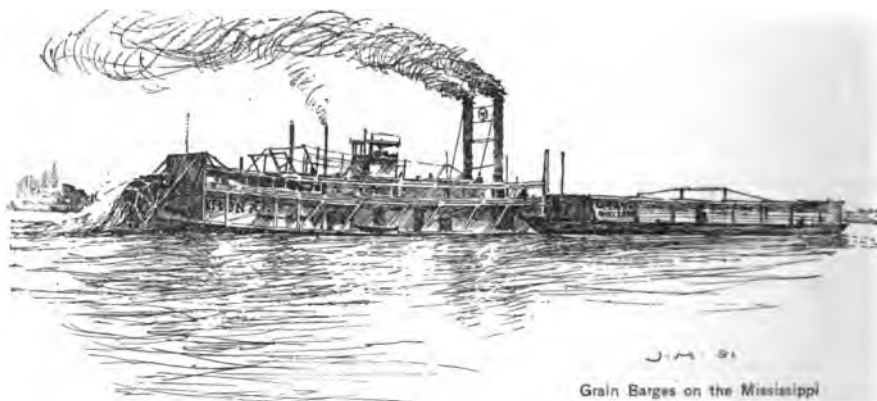
Directors' Room, Boatmen's Bank.

What these companies are doing, others are doing, or may do, with equal success. Given energy and business capacity—and St. Louis enjoys its full measure of those important pre-requisites—and then supplement by an environment unequalled in this or any country, and we have all the conditions of success. When the managers of these corporations are asked the secret of their prosperity, they reply that they have simply taken advantage of the situation of St. Louis, in the centre of a vast and fertile valley, surrounded on all sides by populous and thriving states. This is the natural focus of 18,000 miles of river navigation, and 57,000 miles of railways. In these figures I include only the railways of Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Texas. If I should include Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Colorado, South Dakota, Tennessee, and Kentucky, as I may fairly do, the amount would be carried up to 75,000 miles. Twenty-one railroads actually centre here, while several more send their trains over hired tracks.

The size or importance of a mother

city depends upon the demand made by the tributary region. San Francisco will grow only as the Pacific Coast needs a larger commercial centre. Chicago, which shares with St. Louis the trade of the central West, and which dominates the Northwest and the navigation of the Great Lakes, is a trading city because a great one is needed, and it will increase as the demand increases with the development of the Northwest. The region naturally tributary to St. Louis is much larger, equally fertile, immensely richer in mineral wealth, and as yet quite undeveloped. The vast coal fields of Missouri and southern Illinois lie at its very doors; the boundless forests of southern pine in Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas surpass many times over the pine woods of the north; the rich deposits of iron, lead, and zinc would supply the world for ages; our quarries of granite are as good, and our deposits of pottery clays are the best in the country. St. Louis holds the key to this matchless region. With great advantages as a manufacturing centre, it has almost a monopoly on the trade of the Southwest, and that trade is increas-





Grain Barges on the Mississippi

ing rapidly. Gradually, the South is emerging from the retarded civilization due to a century of slavery. Education, railroads, water-works, and improved agricultural machinery are opening the minds of its people to the possibilities of a new and higher civilization. The very men whom our St. Louis houses send through every town and hamlet are missionaries carrying the gospel of prosperity, comfort, and refinement; they more than half create the demand which they are so prompt to supply.

So I see no immediate limit to the prosperity of St. Louis. Compared with some cities its growth is not very rapid, but it is steady. It may never be the "Future Great" pictured by the eccentric Reavis, but it is growing now more rapidly than ever. Its growth will never be at the expense of other cities. It will exist to supply trade and manufactures to a new region as that region develops. The Mississippi can have no permanent rival, nor can a great manufacturing city exist much below the latitude of St. Louis.

St. Louis enjoys superior advantages not only as a commercial manufacturing centre, but also as a residential city. It stands on high ground sufficiently undulating to admit of easy and efficient drainage. It has unlimited opportunities for growth, a river front of nineteen miles and the whole State behind. It shares with other cities the temporary and exasperating evil of smoke from bituminous coal, but within ten years that will be in a great part removed. Whenever the city fathers shall acquire the courage

neccessary to fine heavily every owner of a smokey chimney, the evil will end.

One must not omit in writing of St. Louis, to speak of its great Exposition and the festivities of October. The plan of the Exposition building is unique. It is 332 x 506 feet, and has three floors, including a basement for "live" machinery. The Exposition areas are spacious and almost interminable, while in the very centre of the vast structure, far from the light of lateral windows, is a well-appointed music hall capable of seating four thousand people, and lighted through the roof. The management of the Exposition has been most successful. Fine concerts, well-selected pictures, and tasteful exhibits of St. Louis goods, home-made and imported, combined with moderate admission fees, attract vast throngs week after week, and every year's report shows a balance on the right side.

In October every year the country flocks to the city to see the "Veiled Prophet," visit the Exposition, and attend the Annual Fair; for a week the city is full of strangers, a hundred thousand strong. Street cars, Fair grounds, and Exposition are thronged by day; theatres, shows, hotels, and boarding-houses are crowded by night. The streets are ablaze with unwonted lamps, and the grand and imposing spectacle of the "Veiled Prophet," with his mystic attendants and brilliant allegories, has an unfailing interest. It would appear that railroads, hotels, theatres, and merchants share in a rich harvest, for the pageant is kept up year after year with little variation.

New England men and women have played an important part in the creation of St. Louis. Ever since Mr. Wyman brought his boatload of Yankee teachers, eastern brains, energy, and culture have been in demand. With few exceptions every circle and association has welcomed New England ideas and enterprise. The Yankees, however, must not assume too much. Kentucky has sent men of splendid gifts. New York and Pennsylvania are well represented, and Germany has sent us most of all. According to the census schedules, there are fully seventy thousand citizens of St. Louis who were born in Germany. As I have said, many of them are political refugees, who could not longer endure the tyranny of petty dukes and princes, and who did not hesitate to conspire for their overthrow. The failure of their plans in Germany brought them to St. Louis. Their culture and enterprise explains the high rank Germans have ever held among our foreign-born.

As St. Louis is a thoroughly inland city, three or four hundred miles from the great lakes, and nearly a thousand miles from salt water, with no high mountains near, and at an elevation of only five hundred feet above the sea, an authentic statement of average and extreme tempera-

tures may be of interest. All the figures in the following table were obtained from Prof. F. E. Nipher, for many years Director of the Missouri Meteorological Bureau; they refer only to the city of St. Louis:

	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891
Maximum Temp.	98.8	96.2	95.5	100.	92.
Minimum Temp.	-15.0	-8.8	-2.2	3.2	5.0
Average Daily Maximum for July	90.0	89.5	86.4	90.3	85.8
Average Daily Minimum for July	74.1	70.8	69.8	69.8	65.9
Average Daily Maximum for Aug.	87.2	83.2	85.3	83.5	84.9
Average Daily Minimum for Aug.	71.0	67.0	66.9	66.1	65.6

Mean temperatures based on the observations of fifty-three years:

July, 80°.4; August, 76°.5; January, 31°.1.

The difference between the average daily maximum and the average daily minimum shows the range between day and night. This difference is seen to be about eighteen degrees.

## DEPOSED.

*By Florence E. Pratt.*

SO long I loved thee, that my thought had grown  
 Round thee as ivy clings about a wall.  
 My dreams, my hopes, were centred in thee, all;  
 Thy presence was the dearest I had known.  
 Yet lo! one evening as I sat alone,  
 And mused, and watched the crafty shadows fall,  
 I heard a voice like a clear bugle-call,  
 And from my heart there rolled away a stone.  
 Forgive me that I thought thee King, who came  
 To hold my heart for its predestined guest.  
 At the King's word the heavy gates swing in;  
 On the high altar springs the welcoming flame.  
 He comes in all his royal splendor drest,  
 And makes the palace beautiful within.

## GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

*By John W. Chadwick.*

**W**E praise the dead; the sepulchres we raise  
Of mighty prophets of the elder days  
Far seen through history's tender golden  
haze.

What words too warm to paint the men who  
knew

Right words to speak, the fitting thing to do;  
Let come what would, were simple, just, and true!

Why always wait till they have gone away  
To that far land, where what we do or say  
Adds light nor darkness to their heavenly day?

What time with ruffian flout or polished sneer  
We name their comrades who are with us  
here —

Bayards like them without reproach or fear.

*Laudator temporis acti*: let him take  
That office high whose generous pulses make  
Music like theirs, who, for thy glorious sake,

O Truth and Right, are strong in evil days,  
To walk at need in dark and lonely ways,  
Cheered by no shout of senseless vulgar praise.

And such is he, to whose Olympian word  
Our hearts leap up, as theirs whose souls were  
stirred

By ancient mysteries, strangely, sweetly heard

In breathless temples, where the incense dimmed  
The coffered ceiling, and the frieze enligned  
With those great deeds that Homer's epic hymned.

As Phillips eloquent; with kindlier art  
Than his who sometimes tipped his jewelled  
dart

With deadly venom for the victim's heart.

As brave as he; as willing to resign  
Most that men prize, if clear the mystic sign,  
For Duty's crust, and Sorrow's bitter wine.

When Freedom called, not over-anxious then,  
Nor even anxious for the praise of men,  
So the poor slave might in his loathsome pen

Know him as one who sought to break his chain;  
That, all the honor that he cared to gain,  
While in high places sole the Enslavers reign.

All fond delights of letters calm and sweet  
Shook he as dust from off his eager feet;  
Quick on God's errands in the noisy street.

A truce to words! Wide sown on field and fen  
Up-sprung a million brave embattled men —  
Death was the harvest that we gathered then.

Amen! for so the aftermath was sweet  
With freedom's message and her glorious seat  
Was 'stablished for her perfect and complete.

How easy, then, to think that all was done!  
"Come, let us glory in the victory won!  
Come, while auspicious shines the unclouded sun,

Let us make hay, and in the public stalls  
Fatten our friends — a friend whoever bawls  
Loudest when greed for meanest service calls."

But some there were to whom another Best,  
Handmaid of Freedom, came with high behest,  
Crying, "For you no peace, for you no rest,

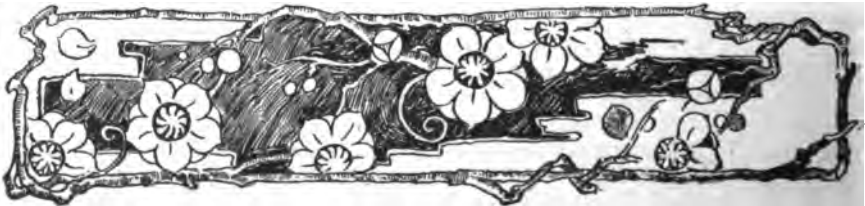
"Till this dear land — God's purpose no more  
crossed —  
Shall win again at whatsoever cost,  
That crown her keepers have so basely lost —

Nay, filched! — its priceless jewels to bestow  
On sordid placemen, who would have you know,  
To climb full high, one cannot stoop too low."

And chief of those to whom this message came,  
Making their hearts aglow, their lips aflame,  
Wast thou, our Sidney, of the stainless name.

Long are the years since first thy voice rang out,  
Clear, calm, and sweet, above the rabble's shout;  
Still may it ring, until the final rout

Of that vile horde that swarms whichever way  
The victors march, their favors to repay  
With baser service — and God speed the day!





In 1880.

## BEACONSFIELD TERRACES.

*By John Waterman.*

THE City of Boston is famous throughout America for its pre-eminent social advantages—it is also famous for having the most delightful and most accessible suburbs of any city in the world. There is no comparison possible between New York and Boston in this particular—the only comparison which really suggests itself is London where the problem of rapid transit has been solved to such an extent that people go home fifty miles every evening to dinner. Of all Boston suburbs, Brookline is not only the most get-at-able, but perhaps the most beautiful; it is celebrated for its charming homes, with their survivals of the old New England airiness and roominess. And here in Brookline may be witnessed

one of the most interesting experiments—if what is already such a pronounced success can be called an experiment—in Domestic Economy in this age of conflicting social theories. This is the group of well-to-do families, which, owing to the untiring energies and enterprise of Mr. Eugene R. Knapp, has been settled in what are known as the Beaconsfield Terraces of Brookline.

Twelve years ago, Brookline was divided into a comparatively few large estates belonging to old Boston families, upon which many of the fine residences of Boston merchants are now built. At that time there stood on the high road to Boston, within four miles of the State House, an old homestead which had not changed hands for twenty years. The



In 1890.



Eugene R. Knapp.

estate was known as the William Estate and consisted of seven and one-half acres of land, most of which was devoted to an apple orchard lying along Beacon Street at the corner of what is now Tappan and Beacon Streets. Mr. Knapp bought the place in 1880. He was then

road, ill kept and always in poor condition, filled with deep mud holes, and very badly graded. Brookline was then quite in the country and there were very few Boston people who had settled there. The West end of Beacon Street, now crowded with brilliant equipages, was then almost entirely in the possession of farmers driving their products to market. No one then would have believed it possible that such a growth as the Beaconfield Terraces could take place within ten years.

A little over four years ago, however, Brookline was opened up for Bostonians in search of homes outside of the city. Beacon Street which had been fifty feet wide was made 180 feet, and the electric cars brought Brookline within one half hour's ride of the business heart of the city, and all the theatres and amusements.

The emigration of people of means in a westerly direction was foreseen by Mr. Knapp, but he did not then hope for such a rapid development as has taken place. In the large centres of population in Europe he had seen the same class of citizens whom he wished to interest, living in the suburban towns and outskirts of the large cities, sur-



The Park.

in search of a pleasant home for his family in a locality accessible for a business man. Beacon Street was then a fifty foot

rounded with all the comforts and modern conveniences of city homes at a much greater distance from the heart of

FRANCES TERRACE



[REAR.]



[FRONT.]

scheme, and he decided to build one of these Terraces, as an experiment. He was assured that when the economy and advantages of this scheme of living without loss of privacy and seclusion become known, the enterprise would be a success.

Confident that intelligent well-to-do people would appreciate an opportunity of

the city than is Brookline from Boston. The dubious sanitary advantages of made land, upon which there was a great deal of building going on in another part of the city led Mr. Knapp to realize the desirability of his property in Brookline.

It is all solid earth and is 160 feet above tide water, with a gradual ascent from Boston. The nipping East winds, the bane of every Bostonian, are cut off by Corey Hill, and the air at all times is exceptional. The admirable situation of the land, its nearness to the business and social centres

living in thoroughly-built houses which would not need the constant repairing most houses in this country require, Mr. Knapp built his houses on the old English plan of solid foundations, solid walls, well-seasoned timbers, and roofs made to



Richter Terrace.

of Boston, and the beautiful views it commanded at every point, convinced Mr. Knapp of the feasibility of his

keep out rain as well as look ornamental. The Beaconsfield Terraces are built of solid masonry, with foundations



In the Conservatory.

five feet thick lessening to two feet at the eaves of the roofs. The timbering, firing, and studding are of extra fine quality, and much heavier than generally used in this country. The terraces have been pronounced by building and insurance experts to be the best and most perfectly equipped buildings ever built in America.

When he built the first of the Beaconsfield Terraces, there was considerable prophesy of failure at the time, for it was predicted that the class of people

who could become tenants or purchasers of such luxurious homes would not care to live in a terrace, and in going into the country would want to own more land as well as their homes. It certainly looked dubious in the beginning, but the curiosity and interest excited by the first terrace, consisting of eight houses (no two of which were alike in their interior arrangement) though from the exterior they had the appearance of one large building, immediately dissipated all doubt as to the popularity of the new departure. The houses in the first terrace were all disposed of before the structure was completed. This was certainly a new departure in architectural design. The houses were built of cream-colored brick and of gray stone and the design was independent of all the classic forms. It was

rather a combination of the English and German mediæval castles' architecture, modified to insure all the modern conveniences in the interior arrangement of the rooms.

The construction of the second terrace was begun without delay. It consisted of seven houses situated on Beacon Street, at the corner of Dean Road, and was built of stone and Perth Amboy buff-



The Terrace Drag.



brown brick, and as a whole resembled the French château style. The first and second terraces were named respectively Frances and Rich-ter. The next was the Fillmore Terrace, built of stone and gray brick in the same substantial manner as the others, but it commanded a more extended view of the West. The bricks were similar in color to nun's veiling, and were made especially to suit the stonework. Other purchases of land were now made, making in all some fourteen acres available, and the construction of two more terraces of similar dimensions was pushed ahead with the uttermost expedition, so that there are now thirty-six houses all of which are nearly completed, and which have been nearly all sold in thirty-six months, on the average of one a month.

The interiors of these houses are all that the most elegant taste could desire. The ingenuity

of the architects has been taxed to give every room in each house an abundance of light and a beautiful view of the sur-



Gordon Terrace.

rounding country. The writer has enjoyed an opportunity of going over every one of



[REAR.]

MARGUERITE TERRACE.



[FRONT.]

these beautiful dwellings, and from basement to garret has never found a dark, oppressive corner in any one of them. All the rooms are large, and what is unusual in even the most elegant modern houses, the shape of each one is pleasant and convenient. One of the first things that strikes the eye of the visitor in these terraces is the exquisite taste in which the rooms have been decorated, and the generous pro-

portions of the houses are all papered, which is not usual in houses for sale, and the selection under the direct superintendence of the architect is all that the most refined nature could demand. All the mouldings and fixtures are in the same exquisite taste, and each moulding has an individuality, everything being made from the architect's original designs.

The boiler-house is situated on the



[FRONT.]

portions of all the rooms and fittings, to which is due the loftiness and airiness and simplicity of the hallways. The floors are all polished and laid out in a plain hardwood finish. The walls are panelled chair high and finished in the most exquisite designs. All the rooms are lighted by electricity and warmed by steam heat which is conducted into each house by an underground conduit from the boiler-house, which supplies all the

westerly side of the terraces, away from all the houses, in a hollow where its lack of architectural harmony with the rest of the buildings is not observed. The steam pipes are carried underground, in some instances over two thousand feet, to the different terraces, and the main pipe runs through the basement of each terrace, so that the occupants of each dwelling can regulate the temperature according to their individual liking. The temperature

in each room can also be regulated, and the general supply to the house can be increased or decreased as desired by communicating by electric wire with the engineer at the boiler-house. This system is known as the indirect radiation. Each basement is provided with a radiator, or coil of pipe, which is enclosed in a galvanized iron box varying in size, and each radiator has a large air space which connects with a cold air box on the outside of the building and so furnishes a continual inflow of fresh air. This cold air circulating over and around the radiator is heated and distributed through the



The Club Stable.

during the day to play in, and for dancing and social gatherings by the adults in the evening.

It is a low wooden building pleasantly situated nearly in the centre of the park, within two minutes walk of the houses. It is comfortably furnished and artistically finished in hard wood, and like the other buildings lighted by electricity. The large central room has a polished spring floor for dancing, and leading out of this on one side, is a regulation bowling alley, so arranged that if wanted for amateur theatricals it can be boarded over and converted into a stage with all the necessary equipments. The door connecting the bowling alley with the large room is a sliding one opening fully fifteen feet wide so that when the rooms are needed for theatricals the hall can be used as an auditorium, and a full and unobstructed view of the stage can be obtained. The seating capacity is



The Boilers.

house by regular furnace pipes. There are two boilers, each of two hundred and fifty horse power, so that in case of accident the house will not be without heat. The cost of heating varies from \$17 to \$35 per month when used, according to the size and exposure of the house; and this subscription includes the services of the engineer and the workmen of the machine-shop when needed for any incidental repairs.

The Casino connected with the terraces is a sort of club building, used by children



The Boiler-house.



A Hallway.

200. The billiard-room also connects with the large room, being screened off with a portière, and opening off this are the conservatories, where there is an abundance of flowers in blossom all the year round, which can be obtained in any quantity, upon application

to the head gardener, at stated rates. Everybody living in the terraces has free access to the Casino at any time, unless some one in particular has engaged it for some special entertainment. This is a matter which can be cordially arranged among the householders themselves.



One of the Chambers.

To show the increase in the value of this property, it may be noted that the whole estate in 1880 was assessed at that if any one needs a coachman for any particular occasion he can have one at a stated price. There are also in the stables,



A Corner of a Parlor.

fifteen thousand dollars, and last year's taxes on it alone amounted to ten thousand dollars.

The stables have accommodations for two hundred and fifty horses, with a large carriage-room in the basement, and a harness-room and hay-loft overhead. The whole building is heated from the boiler-house, and everything is ordered with military precision and cleanliness. It is a large, handsome brick building situated on low land, one hundred and ten feet by sixty-eight, and is capable of being made twice as large. All of the house-owners, now established and to come, can be accommodated and guaranteed that their horses will have as good care and attention as if in their own private stables. Special attention is given to ventilation. Another convenience greatly appreciated is

horses that can be had at any time by parties not owning any themselves, at a cost of about one-third less than that of an ordinary livery and baiting stables.

The stables are connected with each



One of the Kitchens.

house by an electric bell, and a code of signals has been devised so that the occu-

attendance, and a night watchman is on duty in the stable and boiler-house, so that there is no delay in case of any unexpected emergency. The services of the stablemen are included with the board of the horse.



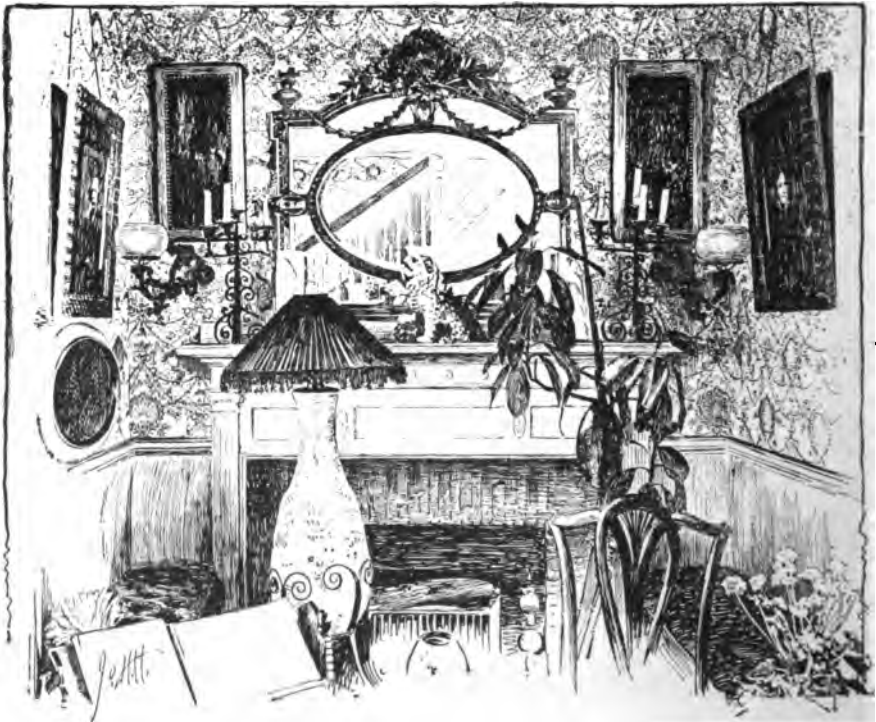
A Bit of one of the Libraries.

pants can have their horses brought to the door or taken away from it without any trouble. Stablemen are in constant

and their heirs forever.

The yards and grass patches and sidewalks are kept clear of snow and in per-

The park consists of about six acres of land laid out in garden plots with driveways, walks, shade trees, flowers, tennis courts, playgrounds for children, etc., and belongs to the tenants and owners in common for fifteen years during which time Mr. Knapp is under bonds to keep it in thorough repair. After the expiration of this period, the tenants can undoubtedly by mutual arrangement obtain possession of the grounds for themselves



A Hallway.



Interior of the Casino.

fect order all the year round, laid out with ornamental trees and flowers in their season at Mr. Knapp's expense. There is a large staff of gardeners, stablemen, chore-men, carpenters, engineers, firemen, and others employed about the offices of the terraces.

The whole tendency of modern development is in the direction of domestic economy, with the least possible machinery and the greatest possible centralization in the social body. The advantages accruing to those participating in such a scheme of living as has been outlined in this article are most obvious. Our higher civilization has made simple necessities of a thousand things which our grandfathers would have considered the most unheard of luxuries. It is the demand of all classes of society — the very poorest now enjoy conveniences, which would have been sybaritic two generations ago. The cost of such living as is enjoyed by

the people of the Beaconsfield Terraces, without any such scheme of centralization of authority and co-operative labor, etc., would probably exceed the means, or if not that the desires, of any individual family in the Terraces, the cost being but half what the same house would cost in Boston — as in many cases the land alone would cost more than the house and land



The Casino.

together. The residents enjoy the *sum-mum bonum* of material comforts, with almost complete relief from the worries



and cares of the average household. They have all the pleasures and benefits of a large country estate, without the care and trouble and expense of its maintenance. This is perhaps the main attraction of these terraces. The residents have time to attend to the business of happiness, which so many over-worked, over-strained heads of households have no leisure to dream of. It is this feature which, more perhaps than anything else, has made this experiment interesting and worthy of having attention directed to it.

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## THE PINES.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

FAR back in days of childhood stood a grove of stately pines ;  
 The fields spread green around them, and their shadowy outlines  
 Reached up into the sky so far that I believed it true,  
 That angels in their upstretched arms passed through the heavenly blue.

And when the night winds murmured in their branches, sweet and low,  
 I listened through the dark and said, "'Tis angels' harps I know —  
 Good angels who will give me all I want, if I am kind,"  
 For childhood's eyes look far out wide, but childhood's faith is blind.

And as the angel music filled my soul with visions bright,  
 I lay upon my pillow in a charm of rapt delight,  
 Where noble knights and maidens moved in an enchanted land  
 Of palaces and gardens fair and castles tall and grand.

"Sweet angels, grant me but two gifts, and I'll be good, — I pray  
 A palace for my home, and let my mother live away :  
 My mother dear, so beautiful that like to you she seems,  
 Oh, let her live forever ! " thus I whispered in my dreams.

No palaces are mine, but near me woods and mountains stand,  
 Arrayed in all the splendor of the wondrous fairyland ;  
 And o'er a grove beneath the pines the birds sing all the day,  
 And Faith's bright angel tells me that my mother lives away.





## GRAY DAWN.

*By S. Q. Lapius.*

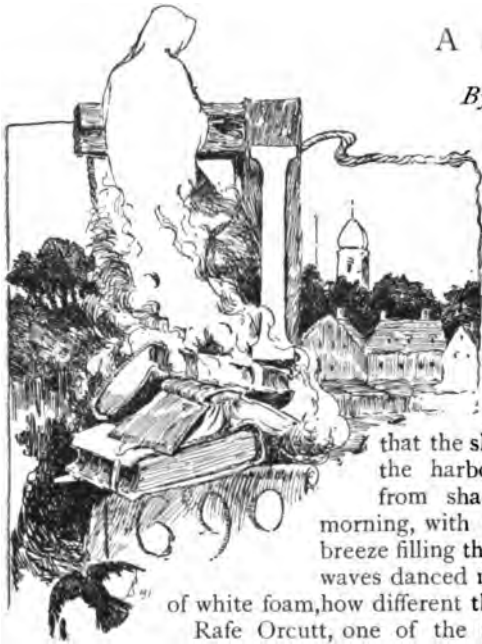
THE dense white fog in drowsy folds  
Bedecks the sleeping river's bed ;  
About the hills it hangs and holds —  
In ragged patches, overhead,  
It slowly, idly drifts away.  
The sullen mill-dam booms and roars,  
And drenched with clouds of flying spray  
The wet, black rocks along the shores  
Frown darkly at the coming day.

Gray dawn peeps in and sweetly smiles :  
A light breeze, sweeping down the stream,  
Lifts high the fog in snowy piles ;  
The sun's first burning lances gleam  
Along the pebbled river banks,  
And misty hosts, in mad retreat,  
Withdraw their broken scattered ranks,  
The bold sun marks their sad defeat  
And dissipates their struggling flanks.

Gray dawn gives place to ruddy day :  
The great sun swings through azure skies ;  
And skimming, where the ripples play,  
The screaming fish-hawks fall and rise.  
The glassy water, cool and clear  
Reflects one solitary cloud ;  
And morning song-birds, far and near,  
Repeat their matins shrill and loud :  
"The night is done, and day is here."

## A SALEM WITCH.

By Edith Mary Norris.



IN the year 1690, late on a summer evening, two people might have been seen walking on the sands just outside the prosperous town of Salem. Above, the stars palpitated in a world of blue, and all around rose the myriad insect sounds of a New England summer night. In the harbor the lights showed a dull orange color, and ships loomed like shrouded phantoms. In that indistinct light one could almost fancy

that the sheeted monsters had crept stealthily into the harbor, freighted with strange merchandise from shadowy and mysterious worlds. In the morning, with the sun shining brightly, and with a brisk breeze filling the sails of the floating craft, while the blue waves danced merrily, it might be capped with a flecking

of white foam, how different the scene would appear.

Rafe Orcutt, one of the two persons, said as much to his companion as they walked slowly along the sands. Rafe was one of those who "go down to the sea in ships; who do business in the great waters." Stalwart was he, and strong and true. His dark hair curled crisply under his broad-rimmed hat, his brown eye had a merry glance, and not even the puritanical garb of those days could mar his cheerful and ingenuous bearing. Having been left at an early age dependent on himself, Rafe had, by his sterling qualities, won a prominent position for one of his years. His first experience of real life he gained as a boy working on a fishing-boat owned by one of his neighbors; and later apprenticing himself to a shipmaster who sailed up and down the coast as far as Boston and Providence, he had become, at the age of twenty-seven, captain and part owner of a merchant vessel trading between Salem and the West Indies, and was now on the eve of his departure on the last voyage he would make before his marriage to Margaret Dalton.

Very fair and sweet was she. Her golden hair strayed from under her cap as she walked now at his side, framing with curls her half-moon forehead. Had it been possible in that dim light, one would have seen that the color came and went flickeringly on her cheek, as they talked together; the long lashes of her deep gray eyes were wet with tears, and her voice had a little tremulous break in it that went straight to Rafe's heart.

"Foolish child!" said he tenderly, "art greeting, — and for what? Why, the months will slip by, and before you know it, the *Oliver* will be back in Salem Harbor. Then no more partings, — but hey to see the world!"

"They say it is a wicked world," faltered Margaret; "and that one were safer here in New England."

"They say wrong, sweetheart! The world is what a man's conscience maketh it. Evil there is, no doubt, and here in Salem town as well as elsewhere; but the evil is in men's hearts, and they are the same the world over."

They had crossed a strip of dry land, which, intersected with salt-marshes, divided the sands from the road, on the other side of which marsh and meadow stretched for some distance, dotted here and there with a dwelling or a clump of

woods. At the door of a small house, which the lovers were now approaching, stood a woman of about forty years of age, straight, slim, and dark, with a face too worn for beauty,—and yet it had beauty of a certain sort; gentleness and resignation were what it chiefly showed, and a world of love lit the dark, melancholy eyes, whenever their glance rested on the face of the fair young girl, whose sister she was. They had dwelt here alone, their parents being long since dead.

"Well, Dorcas, did'st think we were lost?" said Rafe.

"Oh, no, I knew you better than that, and I have company, too. Here are Mistress Lawson and her daughter come to bid you Godspeed."

Two women came forward to meet them, as they advanced into the room. They were well-known to Rafe, who had made his lodging at Mistress Lawson's in Boston, when his ship touched at that port, but had lost sight of her for the past year.

"Why, Mistress Lawson," said he, "I did not think to see you here in Salem."

"We came only a few days ago," was the reply. "My brother Putnam was eager for us to live near him, and Martha thought the change might be to her benefit."

"How, Martha," continued Rafe, "'tis something new to think of you needing change,—you were always so well."

"She hath not been so well of late," said the widow, "and hearing you were going to sail so soon, I made bold to make my first visit to Mistress Dalton, and bid you Godspeed at the same time."

"And you are heartily welcome," said Dorcas. "Come, let us take supper together."

The small, round table presented a generous appearance, which Rafe was not sorry to see. They drew up their chairs and made their evening meal, interspersing it with friendly talk for the space of an hour, when they rose to separate. We will follow Martha Lawson and her mother home, and leave Rafe to make his adieu without spectators.

"Well," said the widow, when they were well out of hearing, "so it is true, and we gain naught for our pains."

"We shall see yet; I shall find some way,—the sly toad! A milk and water baby like that! Why, mother, I will kill her before he shall marry her."

"Tut, tut, lass, fair means first. You cannot work against fate, and it was always your fancy more than his."

"And I should have won in time, if she had not crossed his path. And she shall not win if I don't. There are many things may happen in a year."

"You had best think no more of it," replied the mother.

"I shall please myself in the matter," said Martha sullenly.

"Aye, that you will, I know full well," said her mother as she unlocked the door of her home, at which they had by this time arrived.

The next morning Rafe sailed. He came to the sisters' cottage in the early morning for a last farewell, and Margaret walked half way to the town with him, and there on the road they parted. An hour later, Dorcas and Margaret stood before their dwelling watching the *Oliver*, under full sail, making her way out of the harbor. They watched until the hull was under the horizon, and then turned to their housewifely tasks.

The autumn glories faded, and the face of nature assumed new shapes and colors. From the sheltered calm of their comfortable inglenook, the sisters, looking up from the spinning or the quilting, saw the wide sweep of sands and moor beautified by its mantle of glistening snow, and beyond it, the gray expanse of the winter sea. There was less life and bustle in the harbor now, but once or twice came news from England,—news of the futile struggle of James in Ireland, of want and misery on the one hand, and of court festivities on the other. Once, by great, good fortune, came a letter from Rafe, brought by a merchantman who was leaving a port the *Oliver* had just made.

"We have had a good passage, so far," he wrote, "and are like to make a quick return. Here, where I am, it is still like summer, but I close my eyes, and seem to see the icicles hanging from eaves and windows, and the snow-covered roof; inside, the wood-fire roars up the wide

chimney, and I hear the whirr of the spinning-wheel which my Margaret turns with her pretty foot. God keep you both till I come again."

Of Dame Lawson and Martha they saw something now and again, — indeed, they were near neighbors; but though the sisters were friendly enough — as they were with all creatures — between temperaments so different there could be no real cordiality. In Martha Lawson's fierce and ungoverned nature the passions of jealousy and envy had played sad havoc, and she could scarce give a civil word to gentle Margaret when they met.

So the long winter passed, and at length the first indications of spring approached. In this most beautiful of seasons the sisters spent much time out of doors. They planted the little garden which was to furnish their table, they tended the broods of early chickens, and made the little yard in front of the house gay with simple flowers. Then as the grass grew green and full, and the sun became strong, they bleached the stores of linen which they had spun through the winter, and, later, sewed many seams while sitting under the apple-trees in their little orchard. The bees buzzed and droned, and the hens clucked to the little puff-balls which followed them about all day; and looking up from their work the sisters could see the tall masts in the harbor and the wide sweep of waters, blue as the summer sky.

From Rafe they did not hear again, nor did they expect to; he would be back in Salem some time in September, God willing.

So grew the year; and as it grew, so grew also a tiny cloud that had uprisen in the horizon, and gathered size and darkness until the colony was steeped in the blackness of the night.

One day in February, Margaret, going to carry some comforts to a sick neighbor, had returned in much excitement.

"Dorcas," she said, as she closed the door, "it is said there be terrible doings in Salem. They say that the minister's children are bewitched, for they crawl into holes and utter foolish speeches; and Abigail Williams is cramped and twisted as one in a fit, at times."

"Perhaps it is a fit she hath; ever she hath seemed to me but a witless child," said Dorcas.

"But Elizabeth Parris is afflicted also, and Mr. Parris, being at his wit's end, hath called in the neighbors for prayers, and begs that you will go thither also."

"And whom do they think hath afflicted the children?"

"They accuse Tituba, the Indian woman."

"Alack, she ever seemed faithful to her master; I cannot think she would do aught so ill," replied Dorcas; "but Satan hath many servitors."

So Dorcas went to the prayer-meeting, which, however, availed not, for the trouble that had thus begun spread rapidly through the small community, and, gaining force, became epidemic. The most outrageous accounts of sicknesses (feigned or otherwise), of sufferings supposed to be inflicted by the malignant means of others, were more and more common, and the people generally were losing all the soberness of judgment which had been hitherto their characteristic. To the children first afflicted were added many others, and a number of poor persons, principally women, were, by the malevolence of their neighbors, accused of the practice of witchcraft and thrown into prison.

"Margaret," said Dorcas, one morning in March. "I have prayed for light, but I cannot find my way out of this maze. Goodwife Nurse was brought before Mr. Hathorn and Mr. Curwin in the meeting-house, accused of being a witch."

"Were you there?" cried Margaret.

"Yes, but could hear almost nothing, the noise of the accusers was so amazing."

"How did she comport herself?" questioned the younger sister.

"As one of the saints. Looking round the meeting-house, and gaining no friendly look, distracted by the clamor, she said, 'I have got no one to look to but God.' Then lifting her arms, she spread out her hands and cried, 'O Lord, help me!' Oh, Margaret, I am sore at heart, and full of many fears. Here was a good woman, a good neighbor, a good mother, a member of the church, whom

my mother loved, and who hath kissed me often with a mother's kiss, and I fear she is done to death."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of both sisters. Then Margaret said timidly :

"Sister, do not the pastors and magistrates think her guilty?"

"Margaret, Satan blinds many eyes, even those of the saints. Never can I think her aught but a good woman. For me, I will go no more to the town, except on the Sabbath, to the house of the Lord, and I will make supplication for those accused, as well as for the afflicted ones."

So the sisters busied themselves about their own household, hearing as little as they could help of those troublous doings; but on Sundays the sermons and prayers were full of the all-engrossing subject, and so was the conversation of the good people of Salem. May and June passed, each day adding to the number of farcical trials, the impish actions of the accusers, and the sufferings of the poor wretches who had been accused and imprisoned. On the nineteenth of July, Rebecca Nurse, with several others, was executed. Dorcas went about her duties, silent and white, and her heart felt like stone in her bosom.

Margaret one day met Martha Lawson, who spoke roughly and cruelly of "the old witch Nurse." Margaret burst into tears, and said to her, "You will be sorry one day for what you say now."

At last came September. Margaret, who had been much depressed by the terrible occurrences of this dark summer, now regained a little of her wonted cheerfulness. Would not Rafe soon be here? and would she not soon be sailing in the good ship *Oliver*, to the wondrous lands he had told her of? Dorcas should go with them, too—she had been so unhappy of late—they could not leave her alone.

Dorcas was indeed unhappy. Like many others less bigoted than the Mathers and their followers, she felt herself lost in a sea of doubt. She saw the tangible evidences of a Christian life, as in the case of Goodwife Nurse, swept into oblivion by the absurd utterances of a few apparently demented women and chil-

dren, and she knew not what to believe, nor to whom to turn for guidance; and above all, she felt an overwhelming presentiment of impending misfortune.

One day in the early part of the month came Martha Lawson to the cottage, asking for a little honey for her mother, who had been ailing with fever. After talking a while, she asked when Rafe was expected, and was told, about the middle of the month.

"I go to my Uncle Putnam's at the Village on the ninth of the month, to see the witches tried; wilt come with me, Margaret?"

"Oh, no, no! I could not bear it!" said Margaret.

"Heyday—you don't say you are sorry for the wicked wretches! For me, I will as lief go to see them hanged as to see them tried."

"And I will stay at home and pray for them," answered Margaret.

"Pray for them, child?—why, they are in league with the evil one! Much good your prayers would do!"

"Yet they were always good till now—at least, most of them were—and how are they become evil on a sudden? Oh, I wish Rafe were here, to take me away from it all."

Martha cast a dark look at her on this mention of Rafe, and took up her honey to go, saying as she went, "Perhaps you may change your mind and I may yet see you at a witches' trial."

"Margaret," said Dorcas, when she had gone, "I fear that girl, I know not why; I saw a look of hate on her face as she glanced at you—and why cometh she here so smoothly, who hath ever been so curt?"

"Do you know, Dorcas, I have sometimes thought she cared for Rafe, and disliked me on that account."

"Like enough—something there is, and I fear her."

"You are vaporish, dear sister," said Margaret; "these ill-doings have affrighted you. What harm could she do us? And will not Rafe soon be here to take care of us?"

"Would he were here now?" sadly answered Dorcas.

One day a week later, as Margaret pre-

pared the mid-day meal, Dorcas, who was sewing in the porch called to her:

"Margaret, hither come the sheriff and others; what can they want here?"

"Mayhap they are not coming here. They may only be passing, sister."

Dorcas did not answer, but she felt a terrible premonition of evil.

"Good-morrow, Mistress Dorcas," said the sheriff as he neared the gate. "Is Margaret Dalton within?"

"She is," said Dorcas. "What do you want with her!" They had now entered the room where Margaret was.

"I come to arrest her, in the name of our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, on complaint of one Martha Lawson, upon a charge of witchcraft."

"My little Margaret!" cried poor Dorcas. "Why, she is but an innocent child!"

"So may you prove, good mistress; for now she must come with me, to appear presently before the magistrates in the meeting-house."

Margaret stood with her hands crossed on her breast, her large eyes wide open, with a strained expression of pain, and her face ashy pale. Dorcas brought her outdoor garments and put them upon her, then she strained her to her bosom and kissed her passionately.

"My lamb! my poor lamb!" she said; then folding her shawl around her, added, "we are ready." She put her arm about the trembling form of her young sister, who, speechless from terror, had uttered no word, and so walked with her the whole way to the meeting-house. As they passed through the streets, the children jeered and shouted, "A witch, a witch!" Dorcas felt Margaret's form tremble, but she did not speak. The once friendly faces of their acquaintances wore an expression of fear and terror as they looked at Margaret, and Dorcas felt her heart die within her. In the meeting-house were the magistrates, with a great concourse of people, and sitting in the space between the magistrates and the place where Margaret was made to stand were Martha Lawson and her mother, and others of the so-called afflicted.

The clerk of the court having read the charge, a magistrate said,—

"Martha Lawson, do you recognize this person as the one who hath so afflicted and tormented you?"

Margaret looked straight at her accuser, when the latter fell on the ground writhing and shrieking horribly. At length, after many contortions, being helped to her feet, she screamed: "She is a witch—hang her."

"What hath she done to you?" she was asked.

"She torments me with pain, and pinches me, and buffets me. On Tuesday she did look over the fence at our hens, and six of them were dead before night. She prayeth for the witches. Once when I did speak of Witch Nurse, she said, 'I will make you sorry, yet, for what you say now'; then was I taken with pricking, pains in my body, and crooked pins did come from it. I was pinched and buffeted in my sleep, and once was thrown from my bed on to the floor. Last night looking from the window we did see her, or her spectre, flying in the air." Margaret at this clasped her hands tightly together, when Martha shrieked out that the witch pinched her.

"Hold out your arms and stretch your hands open," said the magistrate. Dorcas would have held one of her hands, but was prevented. Margaret becoming faint from standing in this position, she would have supported her, but was again prevented. The evidence was continued, and at length Margaret fainted and was carried out, which fact was used at the trial, on the seventeenth of September, as a proof of her confusion and guilt. For the present she was committed to jail, and Dorcas followed her as one distraught. Meantime, there was no news of the *Oliver*.

The seventeenth of September dawned with unusual brightness. Not a cloud marred the Italian blueness of the sky, the air was rife with sweet scents and sounds, and a fresh, soft breeze gently stirred the trees and grass. Outside the town a delicious stillness reigned, broken now and then by the sounds of lowing cattle. At the cottage door stood Dorcas, in the early morning, her hand shading



her eyes, looking out to sea. Alas ! there was no sign of the pennant Rafe was wont to fly on approaching the harbor, as a signal to herself and Margaret. Oh, if he would only come ! A sob broke from her breast as she looked round on the peaceful scene. A flock of white geese fed on the common, the cows, Brindle and Mopsey, chewed their cud in the little clover patch, the apples hung ripe and rosy in the orchard,—a scene of sweet domestic peace and loveliness. And her little sister, her one white rose,—who had come during the sorrow of her early womanhood, soothing and beguiling her from bitter thoughts with her graces and prattle, and whom she had taken to her bosom as a daughter, and had loved and cared for ever since,—her darling in a cruel prison, on such a day as this, to be tried for her life ! Was there a God ? What manner of God could He be who allowed such things to come to pass ? She flung out her arms with a bitter cry, buried her face in her hands, and hurried into the house. In a short time the paroxysm passed, and she busied herself making ready a breakfast to carry to Margaret,—taking enough for those who, having no one to carry food to them, would have fared hardly but for such as Dorcas. Finally, she put on her cloak and hood, and taking her basket in her hand, closed the door of the cottage and started for Salem.

It was seven o'clock when she reached the jail, and she passed the intervening hours before the opening of the court in feeding and tending Margaret. And indeed the poor child had need of such kind care. A rude bench was her only resting-place ; but here Dorcas had made her as comfortable as might be, with blankets and garments carried from the cottage.

At the appointed time they were taken to the court, and after several of the accused had been subjected to examination, with little diversity of result, Margaret's name was called. Martha Lawson and several others, with whom Margaret had never spoken, deposed in the intervals of their writhings and shriekings, that she had tormented them by biting, choking, pinching, and pricking them ;

that she had killed cattle and hens, and caused a board to fall in a chamber at night,—with other similar charges.

"Is this true," asked the magistrates,— "that you have done all these vile things to the hurt of your neighbors?"

"I have never hurt anybody," sobbed Margaret.

"Pray, who torments these people, then?"

"I do not know."

"What have you done towards this?"

"Nothing at all."

"Have you ever entered into contract with the Devil?"

"I never have."

If the poor prisoner moved her head, their heads also moved and they cried out of pains in their necks, and if she looked at them, they swooned. She was made to touch them, with her eyes turned another way, and they immediately recovered. Finally, Margaret was condemned, with eight others, to suffer death by hanging on the twenty-second of September.

Dorcas accompanied her sister back to the prison, and attended to her material wants. She repeated, at Margaret's request, some favorite passages of Scripture, and prayed with her. Shortly before sun-down she was obliged to leave, none being permitted to remain all night.

The poor girl was sadly changed. The confinement had told heavily on one accustomed to an outdoor life. She seemed numb and apathetic. Not even the mention of Rafe could rouse her to any life ; she would only give a sad smile. Once she said.

"Dorcas, tell him I loved him, I loved him. Oh, Dorcas, I am so tired !"

The flesh had fallen from her limbs and cheeks, but her eyes shone brighter than before ; and this, with the hectic tinge on her cheeks, gave her a still more striking beauty.

Dorcas, a great wound gaping in her tortured heart, could only long for Rafe to return. She had no one but him to look to on earth ; and heaven,—alas, poor Dorcas ! she could not look there now. And so the days passed heavily and slowly by until the day before that fixed for the execution. Dorcas had all

the time ministered to her sister, who lay day after day in a half stupor, only rousing now and then to utter half-delirious words of happier days. This babbling of home and its delights was inexpressibly painful to Dorcas, though she felt that the oblivion was a merciful lightening of poor Margaret's load. Sometimes there would be lucid intervals; and one of these occurred on this last sad afternoon. Dorcas was watching the dear face, as she waited for the signal for departure. On a sudden the gray eyes opened, and Margaret put her hand in her sister's, with a faint smile.

"Dorcas, I know it all now — all, and I feel so happy — I know not why. Tell Rafe I loved him, and I leave you to his keeping. Read to me now, will you? Read me the psalm 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'"

Dorcas read with a clear voice until the signal for departure was given.

"Good-night, darling, try and sleep to-night; I will be with you early in the morning."

A shiver passed over the frame of Dorcas as she spoke; she was past tears now, and bore herself with a cold, unnatural calm. She gave one last lingering look at the slight form, then left the jail on her solitary walk home. Home, oh, what a mockery was now in that word!

Before four o'clock on the morning of the twenty-second of September, the *Oliver* sailed into Salem Harbor. At the topmast a little pennant streamed above the white sails. No sooner was she anchored than the captain had a boat lowered and manned by two stout sailors, who rowed him to where he could land upon the sloping sands some half mile outside the town. There were few souls yet stirring, and he met no one to tell him of affairs in Salem.

As he walked the sands with a firm step, and, surveying the familiar landscape, passed over the downs towards the little cottage he had left so many months ago, his eye kindled and his cheeks flushed with happiness. In the east the gray sky was flushed with the coming dawn; and presently the sun, like a great ball of flame, rose into the crimson sea of cloud.

A solitary bird chirped occasionally, and a frog croaked from one of the pools in the salt marsh. The silence of dawn was upon the land. It was the hour of universal waking.

Dorcas, who had thrown herself upon the bed to gather what strength she might, but from whose eyes sleep had been absent, had risen at an early hour, and, at this moment stepped to the door, as she had done every morning since Margaret's arrest, to look out to the harbor. What is that she sees! It is, — yes, it is the pennant of the *Oliver* in the offing. Who is this on the downs, nearing the cottage, with light and happy step? Oh, God, it is Rafe!

Her heart stood still as Rafe, seeing one at the door, but not noting her sadness at the distance, waved his cap with a hearty cheer. In a short time he ran up the path to the door, only to see a woman with white hair and wild eyes fall at his feet as one dead.

He carried her into the house and laid her upon the settle in the little living-room, and called "Margaret." At that sound Dorcas moaned and relapsed into insensibility. He hurried to the well for water, dashed it in her face, and again called "Margaret." She groaned again, but this time lay trembling, looking at him with wide open eyes, — but still she could not speak.

Rafe looked about the house. Why did it look so deserted and so disordered? Margaret's bird was gone from its cage — she had asked Dorcas to set it at liberty the day she was committed. And where was Margaret herself?

"Dorcas," he cried, "where is Margaret?" Dorcas sat up and, with a look of wild despair, pushed back the hair from her face.

"How can I tell you? how can I tell you?" Then she burst into a paroxysm of sobs and tears, the first tears she had shed since the dreadful day of the trial. Soothing her as a brother might, Rafe drew from her the sad story of Margaret's fate. He was frozen with horror, and sat like a man of stone. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"Come!" he said, in a terrible voice, "let us go thither."



"His strong frame shook with an agony too deep for words."

"Not yet," said Dorcas; "we cannot enter till seven, and I must get food and milk for her. You, too, must eat a morsel, lest your strength be spent."

"Nay, I cannot eat. I will go and see if aught can be done. I will see you at the jail."

"There is nothing can be done, Dorcas," he said with a broken voice, when by and by he met her on her way to the jail; "nothing. I pleaded with them as man never pleaded before, but it was of no avail. My poor lost darling—to be—oh God! how can I bear it?" Then his manner changed suddenly. "She came with me, my little sweetheart, just such a morning as this, last year, and we said good-by, near yon hillock, and she bade God bless me and bring me safe again—and now—" he flung himself face downward on the grass, and sobbed aloud. Dorcas sat trembling by him; the strong man's agony tore her heart.

"Come, my poor sister," he said as he rose, "I do ill to add to your trouble. Let us face it together."

In front of the jail at that early hour a knot of people was already gathered. These made way with some awe for Dorcas and Rafe. Indeed, the young man, his blanched face set in the stern curves of mental anguish, bore something of the aspect of an avenger. At length, as they were permitted to enter, the jailer took Dorcas aside.

"I have news for you, mistress—I know not if it be good or ill. Your sister is dead,—she passed away during the night."

"The Lord hath delivered her from the hands of her enemies!" exclaimed Dorcas.

"Let us see her," said Rafe quietly.

The jailer threw open the door, and there on the rude bed lay Margaret—dead. Her hands were crossed upon her breast, her face wore a smile of peace, and her golden hair shone round her head like the nimbus of a saint.

Rafe's lips parted, but no sound came from them. His strong frame shook with an agony too deep for words or for tears.

How different was this meeting from that which he had expected but a few hours ago, as he swung lightly over the turf! A few hours ago—it seemed long years since that happy sunrise! A frightful sense of the cruelty and hardness of it all filled his heart, and a mad desire for revenge made his brain for a moment reel; only for a moment,—then the thought that there was still a duty which he could perform roused him as nothing else could have done. It was not hard to obtain permission to carry away the body, and his plans were quickly made. He left Dorcas in charge and hurried back to his ship. As he went on board, the men observing the grief depicted on his face, saluted him gravely and stood silent as he passed to his cabin. He stayed there a few minutes with the mate, who presently returned to the deck, leaving him alone. Soon, he too returned, and stepped into the midst of the little group.

"Mates," said he, "you have heard me speak of her who was to have voyaged with us, and you have heard now what has come. One last duty I can do for my poor girl, and I would like those that love me to help me to do it."

"Anything we can do to help you, lad, shall be done," said the old boatswain, forgetting the captain and thinking only of the man who might have been his son.

"Aye, aye," said the others.

And when the town had followed the other unhappy creatures to the place of their execution, another procession left the jail, and walked towards the cottage by the sea. First came Rafe, with Dorcas

on his arm, then an improvised bier carried by six sailors, and then two by two the rest of the crew of the *Oliver*. They buried her under the trees in the little orchard where she had played as a child, and where she and Dorcas had sewed in the early summer. Rafe thanked them in simple, tender speech when all was done; and he instructed the mate to meet him in Boston with the vessel, when her cargo was discharged and her accounts settled, bringing such things from the cottage as Dorcas wished to preserve. Then he took Dorcas by the hand and turned his back on Salem forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a little cottage on the bleak Cornish coast dwelt for many years in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, a white-haired woman and a man who was prematurely old and broken. They addressed each other as "brother" and "sister." They were known far and near for deeds of charity and sympathy to those in sorrow and need. The good people of the village in which they lived were not a little curious at first about these "new folk"; but they never spoke of their past, and after a time it seemed as if they had always been there. To them, too, came a measure of peace, as it comes to those who have drunk deepest of the cup of sorrow. Pursuing the tenor of their way, they saw the renewal of the years and the seasons, while in a far-off land the winds made requiem and drifted in turn the apple-blossoms and the snow over the lowly grave in the garden by the sea.





"I am sitting by the Window in this Atrocious Nursery."

## THE YELLOW WALL-PAPER.

*By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*



T is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted

house, and reach the height of romantic felicity—but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and *perhaps* — (I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind —) *perhaps* that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see he does not believe I am sick! And what can one do?



If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression — a slight hysterical tendency — what is one to do?

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites — whichever it is, and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to "work" until I am well again.

Personally, I disagree with their ideas.

Personally, I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it *does* exhaust me a good deal — having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus — but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges and walls and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

There is a *delicious* garden! I never saw such a garden — large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbors with seats under them.

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now.

There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and co-heirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years.

That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid, but I don't care — there is something strange about the house — I can feel it.

I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a *draught*, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition.

But John says if I feel so, I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself — before him, at least, and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it.

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more.

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. "Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear," said he, "and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time." So we took the nursery at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playroom and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is stripped off — the paper — in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide — plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions.

The color is repellant, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others.

No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

There comes John, and I must put this away,—he hates to have me write a word.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have been here two weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength.

John is away all day, and even some nights when his cases are serious.

I am glad my case is not serious!

But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing.

John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no *reason* to suffer, and that satisfies him.

Of course it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able,—to dress and entertain, and order things.

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I *cannot* be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wall-paper!

At first he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wall-paper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

"You know the place is doing you

good," he said, "and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental."

"Then do let us go downstairs," I said, "there are such pretty rooms there."

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down cellar, if I wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain.

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things.

It is an airy and comfortable room as any one need wish, and, of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deep-shaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbors, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making, a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try.

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well, John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fireworks in my pillow-case as to let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it *knew* what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside down.

I get positively angry with the imperti-



nence of it and the everlastingness. Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breaths didn't match, and the eyes go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toy-store.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big, old bureau used to have, and there was one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe.

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when this was used as a playroom they had to take the nursery things out, and no wonder! I never saw such ravages as the children have made here.

The wall-paper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother—they must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

"But I don't mind it a bit—only the paper.

There comes John's sister. Such a dear girl as she is, and so careful of me! I must not let her find me writing.

She is a perfect and enthusiastic house-keeper, and hopes for no better profession. I verily believe she thinks it is the writing which made me sick!

But I can write when she is out, and see her a long way off from these windows.

There is one that commands the road, a lovely shaded winding road, and one that just looks off over the country. A lovely country, too, full of great elms and velvet meadows.

This wallpaper has a kind of sub-pattern in a different shade, a particularly

irritating one, for you can only see it in certain lights, and not clearly then.

But in the places where it isn't faded and where the sun is just so—I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to skulk about behind that silly and conspicuous front design.

There's sister on the stairs!

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, the Fourth of July is over! The people are all gone and I am tired out. John thought it might do me good to see a little company, so we just had mother and Nellie and the children down for a week.

Of course I didn't do a thing. Jennie sees to everything now.

But it tired me all the same.

John says if I don't pick up faster he shall send me to Weir Mitchell in the fall.

But I don't want to go there at all. I had a friend who was in his hands once, and she says he is just like John and my brother, only more so!

Besides, it is such an undertaking to go so far.

I don't feel as if it was worth while to turn my hand over for anything, and I'm getting dreadfully fretful and querulous.

I cry at nothing, and cry most of the time.

Of course I don't when John is here, or anybody else, but when I am alone.

And I am alone a good deal just now. John is kept in town very often by serious cases, and Jennie is good and lets me alone when I want her to.

So I walk a little in the garden or down that lovely lane, sit on the porch under the roses, and lie down up here a good deal.

I'm getting really fond of the room in spite of the wallpaper. Perhaps *because* of the wallpaper.

It dwells in my mind so!

I lie here on this great immovable bed—it is nailed down, I believe—and follow that pattern about by the hour. It is as good as gymnastics, I assure you. I start, we'll say, at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has nos been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I *will* follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion.

I know a little of the principle of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of.

It is repeated, of course, by the breadths, but not otherwise.

Looked at in one way each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes — a kind of "debased Romanesque" with *delirium tremens* — go waddling up and down in isolated columns of fatuity.

But, on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror, like a lot of wallowing seaweeds in full chase.

The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that direction.

They have used a horizontal breadth for a frieze, and that adds wonderfully to the confusion.

There is one end of the room where it is almost intact, and there, when the crosslights fade and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation after all, — the interminable grotesque seem to form around a common centre and rush off in headlong plunges of equal distraction.

It makes me tired to follow it. I will take a nap I guess.

\* \* \* \* \*

I don't know why I should write this.

I don't want to.

I don't feel able.

And I know John would think it

absurd. But I *must* say what I feel and think in some way — it is such a relief!

But the effort is getting to be greater than the relief.

Half the time now I am awfully lazy, and lie down ever so much.

John says I mustn't lose my strength, and has me take cod liver oil and lots of



"She didn't know I was in the Room."

tonics and things, to say nothing of ale and wine and rare meat.

Dear John! He loves me very dearly, and hates to have me sick. I tried to have a real earnest reasonable talk with him the other day, and tell him how I wish he would let me go and make a visit to Cousin Henry and Julia.

But he said I wasn't able to go, nor able to stand it after I got there; and I did not make out a very good case for myself, for I was crying before I had finished.

It is getting to be a great effort for me to think straight. Just this nervous weakness I suppose.

And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till it tired my head.

He said I was his darling and his comfort and all he had, and that I must take care of myself for his sake, and keep well.

He says no one but myself can help me out of it, that I must use my will and self-control and not let any silly fancies run away with me.

There's one comfort, the baby is well and happy, and does not have to occupy this nursery with the horrid wallpaper.

If we had not used it, that blessed child would have! What a fortunate escape! Why, I wouldn't have a child of mine, an impressionable little thing, live in such a room for worlds.

I never thought of it before, but it is lucky that John kept me here after all, I can stand it so much easier than a baby, you see.

Of course I never mention it to them any more—I am too wise,—but I keep watch of it all the same.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will.

Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day.

It is always the same shape, only very numerous.

And it is like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder—I begin to think—I wish John would take me away from here!

\* \* \* \* \*

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and because he loves me so.

But I tried it last night.

It was moonlight. The moon shines in all around just as the sun does.

I hate to see it sometimes, it creeps so slowly, and always comes in by one window or another.

John was asleep and I hated to waken him, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wallpaper till I felt creepy.

The faint figure behind seemed to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out.

I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper *did* move, and when I came back John was awake.

"What is it, little girl?" he said. "Don't go walking about like that—you'll get cold."

I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gaining here, and that I wished he would take me away.

"Why, darling!" said he, "our lease will be up in three weeks, and I can't see how to leave before."

"The repairs are not done at home, and I cannot possibly leave town just now. Of course if you were in any danger, I could and would, but you really are better, dear, whether you can see it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know. You are gaining flesh and color, your appetite is better, I feel really much easier about you."

"I don't weigh a bit more," said I, "nor as much; and my appetite may be better in the evening when you are here, but it is worse in the morning when you are away!"

"Bless her little heart!" said he with a big hug, "she shall be as sick as she pleases! But now let's improve the shining hours by going to sleep, and talk about it in the morning!"

"And you won't go away?" I asked gloomily.

"Why, how can I, dear? It is only three weeks more and then we will take a nice little trip of a few days while Jennie is getting the house ready. Really dear you are better!"

"Better in body perhaps—" I began, and stopped short, for he sat up straight and looked at me with such a stern, reproachful look that I could not say another word.

"My darling," said he, "I beg of you, for my sake and for our child's sake, as well as for your own, that you will never for one instant let that idea enter your mind! There is nothing so dangerous, so fascinating, to a temperament like yours. It is a false and foolish fancy. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so?"

So of course I said no more on that score, and we went to sleep before long. He thought I was asleep first, but I wasn't, and lay there for hours trying to decide whether that front pattern and the back pattern really did move together or separately.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind.

The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well underway in following, it turns a back-somersault and there you are. It slaps you in the face, knocks you down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream.

The outside pattern is a florid arabesque, reminding one of a fungus. If you can imagine a toadstool in joints, an interminable string of toadstools, budding and sprouting in endless convolutions — why, that is something like it.

That is, sometimes!

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes.

When the sun shoots in through the east window — I always watch for that first long, straight ray — it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it.

That is why I watch it always.

By moonlight — the moon shines in all night when there is a moon — I wouldn't know it was the same paper.

At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candlelight, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.

I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind, that dim sub-pattern, but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I lie down ever so much now. John says it is good for me, and to sleep all I can.

Indeed he started the habit by making me lie down for an hour after each meal.

It is a very bad habit I am convinced, for you see I don't sleep.

And that cultivates deceit, for I don't tell them I'm awake — O no!

The fact is I am getting a little afraid of John.

He seems very queer sometimes, and even Jennie has an inexplicable look.

It strikes me occasionally, just as a scientific hypothesis, — that perhaps it is the paper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times *looking at the paper!* And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn't know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper — she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry — asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pattern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself!

\* \* \* \* \*

Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. You see I have something more to expect, to look forward to, to watch. I really do eat better, and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wall-paper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was *because* of the wall-paper — he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have found it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm feeling ever so much better! I

don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wall-paper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw — not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper — the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad. Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not, the smell is here.

It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining-room, skulking in the parlor, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it — there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odor, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyze it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad — at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful, I wake up in the night and find it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house — to reach the smell.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the *color* of the paper! A yellow smell.

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs round the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even *smooch*, as if it had been rubbed over and over.

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round — round and round and round — it makes me dizzy!

\* \* \* \* \*

I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern *does* move — and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern — it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

And I'll tell you why — privately — I've seen her!

I can see her out of every one of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her in that long shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in those dark grape arbors, creeping all around the garden.

I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time.

And though I always see her, she *may* be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

\* \* \* \* \*

If only that top pattern could be gotten off from the under one! I mean to try it, little by little.

I have found out another funny thing, but I shan't tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.

There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don't like the look in his eyes.

And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give.

She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.

John knows I don't sleep very well at night, for all I'm so quiet!

He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.

As if I couldn't see through him!

Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months.

It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hurrah! This is the last day, but it is enough. John to stay in town over night, and won't be out until this evening.

Jennie wanted to sleep with me—the sly thing! but I told her I should undoubtedly rest better for a night all alone.

That was clever, for really I wasn't alone a bit! As soon as it was moonlight and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her.

I pulled and she shook, I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had peeled off yards of that paper.

A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.

And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me, I declared I would finish it to-day!

We go away to-morrow, and they are

moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before.

Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing.

She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired.

How she betrayed herself that time!

But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me,—not *alive*!

She tried to get me out of the room—it was too patent! But I said it was so quiet and empty and clean now that I believed I would lie down again and sleep all I could; and not to wake me even for dinner—I would call when I woke.

So now she is gone, and the servants are gone, and the things are gone, and there is nothing left but that great bedstead nailed down, with the canvas mattress we found on it.

We shall sleep downstairs to-night, and take the boat home to-morrow.

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again.

How those children did tear about here!

This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work.

I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path.

I don't want to go out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes.

I want to astonish him.

I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on!

This bed will *not* move!

I tried to lift and push it until I was lame, and then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at one corner—but it hurt my teeth.

Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus growths just shriek with derision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the

window would be admirable exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be misconstrued.

I don't like to *look* out of the windows even — there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wall-paper as I did?

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope — you don't get *me* out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to.

For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow.

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why there's John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can't open it! How he does call and pound!

Now he's crying for an axe.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!

"John dear!" said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front steps, under a plattain leaf!"

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said — very quietly indeed, "Open the door, my darling!"

"I can't," said I. "The key is down by the front door under a plantain leaf!"

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "For God's sake, what are you doing!"

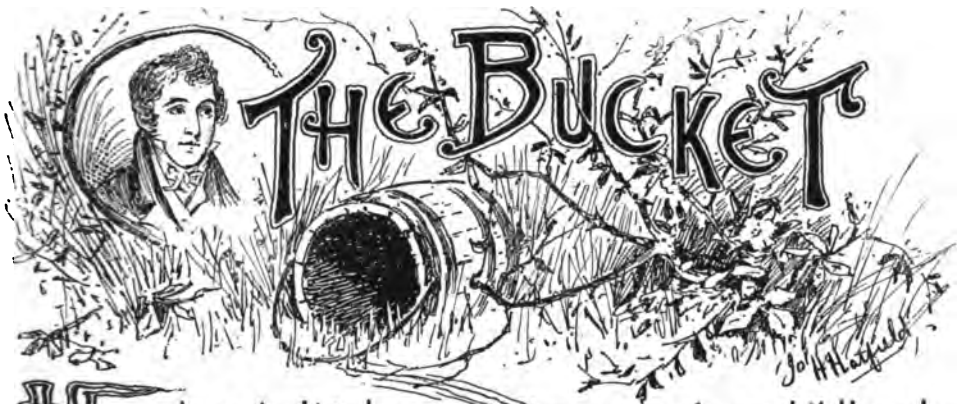
I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

"I've got out at last," said I, "in spite of you and Jane? And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!







**H**ow dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view ! .  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,  
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;  
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well !  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well .



" The Meadow "



"The Orchard."



That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;  
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
 How ardent I siezed it with hands that were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:  
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.



"The Widespreading Pond."



How sweet from the green  
mossy brim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it  
inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from thy loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.



"The Deep-tangled Wood."

## THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

By George M. Young.

WHO is there that has not sung or read or heard "The Old Oaken Bucket?" Many musical compositions have been set to its lines, and it has been translated into many languages; it has gone the rounds of the civilized world for more than two generations. Had Woodworth never written another line, this poem alone would have immortalized his name. In connection with the celebrated poem, as published here, a short sketch of the author and the circumstances under which the poem was written is in place.

Samuel Woodworth was born in Scituate, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, January 13, 1785. He came of good old Puritan stock, one of his early ancestors, Walter Woodworth, having been one of the founders of Scituate in 1633. Samuel's father was a soldier of the Revolution. Samuel was the youngest of four children. He was a bright, sturdy youth, with a fondness for books and study, and often wrote poetry, taking his themes from the simple surroundings of his life. He was encouraged by his teacher and friends, and the minister of the parish, who discovered in these early efforts suggestions of genius of a high order, worthy of cultivation. The opportunities for education at that day were meagre, and all that the boy received aside from what the common country school then offered was given him by the Rev. Nehemiah Thomas, under whose care he was placed at the age of fourteen. In the family of this excellent gentleman he remained one year. He was naturally a bright scholar and made more than ordinary progress in the study of the classics. The financial circumstances of his family were such that he was compelled early in life to seek some occupation and make his way in the world. He came to Boston and chose the profession of a printer, binding himself to Benjamin Russell, then editor of the *Columbian Sentinel*, with whom he remained

until 1806; and while serving his apprenticeship he contributed poetry to the different periodicals then published in Boston, under the signature of "Seline." He used this *nom de plume* for most of his writings in after-life, and among his intimate friends was commonly addressed by this name, which he gave to his oldest son.

In 1807, Woodworth published in New Haven, a weekly sheet, called the *Belles Lettres Repository*. The following year he spent in Baltimore, and during the year he contributed many of his best poems to the papers of that city. In the spring of 1809 he went to New York, where in 1810 he was married. In 1812-14, during the war with Great Britain, he conducted a weekly paper in New York, entitled *The War*, in which our victories by land and sea were graphically chronicled. At the same time he conducted a periodical called *The New Jerusalem Missionary and Intellectual Repository*, devoted to the promulgation of the doctrines of Swedenborg, of whom he was a devoted follower. During this period many of his political tributes to American valor and patriotism were written. In 1816, he wrote the "Champions of Freedom," a novel in two volumes, and at a later date the "Confessions of a Sensitive man," a series of papers in prose. About this time also he conducted successively *The Casket*, *The Parthenon*, and *The Literary Gazette*. He was associated with the late George P. Morris in the establishment of the New York *Mirror* in 1823. He wrote many plays at this period of life; his domestic opera, "Forest Rose," retained its popularity many years.

The English poet Wordsworth has been credited with several of Woodworth's poems, and as such they were very popular in England. In 1835, he writes to a relative from Charlestown, saying he is an old man of fifty with a family of ten children; but he longs again to see the scenes of his childhood. He visited

the old home but twice, however, after writing "The Old Oaken Bucket."

About six years before his death he had an attack of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. He died on the ninth of December, 1842. There are descendants of the poet living in Detroit and in San Francisco.

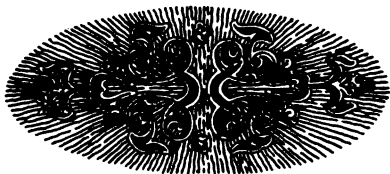
There have been several versions of the origin of "The Old Oaken Bucket." The most widely circulated and popularly believed is as follows: When Woodworth was a journeyman printer in an office on the corner of Chatham and Chambers Streets, in New York, near-by in Frankfort Street was a saloon kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was unusually excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it. After taking a draught, he set his glass on the table and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "You are mistaken; there was one thing which in both our estimations surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth dubiously. "The draught of pure spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the field on a hot day in summer." A teardrop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True, true!" he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, took a pen, and in half an hour "The Old Oaken Bucket" was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

Now all this is interesting; but such was not the origin of this beautiful poem. I have it upon the authority of a member of the family, as also given in the introduction to his poems edited by his

son Frederick, which is considered unquestionable authority.

The poem was written in the summer of 1817. The family were living at the time in Duane Street, New York. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he drank a glass of water from the pump, exclaiming as he placed the tumbler on the table, "That is refreshing; but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good draught this day from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!" Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said, "Seline, why would not that be a pretty subject for a poem?" The poet took the hint, and under the inspiration of the moment sat down and poured out from his heart the beautiful lines of the poem.

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, and the widespreading pond are the same to-day as when the poet immortalized them in song in 1817. The old road has been removed, and the cataract somewhat changed, by the widening of the road. The cot has long since been removed, and a modern cottage stands just beyond the site. The old oaken bucket long ago succumbed to the ravages of time, as also the old sweep that lifted it from the well; but a new sweep of the same pattern is in its place. The old well remains intact, and the water is as pure and sweet as when the poet sang its praises. The old mill was built about 1636, and was at one time partially destroyed by King Philip, but it has been altered little since. The place remains in the family—it is in the village of Greenbush, in Scituate—and many admirers of the beautiful poem visit it every year.



## CHRISTMAS EVE.

*By Agnes Maule Machar.*

A NEWSPAPER item recorded that just before Christmas, 1888, a young mother, reduced to destitution by a succession of misfortunes, had been turned out of her poor home on the day before Christmas, because she could not pay her rent. On Christmas Eve she walked the streets with her baby in her arms, unable to find shelter, until, overcome by fatigue, she sat down in an entry to rest. Just at midnight the little one died, as the church bells chimed in the Christmas morning.

IN the city, from churches and chapels,  
From belfry and spire and tower,  
In musical tones of gladness,  
The bells chimed the midnight hour.

In their sweet and silvery cadence,  
They chimed in the Christmas morn,  
The wonderful, mystical season,  
When Jesus Christ was born.

All thought of the babe in the manger,  
The child that knew no sin, —  
That lay on the breast of the mother,  
Who "found no room in the inn!"

All thought of the shining angels,  
Who came through the darkness then,  
To sing the glad new evangel  
Of peace and love to men!

\* \* \* \* \*

In the city, — near churches and chapels,  
A mother crouched, hungry and cold,  
In a dark and cheerless entry,  
With a babe in her nerveless hold.

Hungry and cold and weary,  
She had paced the streets all night: —  
No room for *them* in the city, —  
No food, no warmth, no light!

And, just as the bells of the churches  
Pealed in the Christmas day,  
The angels came down through the darkness,  
And carried the babe away.

No room for one tiny baby  
Amid churches and dwellings fair;  
But the Father hath "many mansions,"  
And the babe was welcomed there!





# STORIES OF SALEM WITCHCRAFT

*By Winfield S. Nevins.*

## II. *Continued.*

SARAH OSBURN was about sixty years of age in 1692. Her husband was Alexander Osburn. Thirty years before, she had been married to Robert Prince, and still earlier to Thomas Small, both of whom were dead. Osburn came over from Ireland a few years previous to 1692, bound to service for a term of years to one of the settlers in the village, in consideration of a sum of money advanced to pay his expenses to this country. The widow Prince, needing some one to manage her farm, bought out his unexpired time for fifteen pounds. He carried on the farm for a short time, and then married the widow. Their earlier life together and subsequent marriage naturally gave rise to some gossip of an uncomplimentary nature. This, undoubtedly, was one of the inducements for the accusing girls to "cry out" against her among the first. The Osburns appear to have been in comfortable circumstances. Their greatest cross was the illness which confined the wife to her bed much of the time. Both were members of the church, and so far as we know, they were devout Christians and sober and industrious citizens.

Sarah Osburn was examined before the local magistrates on the first, second, and third of March. No particularly new or

interesting facts were developed. Her examination was very nearly a repetition of the proceedings in the case of Sarah Good. She denied having familiarity with any evil spirit, or having made any contract with the devil, and said she did not hurt the children or employ any one to hurt them. "Mr. Hathorne," says Cheever's report, "desired all the children to stand up and look upon her, and see if they did not know her, which they all did, and every one of them said that this was one of the women that did afflict them, and that they had constantly seen her in the very habit she was now in. Three evidences declared that she said this morning that she was more like to be bewitched than that she was a witch. Mr. Hathorne asked what made her say so. She answered that she was frightened one time in her sleep, and either saw, or dreamed she saw, a thing like an Indian, all black, which did pinch her in the neck, and pulled her by the back part of her head to the door of the house. The woman was sent to jail in Boston. There she died. The excitement and mental strain of the arrest and examination, the exposure in going to and from Ipswich jail, and the hardships of jail life in Boston, together with the ill-treatment and brutality to which all the accused

were subjected, proved fatal to this feeble old woman. The last record in her case is this bill of the Boston jailer:

"To chains for Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn, fourteen shillings. To the keeping of Sarah Osburn, from the 7th of March to the 10th of May, when she died, being nine weeks and two days, one pound, three shillings, five pence."<sup>1</sup>

In the fullest sense of the word, Sarah Osburn was one of the "victims" of the witchcraft delusion of 1692.

Tituba, in the course of her examination, told a rambling and somewhat disjointed story, evidently due partly to her want of comprehension of the English language, and the broken English in which she was obliged to reply. Asked if she ever went on a witch expedition with Good and Osburn, she replied: "They are very strong and pull me, and make me go with them." "Where did you go?" asked the magistrate. "Up to Mr. Putnam's and make me hurt the child." "Who did make you go?" "A man that is very strong, and these two women, Good and Osburn; but I am sorry." "How did you go? What do you ride upon?" "I ride upon a stick or pole, and Good and Osburn behind me; we ride taking hold of one another; I don't know how we go, for I saw no trees or path, but was presently there when we were up." She declared that she never practised witchcraft in her own country. Asked what sights she saw when she went abroad, she replied: "I see a man, a dog, a hog, and two cats, a black and red, and the strange monster was Osburn's that I mentioned before, this was the hairy imp. The man would give it to me but I would not have it." To the jail in Boston went Tituba also. Calef says she was "afterwards committed to prison and lay there until sold for her fees." She declared that her master beat her and otherwise abused her to make her confess and accuse others of witchcraft: that whatever she said by way of accusing others was because of such treatment, and that her master refused to pay

her fees unless she would stand to her confession.<sup>2</sup> Drake says Tituba was sold to pay her prison fees after lying there thirteen months.<sup>3</sup> She was never tried before any court.

### III. THE COURT AND PLACES OF TRIAL.

WHEN Governor Phips arrived in Boston on May 14, 1692, he found the jails filled with persons accused of witchcraft. No courts existed; they had fallen with the provisional government which succeeded the Andros administration. The



Samuel Sewall.

charter that Phips brought over empowered the General Court to erect and constitute judicatories and courts of record or other courts, of which the governor was to appoint the judges. No meeting of the General Court could be held until after an election of members, which must be two or three weeks later. Immediate trial of the accused was demanded as their right, and also to relieve the overcrowded condition of the jails. It had long been the custom in England, in cases of emergency, for the

<sup>2</sup> Fowler's ed. 227.

<sup>3</sup> Annals of N. E. 190.

<sup>1</sup> Essex Court Records.



"What a sad thing it is to see Eight Firebrands of Hell hanging there."

king to appoint Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer to hear and decide the causes. In the absence of courts, and as the personal representative of the king, no doubt, Governor Phips issued a commission for a court of Oyer and Terminer. He appointed the commissioners on May 27. William Stoughton, the dep-

uty-governor, was named first, and always presided as chief-justice. His previous political affiliations had made him somewhat unpopular with the people. As a candidate for a judicial position under the preceding administration he received not a single vote.

Stoughton was educated for the ministry and not the law, but all accounts agree that he was a very able man. He was not without judicial experience, for he sat with Dudley and others at the trial of Mary Glover in 1688. Stoughton was a great friend of the Mathers. To this friendship and to his acknowledged ability he undoubtedly owed his appointment in 1692. His associates on the commission

were Nathaniel Saltonstall of Haverhill, Major Bartholomew

Gedney, John Hathorne, and Jonathan Corwin of Salem, Major John Richards, Wait Winthrop, Peter Sargent, and Captain Samuel Sewall of Boston. Saltonstall withdrew soon after his appointment, probably immediately after the first sitting of the court, at which Bridget Bishop was tried, because he

was "very much dissatisfied with the proceedings of it."

The men who constituted this court were among the ablest of the colony. None stood higher in the social scale; none in the colony were better qualified for the work of the bench. On the great question of the hour, they entertained substantially the same views as the jurists of England, and in their subsequent acts were governed by the rules laid down by the English courts in numerous cases, although possibly they did not always protect the rights of accused persons as carefully as the English judges did. Thomas Newton, a trained lawyer, was appointed special king's attorney for the trial of the witchcraft cases, and prepared the earlier ones for the court, after which he resigned, and the attorney-general, Anthony Checkley, took charge of the prosecution. Checkley had been attorney-general since 1689, having been first chosen by "the governor, council, and assembly," in that year, and recommissioned by Phips on July 27, 1692. The office of sheriff was substituted for that of marshal, and George Corwin, a relative of Jonathan Corwin, appointed to the new office. Marshal

Herrick was appointed a deputy sheriff. Persons accused of witchcraft were committed to the jails in Salem, Boston, Ipswich, and Cambridge. Most of those first committed by the magistrates to await the action of the higher court were sent to Boston, as up to this time all capital trials had taken place there. After the trials were begun in Salem, prisoners were committed to the jail in that town.<sup>1</sup>

The preliminary trials or examinations of the accused were held in Nathaniel Ingersoll's tavern and in the meeting-house in Salem Village, now Danvers; in the meeting-house in the town of Salem on the site of the present First Church,

<sup>1</sup> The Salem jail was located on Prison Lane—now St. Peter Street—on the corner of the present Federal Street, and some of the timbers of the old building are contained in the frame of Mr. A. C. Goodell's house, near this corner, on Federal Street.

or in Thomas Beadle's house or tavern, on Essex Street. Nearly all the accused were finally tried in the court house that stood in what was then Town-house Lane—now Washington Street—about opposite the end of Lynde Street, Salem. Some, perhaps, were tried in the Salem meeting-house. There is a tradition that trials or examinations of some kind were held in the Roger Williams house on the corner of Essex and North Streets. No direct evidence of this exists. The court of Oyer and Terminer never sat there. The house was occupied at the time by Jonathan Corwin,



Site of Old Jail House, Salem.

and no doubt complaints were there made to him against suspected persons, and warrants for their arrest issued. Possibly grand jury deliberations were held in the house while trials were being held in the court house. In all probability it had some connection with the witchcraft prosecution. The tradition has been handed down with too much directness to admit of serious doubt.

Where were the witchcraft victims hanged? No one knows as matter of absolute certainty. The tradition has always been that Gallows Hill, between Salem and Peabody, was the scene of the execution. No other place has ever been seriously suggested. The records do not throw light upon this question, but the tradition is hardly open to doubt. The

earliest writings in which I find mention of this hill as the place of execution bear date about one hundred years after the event. Two lives might well have spanned that period—certainly three did in innumerable instances; so that the story could hardly have been misunderstood or misstated in those transmissions. A letter written in Salem, November 25, 1791, by the Rev. Dr. Holyoke, furnishes the following information:

"In the last month there died a man in this town, by the name of John Symonds, aged a hundred years lacking about six months, having been born in the famous '92. He has told me that his nurse had often told him, that while she was attending his mother at the time she lay in with him, she saw from the chamber windows those unhappy people hanging on Gallows Hill who were executed for witches by the delusion of the times."

A family of the name of Symonds lived, many years ago, on Bridge Street, Salem, near the bridge leading to Beverly. From that spot Gallows Hill was plainly visible. Symonds families also lived in North Salem then, and the hill could be easily seen from there.

A writer in the *Salem Register*, about 1880, stated that an elderly citizen had told her that he had traced the ancient path to the summit of the hill. It did not lead from Boston Street, as now, but from the old pasture entrance at the head of Broad Street. This same elderly citizen remembered the oak tree that stood on the hill and had been used as a gallows, and pointed out the place where it stood in his younger days.

The new court of Oyer and Terminer sat for the first time in Salem in June, for

the purpose of trying Bridget Bishop. There are no complete records of this court now extant. Our information of its proceedings is obtained mainly from the loose papers on file in the court house in Salem and the State House in Boston.

Quite a number of valuable and interesting papers have, from time to time, been deposited with the Essex Institute in Salem and the historical societies of Boston. The dates of the sessions of the court are found in the *History of Massachusetts*, written by Governor Hutchinson. Hutchinson is supposed to have had access to the court record, but the dates which he mentions are unquestionably misleading. For instance, when he



Cotton Mather.

says that six persons, whom he names, were tried and convicted on August 5, we know that this was not possible. It would take more than a day to hear the testimony we now have in the cases. How much more there was then it is not possible to say; doubtless, considerable. Some time must have been consumed in impanelling juries, and returning and recording verdicts. Still more, we know that much time was wasted by reason of "fits" and "afflictions" of the witnesses and the accusers. During the trial of one of these very cases that Hutchinson alleges was tried on August 5, the report says:

"It cost the court a wonderful deal of trouble to hear the testimonies of the sufferers, for when they were going to give in their depositions they would for a long while be taken with fits, etc."

Thomas Newton, the attorney-general, wrote to the clerk:

"I fear we shall not this week try all we have sent for, by reason the trials will be tedious, and the afflicted persons cannot readily give their testimony, being struck dumb and senseless for a season."

The probability is that the dates mentioned by Hutchinson and others as days of trial were the days on which sentence was pronounced.

August 5 was Saturday, September 9 was Friday, and September 17 was Saturday. These would very naturally be sentence days, but certainly not days on which the court would come in to begin the trial of a half-dozen important cases. Furthermore, the papers on file show that Burroughs, who, Hutchinson and Upham say, was tried on August 5, was on trial on the 2d and 3d of that month.<sup>1</sup> His trial, probably, was begun on the 2d, and was finished on or before the 5th. Most testimony in those days was written down when first given, and at subsequent trials read to the court and sworn to by the witness. Sometimes it was called testimony, and at others, deposition.

The trial of Bridget Bishop was held the first week in June.

Most of the depositions and testimony against her are dated June 2. This may have been the date on which they were taken before the grand jury, or that of the day they were given before the jury of trials. She was convicted and hanged on June 10, Friday. The court then ad-

journed to the last of June; some say the 28th, others, the 29th, and still others the 30th.

The newly elected General Court convened in Boston, in the meantime, June 8. The judges, before they resumed business, in accordance with a time-honored



Sheriff Corwin's Grave, Salem.

custom, united with the governor and council in requesting the opinion of the ministers of the churches in and around Boston on the momentous question then pending. The answer, written by Cotton Mather, was a calm, judicious paper. After acknowledging the success which God had given to "the sedulous and assiduous endeavors of the rulers to defeat the abominable witchcrafts," they prayed that "the discovery of those mysterious and

<sup>1</sup> When I speak of "trials," I include the examinations before the grand jury, for most of the time was occupied in taking testimony there. Before the jury of trials, when this testimony was read, the afflicted often created scenes of confusion and had fits, and otherwise interrupted the proceedings.



The Giles Corey Mill, West Peabody.

mischievicious wickednesses might be perfected." They continue :

"We judge that, in the prosecution of these and all such witchcrafts there is need of a very critical and exquisite caution, lest by too much credulity for things received only upon the Devil's authority, there be a door opened for a long train of miserable consequences, and Satan get an advantage over us; for we should not be ignorant of his devices.

"As in complaints upon witchcraft there may be matters of inquiry which do not amount unto matters of presumption, and there may be matters of presumption which yet may not be matters of conviction, so it is necessary that all proceedings thereabout be managed with an exceeding tenderness toward those that may be complained of, especially if they have been persons formerly of an unblemished reputation.

"When the first inquiry is made into the circumstances of such as may lie under the just suspicion of witchcrafts, we could wish that there may be admitted as little as possible of such noise, company, and openness as may too hastily expose them that are examined, and that there may be nothing used as a test for the trial of the suspected, the lawfulness whereof may be doubted by the people of God, but that the directions given by such judicious writers as Perkins and Bernard may be observed.

"Presumptions whereupon persons may be committed, and, much more, convictions whereupon persons may be condemned as guilty of witchcrafts, ought certainly to be considerable more than barely the accused person's being represented by a spectre into the afflicted, inasmuch as it is an undoubted and a notorious thing, that a demon may by God's permission appear, even to ill-purposes, in the shape of an innocent, yea, and a virtuous man. Nor can we esteem alterations

made in the sufferers, by a look or touch of the accused, to be an infallible evidence of guilt, but frequently liable to be abused by the Devil's legerdemain.

"We know not whether some remarkable affronts given the devils, by our disbelieving these testimonies whose whole force and strength is from them alone, may not put a period unto the progress of the dreadful calamity begun upon us, in the accusation of so many persons, whereof some, we hope, are yet clear from the great transgression laid to their charge.

"Nevertheless, we cannot but humbly recommend unto the government the speedy and vigorous prosecutions of such as have rendered themselves obnoxious, according to the directions given in the laws of God, and the wholesome statutes of the English nation for the detection of witchcrafts."

Many writers, in commenting on this letter of advice, lay particular stress on the last clause, often ignoring the others. Many have quoted that alone as indicating the views of the ministers. Could anything be more unjust? The whole history of the witchcraft era, and especially the part the ministers took in it, has been warped by such perversion of this letter. Read without prejudice, is it not more like the charge of a judge to a jury than a savage demand for the shedding of innocent blood, as many historians would have us believe? Five of the six paragraphs in the letter devoted to advice are cautionary, while only one urges that those who have violated the laws of God





Howard Street Cemetery, Salem, where Giles Corey was Pressed to Death.

and man, as understood by every one, be vigorously prosecuted. Unfortunately, the judges did not heed the caution. They were more blinded than the ministers.

The court re-convened the last of June, and tried Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth Howe, Susanna Martin, and Rebecca Nurse. All were convicted and sentenced to be hanged on Tuesday, July 19. The third sitting was about August 2, Tuesday, when Rev. George Burroughs, John Procter, Elizabeth Procter, George Jacobs, sen., John Willard, and Martha Carrier were tried and convicted. With the exception of Elizabeth Procter they were executed on Friday, August 19. Another session was held early in September, probably beginning on Tuesday the 6th, and terminating on Saturday the 10th. Martha Corey, Mary Easty, Alice Parker, Ann Pudeator, Dorcas Hoar, and Mary Bradbury were tried, found guilty, and sentenced. All save the two last-named were hanged on the 22d. During the following week nine more accused persons were convicted and sentenced, namely: Margaret Scott, Wilmot Reed, Samuel Wardwell, Mary Parker, Abigail Faulkner, Rebecca Eames, Mary Lacey, Ann Foster, and Abigail Hobbs. Scott, Reed, Wardwell, and Parker were executed on Thursday,

the 22d. These, with four convicted the preceding week, were the last persons hanged for witchcraft in 1692 or, for that matter, ever in Massachusetts. It was on this occasion that Rev. Mr. Noyes, minister of the First Church in Salem, turned toward the bodies of the victims and said: "What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there."<sup>1</sup> Hutchinson says, "Those who were condemned and were not executed, I suppose, all confessed their guilt. I have seen the confessions of several of them."<sup>2</sup>

After these convictions, the court adjourned the witchcraft trials until November 2. But it never sat again to try witchcraft cases. It did sit in Boston on October 10 to "trie a French malatto for shooting dead an English youth."<sup>3</sup> On the 28th of the preceding June, the General Court passed an act establishing courts of general sessions of the peace on and after the last Tuesday in July, which was the 26th; also establishing inferior courts of common pleas to hold sessions at the same time, and in places where they were formerly held. This act was disallowed by the home government on August 22, 1695. These courts were established only until others should be

<sup>1</sup> Calef, Fowler's ed., 256.

<sup>2</sup> Hist. Mass., II., 59.

<sup>3</sup> Sewall's Papers, I., 366.



Site of Giles Corey's House.

provided. At the session of the General Court in the fall an act was passed on November 25 creating various courts, among them courts of quarter sessions and common pleas, and a superior court of judicature. On the 16th of December a further act was passed which provided that, "considering the many persons in Essex County charged as capital offenders, and that the time had passed for the sitting of the court, a special court of assize and jail delivery was ordered in the county.<sup>1</sup> The first term of this court was to be held in Salem in January. These acts establishing regular courts certainly terminated the special court of Oyer and Terminer. Tribunals created in emer-



Jonathan Putnam's House, Danvers.

gencies always ceased to exist when the emergency was passed.<sup>2</sup> It was now passed, because regular courts had been established, competent to do the work

previously done by the commissioners of Oyer and Terminer. Stoughton was made chief justice of the new court, with Richards, Winthrop, Sewall, and Danforth, associates. At its session held in Salem in January, the grand jury found about fifty indictments for witchcraft, and twenty-one persons were tried. Three of them were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, viz., Mary Post of Rowley, Elizabeth Johnson, junior, and Sarah Wardwell, widow of Samuel Wardwell of Andover. They were never executed. Four were tried in Charlestown, one in Boston, and five in Ipswich in May (the last trials), but no more convictions could be secured. Finally, in May, Governor Phips issued a proclamation releasing all persons held in custody on charge of witchcraft—about one hundred and fifty in number.<sup>3</sup> No prosecutions for witchcraft ever after occurred in Essex County nor in the colony, for all time. Nineteen persons had been hanged in Salem during the four months; Giles Corey had been pressed to death for refusing to plead; and Sarah Osburn and Ann Foster had died in prison from ill-treatment and exposure. Add to these the number of those who had been released because they confessed; those who had escaped, or been bailed, or otherwise gone free, and the total number accused and arrested must have been more than two hundred and fifty.

<sup>1</sup> Province Laws, I., 200.

<sup>2</sup> Hale, P. C., II., 4.

<sup>3</sup> Phips to Nottingham, Essex Inst. Hist. Coll., IX., pt. 2, 81.

What led the governor to issue this proclamation? What caused him to put an end to the witchcraft prosecutions? It has been often asserted in substance, that "the eyes of the governor" and "the eyes of the people" were opened to the error of their way when Mrs. Hale, wife of the minister at Beverly, was accused. One writer says this was what finally broke the spell.<sup>1</sup> Let us see. Mrs. Hale's name was mentioned, or "whispered about," in October, 1692. Yet when, a few weeks later, the court was re-constructed,—for that was all it amounted to,—it was composed of men, all but one of whom had been members of the court of Oyer and Terminer. All save Danforth were known to be in full sympathy with witchcraft prosecutions. That there might be no question about the right of this tribunal to hang witches, the General Court in October re-enacted the colonial statute against witchcraft, and in December re-inforced it with the English statute. The new court resumed the business in Salem, as already stated, in the most vigorous manner, with a zeal not exceeded by the tribunal which preceded it. Every effort was made by the authorities for three months longer to secure convictions. Does this look as if the spell had been broken in October? Does this look as if the prosecutions had been brought to a close because Mrs. Hale had been "named," and other persons of high connections "suspected?" The officials, who would, under these circumstances, have been the first to abate in zeal, never relaxed their efforts until the juries, composed of the common people, had refused repeatedly to convict. The juries that tried the accused in 1692 were composed of freemen only, while those of 1693 were chosen from among all those inhabitants who possessed the requisite amount of property to qualify them as electors under the new charter.<sup>2</sup> Freemen were necessarily church members and not as likely to act independently as the jurors selected from substantially the whole body of the people. It is evident that during the period between Septem-

ber 22, when the court of Oyer and Terminer sat for the last time, and the opening of the session of the superior court the following January, the people generally began to emerge from the long nightmare, the panic, into which they had been thrown. The inhabitants of Andover were among the first to protest, uniting in a remonstrance to the General Court against the witchcraft proceedings, and even bringing suits against some of their accusers. Spectral evidence lost its force, and finally was entirely rejected, leaving nothing to substantiate the charges. All other convictions had been secured largely on this species of evidence.<sup>3</sup> One thing is impressed on our minds as we study the history of these trials: and that is, that such proceedings would not be allowed in any court in this country in our day. Granting that all that is said in criticism of the "red tape" requirements of our modern courts is true, yet, as Hon. W. D. Northend has said:

"Under the rules of law as now fully established, none of the evidence upon which convictions were found would be admitted. Spectral and kindred evidence could not be allowed, and without it not one of the accused could have been convicted."<sup>4</sup>

There is evidence that Governor Phips was never in full sympathy with the modes of procedure in the witchcraft prosecutions. Being unlearned in law and theology, he seems to have followed the advice of the judges and the more bigoted of the ministers. In his letter to the home government, under date of October 14, 1692, the governor says he was prevailed upon by the clamors of the friends of the afflicted and the advice of the deputy governor (Stoughton) to give a commission of Oyer and Terminer; that he was absent in the eastern part of the country almost the whole time, and depended upon the judgment of the court as to a method of proceeding in cases of witchcraft.<sup>5</sup> He returned from

<sup>3</sup> "When the chief judge gave the first jury their charge, he told them that they were not to mind whether the bodies of the said afflicted were really pined and consumed as was expressed in the indictment, but whether the said afflicted did not suffer from the accused such affliction as naturally tended to their being pined and consumed, wasted, etc. This, said he, is a pining and consuming in the sense of the law." Brattle's letter, Mass. Hist. Coll. 1st series, V. 77.

<sup>4</sup> Hist. Coll., Essex inst., XX., 270.

<sup>1</sup> Salem Witchcraft, II, 3-45.  
<sup>2</sup> Further Notes on the Hist. of Witchcraft, etc., Goodell, 1884, p. 33. Also, Province Laws, 1692-3, Chap. 33.

<sup>5</sup> Phips to Nottingham, Essex Inst. Hist. Coll. IX., pt. 2, 1-81.

the East about October 12. It seems always to have been a question whether the governor "decided to abolish the court" for the purpose of putting an end to the witchcraft prosecutions. It is evident that he was dissatisfied with its method of procedure. He may have thought the work could be done by the regular courts. But if he dissolved the court to put an end to those prosecutions, would he have reappointed the same men to the new court and allowed them to continue the trials with unabated zeal?



Beadle's Tavern.

If Phips really abolished this court, if it did not fall solely because of the constituting of a new tribunal with jurisdictions over the same class of cases with which it had dealt, then is it not more probable that he dissolved it because the people were complaining bitterly of the arbitrary manner in which it had been constituted, and the arbitrary manner in which it had proceeded with its work? This view is strengthened by Phip's letter to the home government in which he says that when he came home from the war in the east he found many persons in a strange ferment of dissatisfaction.<sup>1</sup> The governor himself says he issued his freedom proclamation because he had been informed by the king's attorney-general that "some of ye cleared and ye condemned were

under ye same circumstances or that there was ye same reason to clear ye three condemned as ye rest according to his judgment."<sup>2</sup> He further states that the judges, when he appointed them to the new court, promised to proceed after another method, by which he meant that convictions were not to be secured on spectral evidence.<sup>3</sup> He does not at any time question the validity of the commission of Oyer and Terminer, nor of the Superior Court, nor the reality of witchcraft. All complaints are directed against modes of procedure. That the accusations made against so many people of high character and irreproachable life led to grave doubts whether the devil did not take the shapes of persons without their knowledge or consent, to afflict his victims, there can be no question. But there is no evidence that at this time any one doubted that there was such a thing as witchcraft. Even Calef, the great critic of Mather and the judges, wrote as late as November, 1693: "That there

are witches is not the doubt. The scriptures else were vain which assigns their punishment to be by death, but what this witchcraft is and wherein it does consist, seems to be the whole difficulty."<sup>4</sup>

On October 11, 1692, Henry Selpins and Peter Pietrus, ministers of New York, Godfrey Dellius, minister of the Dutch church at New Albany, Rudolph Varich, minister at Flatbush, answered certain questions propounded to them by Governor Dudley, of New York, on behalf of the Massachusetts authorities, "for guidance in future trials there." They said, that there was no such a thing as witchcraft; that,

"the formal essence of witchcraft consists in an alliance with the Devil;" that "the spectre or

<sup>2</sup> Phips to Nottingham, Feb. 21, 1693.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid*

<sup>4</sup> Fowler's ed., p. 62.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid*.

apparition of one who immediately works violence and injury upon the afflicted is by no means sufficient to convict a witch or wizard, although preceded by enmity or threats. The reason is because the Devil can assume the shape of a good man. An honest and charitable life and conduct . . . probably removes the suspicion of criminal intent from those who are accused of witchcraft by the testimony of the afflicted. Still, this is not an indubitable evidence of false accusation because a cunning man might conceal his devilish practices under the semblance of a good life in order to escape suspicion and righteous condemnation. It is possible for those who are really tortured, convulsed and afflicted by the Devil with many miseries, during several months, to suffer no wasting of body and no weakening of their spirits. The reason is that nutrition is perfect — the stomach suffers no injury."

This information may have been asked for by the lieutenant-governor or by the governor himself during one of his brief visits to Boston that summer. Whether the letter influenced the governor in his subsequent action, it is not possible to say with certainty. Quite likely it did to some extent. On the whole, notwithstanding the letters of Governor Phips to the home government, it is not entirely clear just what motives prompted his acts during the fall and winter of 1692-3. In some respects they were inconsistent with one another, and far from being in accord with his written statements.

#### IV. MARTHA AND GILES COREY.

TWELVE days after Good, Osburn, and Tituba were sent to jail, warrants were issued for Martha Corey, wife of Giles Corey. She was immediately taken into custody, and on March 21 examined before Hathorne and Corwin. Martha Corey was, upon all the evidence that has come down to us, a woman of more than average judgment and discretion. From the beginning she resolutely and persistently denounced the whole witchcraft business. While her husband was, at first, completely carried away with the storm which swept over the rural community she had no faith in it. She sought to persuade him not to attend the hearings nor to countenance the prosecutions in any manner. It was charged against her that she took the saddle off his horse on one occasion when he was preparing to go to the examinations. Giles Corey was eighty years of age, and although

Martha was his third wife, and no doubt somewhat his junior, she was probably more than sixty years of age at this time. She joined the Village church in 1690; he in 1691.<sup>1</sup> It has always seemed a little singular that a woman of her character



William Stoughton.

FROM THE PORTRAIT IN MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD.

should be among the first to be accused. Whether her early and earnest protest led to the use of her name among the suspected has ever been an open question.

When the name of Martha Corey was first whispered around by the girls of the accusing circle, Edward Putnam and Ezekiel Cheever started out on a detective expedition. They sought to entrap this old woman into some sort of confession. They visited her on March 12. On the way, they called at Ann Putnam's, to see what assistance she could render. Asked about the clothes Corey wore when she appeared on her spectral visits, Ann replied that she had just made one of those calls, but had so blinded her that she could not see what clothes she wore. These "detectives" then rode on to Corey's. On their arrival, Martha said to them, "I know what you have come for. You are come to talk with me about being a witch, but I am none. I cannot help people's talking about me." She inquired whether the afflicted had attempted to describe her clothes. That

<sup>1</sup> See Church Record; also Mass. Hist. Coll., 3d series, III., 169.

she should so accurately divine the object of their call was by them, and the court subsequently, deemed conclusive evidence of her being a witch. Undoubtedly, she had heard that her name was being "taken" by the afflicted. So, too, she may have known that the children commonly told what sort of clothes their spectral visitors wore when making their visits. The conversation was protracted, the visitors, from their own account, endeavoring by every means in their power to get some statement from Martha Corey which could be used against her. On the way home, Putnam and Cheever made another call on Ann. She told them that Goodwife Corey had not appeared to her during their absence. Did she shrewdly volunteer this statement, that they might not again ask her about the clothes Corey wore at any particular time? It is, however, pretty dangerous to attempt to read the minds of those who lived centuries before us by the knowledge we have of their acts, and that knowledge but partial and imperfect. And yet, the tenor of Ann Putnam's acts all through these trials was such as to justify very strong suspicions as to her honesty. The examination of Martha Corey was a sample of cross-examination and brow-beating on the part of the magistrates, which finds parallel only in the conduct of some ungentlemanly shyster lawyer of a type happily now very rare. It was quite extended, but confined mainly to an effort to make the prisoner confess. She persisted in denying. Here are some samples :

Mr. Hathorne. You are now in the hands of authority. Tell me, now, why you hurt these persons. — I do not.

Hathorne. Who doth? — Pray give me leave to go to prayer. This request was made sundry times.

Hathorne. We do not send for you to go to prayer, but tell me why you hurt these. — I am an innocent person. I never had to do with witchcraft since I was born. I am a gospel woman.

Hathorne. How could you tell, then, that the child was bid to observe what clothes you wore when some one came to speak with you. — Cheever interrupted her and bid her not begin with a lie, and so Edward Putnam declared the matter.

Hathorne. Who told you that? — He said the child said.

Cheever. You speak falsely. — Then Edward Putnam read again.

Hathorne. Why did you ask if the child asked what clothes you wore? — My husband told me the others told.

Hathorne. Goodman Corey, did you tell her? — The old man denied that he told her so.

Hathorne. Did you not say your husband told you so? — No answer. . . .

Hathorne. You dare thus to lie in all this assembly. You are now before authority. I expect the truth. You promised it. Speak now and tell who told you what clothes. — Nobody.

At one time the children cried out that a man was whispering in her ear. Hathorne asked: "What did he say to you?" She replied: "We must not believe all that these distracted children say." When she denied any charge made against her there was "extreme agony of all the afflicted."

Parris, who reported this trial, says, "It was noted when she bit her lip several of the afflicted were bitten." Also, "when her hands were at liberty the afflicted were pinched." Hathorne asked, "Do you not see these children and women are rational and sober when your hands are fastened?" "Immediately they were seized with fits, and the standers-by said she was squeezing her fingers, her hands being eased by them that held them on purpose, for trial. Quickly after, the marshal said, 'She hath bit her lip,' and immediately the afflicted were in an uproar." Throughout her examination she was badgered by Hathorne, badgered by Corwin, badgered by Rev. Mr. Noyes, badgered by the marshal, and by the audience.

The following document is on file in the court house in Salem :

Giles Chorey testifieth and saith that in the evening, sitting by the fire, my wife asked me to go to bed. I told (her) I would go to prayer, & when I went to prayer I could nott utter my desires with any sense, not open my mouth to speak. My wife did perceive itt & came towards me & said she was coming to me. After this in a little space I did according to my measure attend the duty. Some time last week I fetched an ox well out of the woods about noon, & he laying down in the yard I went to raise him to yoke him, but he could not rise, butt dragged his hinder parts as if he had been hip shott, butt after did rise. I had a catt sometimes last week strangely taken on the suddam, & did make me think she would have died; presently my wife bid me knock her in her head, butt I did not, & since she is well. Another time going to duties I was interrupted for a space, butt afterwards I was helpt according to my poor measure. My wife hath been wont to sitt up after I went to bed, &



I have perceived her to kneel down on the hearth as if she were at prayer, but heard nothing. *At the examination of Sarah Good and others my wife was willing*

Here the statement ceases. Some writers attempt to discredit it as not given



A Corner of the House  
as it is to-day.

in the usual and regular way. Because a line is drawn through the words italicized above, they think some suspicion attaches to it, and that the parties who tried to get the old man to testify against his wife discovered that they could not draw anything derogatory from him, and there was danger that his evidence would be favorable to her. Is it not more probable that the recorder was interrupted at this point and did not then complete the statement; that afterwards he started to erase the completed line, or, perhaps, meant the mark he made to be an erasure? There appears to be no evidence in connection with this paper to prove that it was not testimony taken in court in the usual way. Its date is four days after the

examination of Martha Corey, it is true; but may it not have been given in then? Evidence would not be admitted in such an irregular manner to-day, but the practices of the courts were much different in 1692. During the examination, Mrs. Pope threw her muff at the prisoner, but did not hit her. Then she pulled off her shoe and, throwing it, struck Mrs. Corey in the head. This Mrs. Pope was an important witness in many cases, but subsequently acknowledged her error and deplored the whole business. Martha Corey was committed for trial. She was tried by the court at its September sitting, convicted, sentenced, and executed on September 22. Calef says, "Martha Corey, wife of Giles Corey, protesting her innocence, concluded her life with an eminent prayer upon the ladder."



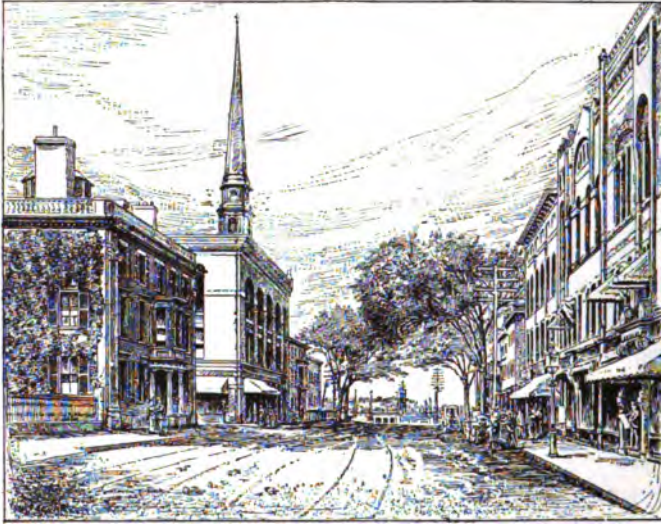
The Roger Williams House, 1635.

After her sentence, and while awaiting execution, Parris, accompanied by Lieutenant Nathaniel Putnam and two deacons of his church, and one other member, visited her in jail and pronounced the sentence of excommunication upon her.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Accordingly, this 14 September, 1692, the three aforesaid brethren went with the pastor to her in Salem Prison: whom we found very obdurate, justifying herself, and condemning all that had done anything to her just dis-



The case of Giles Corey is, in some respects, the most interesting and the most tragic in all this wonderful drama of witchcraft. As previously stated, he was carried away with the delusion from the outset, and, against the wishes of his wife, attended the earlier examinations.



Site of Court House where Witch Trials took place.

He was arrested on a warrant issued April 18, and examined on the 19th, in the Village meeting-house. The accusing girls conducted themselves in the usual manner, and were so badly affected "with fits and troubled with pinches" that the court ordered Corey's hands to be tied. When the magistrates asked him if it was not enough to "act witchcraft at other times, but must you do it now in face of authority?" he replied, "I am a poor creature and cannot help it." Later, the magistrate exclaimed: "Why do you tell such wicked lies against witnesses?" "One of his hands was let go," continues the record, "and several were afflicted. He held his head on one side, and then the heads of several of the afflicted were held on one side. He drew in his cheeks, and the cheeks of some of the afflicted were sucked in."

covery or condemnation. Whereupon, after a little discourse (for her imperiousness would not suffer much), and after prayer—which she was willing to decline—the dreadful sentence of excommunication was pronounced against her." Extract from Parris's record in the church book. Mass. Hist. Coll., 3d series, III., 169.

Elizabeth Woodwell deposed that she saw him on a lecture day come in and sit in the middlemost seat of the men's seats by the post. Mary Warren said he was hostile to her and afflicted her because he thought she caused John Procter to ask more for a piece of meadow than he was willing to give. There is very little evidence in Giles Corey's case. That given here comprises all of special interest. The magistrates committed him to jail. This was on or about April 18. He was brought before the court in September, to plead to an indictment for witchcraft. The old man refused to plead, "stood mute," as the law terms it. The records of the Salem Church under date of September 18, Sunday, state that, "G. Corey was excom-

municated. The cause of it was, that he being accused and indicted for the sin of witchcraft he refused to plead, and so incurred the sentence and penalty of *pain forte dure*, being undoubtedly guilty of the sin of witchcraft, or of throwing himself upon sudden and certain death, if he were otherwise innocent." This does not say the penalty was enforced, only that it was incurred.

The English law of those days, for "standing mute" was that the prisoner "be remanded to the prison from whence he came and put into a low dark chamber, and there be laid on his back on the bare floor, naked, unless where decency forbids; that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear, and more, that he have no sustenance, save only on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second day, three draughts of standing water, that should be nearest to the prison door, and in this situation this should be alternately his daily diet till he died, or—as

anciently the judgment ran—till he answered.”<sup>1</sup>

No other instance of the enforcement of this penalty is known in New England history. Blackstone says it was adopted in England about the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. He adds that the uncertainty of its origin, the doubts of its legality, and the repugnance of its theory to the humanity of the laws of England all concurred to require the abolition of the cruel punishment, so that standing mute should amount only to a confession of guilt.

There is some uncertainty as to the place where the last act of this terrible tragedy took place. Upham thinks it was between the Howard Street burial-ground and Brown Street, in an open field, and says that Corey urged the officers to add more weight, that his misery might the sooner be ended,—a request perfectly natural for a man who had made up his mind to die that way. Calef is authority for this story of monstrous brutality on the part of the officers: “In pressing, his tongue being pressed out of his mouth, the sheriff with his cane forced it in again when he was dying.” Sewall left this record:

“Monday, September 19, 1692. About noon, at Salem, Giles Corey was pressed to death for standing Mute; much pains was used with him two days, one after another, by the court and Captain Gardner, of Nantucket, who had been of his acquaintance, but all in vain.”

This horrible tragedy was enacted three days previous to the hanging of Martha Corey and her nine companions. No one knows just why Corey refused to plead and suffered such a death. It may have been because of his stubborn nature and firm will; but more probably it was to save the attain of his family and the forfeiture of his property, which would follow conviction if he pleaded. From what he had seen of previous trials, he probably concluded that conviction was certain in his case, especially if he had made up his mind not to confess. While lying in jail, he drew up and executed a paper which he intended should operate as a will, but which was in reality a deed of conveyance. By it he conveyed all

his property to William Cleeves and John Moulton, his sons-in-law. The day after Corey's death, Thomas Putnam sent to Judge Sewall the following communication:

“Last night my daughter Ann was grievously tormented by witches, threatening that she should be pressed to death before Giles Corey; but, through the goodness of a gracious God, she had at last a little respite. Whereupon there appeared unto her (she said) a man in a winding sheet, who told her that Giles Corey had murdered him by pressing him to death with his feet; but that the devil then appeared unto him and covenanted with him, and promised that he should not be hanged. The apparition said God hardened his heart that he should not harken to the advice of the court and so die an easy death; because, as it said, it must be done to him as he had done to me. The apparition also said that Giles Corey was carried to the court for this, and that the jury had found the murderer; and that her father knew the man, and the thing was done before she was born.”

This letter needs a little explanation. Corey appears to have been a man who, in early life, if not in later, did about as he pleased in the community, and had little consideration for the rights of others or their feelings. He became involved in lawsuits, and even got into the criminal courts.<sup>2</sup> Jacob Goodell, who worked for him, was carried home sick by Martha Corey, and soon after died. The gossips said his death was caused by a beating which Corey gave him. The coroner's jury said the man had been bruised to death, “having clodders of blood about the heart.” This was about 1676. To this case Thomas Putnam refers in the above-quoted statement. The affair did happen before Ann Putnam was born; but the arrest of Corey, and his subsequent horrible death, must have revived all the old stories about him. No doubt, Ann heard them at this time, and they were sure, under the circumstances, to lose nothing in the re-telling. Corey was also before the court in 1678 on suspicion of having set fire to John Procter's house. His innocence was clearly proved, and he turned on Procter and other of his defamers, and sued them, recovering from all of them. He had had a lawsuit with Procter previous

<sup>1</sup> “Giles Corey being presented upon suspicion of abusing the body of Jacob Goodell, is fined.” Essex County Court Records, Salem, 1676.

<sup>2</sup> Chitty's Blackstone, IV., 265.

to this.<sup>1</sup> In other ways he was mixed up unpleasantly in neighborhood affairs. Whether these controversies had anything to do with his prosecution for witchcraft in 1692, or the severity with which he was dealt, I am unable to say. Their revival would not aid him, cer-

<sup>1</sup> "John Prokter against Giles Corye, defendant in an action of appeal from a judgment of Maj. Hathorne in August last, the jury found for the defendant, the confirmation of the former judgment." Essex County Records, Salem.

tainly. Sewall says of the charge that Corey stamped and pressed a man to death; that "'twas not remembered till Ann Putnam was told of it by said Corey's spectre the Sabbath night before the execution." It is hardly possible that a man could be arrested and dealt with in the manner Corey was, and no one remember and recall that fourteen and sixteen years before he had been charged with murder and arson.



## 'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST.

*By Philip Bourke Marston.*

FRONT the Present with the Past and say :  
 Which reckons more, the anguish or the bliss,  
 The joy that was, or agony that is,  
 The path I trod when all my life seemed May,  
 Or this gray sky, this bleak, autumnal way,  
 The deep delight of many a love-warm kiss,  
 The pressure of embracing arms, or this  
 Fierce fire of thirst that wastes me, night and day?  
 Then I recall thee, Love ! and testify  
 The present pain cheap price for that dear past ;  
 Though Fate through life all comfort should deny,  
 And even in death my loneliness should last,  
 'Tis better to have held thee once so fast  
 Than die without thy love, as others die.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN.<sup>1</sup>

*By Phillips Brooks.*

"HE CHOSE DAVID ALSO HIS SERVANT, AND TOOK HIM AWAY FROM THE SHEEPFOLDS; THAT HE MIGHT FEED JACOB HIS PEOPLE, AND ISRAEL HIS INHERITANCE. SO HE FED THEM WITH A FAITHFUL AND TRUE HEART, AND RULED THEM PRUDENTLY WITH ALL HIS POWER."—*Psalms lxxviii., 71, 72, 73.*

WHILE I speak to you to-day, the body of the President who ruled this people, is lying, honored and loved, in our city. It is impossible with that sacred presence in our midst for me to stand and speak of ordinary topics which occupy the pulpit. I must speak of him to-day; and I therefore undertake to do what I had intended to do at some future time, to invite you to study with me the character of Abraham Lincoln, the impulses of his life and the causes of his death. I know how hard it is to do it rightly, how impossible it is to do it worthily. But I shall speak with confidence, because I speak to those who love him and whose ready love will fill out the deficiencies in a picture which my words will weakly try to draw.

We take it for granted, first of all, that there is an essential connection between Mr. Lincoln's character and his violent and bloody death. It is no accident, no arbitrary decree of Providence. He lived as he did, and he died as he did, because he was what he was. The more we see of events, the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character. It will be our duty, then, to see what there was in the character of our great President that created the history of his life, and at last produced the catastrophe of his cruel death. After the first trembling horror, the first outburst of indignant sorrow, has grown calm, these are the questions which we are bound to ask and answer.

It is not necessary for me even to sketch the biography of Mr. Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky, fifty-six years ago, when Kentucky was a pioneer state. He lived, as boy and man, the hard and needy life of a backwoodsman, a farmer, a river boatman, and finally, by his own efforts at self-education, of an active, respected, influential citizen, in the half-organized and manifold interests of a new and energetic community. From his boyhood up he lived in direct and vigorous contact with men and things, not as in older states and easier conditions with words and theories; and both his moral convictions and his intellectual opinions gathered from that contact a supreme degree of that character by which men knew him, that character which is the most distinctive possession of the best American nature, that almost indescribable quality which we call in general clearness or truth, and which appears in the physical structure as health, in the moral constitution as honesty, in the mental structure as sagacity, and in the region of active life as practicalness. This one character, with many sides,

all shaped by the same essential force and testifying to the same inner influences, was what was powerful in him and decreed for him the life he was to live and the death he was to die. We must take no smaller view than this of what he was. Even his physical conditions are not to be forgotten in making up his character. We make too little always of the physical; certainly we make too little of it here if we lose out of sight the strength and muscular activity, the power of doing and enduring, which the backwoods-boy inherited from generations of hard-living ancestors, and appropriated for his own by a long, discipline of bodily toil. He brought to the solution of the question of labor in this country not merely a mind, but a body thoroughly in sympathy with labor, full of the culture of labor, bearing witness to the dignity and excellence of work in every muscle that work had toughened and every sense that work had made clear and true. He could not have brought the mind for his task so perfectly, unless he had first brought the body whose rugged and stubborn health was always contradicting to him the false theories of labor, and always asserting the true.

As to the moral and mental powers which distinguished him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness or truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces in this man with another. The fact is, that in all the simplest characters the line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combinations you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience, or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions, the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They co-operate, they help each other less. They come even to stand over against each other as antagonists; till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together, till we expect to see and so do see a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand, and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

<sup>1</sup> A sermon preached in Philadelphia, April 23, 1865, while the body of the President was lying in the city.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's, that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children, but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness; if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness—call it what you will—its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature. So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest even although they be the newest ways, to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here then we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be

quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things, social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule. Surely, with such a type-man for ruler, there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

But then we come to the beginning of all trouble. Abraham Lincoln was the type-man of the country, but not of the whole country. This character which we have been trying to describe was the character of an American under the discipline of freedom. There was another American character which had been developed under the influence of slavery. There was no one American character embracing the land. There were two characters, with impulses of irrepressible and deadly conflict. This citizen whom we have been honoring and praising represented one. The whole great scheme with which he was ultimately brought in conflict, and which has finally killed him, represented the other. Beside this nature, true and fresh and new, there was another nature, false and effete and old. The one nature found itself in a new world, and set itself to discover the new ways for the new duties that were given it. The other nature, full of the false pride of blood, set itself to reproduce in a new world the institutions and the spirit of the old, to build anew the structure of the feudalism which had been corrupt in its own day, and which had been left far behind by the advancing conscience and needs of the progressing race. The one nature magnified labor, the other nature depreciated and despised it. The one honored the laborer, and the other scorned him. The one was simple and direct; the other, complex, full of sophistries and self-excuses. The one was free to look all that claimed to be truth in the face, and separate the error from the truth that might be in it; the other did not dare to investigate, because its own established prides and systems were dearer to it than the truth itself, and so even truth went about in it doing the work of error. The one was ready to state broad principles, of the brotherhood of man, the universal fatherhood and justice of God, however imperfectly it might realize them in practice; the other denied even the principles, and so dug deep and laid below its special sins the broad foundation of a consistent, acknowledged sinfulness. In a word, one nature was full of the influences of Freedom, the other nature was full of the influences of Slavery.

In general, these two regions of our national life were separated by a geographical boundary. One was the spirit of the North, the other was the spirit of the South. But the southern nature was by no means all a southern thing. There it had an organized, established form, a certain definite, established institution about which it clustered. Here, lacking advantage, it lived in less expressive ways and so lived more weakly. There, there was the horrible sacrament of slavery, the outward and visible sign round which the inward and spiritual temper gathered and kept itself

alive. But who doubts that among us the spirit of slavery lived and thrived? Its formal existence had been swept away from one state after another, partly on conscientious, partly on economical grounds, but its spirit was here, in every sympathy that northern winds carried to the listening ear of the southern slaveholder, and in every oppression of the weak by the strong, every proud assumption of idleness over labor which echoed the music of southern life back to us. Here in our midst lived that worse and false nature, side by side with the true and better nature which God meant should be the nature of Americans, and of which he was shaping out the type and champion in his chosen David of the sheepfolds.

Here then we have the two. The history of our country for many years is the history of how these two elements of American life approached collision. They wrought their separate reactions on each other. Men debate and quarrel even now about the rise of northern Abolitionism, about whether the northern Abolitionists were right or wrong, whether they did harm or good. How vain the quarrel is! It was inevitable. It was inevitable in the nature of things that two such natures living here together should be set violently against each other. It is inevitable, till man be far more unfeeling and untrue to his convictions than he has always been, that a great wrong asserting itself vehemently should arouse to no less vehement assertion the opposing right. The only wonder is that there was not more of it. The only wonder is that so few were swept away to take by an impulse they could not resist their stand of hatred to the wicked institution. The only wonder is, that only one brave, reckless man came forth to cast himself, almost single-handed, with a hopeless hope, against the proud power that he hated, and trust to the influence of a soul marching on into the history of his countrymen to stir them to a vindication of the truth he loved. At any rate, whether the Abolitionists were wrong or right, there grew up about their violence, as there always will about the extremism of extreme reformers, a great mass of feeling, catching their spirit and asserting it firmly, though in more moderate degrees and methods. About the nucleus of Abolitionism grew up a great American Anti-Slavery determination, which at last gathered strength enough to take its stand, to insist upon the checking and limiting the extension of the power of slavery, and to put the type-man, whom God had been preparing for the task, before the world, to do the work on which it had resolved. Then came discontent, secession, treason. The two American natures, long advancing to encounter, met at last, and a whole country, yet trembling with the shock, bears witness how terrible the meeting was.

Thus I have tried briefly to trace out the gradual course by which God brought the character which he designed to be the controlling character of this new world into distinct collision with the hostile character which it was to destroy and absorb, and set it in the person of its type-man in the seat of highest power. The character formed under the discipline of Freedom and the character formed under the discipline of Slavery developed all their difference and met in hostile

conflict when this war began. Notice, it was not only in what he did and was towards the slave, it was in all he did and was everywhere that we accept Mr. Lincoln's character as the true result of our free life and institutions. Nowhere else could have come forth that genuine love of the people, which in him no one could suspect of being either the cheap flattery of the demagogue or the abstract philanthropy of the philosopher, which made our President, while he lived, the centre of a great household land, and when he died so cruelly, made every humblest household thrill with a sense of personal bereavement which the death of rulers is not apt to bring. Nowhere else than out of the life of freedom could have come that personal unselfishness and generosity which made so gracious a part of this good man's character. How many soldiers feel yet the pressure of a strong hand that clasped theirs once as they lay sick and weak in the dreary hospital! How many ears will never lose the thrill of some kind word he spoke—he who could speak so kindly to promise a kindness that always matched his word! How often he surprised the land with a clemency which made even those who questioned his policy love him the more for what they called his weakness,—seeing how the man in whom God had most embodied the discipline of Freedom not only could not be a slave, but could not be a tyrant! In the heartiness of his mirth and his enjoyment of simple joys; in the directness and shrewdness of perception which constituted his wit; in the untired, undiscouraged faith in human nature which he always kept; and perhaps above all in the plainness and quiet, unostentatious earnestness and independence of his religious life, in his humble love and trust of God—in all, it was a character such as only Freedom knows how to make.

Now it was in this character, rather than in any mere political position, that the fitness of Mr. Lincoln to stand forth in the struggle of the two American natures really lay. We are told that he did not come to the Presidential chair pledged to the abolition of Slavery. When will we learn that with all true men it is not what they intend to do, but it is what the qualities of their natures bind them to do, that determines their career? The President came to his power full of the blood, strong in the strength of Freedom. He came there free, and hating slavery. He came there, leaving on record words like these spoken three years before and never contradicted. He had said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." When the question came, he knew which thing he meant that it should be. His whole nature settled that question for him. Such a man must always live as he used to say he lived (and was blamed for saying it) "controlled by events, not controlling them." And with a reverent and clear mind, to be controlled by events means to be controlled by God. For such a man there was no hesitation when God brought him up face to face with Slavery and put the sword into his hand

and said, "Strike it down dead." He was a willing servant then. If ever the face of a man writing solemn words glowed with a solemn joy, it must have been the face of Abraham Lincoln, as he bent over the page where the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 was growing into shape, and giving manhood and freedom as he wrote it to hundreds of thousands of his fellowmen. Here was a work in which his whole nature could rejoice. Here was an act that crowned the whole culture of his life. All the past, the free boyhood in the woods, the free youth upon the farm, the free manhood in the honorable citizen's employments—all his freedom gathered and completed itself in this. And as the swarthy multitudes came in, ragged, and tired, and hungry, and ignorant, but free forever from anything but the memorial scars of the fetters and the whip, singing rude songs in which the new triumph of freedom struggled and heaved below the sad melody that had been shaped for bondage; as in their camps and hovels there grew up to their half-superstitious eyes the image of a great Father almost more than man, to whom they owed their freedom,—were they not half right? For it was not to one man, driven by stress of policy, or swept off by a whim of pity, that the noble act was due. It was to the American nature, long kept by God in his own intentions till his time should come, at last emerging into sight and power, and bound up and embodied in this best and most American of all Americans, to whom we and those poor frightened slaves at last might look up together and love to call him, with one voice, our Father.

Thus, we have seen something of what the character of Mr. Lincoln was, and how it issued in the life he lived. It remains for us to see how it resulted also in the terrible death which has laid his murdered body here in our town among lamenting multitudes to-day. It is not a hard question, though it is sad to answer. We saw the two natures, the nature of Slavery and the nature of Freedom, at last set against each other, come at last to open war. Both fought, fought long, fought bravely; but each, as was perfectly natural, fought with the tools and in the ways which its own character had made familiar to it. The character of Slavery was brutal, barbarous, and treacherous; and so the whole history of the slave power during the war has been full of ways of warfare brutal, barbarous, and treacherous, beyond anything that men bred in freedom could have been driven to by the most hateful passions. It is not to be marvelled at. It is not to be set down as the special sin of the war. It goes back beyond that. It is the sin of the system. It is the barbarism of Slavery. When Slavery went to war to save its life, what wonder if its barbarism grew barbarous a hundredfold!

One would be attempting a task which once was almost hopeless, but which now is only needless, if he set himself to convince a northern congregation that Slavery was a barbarian institution. It would be hardly more necessary to try to prove how its barbarism has shown itself during this war. The same spirit which was blind to the wickedness of breaking sacred ties, of separating man and wife, of beating women till they dropped

down dead, of organizing licentiousness and sin into commercial systems, of forbidding knowledge and protecting itself with ignorance, of putting on its arms and riding out to steal a state at the beleaguered ballot-box away from freedom—in one word (for its simplest definition is its worst dishonor), the spirit that gave man the ownership in man in time of peace, has found out yet more terrible barbarisms for the time of war. It has hewed and burned the bodies of the dead. It has starved and mutilated its helpless prisoners. It has dealt by truth, not as men will in a time of excitement, lightly and with frequent violations, but with a cool, and deliberate, and systematic contempt. It has sent its agents into northern towns to fire peaceful hotels where hundreds of peaceful men and women slept. It has undermined the prisons where its victims starved, and made all ready to blow with one blast their wretched life away. It has delighted in the lowest and basest scurrility even on the highest and most honorable lips. It has corrupted the graciousness of women and killed out the truth of men.

I do not count up the terrible catalogue because I like to, nor because I wish to stir your hearts to passion. Even now, you and I have no right to indulge in personal hatred to the men who did these things. But we are not doing right by ourselves, by the President that we have lost, or by God who had a purpose in our losing him, unless we know thoroughly that it was this same spirit which we have seen to be a tyrant in peace and a savage in war, that has crowned itself with the working of this final woe. It was the conflict of the two American natures, the false and the true. It was Slavery and Freedom that met in their two representatives, the assassin and the President; and the victim of the last desperate struggle of the dying Slavery lies dead to-day in Independence Hall.

Solemnly, in the sight of God, I charge this murder where it belongs, on Slavery. I dare not stand here in His sight, and before Him or you speak doubtful and double-meaning words of vague repentance, as if we had killed our President. We have sins enough, but we have not done this sin, save as by weak concessions and timid compromises we have let the spirit of Slavery grow strong and ripe for such a deed. In the barbarism of Slavery the foul act and its foul method had their birth. By all the goodness that there was in him; by all the love we had for him (and who shall tell how great it was); by all the sorrow that has burdened down this desolate and dreadful week,—I charge this murder where it belongs, on Slavery. I bid you to remember where the charge belongs, to write it on the doorposts of your mourning houses, to teach it to your wondering children, to give it to the history of these times, that all times to come may hate and dread the sin that killed our noblest President.

If ever anything were clear, this is the clearest. Is there the man alive who thinks that Abraham Lincoln was shot just for himself; that it was that one man for whom the plot was laid? The gentlest, kindest, most indulgent man that ever ruled a state! The man who knew not how to speak a word of harshness or how to make a foe!



Was it he for whom the murderer lurked with a mere private hate? It was not he, but what he stood for. It was Law and Liberty, it was Government and Freedom, against which the hate gathered and the treacherous shot was fired. And I know not how the crime of him who shoots at Law and Liberty in the crowded glare of a great theatre differs from theirs who have levelled their aim at the same great beings from behind a thousand ambuscades and on a hundred battle-fields of this long war. Every general in the field, and every false citizen in our midst at home, who has plotted and labored to destroy the lives of the soldiers of the Republic, is brother to him who did this deed. Tho American nature, the American truths, of which our President was the anointed and supreme embodiment, have been embodied in multitudes of heroes who marched unknown and fell unnoticed in our ranks. For them, just as for him, character decreed a life and a death. The blood of all of them I charge on the same head. Slavery armed with Treason was their murderer.

Men point out to us the absurdity and folly of this awful crime. Again and again we hear men say, "It was the worst thing for themselves they could have done. They have shot a representative man, and the cause he represented grows stronger and sterner by his death. Can it be that so wise a devil was so foolish here? Must it not have been the act of one poor madman, born and nursed in his one reckless brain?" My friends, let us understand this matter. It was a foolish act. Its folly was only equalled by its wickedness. It was a foolish act. But when did sin begin to be wise? When did wickedness learn wisdom? When did the fool stop saying in his heart, "There is no God," and acting godlessly in the absurdity of his impiety? The cause that Abraham Lincoln died for shall grow stronger by his death,—stronger and sterner. Stronger to set its pillars deep into the structure of our nation's life; sterner to execute the justice of the Lord upon his enemies. Stronger to spread its arms and grasp our whole land into freedom; sterner to sweep the last poor ghost of slavery out of our haunted homes. But while we feel the folly of this act, let not its folly hide its wickedness. It was the wickedness of Slavery putting on a foolishness for which its wickedness and that alone is responsible, that robbed the nation of a President and the people of a father. And remember this, that the folly of the Slave power in striking the representative of Freedom, and thinking that thereby it killed Freedom itself, is only a folly that we shall echo if we dare to think that in punishing the representatives of Slavery who did this deed, we are putting Slavery to death. Dispersing armies and hanging traitors, imperatively as justice and necessity may demand them both, are not killing the spirit out of which they sprang. The traitor must die because he has committed treason. The murderer must die because he has committed murder. Slavery must die, because out of it, and it alone, came forth the treason of the traitor and the murder of the murderer. Do not say that it is dead. It is not, while its essential spirit lives. While one man counts another man his born inferior for the color of his skin, while

both in North and South prejudices and practices, which the law cannot touch, but which God hates, keep alive in our people's hearts the spirit of the old iniquity, it is not dead. The new American nature must supplant the old. We must grow like our President, in his truth, his independence, his religion, and his wide humanity. Then the character by which he died shall be in us, and by it we shall live. Then peace shall come that knows no war, and law that knows no treason; and full of his spirit a grateful land shall gather round his grave, and in the daily psalm of prosperous and righteous living, thank God forever for his life and death.

So let him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from the western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his western grave and tell us with a silence more eloquent than words how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God, he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob, his people, and Israel, his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this—"He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power." The *Shepherd of the People!* that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed *all* his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him and his work was done!

He stood once on the battlefield of our own state, and said of the brave men who had saved it words as noble as any countryman of ours ever spoke. Let us stand in the country he has saved,

and which is to be his grave and monument, and say of Abraham Lincoln what he said of the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg. He stood there with their graves before him, and these are the words he said :

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work

which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; and this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

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## THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE sermon on Abraham Lincoln by Phillips Brooks, given in his church in Philadelphia while the body of the martyred President lay in Independence Hall, on the sad journey from Washington to Springfield, is re-published in the preceding pages as one of the conspicuous and impressive illustrations of the great preacher's attention in his pulpit to national affairs from the earliest days of his ministry. It is only an illustration, only one conspicuous instance. Entering upon his life as a preacher at the very juncture when the forces of Freedom and Slavery were fitting themselves against each other for their death struggle in the republic, his pulpit from the beginning rang with sermons which witnessed to his conviction that religion is here in the world for nothing at all if it is not here, as the old Hebrew prophets conceived it, and as our own old Puritan divines conceived it, to bring itself directly to bear upon the whole life of the community, to work for the kingdom of God here and now, boldly rebuking the sins of politicians as well as the sins of priests, and holding up the standard of righteousness for the State as well as for the Church. This sermon upon Lincoln is surely not,—so at least we think most will feel who have been used to hearing Mr. Brooks or to reading his volumes in these later years—one of his great sermons, although a true and noble sermon it certainly is, one of the noblest pulpit tributes to Lincoln—and one cannot help remarking the fact that here, several months before the "Commemoration Ode," Lincoln is spoken of as "this best and most American of all Americans." The sermon lacks the breadth and firmness and fulness of his later sermons—which is simply saying perhaps that it is a young man's sermon, and that the other sermons which we read are the mature man's sermons. But it is good fortune that this early sermon, on a subject so solemn and significant, was preserved, to illustrate the political element which has ever remained so prominent an element in Mr. Brooks's preaching. This, we believe, is one great element of his power. Lowell said of Parker, in the *Fable for Critics*, "You're thankful to meet with a preacher who smacks of the field and the street." Phillips Brooks's sermons, most spiritual sermons of our time, have always been most *real* sermons, never dealing with ghostland, but always closely and directly

touching human life—the life of the school, the business life, the scientific life, the political life. Every hearer has known and felt that the preacher was his brother, a man among men, a sharer in all the great struggles, anxieties, aspirations, and enthusiasms of society and the State. One of the leading English writers has recently published a searching and impressive essay entitled "The Citizen Christ." The very word enforces the truth necessary for this time; and the whole career of Phillips Brooks has enforced it. He is not simply the divine, he is also the *citizen*—and so he is strong.

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REFERENCE is made in the article in the preceding pages to Mr. Brooks's oration at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Boston Latin School. This, too, reveals, and in quite as notable a way as the sermon on Abraham Lincoln and the various stirring sermons of the war time, the intensity and the sweep of his feelings as a *citizen*. It reveals as well his fine historical imagination and his power of attention to details in re-creating the past. It has been said that Mr. Brooks seriously considered, in the early period of his ministry in Philadelphia, the acceptance of a chair in ecclesiastical history. Had he become a teacher of general history, he would have been an inspiring and an eminent teacher. He has the historical consciousness and the historical talent, as Arnold of Rugby had them, and Dean Stanley; and these are shown most strikingly perhaps when he steps outside of the distinctly religious field and handles political, social, and literary themes. He has, indeed, done this but little. He has not been a writer of essays to the extent that Dean Stanley and others of the English Broad Churchmen have been. No other great preacher of our time, no preacher of equal prominence, has been so exclusively a preacher. The scope of his preaching, indeed, has been as broad as the interests of men, a thousand sermons touching politics and business and literature and science and society, as well as the immediate religious life. But it has been chiefly in *sermons*, as a preacher, that he has touched these things; he has seldom appeared on the platform or in the magazine. When he has done so, it has almost

always been to touch history or biography—to speak of Dean Stanley or of Milton, of the heroes of thought, like Taylor and Lessing and Roger Williams, who play their part in his little volume on “Tolerance,” or, as in the case before us, to paint the characters and work of the long line of schoolmasters, from Philemon Pormont to Francis Gardner, who have made illustrious the history of “the oldest school in America.” We have never read—we may say never heard, for we were of those privileged ones who heard it—a nobler school oration than this Latin School oration of Phillips Brooks. Full of wisdom, full of kindly humor, full of interesting facts, full of fine judgments of periods and of men, it is a rare picture of the past; but it is not less remarkable for the prophecy and the vital public spirit which are in it. “No man ever deals truly with the past,” said Mr. Brooks, “when he turns his face that way, who does not feel the future coming into life behind his back.” “When an institution has covered so long a period of time with its continuous life,” he said again, “it becomes a bond to hold the centuries together. It makes most picturesquely evident the unity of human life which underlies all the variety of human living.” It is with a mind open and alert for this unity of life that Phillips Brooks approaches every historical or biographical subject. History, with him, is *for use*. There is in him no shadow of the merely tabulating antiquarian. His thought is always on the lesson taught by the institution or the man, or the bearing of events on character and life.

In this Latin School oration there is no more stirring passage than that upon the Civil War, its effect upon the school, and the part which the school played in it. “Mr. Gardner’s great years were the years of the war. It would have been a sad thing if the mighty struggle of the nation for its life had found in the chief teacher of the boys of Boston a soul either hostile or indifferent. The soul which it did find was all alive for freedom and for union. The last news from the battle-field came hot into the schoolroom, and made the close air tingle with inspiration. He told the boys about Gettysburg as Cheever must have told his boys about Marston Moor, and Lovell must have told his about Ticonderoga. He formed his pupils into companies and regiments, and drilled with them himself. It was a war which a great master might well praise, and into which a school full of generous pupils might well throw their whole souls, for it was no war of mere military prowess. It was a war of principles. It was a war whose soldiers were citizens. It was a war which hated war-making, and whose *methods* were kept transparent always with their *sacred purposes* shining clearly through. Such a war mothers might pray for as their sons went forth; masters might bid their scholars pause from their books and listen to the throbbing of the distant cannon. The statue of the school honoring her heroic dead, under whose shadow the boys will go and come about their studies every day for generations, will fire no young heart with the passion for military glory, but it will speak patriotism and self-devotion from its silent lips as long as the schoolboys come and go. Two

hundred and eighty-seven graduates of the school served in the war with the rebellion, and fifty-one laid down their lives. Who of us is there that does not believe that the school where they were trained had something to do with the simple courage with which each of these heroic men went forth to do the duty of the hour!”

Phillips Brooks feels in a great way the inspiration of having been a *public schoolboy*, of having been trained in no little exclusive coterie of rich men’s children in some expanded parlor, but where every class is represented, where only merit counts, and the sturdy son of poverty is often first among his fellows, as he may presently be first in that larger democracy which we call the city, the state, or the nation. A great public school like the Boston Latin School has not only its own great traditions, with all their rousing, educating power, but every public schoolboy feels as the boy in the private school can never feel, that in his education itself he is the child of the State, heir of all the State’s great history and glory, and charged with the State’s high duties. The eloquent words in which Phillips Brooks enforces this lesson are words so necessary for these times that, as we have said more than once before, they deserve to be printed in letters of gold and hung up in every home where parents are thinking of sending their children into private schools, thereby condemning them to a narrower and less sturdy education than that given by the State, while also thus withdrawing their own personal interest from the public schools, which need the personal interest and love of every earnest citizen to-day as they have never needed them before.

“In the twentieth century, as in those which have gone before,” are Mr. Brooks’s words, “our school will be a city school. Its students will find that enlargement of thought and life which comes from close personal connection in the most sensitive years with the public life. Here, let me say again, is a blessing which no private school can give. The German statesman, if you talk with him, will tell you that, with every evil of his great military system, which makes every citizen a soldier for some portion of his life, it yet has one redeeming good. It brings each young man of the land once in his life directly into the country’s service, lets him directly feel its touch of dignity and power, makes him proud of it as *his* personal commander, and so insures a more definite and vivid loyalty through all his life. More graciously, more healthily, more Christianly, the American public school does what the barracks and the drill-room try to do. Would that its blessing might be absolutely universal! Would that it might be so arranged that once in the life of every Boston boy, if only for three months, he might be a pupil of a public school, might see his city sitting in the teacher’s chair, might find himself, along with boys of all degrees and classes, simply recognized by his community as one of her children! It would put an element into his character and life which he would never lose. It would insure the unity and public spirit of our citizens. It would add tenderness and pride and gratitude to the more base and sordid feelings with which her sons rejoice in their mother’s wealth and strength and fame.”

## THE OMNIBUS.

### TRENTON SNOWS.

HA! there's work for Glover  
And the men of Marblehead,<sup>1</sup>  
To get the army over  
Before the chance is sped.  
The wind is up the river;  
How the water frets!  
Sleet is in our faces,  
Sharp as bayonets.

(*In Trenton.*) — *The Christmas cometh cheery  
No matter how it blows!  
Roll, roll, ye drums, her wel-  
come  
To beating of the snows.*

No patrol is riding  
On the Jersey bound,  
Set the prows to nor'ard;  
Brace the tillers round;  
Down the sheering quarters  
Fend the charging foes, —  
Washington is marching  
Over Trenton snows.

(*In Trenton.*) — *Fate biddeth not to battle;  
Let Pleasure's troop deploy!  
Unbelt, unbelt for Christmas, —  
Sweet ministers of joy.*

Trenton's full of Hessians  
Drinking Christmas rum, —  
Their and Britain's honor,  
Had they never come!  
In the people's houses  
Quartered light and warm,  
Guessing naught of Yankees  
Hiding in the storm!

(*In Trenton.*) — *She bringeth Rhineland's greet-  
ing,  
And Fortune lights her brow;  
Pour out, pour out to Hessé,  
And give her honor now.*

Snow is falling faster,  
Cumbering all the dawn;  
But 'tis warm in battle,  
And 'twill soon be on.  
Stark is at the river;  
Greene is circling down; —  
Ha! their roll is beating, —  
Our guns sweep the town!

Bravely turns the German  
From his wine and lyre;  
Sets the Hessian guidons  
'Gainst the Rebels' fire;  
Recks not him who sold him,  
And the blood that glows,  
While our lines infold him,  
Reddens Trenton snows!

<sup>1</sup> As at Long Island, so again at Trenton, the passage of the main body of troops was effected by the skill of Colonel Glover's regiment of fishermen.

From the blinding nor'east  
Sweeps our left around.  
Render up the colors, —  
Lay the arms to ground!  
Why the sudden splendor  
From their polished rows? ....  
Ha! the sun is shining  
Bright on Trenton snows!  
— *J. E. Cutler.*

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### A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

A HEALTH to Christmas! let it be  
Responded to right heartily,  
With that full spirit that doth show  
That naught but generous feelings flow,  
Together with that spirit blend  
The precious gift that Christ did send —  
Forgiveness to our every foe —  
And let the harbored vengeance go!

A toast, — nor let it be the least, —  
To this, our jovial Christmas feast!  
Drink to the turkey — triple toast  
Unto that wingèd, ample roast!  
A toast unto the pudding round,  
Whose equal never yet was found!  
To these, and unto all good things  
This yearly Godlike season brings!

And yet a pledge — and best of all —  
A toast unto the man whose hall  
Knows not of stint of cheer, nor dearth;  
Who thinks upon the poor on earth,  
And unto these, in humble mood,  
Divides his raiment and his food.  
A health to him throughout the land!  
For God and man shall bless his hand.  
— *Charles Gordon Rogers.*

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### THE FITTING FINIS.

AFTER the "Yes" has been timidly said,  
And she is won, forever and aye,  
Then comes the fugitive doubt and the dread;  
Fears that the goddess may prove but clay,  
After the "Yes."

After the glory of triumph is past,  
One must look where his footsteps tend.  
Ah, if that moment could be the last;  
If Life, like novels, would always end,  
After the "Yes!"  
— *Harry Romaine.*

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### THE FIRE OF LOVE.

THERE is no fireplace so grand,  
So richly tiled, so wide and splendid,  
That it can spare the glowing brand,  
In which its warmth and cheer are blended.

There is no life so proud and stern,  
So far removed from human weakness,  
But holds some nook where love must burn,  
To save it from a chilling bleakness.  
— *Harry Romaine.*





COROT AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1868 BY M. PIERRE THURWANGER.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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## COROT.

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER BY HIS GODSON,

*Camille Thurwanger.*

[Illustrated chiefly from Paintings owned in Boston.]

MUCH has been said and written concerning Corot (*le bon Corot* or *le père Corot* as he has most justly been called). Interesting articles have been published, treating of his works, and analyzing his talent and the influence which he exercised on modern landscape painting; but still there remains much to relate, so great and important is the place which this remarkable man filled in the history of contemporaneous art. To-day, a great many are more or less familiar with his works and have formed some opinion with regard to their value; but very few know the character and the private life of this good and noble man and artist-poet, which equal in interest his life as an artist. It seems to me that the works of Corot can only be fully understood (I do not say "loved," because

that is another question) after a study of the character and life of him who produced them.

Contrary to the case with a great many works by other artists, the painting of Corot was not the expression of a science learned by him and which might have been expressed as well by another artist, but rather the manifestation of his own character and individual feelings in their relation to nature. Without wishing to diminish in the least the immense talent of Meissonnier, I take the liberty to draw this comparison: Meissonnier who painted so many masterpieces full of delicacy, of refinement, and of grand thought, in very small dimensions, has never in this manner expressed the aspirations of his soul; for his ambition, especially in the earlier years of his life, was to express his senti-



ments on large canvases, and with a broad and bold touch. The chances and necessities of life decided otherwise, and forced him to repress in his heart his own impulse to the development of a talent for which he had such a grand foundation. It is thus with many artists. Such and such an artist paints in such and such a manner, and it seems natural to us; but if the same artist should paint in a different style we should not be astonished, and it would seem just as natural to us. With Corot it is quite otherwise. For those who knew him personally and intimately, it is impossible to conceive that he could have painted differently; for his painting is only a mirror in which you see the reflection of his heart and soul.

to our family by close friendship, did not know Corot personally, and had not a too great appreciation of his artistic endowments. My mother, who had been for several years a pupil of Delacroix, often discussed with him the talent of my dear godfather. Once, about the year 1855, she persuaded Delacroix to visit Corot at his studio. Delacroix, who did not make himself known to Corot, admitted afterwards that his opinion had been considerably modified, that he then understood Corot much better, and that certain artists could not be well estimated except at their homes, or after their character was fully understood.

Strongly impressed by this belief, and, as the godson of Corot, sustaining dear



Fontainebleau.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

Learn to know this man, and you will comprehend his works; you will read in them as in an open book, and see that the man and his works are one. The following relation will demonstrate the correctness of this remark: The great artist Eugene Delacroix, who was allied

and close relations with him, I think I may be especially qualified to relate various reminiscences and interesting anecdotes touching his life—many things which I witnessed myself. Besides, I feel that I am but discharging, in a trifling degree, a debt of love to the memory of

my fatherly friend by offering to the public this brief article, in the hope that it may not only interest the reader, but render deserved homage to the best, the kindest, and the most generous heart that ever lived !

I will now ask indulgence for repeating some facts concerning Corot's life, which have been already given by other writers, and which some of my readers may know, but which will be new for

When about ten years old, young Camille Corot entered the Lyceum of Rouen, where he completed his studies at the age of seventeen. In obedience to his father, for whom he always had a great respect, he entered commercial life in a cloth-dealer's house. About this time his love for nature and the desire to express his poetic sentiments in drawing began to grow in his heart ; but the aspirations of the young man



*Danse Antique.*

ONE OF COROT'S LAST THREE PICTURES, EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1875.

many, and necessary for the completeness and general comprehension of my narrative.

Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot was born in Paris on the 26th of July, 1796. His grandfather and his father were likewise born in Paris, and the family originated not in Rouen (Normandy) but in Burgundy. Nor was his father a wigmaker as has been stated by some writers — his grandfather being the one who was in that business. His father was a dry goods dealer in Paris, and kept his family in comfortable, even well-to-do circumstances.

were still but dreams, with the night as his confidant and witness, while the real and practical life repressed them with the rising of the sun.

He used to go during the summer months to Ville d'Avray, where his father had a country house situated near a pond, which has since dried up ; and we are told that even at that early age, when all were asleep, our embryo-artist used to sit up in his room till late at night, contemplating from the open window the nature which he so loved, in the grandeur of its complete solitude. No noise arose to trouble the dreamer ; a profound but



ORPHEUS. — Owned by Mrs. Susan C. Warren.

living silence surrounded him; and he passed long hours thus, while his thoughts, borne on the wings of his imagination, dwelt upon the sky, the water, and the trees; all objects were enveloped in an atmosphere charged with a visible humidity, caused by the light, transparent vapors which may so often be seen rising from the water.

There is no doubt that these poetic meditations of the young Corot were the source of the living idyls which his brush bequeathed us at the end of his long career. In fact, soon after, he began to paint the first vague and floating visions of the graceful nymphs (daughters of his mind) which animated and gave so much charm to many of his landscapes as they began to appear in them. He himself was conscious of it, and I often heard him say that his manner of seeing and feeling nature was due to the recollections of his youthful sensations, and that their influence was strong enough to have moulded his whole destiny as an artist. This influence made easy for him the hard beginning of his studies, and soon after using the brush he reproduced with very little trouble the proper tones of those things which had impressed his imagination,—that gray light and that ambient mist with which the air is saturated, and which half veils the horizon and sky of most of his pictures.

He remained a clerk for eight years, and during that time contracted the habits of order and regularity which he retained through the rest of his life. He always rose early, even in winter, arriving at his studio at *three minutes before eight* (he always referred in this joking way to his habit of being exactly on time). Like many of us, he liked to enjoy the indolent waking-dreams of early morning, but he never indulged himself in them, for life was only too short for him. He had only to fix his mind on the unfinished canvas in his studio, and then! the thought of the sky, the trees, and the figures of his work acted like magic, and he was soon seen trotting to his easel at the accustomed hour.

During the last months of his clerkship he commenced to make designs, and whenever he had a moment to spare, he

hid himself under his desk to work upon them. His employer, full of indulgence, aided him by telling his father that he would never be successful in a commercial life, and that he should allow him to follow his inclination to become a painter. To illustrate the incapacity of Corot for mercantile transactions, let me relate the following little episode: Corot was one day sent out by his employer to sell cloth from samples, among which was a beautiful green cloth of a new manufacture and of unusually fine quality. He succeeded in selling quite a quantity of this green cloth, and returned to his employer filled with pride at his success. What was his disappointment when he noticed no enthusiasm in the face of the latter, who answered him, when Corot gave expression to his astonishment, that he had proved himself a very poor salesman; that new and particular cloth would sell itself, he said, and a good salesman should be able to sell the old goods first. Corot then realized that even if he should exert himself he would never make a good merchant.

His longing to be an artist, which he had never kept from his family, was augmented by the friendship which he formed in that time with Michallon,<sup>1</sup> then an artist of repute, but now very much forgotten. Finally, one day, having fortified his courage, he besought his father to allow him to give up commerce and take up the brush, for that was the one desire of his whole life. His father, being the true type of a business man, believed only in trade and commerce, for he thought they were the best source of money-making; therefore, he was naturally very far from favoring the request of his son. Still, after employing all his persuasive powers, reminding him of the poverty and misery which would be almost sure to follow, and using all the well-meaning counsels which he could think of to turn his son from a "beggary" existence, he consented, but under the following conditions:—"As you refuse, for the sake of making pictures, to continue in an honest and respectable existence, I warn you

<sup>1</sup> Michallon was the first to receive the *grand prix de Rome* which had just been established for landscape painting.



Le Soir.

OWNED BY MRS. DAVID P. KIMBALL.

that during my lifetime you will have no capital at your disposal. I shall give you a yearly allowance of one thousand two hundred francs; never expect to receive any more, — now see if you can get along with that!"<sup>1</sup> The father hoped that the prospect of a calling so poor would frighten his son and cause him to renounce a project which he himself considered as insane. But the young man, highly elated, embraced his father and answered: "I thank you! this is all I need, and you have made me very happy." He spoke the truth, for he lived happily for over twenty-five years on this modest allowance. Satisfied with his own independence, he never desired money; and in love with his art, he pursued his task without fail until success and renown came to recompense his faith and honest toil.

Corot was now about twenty-five years old; and it is on the banks of the Seine, in Paris, that he began his first study.

Of all the studies which he made at

<sup>1</sup> One must remember that during the first half of this century the fine arts were not encouraged as they are now.

that time, many became celebrated, but the fortunes of some of them were different. Some were the beginning of his reputation, while others were sold for fifteen cents! For instance, one which was found by an amateur on the quay<sup>2</sup> where Corot then dwelt, was shown to the latter to learn whether it was really the work of his brush.

"The merchant told me that it was your work," said the amateur, "but I did not dare believe it on account of the moderate price."

"Well!" replied Corot, "if it was not my work, at what price should it have been sold?"<sup>3</sup>

He himself never sold one of his studies; but he gave some away, and out of those a few went into the market. He also loaned a large number, of which many were lost, at least to him, for he

<sup>2</sup> When in French we speak of the quays, we refer to those in the central part of Paris, where on the sidewalk and in the open air, merchants sell second-hand books, medals, and a few cheap pictures.

<sup>3</sup> I have heard the anecdote from M. Hanoteau, who was present at the time of the conversation in Corot's studio in 1848. Corot was already a Knight in the order of the *Légion d'honneur*.

often forgot to whom he had loaned them. Several times some of them were returned to him after he had entirely forgotten them. A few years before his death he mentioned one to me, which had come home to him after an absence of more than thirty-five years. It sometimes occurred, however, that he discovered them in *bric-à-brac* shops, and bought them back, without even a disa-

and the time passes so quickly! There are such a great many years flown, and it seems to me they were as hurried as the voyages accomplished in dreams. I must not waste the rest, which will pass away only too rapidly!"

"In the spring," he said at another time, "I have a rendezvous with nature, — with the buds which begin to burst, with the new foliage, and with my little



Un Matin.

greeable word against the unprincipled borrowers who had sold them.

Every spring during his whole life, Corot fled to the country, to observe the new buds. April always found him at Ville d'Avray. Bad weather did not prevent him from being there; and he would say: "No matter, I go there to rest — in working. Think of it," (he was then seventy-four years old), "I have only thirty years more to live, — counting my allowance of four to the hundred,<sup>1</sup>

birds perching curiously on the end of a branch to look at my work."

Even in the last years of his life you could see him, when night came, leaning out of his little window at Ville d'Avray, as in the time of his youth, his poetic soul absorbed in contemplation and gathering from the tranquil purity of the stars treasures for the morrow. Corot dreamed

<sup>1</sup> This remark refers to a business custom in France, to allow an extra number in the sale of a certain quantity, — say a dozen or a hundred, — just as we speak of a baker's dozen.





A June Morning.  
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.



by night, — and by day, in the sight of nature, wrote his dreams on his canvas. It was thus by the observation of beautiful things that his heart became golden and his palette silver!

To return to the beginning of his career — Michallon, Corot's friend, was for a while his first teacher; unfortunately he could not long witness the works of his pupil, for death removed him when twenty-six years old. Corot, deprived of his friend, took lessons from Victor Bertin, a pure classicist of the most exact order, whose pictures reflected, as an eminent critic said, the coldness of the accessories of tragedy. He could not have learned under such guidance the subtlety of rendering masses, the transparency of atmosphere, the scintillation of foliage, the entire general effect, — the delicate and tender touches of nature. All these qualities were fortunately in himself.

He visited Italy for the first time in 1825, and made, in Rome, some of his most interesting studies, which however required so long a time to be appreciated. He met there a company of French artists (Léopold Robert among them), who received him cordially, on account of his joyous and frank disposition, and not for his merit as a painter, which was out of the question; they loved his happy nature, but paid no attention to his work, and even treated it with a certain irony. He remained timidly at his work in consequence of his peculiar temperament, and his place was modest in the assemblage with the others. They did not surmise that he, whose talent they were ready to ridicule, would one day be the master of them all.

In mentioning the name of Léopold Robert, I will relate the opinion which Corot expressed regarding the end of this eminent artist; for his tragic death left a deep impression on Corot who witnessed it in 1835, during one of his sojourns in Italy. Léopold Robert committed suicide at the end of an artist's dinner. The guests had left the dining-room, and were talking and smoking in an adjoining apartment, when a shot was heard in the just deserted room. All rushed in, and Corot was the first to enter

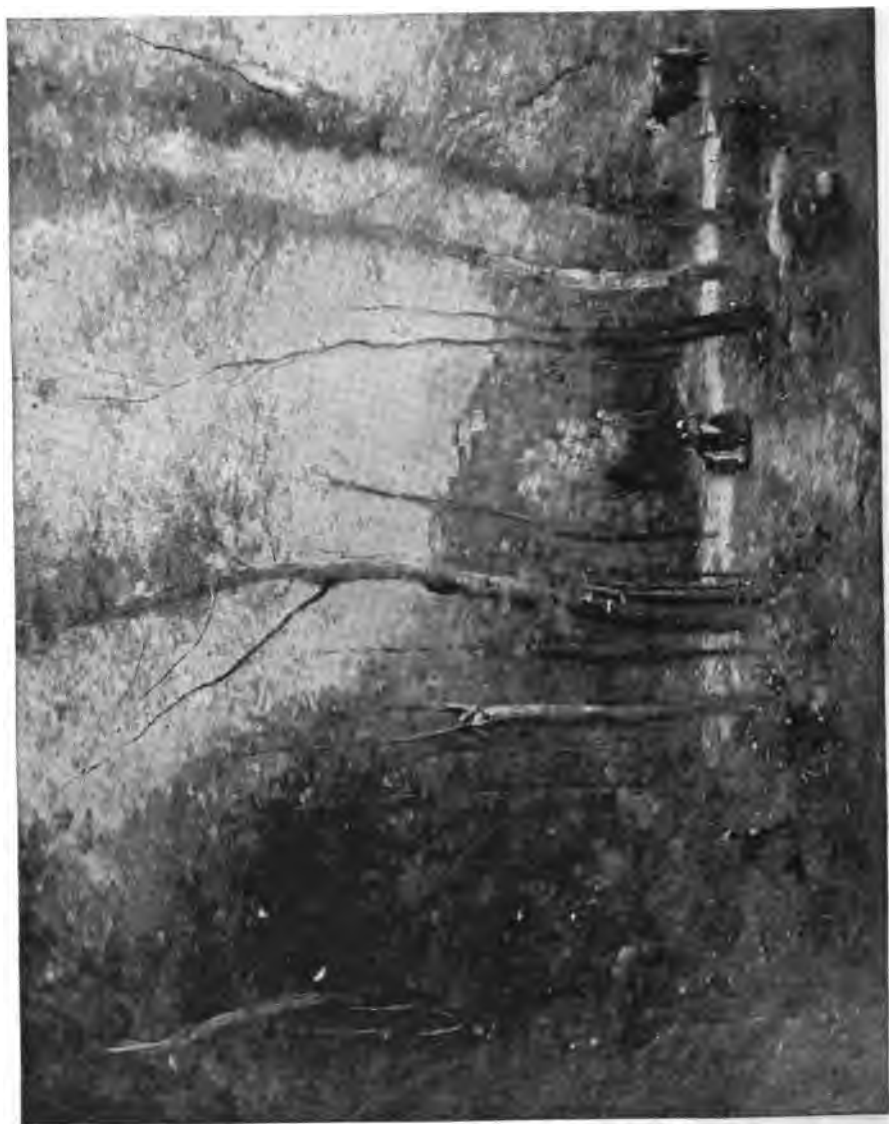
and see Léopold Robert fallen on the table, his head swimming in blood. The general opinion was that Robert conceived a hopeless passion for his pupil, the Princess Charlotte, which drove him to suicide. Corot claimed that he had proofs that the cause was really hereditary insanity, and that if love was in the case, it only caused the rapid development of the disease.

In 1827, Corot exhibited for the first time in the Salon. Thence commenced his trials, and it can truly be said that they lasted a long time. From that period until his death he did not miss a single annual Salon; but he exhibited for twenty years without being noticed, and ten years more passed away before he was comprehended. He stood alone, and ranged himself under no banner, desiring to be true, but at the same time feeling the flame of poetry which was constantly struggling for expression. He could not be pleased by the simple material representation of things; hence the inattention and the disdain with which his works were received.

The poor man suffered from this want of recognition, but was not discouraged. Without being swayed from his own path, he applauded the triumphs of his comrades, Rousseau, Troyon, Jules Dupré — who began with him, — just as he did later the success of Diaz and of his pupils, Daubigny and François, who were all recognized sooner than he by the public.

The difference between the talent of Corot and that of Daubigny is very great, and still the two artists had a profound admiration for each other. Corot considered Daubigny one of the greatest landscape painters of his time, while the latter lauded Corot's genius to the skies. In speaking of Rousseau, during a conversation on art, Corot said one day to my mother: "He? He is an eagle. I, however, am only a lark pouring out little songs in my gray clouds!"

His language was full of imagery. While making studies in the country (before he had a name), and when he had finished one to his entire satisfaction, he would say to his mother on his return: "A little fairy came and, by touching me with



Ville D'Avray, near Corot's Country House. — Owned by Mrs. Mary Hamenway.

her wand, has given me success." When at another time he would return in a sad mood, his mother would ask him with kindness and interest: "Has not the little fairy been to see you to-day?"

He had a great respect for his father, but a real veneration for his mother, whom he considered the most beautiful of women. Unless he was away on a journey, he never failed, until his mother's death, to accompany her to church every Sunday morning; nothing could prevent him, and he regarded this as a sacred duty. He was proud to walk with her arm in arm, and whenever he spoke of her he always called her *la belle femme*.

For a number of years his pictures were, one might say, only tolerated at the Salon, and hung in such obscure corners that they could hardly be discovered. "Alas!" said Corot, "I am this year again in the catacombs." But he went at his work again, nothing daunted. He would return home, and with tears in his eyes look at the pictures hung on the walls of his studio, saying: "At least they cannot take my talent away by their intrigues." For he was conscious of his capacity, and when he felt he had well expressed the simple and poetic sentiment by which nature inspired him, he congratulated and consoled himself with the thought that perhaps some day he would be understood. Sometimes, however, when he had finished a canvas, he was a little depressed, and felt the need of having his sentiment shared by somebody else. It often occurred, therefore, that he consulted the first comer; for he argued sincere reproduction of nature could be understood by anybody, even if he reserved the right of judgment for himself, saying partly in joke, in case the man should not comprehend the work: "One of us is a crank, and I think it is he." At other times the ardor of his conviction dissipated all his fears, and he said: *Décidément mon tableau est fameux, très fameux!*

After twenty-five years of indifference toward his efforts, his father began to say: "I believe I must give a little money to Camille" (Camille having gray hair by this time). Mr. Sagnier, my great-uncle, who was Corot's friend from

1830, was the first to compliment him on his pictures, the first one who was touched and strongly impressed by the painting of Corot; for he was himself a poet and understood the voices of nature. He said to Corot: "Courage, friend, courage! The public is accustomed to things which flatter its views, while you touch the heart. It is impossible that this public, which is indifferent to-day, will not to-morrow be moved by your subtle conceptions, and after realizing the spirit that pervades them, render you honor and fortune, just rewards for these weary years of constancy to your ideal." Corot, with tears in his eyes, embraced Mr. Sagnier, and then returned to his work singing gayly.

He rarely received encouragement; from his family, never; on the contrary, they spoke of his "daubs," and even after success began to come refused to believe in his talent. His sister, looking one day at several of his pictures, said: "It is curious, — I have looked at them well, and I cannot see what good can be found in them; for me they are horrible." His mother alone was more indulgent and took a little interest in his labors; not that she understood him any better, but being his mother she read more easily in her son's heart and saw the love he put into his work.

The artistic world began, however, to get accustomed to Corot's painting, although some of his comrades, Celestin Nauteuil among them, allowed themselves certain little pleasantries at his expense; but this did not last long, for one day Corot said, quite seriously: "I do not like to hear jokes about painting." The protest was effective, and thereafter the satirical merriment ceased. Does it not seem to-day strange, indeed, that such a protest could have ever been needed? Those who have seen him on similar occasions know the firmness of his character and the dignity which he assumed quite naturally when agitated by respect for his art; his pleasant features took on an almost severe gravity, and his perfect conviction seemed almost to throw a halo over his countenance.

Corot occupies a prominent place in the art of our time by his genius and by



The Dance of the Nymphs.

the influence which he has exercised on the school of landscape painting ; he belongs even, in a certain measure, to the general history of painting, because he is one of the small number who have put something interesting and something of their own strong personal nature into their works. French art has lost in him one of its most original and distinctive representatives. The painter's place will be filled with difficulty ; but more difficult will it be to replace the man. His was a simple, loyal, generous, and noble nature. Envy never marred his beautiful soul ; always joyous and always laughing ; his charity was continuous and unceasing, and his long life was happy in its serenity.

To gain an idea of his appearance in his later years, imagine a robust farmer, whose gesture and language are full of youth and strength ; place on his thick, white hair one of those velvet caps, with a soft visor, which we see in Hans Holbein's portraits ; throw a workman's blouse

over the solid shoulders ; illumine with a frank smile his honest open face ; hang in his full good-natured lips a wooden pipe, and you have Corot.

Never was anybody's existence better utilized. He toiled incessantly. Awake early, like all who seek balmy sleep in good season, he seized the brush at sunrise, and did not lay it down before "twilight gray had with her sober livery all things clad." He always noticed the approach of nightfall with dissatisfaction, but at the same time he accepted it with a cheerful resignation : "Well, I have to stop," he would say ; "my Heavenly Father has put out my lamp !"

He was in the habit of singing while he worked ; the song which accompanied his brush was usually borrowed from some old composition, or it was one of those country melodies which we hear evenings in the villages when the reapers return from the fields.

In 1840, the most eminent critic of the times, Gustave Planche, wrote some

eulogistic remarks about a landscape by Corot which was exhibited in the *Salon*, under the title, "The Setting Sun." From that moment Corot's talent seems to have been recognized by the critics and artists; but the general public did not appreciate him until 1863, when he was firmly established. "Now," he exclaimed gayly, "I have it! I am glad I did not die ten

keep the matter secret and turn it into a surprise for her husband. For that purpose she placed the cross in his napkin. She expected great astonishment and a demand for an explanation; but it resulted differently. When the elder Corot, on opening his napkin, discovered the cross, his face expressed at first astonishment, but immediately after he said: "I



Apple Blossoms.

OWNED BY MR. AUGUSTUS HEMENWAY.

years ago; for, at that time, I did not have it!"

In 1847, he received the cross of the *Légion d'Honneur*, and in 1867 he was created an officer of the same order. The father's unbelief in his son's talent is aptly illustrated by an anecdote told me by Corot in regard to this same decoration. When he received the cross for the first time, he carried it at once to his mother, who resolved to have a family dinner to celebrate the occasion, but to

don't know for what *I* can be decorated. It is probably for my services in the National Guard!" He did not for a moment think it possible it was intended for his son, and he appropriated it to himself without further ado. When his wife explained his error to him, he simply returned the cross and began to converse on other subjects with a disconcerted expression, and the dinner dragged. He would not even believe the affair was serious, and asked his son next day



Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot.

whether it was pleasantry on his part, or whether he was the victim of a joke. When Camille drew from his pocket the *Journal Officiel* containing the announcement of his decoration, his father read and re-read it, and finally, with tears in his eyes, embraced his son, saying: "You must, after all, have some little talent to be thus decorated for it." Even with that proof, it was so difficult for him to eradicate his preconceived conviction, that soon after he asked Français (his son's pupil) whether "Camille really had some merit. Tell me," he said, "you who know something of painting." Français assured me later that he had great trouble to persuade him that his son was "a greater artist than all the others." About 1863, Corot often said: "How I wish my good father could now see my successes, he who found it so hard to believe in me!" This was in fact the beginning of his triumphs, which have since only increased as a recompense for the constancy of his faith. He had been misunderstood so long a time, that he was not spoiled by praise, and whenever such was accorded him he exclaimed, like a child who asks to drink: "More, more, I have been without it so long!"

Corot gave his counsel and lessons willingly to everybody who sought them, never taking a cent from the numerous artists who eagerly received them. He recommended his pupils to choose only subjects which responded to particular impressions, believing that the mind of each person is a mirror in which nature is reflected in an individual manner. He often said to them: "Do not imitate, do not follow others, or you will remain behind." To one of his pupils, who had servilely imitated him, he said: "Ever bring me again a similar study, and I shall close my studio door to you forever."

One of the first among artists to appreciate Corot and to buy his pictures was Diaz. The canvas which attracted him was originally designed for an amateur, but declined by him. It was conceived by Corot during his return on foot at nightfall from Versailles to Ville d'Avray, as has been narrated by a friend of his in an interesting pamphlet. "On entering the house, Corot thought of it until late in the evening, sitting in the open window, as was his habit, to more intimately penetrate into nature. When morning came the whole scheme was

ready in his mind; he went to Paris to work on a picture, for his father had never thought of providing him with a studio at Ville d'Avray. The work proceeded so rapidly that the picture was finished by the close of day. 'What!' he said to himself, 'finished already, and I have earned so much money in so short a time! No, this cannot be, I must work at it again; hm! still, to retouch it may spoil it; I will leave it and look at the sky while smoking a pipe.' Some time afterwards the amateur, for whom the picture was intended, came; he examined it closely, became pensive, and said at last: 'It is not very gay; I must consult my wife who does not like anything melancholy. I will let you know her opinion, and till then I shall reserve my refusal.' A few days later he wrote that he relinquished the picture, saying: 'My wife finds it decidedly too sober, after what I have told her about it.' In spite of this sad result, Corot was not dissatisfied with his picture, and told his friends that he had the conviction it was good, and that it would not be every day that he could make such a one. He consoled himself by saying: 'Another person will take it, that's all!' The other person happened to be Diaz, who admired the excellent work at first sight, and kept it precious all his life."

It must not, however, be understood that Corot was so well satisfied with his work as not to accept any criticism, nor be willing to alter anything which he had painted; this would be a grave error. His simplicity was so great, that when a remark was made about his pictures by one in whose judgment he had confidence, and the remark was not very clear to him, he would in good faith offer him his palette, saying: "I do not know, do it yourself!" And when his request was accepted in order to show him what was meant, he would follow eagerly, and say with animation: "That is so, I see! A little more, please. Oh! that is all right now!" Then after having the palette returned to him, he would not relinquish it until the part in question was finished. I witnessed several such cases as this; among which one was at the time Corot was finishing his picture

known as "The Burning of Sodom," when an uncle of mine who was present had to explain his criticism with brush in hand, for which he was thanked heartily.

Corot liked to relate the history of his pictures, some of which had very strange and different fortunes, — like the one exhibited in the Salon of 1851. This was badly hung in a room near the stairs; everybody passed it without stopping. One day Corot, seeing that nobody paid attention to his landscape, had the fancy of standing and looking at it, thinking to himself that "people are like flies, and as soon as one lights on a dish, the others will follow at once; my presence will perhaps attract the passers-by." Indeed, a young couple approached, and the gentleman said; "That is not bad, it seems to me that there is something in it." But the lady, who had a sweet expression, pulled him away, saying: "It is frightful, come along!" "And I said to myself," added Corot, "are you satisfied that you now know the opinion of the public? So much the worse for you!" That very picture, after waiting several years in his studio without tempting a buyer, found an *audacious* one — as Corot called him — at last, who took it for 700 francs, and the purchaser was so happy to have it that he gave a *fête* to celebrate its acquisition. "I was kindly invited there," said Corot, "and received abundance of compliments; still, the painting was the same as before, when nobody wanted it; at present I paint just the same way, only people understand it, and it has needed only forty years of work and patience to bring it about. It is not that I have changed, but that the constancy of my principles has triumphed, — and I am overwhelmed with happiness!"

He always preached this constancy to his pupils, especially to the younger ones. To these, whenever they came to him for his advice and to learn whether they should take up painting, he put this question: "Have you 1500 francs income, so that your living is assured? See if you can dine on a big piece of bread alone. Such a frugal meal has more than once been mine, and on the days following such a repast I have looked at myself



in the mirror and patted my cheeks; they were as the day before,—the diet was not so dangerous after all, and I recommend it to you whenever necessary!" Sometimes this advice was given to young men of wealth, who responded: "My *coupé* is below." "Well, so much the better," answered the master, "then you can paint as a sweet luxury."

Speaking of his admiration for nature, he often said: "I pray to God every day to let me be a child again, that I may see nature as it is, and may reproduce it like a child, without prejudice." Is not this prayer alone a praise of his whole life? Kindness, mildness, charity, confidence, and conscience,—this was his motto. It was while smiling and singing that Corot made all his pictures, so justly appreciated to-day: each stroke of the brush has its history, its word, its particular note, and his works are like prolonged echoes of his heart.

With the lark he saluted the rising sun, then ran out in his great blue blouse, an immense hat on his head, and his large umbrella under his arm, laughing, singing, conversing with the birds, the butterflies, the trees, with his eyes and heart open to all. He would say: "Is it for me you are singing, little bird? Well, this is fine!" This loud monologue, given with an enthusiasm coming from his very soul, and mingling with the thousand voices of birds and insects, was a delicious greeting to the rising Phœbus. Nothing escaped him while going along, and when arrived at his work his brush was so rapidly impelled by his overflowing imagination that all sense of labor was lost. His eye brightened and his face was illuminated with a tender joy.

Corot generally enhanced his language with an exaggeration that was quite charming. One day, wishing to explain how a slight noise will be increased in the stillness of the fields, he said: "I was painting a study of willows near a brook, when all of a sudden I heard the rolling of thunder. Astonished, I looked up; it was a swarm of bees which was settling on one of the branches."

He invested the figures in his pictures with an individual interest, and in his mind they were living, breathing crea-

tures. "You see," he once said to a friend, "the shepherdess leaning against the tree trunk? She turns around quickly because she hears a field mouse rustling in the grass." And another time: "After our rambling excursions together I invite nature to visit me for several days, and then my folly commences. With brush in hand, I search for nuts in the woods of my studio. I hear there the song of the birds, the shivering of the trees in the wind; I see, then, the running of the brooks, and the rivers filled with a thousand reflections of the sky, and all that lives on their banks. The sun rises and sets in my studio."

For a long time painting was considered by "positive" people, as folly and futility; but Corot used to answer them: "It may be so, but I defy anybody to find on my face the traces of sorrow, of ambition or remorse, which mar the faces of so many poor people. This is why we should not only pardon that folly, but seek it. We should love art, which gives calm, moral contentment, and even health, to one who can bring his life into harmony with it." By his own kindness and simplicity, this excellent man had given himself the greatest happiness which can be expected in this world. He felt so happy that life seemed to him to pass only too quickly; he would have loved to live as long as he could have woods and rivers and sky to paint, and as long as he could be useful to others. Yes, in his own heart the sun rose and set.

It must not be imagined that his liberality came only with his fortune; no—his nature was generous in the extreme. Until 1855, when he was fifty-nine years old, he lived on the modest allowance which his father gave him, and on the sale of his pictures, which brought him very moderate prices. Still, his kind heart and his generosity were constantly brought to the test, and they never failed him. Naturally, possessing but little himself, he could not give much, but what he had he divided with his unfortunate friends, who never knocked at his door in vain. Money, advice, lessons, all were given without price, in a simple manner and without ostentation, nay,

even in secret, for the majority of his benefactions were not known until after his death. When he retired at night, he would thank the Lord for having given him an opportunity to help his fellow-men.

In 1855, he inherited from his father a yearly income of about twenty-five thousand francs; but having acquired by his brush more than independence of fortune, he took extreme care to put his inheritance entirely beyond his reach. He placed it at interest, and at his death it returned intact and nearly tripled in amount to his nephews and nieces, as he died a bachelor.

From the time just mentioned, Corot began to earn enormous sums of money. Like every true genius, he was indefatigable. No one could have been more diligent or more prolific in his work; besides, he had accumulated a considerable number of pictures during the twenty-five or thirty years of indifference from the public as to their existence. With his increasing fortune his charities multiplied in number and amount, and we find in the accounts of this generous man many annual allowances, of which several were six thousand francs each.

The following anecdotes characterize the man,—

Daumier, an artist once well known for his spiritual and humoristic talent, had become almost totally blind, and, not having been enriched by his talent, was obliged to retire to very modest quarters in the country. His friends and fellow students, Corot, Daubigny, Dupré, Francais, and others, were in the habit of assembling in the room of the poor blind artist to spend the evenings, trying to make him forget his misfortune by their well-meaning gayety and friendship. In spite of their efforts the unhappy Daumier still suffered with a melancholy strange to his character. Corot noticed it and tried to discover its cause. Through the neighbors he found out that Daumier possessed only very small resources and that he found himself unable to pay for his lodgings. His landlord, to whom he owed nine months' rent, had threatened to turn him out if he did not pay him soon. A few days afterwards Daumier

received a package of papers, which proved to be the deed, in his own name, of the house and grounds; a slip of paper enclosed bore these words: "My dear friend, I now defy your landlord to put you out of doors. Corot." Daumier, who was very proud, would have refused the gift from any other person, but when he met his benefactor he embraced him and murmured, while weeping: "Ah, Corot, you are the only one from whom I could accept such a present without feeling humiliated."

A few months before Corot's death, his friend F. Millet died, leaving a widow and eleven children almost penniless. The art world was moved, and the State was induced to give a pension to Millet's wife. Corot, finding the sum insufficient, added to it an annual allowance of one thousand francs. Almost immediately after this, feeling his own health decline rapidly, he desired to secure the widow of his friend against the loss of this assistance consequent upon his own death; therefore, he turned over to her the capital necessary to give her this annual income for the rest of her life, and sent it to her with these words: "In this way, I am sure that in no case of misfortune may you have to suffer inconvenience." His death, which occurred soon after, shows this to have been a wise consideration.

When fortune came to him, even in abundance he did not change his tastes and habits. His simple and rustic life remained the same, just as his heart always remained young and pure. He kept a single servant, who had been in his employ for nearly thirty years—old Adele, as we used to call her. His studio, large and of austere simplicity, was in perfect harmony with his character. Although possessing a strong constitution and a very good appetite, he ate very frugally; it might be said that, really, he took only one meal a day, and that one in the evening. At noon he was content with a bowl of vegetable soup, which his faithful Adele brought into his studio. He very rarely took his evening meal alone, on account of the many invitations for dinner which he received; he noted these in a book, and

when any one desired his company he almost always had to look for a month or more to find an open date.

We had very often the good fortune of his presence at our table, and it was there that he entertained us with the details of his life. He manifested great friendship for my family and myself as his godchild. I think I can say modestly that in these social meetings the time passed as rapidly for him as for us. He did something for us which he never did for any one else, and which shows his confidence in my family: he gave us the key of his studio during a whole summer while he was absent, with the privilege of going there when we liked.

Those were happy evenings which we passed in his company, and the remembrance of them has been so strongly impressed upon my mind that in spite of the many years which have since rolled away, it seems to me to have happened but yesterday. My parents, being artists themselves, naturally loved the society of artists, and we often had at our table, together or separately, Corot, Daubigny, Français, Courbet, Mouilleron (who made such beautiful lithographs), and others. Neither were musicians lacking in the gathering, adding to the amusement and pleasure of the occasion. Corot, from his brilliancy and ineffable goodness, was the centre of all eyes, and his animated conversation increased the joy in all hearts. It is an error to say, as many do, that he was not well-read and that his literary knowledge was limited. I can affirm, on the contrary, that few men, especially among artists, read so much, and had such an extended knowledge of literature as he had. He was a "living encyclopædia," and it was this which made his conversation so interesting. However, he was simple and unobtrusive in this as in all things, and not one of those who boast of a knowledge often very superficial. I cannot dwell on this point too much, for the error mentioned is a general one. It has been stated that he bought many books, but only for the color of their binding; that he had read only one, "Polyeucte," and that even this he never finished. Those who say this should know full well that he

was seven years in the Lyceum at Rouen, and a moment's reflection would show them that no one remains in a lyceum for seven years without studying thoroughly the entire classic literature.

Corot had a splendid voice and considerable musical taste, and although he had never cultivated his voice, he knew by heart a great deal of the modern music, for he frequently went to the opera. Often, in the evenings at our house, when one of the musicians played some selection on the piano — especially if it were Italian opera, which Corot knew best — he would become inspired, and soon begin to sing the grand airs and recitatives in a subdued voice, emphasizing the acting with much spirit and taste, and without losing the true character. It was charming, and the time flew so quickly that it was sometimes two o'clock in the morning before any one thought of inquiring the hour. Some one would quickly go and order a *carrosse* (as Corot used to call a common hack in his sporting vein,) and he left us, promising to pay another visit soon. Sometimes, when it was very late, he stayed with us over night; but he always preferred to go home, as his work for the next morning would be somewhat deranged in consequence of his absence.

His increasing success never made him vain, and to the last day of his life he never ceased to be astonished at the high prices his pictures brought. He preferred to accept any price that was offered him rather than to fix one himself; and when his friends insisted that he advance his prices, he refused, and answered: "Go and mark them yourselves." Once only was he willing to ask a considerable sum for one of his most important landscapes, and this was more for curiosity than anything else. It was on the opening day of the *Salon* in 1856 or 1857, when he received a telegram asking him whether a certain one of his pictures was for sale, and if so, what was the price. He did not know the sender of the message, a Mme. X——, and "I don't know," said he afterward, "what idea passed through my mind with regard to this sudden offer at the beginning of the exhibition, but

the manner of this amateur made me believe in my success and gave me a certain audacity. I responded — also by telegram : ‘Picture unsold, price ten thousand francs.’ Just imagine, my friend, what a bold and haughty answer ! such a thing had never occurred to me ! An hour afterwards another despatch announced that the affair was settled and that my demand was accepted with thanks. I was stunned, and I thought surely I had forgotten a cipher in my figure. To make this matter clear, I wrote by mail, this time writing the price in full. It proved to be all right.”

The following gives some idea of how his generosity was imposed upon. I called on him one day in his studio ; it was not his regular reception day, and there was besides myself a Mr. D —, his friend and pupil, who used to work beside him. I remained about an hour, during which time five different people came to ask help from him. To all he gave. One of them, an artist, but without talent, sent up to him by the concierge a bad copy of a painting of his, with a letter in which he requested him to buy it. “Is it possible,” said Corot to us, “that any kind of resemblance to my picture can be found in this? Take his picture back to him,” he added, turning to the concierge, “and tell him I have no need of it.” Then quickly taking from a drawer in his table three twenty franc gold pieces, he handed them to the concierge, saying in a low voice : “Give him this also.” In a few moments an old woman appeared, who, it seems, had once sat for one of his pictures. She came to “inquire after the health of Mr. Corot,” and when she left ten minutes later, Corot, in saying good-by, slid a piece of gold of the same value into her hand. She had visited him regularly once a month for eight or nine years. This visit was followed by that of a young fellow of eighteen or twenty years, who reminded Corot that he had once before been very kind to him, and as he was then without employment he came again to recommend himself to his generosity. Corot gave him all the loose silver he had in his pocket, probably seven or eight francs. This fellow certainly expected

more, for a new caller, who met him on the stairs and related it to us, overheard him say : “Isn’t the ‘*père* Corot’ stingy to-day !”

But it would take a volume to recapitulate all his charities. Mr. D —, his constant companion for months, assured me that the same story repeated itself every twenty-four hours, — that he had himself counted more than twenty-five beggars in one day ; and when Corot’s friends reproved him for giving so carelessly and lavishly, trying to prove to him that the majority of those people took advantage of his generosity and sent each other to him, he answered simply : “I believe that in reality most of them are professional beggars, but it is more than my sympathies can endure, and I cannot refuse. Then think, my friends, I feel and I know in spite of all that I shall always have enough to eat. I could never forgive myself if I had not given to an unfortunate one who really needed it, and, as I cannot distinguish between them, I would rather give to ten who do not merit it, than deny a single one who is in want.” Personifying true Christian charity, this admirable man did not wait to be asked to give, as has been shown in the cases of Daumier and the widow of Millet, and as is shown further by the following instances.

A committee of three persons came to him to ask his subscription for the building of a boys’ school in a town of France where no institution of the kind existed. Corot subscribed one thousand francs and the committee departed ; but they had hardly gone when Corot ran after them, saying : “Your scheme to build a boys’ school is excellent, but it will be an injustice if you do not also build one for girls. I shall not give my one thousand francs unless you open another subscription for a girls’ school, on which I will sign another one thousand francs in advance.” Both schools were established.

Corot was an equal proprietor with his sister of a house in Paris. A man came to him one day, saying : “I am one of your tenants. I owe you nine months rent, and you have threatened to put me out if I do not pay you within three days. I have come to ask you to believe me

upon my word of honor, that it will be impossible for me to pay you before a month, when I shall receive a considerable amount due me. If you will have confidence in me, I will see that you are paid promptly at that time." Corot declared that he did not know anything about the affair, and did not understand why he came to him, for he never troubled himself about his property, leaving this care entirely to his sister, "who comprehended business matters better than he." The man then begged him to intercede in his behalf, but Corot would not hear of it, protesting that he would not dare to do so; and when his visitor renewed his promises, Corot said: "Hear me,—as you give me your word of honor that you will be able to pay in a month, we will do something even better. I will give you the necessary money to pay my sister what you owe *us*, and in a few weeks you can repay me; but do not say a word of this to my sister, for she would scold me!" The tenant kept his word, returned the money, and guarded the secret till the day of Corot's death.

Another time,—it was on New Year's Day, 1874,—I had called on him, and we left his house together, when, on turning a corner where an old man stood begging for charity, Corot stopped to give him a franc piece. After we had gone about a hundred yards, he paused and proposed to turn back. Arriving where the old man was, he drew from his pocket two five franc pieces which he gave to him saying: "To-day all the world receives presents, so you must also have yours.<sup>1</sup>"

And how readily he always acknowledged his error, if by any chance his charities proved to have been misplaced! "One day," said he, before our family, "I was just leaving my studio after a day of hard work which had completed one of my paintings exhibited the month after at the *Salon*. I was feeling very well satisfied with myself, for, having put all my love into my work, I had succeeded in painting something very good; and I was wishing I could see reflected on the face of every passer-by a look of

happiness such as I knew mine must wear. It was at twilight, and objects were already becoming indistinct in the approaching darkness. Suddenly I remarked some people on the other side of the street searching for something on the ground, and urged by curiosity I crossed to ascertain the object of the search. An old and shabbily dressed woman had dropped a ten cent coin, and was looking for it with a great deal of anxiety — her whole manner and appearance showed plainly that it was an important sum for her. Poor woman, thought I to myself, that little coin probably represents a good deal of labor for her, and now she is having more trouble than it is worth to recover it. I addressed her, and at the same time offered her another silver piece. The humble creature raised her face and answered me with a look of noble pride: 'Thank you for the intention, sir, but although I am poor, I am not a beggar; I prefer to work hard to earn that ten cents rather than to receive it from charity, and that is why I take so much trouble to recover the piece I have lost.' Oh, my friends," exclaimed Corot, "what a lesson that was to me! I had no right to humiliate that woman as I did, and, feeling ashamed of myself, I knelt on the ground to help her find the lost money. My good angel must have directed me, for after ten or fifteen minutes I was happy enough to find the treasure and return it to its owner."

I remember having read somewhere, that once a needy artist whom Corot hardly knew came to him to borrow one thousand francs; but Corot, having been annoyed by being interrupted on the work of a study, and therefore being in a bad humor, refused, pretending not to have the amount asked for. The artist left, but Corot soon felt a remorse to which he was not accustomed, and in less than an hour he was seen, out of breath, climbing the stairs of the house where the poor artist lived. The latter opened the door to Corot, who spoke thus: "An hour ago I said that I did not have the one thousand francs which you asked me; I lied! here they are; I have brought them to you. Am I still in time?" When he received an affirma-

<sup>1</sup> The French give presents on New Year's Day, as the Americans do on Christmas.

tive answer, he went away happy and with an easy conscience. If it is true that those who give to the poor lend to the Lord, it is certain that the accounts of Corot will be very large !

He was never so happy as on the day when he had given pleasure to a friend. He loved music and was a subscriber for the popular concerts of Padeloup. "One day," he told us, "my friend Daubigny expressed the desire to hear Beethoven's symphony in C minor, which was to be performed at the Conservatory. As I had a ticket, I offered it to him, and he went. I was left all alone in my studio, and, as I had heard this symphony, I pictured Daubigny to myself as he entered the hall and heard the first chords, and I thought to myself: How grand they must sound ! how delighted Daubigny must be ! how thankful he must be to me ! I have made a friend happy ; this is more than the sacrifice is worth."

The large sums of money which his pictures brought him were used for gifts, for pensions, and for charity ; and, what was still nobler, he did not claim that these acts were praiseworthy. "It always comes back to me in one way or another," he said. "One day, for instance, I gave fifteen hundred francs to a poor artist from Lyons, whom I hardly knew. On the same day a would-be purchaser offered me three thousand francs for one of my pictures, for which I asked four thousand. At that moment two other gentlemen entered to select pictures ; at once the first caller said to me in a whisper : 'I will take this picture at your price.' The two others each bought a picture for one thousand francs, and, therefore, I had made six thousand francs that day. You see that my fifteen hundred francs were fully returned to me, and it is always thus."

At different times he offered a large number of his pictures to provincial museums and to churches. The way in which the city of Lille acquired the one which it possesses is worth mentioning. He had exhibited a magnificent landscape in Lille, "La Fête Antique" ; the question of buying it for the city was broached and the first steps had been taken, but when they hesitated at the price, Corot

revenged himself nobly : he offered his picture to the museum as a gift, and received the most hearty thanks from the authorities. When he took his revenge, it was always in a similar way. He gave numerous pictures to his friends, and, for my part, as his friend and godson, I was quite favored.

During the Franco-German War, Corot, foreseeing the siege of Paris, entered the city on the 29th of August, 1870, to remain there during the entire blockade. "I took refuge in painting," he said afterward, "and I worked very hard ; without that I would have gone mad." He spoke very forcibly against the people who cause wars, "who make the nations cut each other's throats." His delicate and sensitive nature was not only horrified at this remnant of barbarism, but he expressed his disgust for it, calling it unreasonable and *bête*; for, said he, "it only ravages and destroys the works of nature and the labor of man." The thought of war always excited him, and I remember one occasion when he gave way to his indignation before his friend Mr. Dumesnil and myself. It was in his studio, on the 5th of January, 1871. The bombardment of the city had just commenced, and the conversation was more than ever on the subject in question. Corot spoke vehemently, and ended thus : "Isn't it unheard of, to think that there are people who are eager to destroy the Louvre, and place in its stead cannons, petroleum, and dead bodies ! Compare this savage hatred with art, which is *love* itself !"

Although working hard, he did not forget to give to the wounded, and for the other needs which manifested themselves in this lamentable time. He visited the wounded, the sick, and comforted them by his presence and friendship, and always assured himself that their wants were well supplied. Without counting the many pictures which he gave for works of benevolence, he turned over more than twenty-five thousand francs to the national defence.

In the last years of his life, Corot's studio was literally invaded by visitors, until he was obliged to appoint a day for them, closing his doors to the public for

the rest of the week, some few intimate friends only being received. His love for work was so powerful, that even on reception days he continued to paint, no matter whether twenty-five or thirty visitors pressed around his easel. This did not hinder him from talking, and he always had pleasant words for everybody. He rarely rose to greet a new comer, but simply bidding him good day with a wave of his hand, asked him to enter. On such an occasion as this I met F. Millet for the first time. The room was full of fashionable people; some one knocked and Corot called with a vigorous voice, "Come in." I observed a man, already old, appear in the doorway and remain there timidly, evidently abashed at the number and elegance of the persons present. Corot, rising immediately, went and greeted him, and then turning to his visitors said: "How is this! this is my good old friend Millet, my excellent comrade. I am very happy to see him," and he made him sit down near him. Millet was then known by the artists and some of the amateurs, but was not at all popular with the public, and being poor he was very diffident. He soon retired into a corner of the studio, where I had the pleasure and honor for more than an hour of conversing with him about my godfather, the intruders who besieged him, and art in general.

Public honors had no charm for Corot, and when M. Barye spoke to him on the possibility of his becoming a member of the Institute, he said, pointing to his easel: "No, all my happiness is there. I have gone my way without faltering, without a change, and for a long time without success; it has come, though late; this is compensation for my youth which is flown, and I am the happiest being in the world!"

Here I may be permitted to relate another anecdote, which I have from Jean Gigoux, who plays a prominent part in it, and which will also show that Corot was not always repaid as he deserved for the important services rendered. Fortunately, he found his recompense in the satisfaction of his own conscience. The Baron Bossio, an amateur artist, had painted a certain picture representing

Venus asleep on clouds. Venus and the clouds were all in white, and the picture had a pale effect, which repelled the would-be purchasers. One day, the daughter of the baron, the Marquise de la Carte, confided to Jean Gigoux that she was obliged to sell this picture. Gigoux explained to her the difficulty of selling such a canvas, and the necessity of having it retouched, but he did not wish to undertake the alteration for fear of the baron's anger. He declared to the Marquise that Corot (whose brow was not yet encircled by the laurel) was the only one capable of so thankless a task, and that with his extreme kindness and his desire to render aid he would know better than anybody else how to accomplish it. Gigoux had not been mistaken; Corot did not refuse, but wished to see the picture first. The impression which it made on him was not very favorable, but, having examined it for a while, he accepted the very disagreeable task of retouching it, and set to work on it the next morning. A few days after, Gigoux called to see how the work was getting on. The Marquise accosted him with an air of resentment. "Who is this man whom you have brought me? He wears a blouse like a laborer and smokes a horrible pipe in the parlor, and he daubs color all around my father's pretty nymph!" Gigoux urged that the wisest course was not to interfere, but allow him perfect freedom. Corot had conceived the idea of surrounding the sleeping nymph with a bower. The pale tones had disappeared, a part of the foliage was illuminated by sunshine, and the disagreeable picture had been transformed into a delicious dream. The Marquise hardly looked twice at the work, and never even thanked Corot for it. The picture was sold for a good price at a public auction.

One of Corot's greatest desires (which he could rarely satisfy) was to employ his talent in grand decorations, as the painters of the Renaissance had done. But with the exception of the two pictures which he made for the Prince Demidoff, for a salon, and which, though they partook of that nature, still are pictures rather than decorations, he never found an opportunity to execute orders



of that kind. When he heard of the project of decorating the Pantheon, he exclaimed in the exuberance of his spirits: "And I wish that I could cover the entire walls of a prison; I would show to those erring poor, the country, as I see it, and I believe that I should convert them by bringing them close to the pure blue sky." Meanwhile, during a short visit which he made Daubigny at his country house, he painted some decorations for the dining-room "to while away the idle moments," while M. Viollet-le-Duc, who was also there, painted a panel in the same room.

His sincerity in his work was so great, and he felt so vividly what he painted, that he was led to say: "When a purchaser desires a copy of one of my landscapes, it is easy for me to give it to him without again seeing the original, for I hold in my heart and mind's eye the copy of all my works."

He thought,—and he had seen many countries (having visited Italy, all of France, Switzerland, Spain, and England), that God was as eloquent in a little corner of a meadow as in the immensity of space, and he could not understand how a landscape painter needed to go far to find subjects and effects for his pictures. He passed his whole life in the neighborhood of Paris, and no painter was so productive as he. He found nature beautiful everywhere, and he claimed that a landscape painter should be able to create *chefs d'œuvre* without leaving the *Buttes Montmartre* (a hilly district in Paris). He did not know, when speaking thus, that Michel, who died poor and almost unknown, had there made almost all his masterpieces, so much sought after to-day. Corot had a predilection for the sky of that part of France, and he frankly admitted: "I allow myself to be enveloped by the fleecy skies of Paris."

If Corot did not have a finished execution, in the ordinary sense of the word, if even he only gave an intimation of things, is it not just to add that he ordinarily made you see beyond what he put on the canvas,—that he controlled your imagination and carried your thoughts with him? This is the supreme

object of all art, and no one else has approached the perfection which he acquired in this way. His painting is soft, without glaring effects or contrasts. His pictures do not strike the eye vividly; a kind of gray smoke, vapor, or dust settles on the ground, passes slowly over the water, envelops the trees, and softens the rays of light. If we pierce this light veil, immense depths of transparent shadow and a warm clearness are revealed to our enchanted eyes. He himself explained it thus: "To thoroughly enter into my painting, it is necessary, at least, to have the patience to let the mist float away; one can penetrate but slowly."

This vagueness and half indecision, which angers the superficial observer, and which he calls negligence in execution, served Corot marvellously in rendering that very indecision of nature which causes the smallest object to be constantly changing its aspect. The foliage moves, the wind sighs, the sun's rays lengthen and shorten, the clouds drift across the sky, the same view assumes fifty different aspects in one day. With these changes in mind, it seems as if we see them in operation in the pictures of Corot. His floating forms seem always in motion. He often said: "Do we know how to represent the sky, a tree, or water? No; we give only the appearance of these things, the remembrance, as it were. Of this almost imperceptible movement, we ought to give the idea; and if I paint a wheel, the spokes of which appear to me to be in a way indistinguishable, I ought to show that it turns. As for the sky, that is another thing; it is still or it is moving. Our work should not hold the mind and eyes on the canvas, but *ought to carry away eyes, mind, and soul*; and this effect is far from being easy of attainment."

He once remarked with reference to a splendid picture which he had just finished, and in the centre of which was a brilliant rose-colored cloud, spreading a luminous harmony over all: "I believe that this is as good an impression of nature as fiction is of reality. Nature is never the same for two minutes," he added, "but it always changes according

to seasons, weather, hour of the day, amount of sunshine, heat or cold ; all this constitutes its physiognomy, and all this has to be well reproduced ; one day it is this, the next day it is that, and once having caught these various phases, a harmonious whole must be evolved from them before it will resemble nature. In fact, it is the same as with a head for a portrait ; the artist has to investigate the character of his model to see his joy, his sorrow, his anger, or any other sentiment which may animate him ; his touch must indicate these distinctive qualities, at least in a degree, to the end that it be not only the sad or the gay man, but the entire mobile being. Then those who have seen him in different moods will recognize him, and it will be not the portrait of a moment, of a certain day (such as a photograph gives), but rather a portrait of the man at all times."

Corot loved the cold freshness of day-break, the morning mists, and the vague stillness of the evening, with the stars infinite ; and to explain how he valued the delicate shades of twilight, he said : "When the sun sets the sun of art rises." Shrugging his shoulders, he continued : "I am reproached for the vagueness of my pictures ; but why ? Nature floats ! we all float ! Vagueness is the peculiarity of life." I may mention here that Corot, as well as Daubigny, had a great dislike for bright sunlight. The former called the sun a *faiseur d'embarras*, and the latter, the *grand charlatan*.

Corot's formula being to take nature in its moving life, to catch it on the instant, he limited himself to its decisive accents, insisting on these and sacrificing the rest ; this was his whole *esthétique*. This *résumé* execution was the cause of the strong objection brought against him ; but one has to acknowledge that we see completeness in this same *résumé*. His pictures tell us much more than those of artists who minutely reproduce every detail. To those who see only with their eyes (and they are the great majority), the details are the principal thing ; an eye of a fly painted in oil, and susceptible of being analyzed with a magnifying glass, is their idea.

These *résumés* of Corot are like cer-

tain sketches of figures, which effectively reveal the types and characteristics in a few well-chosen strokes ; by the elimination of a multiplicity of details the true aspect has been enhanced, and we have not an inane copy as a photograph, but something of more value — a reproduction which is an explanation. Most assuredly, Corot was not a man to search after details ; he knew well that a landscape painter is not a naturalist, and that beauty in art lies principally in harmony and general impression ; he was more preoccupied with the rays of the sun than with the spears of grass. Ah ! how well he knew the secret of imparting to the grasses and foliage those subdued and voluptuous tremblings, caused by the amorous breath of the breeze.

Who does not recollect the rambles of this master into the realms of fantasy, those dances of the nymphs, under large trees, in the Elysian fields ? What poetical conception, what grace, what happy and charming peculiarity ! Are these Arcadian fairies, or dryads ? To which mythology, to which world, belong these vaporous creatures with slender forms, whose light movements hardly touch the ground ? We do not know, but they possess such a singular sentiment, are bathed in such a liquid atmosphere, and sing to us in such a sweet and seductive manner, that we yield to them as to a dream, and enjoy them without at first fully comprehending the underlying principle of the new conceptions.

Corot's exhibition in the Salon of 1874 was the most remarkable and beautiful one of his life. Three pictures were shown : "*Souvenir d'Arleux*," "*Le Soir*," and "*Le Clair de Lune*." These three works, — justly called by one of his biographers "the three parts of a symphony, the whole of which might be said to represent the hours of the day," — give us the true effect of sunshine, twilight, and darkness. The artistic circles expected that he would receive the grand medal of honor for this exhibition, but he did not ; we think, with many others, that real artistic merit went for nothing in these decisions. His friends, a notable party of artists and many lovers of art, came together and decided to requite the

*mon cher Mousieu*  
*J'ai l'intention de*  
*vous Diner avec la*  
*famille les mudi 22*  
*ch.*  
*J'attends un contre ordre*  
*Je suis à 6 " main 3*  
*Tout va*  
*Corot*  
*ami - tout va bien*  
*à Camille impatiens*

Fac-simile of a Note of Corot sent to M. Thurganger's Father.

[MY DEAR SIR,

I intend to go to your house and dine with the family,  
 Tuesday, 22d inst.

If I do not receive a counter order, I will be there at 3 minutes of 6.

Yours truly,

C. COROT.

Friendly remembrances to the whole family, and to Camille in particular.]

injustice of the jury by offering him a gold medal, of the same style and value as the official one, as a token of esteem and friendship. On the evening of the 29th of December, 1874, four or five hundred people assembled at the Grand Hotel, and presented Corot with this medal. But alas! Corot had to make a great effort to be present at the festivity. The health of this thus far indomitable man was rapidly declining. We did not know we gave this recompense to a dying man; but in reality it was like pinning the cross of honor to the pillow of a departing hero.

His sickness made rapid progress, and developed into dropsy. He did not have any hopes of his own recovery, and he spoke calmly of his approaching end to François, who visited him a few days before he submitted to an operation

which the physicians thought might benefit him. I met François when he emerged from Corot's chamber; the tears which he had restrained while near the dying man flowed from his eyes, and he repeated the following words of Corot, which have more than once been published:

"I have reached the end, and I have become resigned, but it was not easy, and I have striven for it a long time. Still, I cannot complain; I have enjoyed good health for seventy-eight years, have had my love of nature, painting, and work; my family have been honest people, I have had many friends, and I hope I have done harm to no one; my lot in life has been an excellent one; and without any reproach to Destiny I can only be thankful! I must go, I know, but I am loath to believe it, and in spite of myself I have still some hope."

These words are the last I can give of my lamented godfather; but are they not the expression of a true and profoundly human sentiment?

At the moment of entering eternity, the

peace of his soul was complete, and he was attacked by no phantom of regret or remorse. Faithful to the nature he loved so dearly, he turned his last thoughts to her. The look of ecstasy which transformed his features partly revealed to our mortal comprehension the transcendent views his inspired vision beheld, while his fingers with their last movements seemed to guide his brush.

Corot's was eminently the painting of nature in a happy mood. His labor is a long dream of happiness; and he died on the 22d of February, 1875, nearly eighty

years old, as young and as bright as at twenty. Such minds have no age, for they have received from the grace of God the gift of eternal spring.

He is no more! but his work, however, is here, living, triumphant, and immortal! His whole soul dwells in it, speaking to our souls, and continuing through time the task which his noble heart desired to accomplish—that was, to show us the charms of nature by teaching us its love, and to make us better by awakening in our hearts the sweet emotions which he felt himself.



## TO-MORROW.

*By F. W. Clarke.*

**I**S it a cloud or mountain peak  
That looms against the western sky?  
A wreath of vapor, frail and weak?  
Or rocky summit firm and high?

I cannot tell; mine eyes deceive,  
And cloud or mountain are as one;  
A clearer vision, I believe,  
Will greet me with the morning sun.

I follow in the solar lead,  
And ever westward take my way:  
To-morrow I may grasp indeed  
The truth I cannot reach to-day.

But whether on the mountain slope  
My steady footsteps climb the sky;  
Or in the clinging cloud I grope.  
Uncertain where the pathways lie.

Some other morrow must there be,  
When all the prospect, fair and bright,  
From every mist or vapor free,  
Shall dawn upon my waking sight.



# STORIES OF SALEM WITCHCRAFT

*By Winfield S. Nevins.*

## V. THE STORY OF REBECCA NURSE.

REBECCA NURSE was born in Yarmouth, England, and baptized there on February 21, 1621. This would make her seventy-one years of age at the time of the witchcraft troubles. She was the daughter of William Towne, and wife of Francis Nurse of Salem Village. Nurse lived from about 1638 to 1678 near what is now Skerry Street in the city of Salem. His occupation was that of tray-maker. In 1678, he purchased the farm in Salem Village then known as the Townsend Bishop farm, now better known as the Nurse farm. The history of the place is this: Townsend Bishop, on January 16, 1636, received a grant of three hundred acres of land in the Village. On this he built a substantial house. That house is standing to-day, and is the widely-known Rebecca Nurse house. Its identity is proved beyond question by documentary evidence. Bishop sold the estate, in 1641, to Henry Chickering, who in turn sold it to Governor Endicott in 1648 for one hundred and sixty pounds. Endicott gave the farm to his son John in 1653, but did not execute the deed until 1662. The governor died in 1665, and a lawsuit followed over the will. It was finally settled by the General Court in favor of young John and his wife. John died in 1668, and his widow married, in August

of that year, Rev. Samuel Allen, a minister of the First Church in Boston. She died in 1673, and thus the Bishop farm became the property of Allen, who sold it to Nurse in 1678 for four hundred pounds. Nurse was to have twenty-one years in which to pay for the property, paying in the mean time an annual rental of seven pounds a year during the first twelve years and ten pounds for each remaining year.

The Nurses were blessed with eight children,—Samuel, John, Francis, and James, Rebecca, wife of Thomas Preston; Mary, wife of John Tarbell; Elizabeth, wife of William Russell; and Sarah, then unmarried. They dwelt on the farm or near it, and in a short time Nurse divided the larger part among them.<sup>1</sup> From all the information that has come down to us, Salem Village contained no more prosperous, happy, and contented family than this. There were others of much greater wealth, but none that promised more enjoyment in old age than that reared and established at Salem Village by Francis Nurse and his wife Rebecca. He had been prominent and honored in the communities where he dwelt. She was an intelligent, pious, de-

<sup>1</sup>I am indebted to the diligent researches of Mr. Upham for the information about the Bishop-Nurse farm, also for an account of the lawsuit which followed the purchase.

vout woman, a veritable "mother in Israel." Against her good name and fair fame no breath of suspicion had yet been uttered. The first trouble appears to have come to this family soon after the purchase of the Bishop farm. Allen had guaranteed the title. He was soon called upon to defend it against the claims of Zerubabel Endicott, who claimed a boundary line to the Endicott possessions that pushed back the eastern bounds of the Bishop farm. The controversy was a long one, going finally to the General Court for settlement. It was decided against Endicott. Nurse, to be sure, was only indirectly interested in the suit. Allen was the principal, and he kept his promise to defend the title. Thomas Putnam became involved in the suit. Some writers allege that Nurse thus incurred his hostility, and that this was one of the incentives to the subsequent prosecution of Rebecca Nurse. It would seem that Putnam, if anything, was united with Allen and Nurse in fighting Endicott. It is far more likely that the Topsfield controversy engendered ill-feeling between the Village people and the Nurse family. This affair may as well be narrated at this point.

In 1636, the General Court defined the bounds of Salem, Ipswich, and Newbury as extending six miles into the country, measuring from their respective meeting-houses. Three years later, the same power, in consideration that the inhabitants of Salem had agreed to plant a village near the river that runs to Ipswich, ordered that all lands near their bounds between Salem and the river, not belonging to any person or town by former grant, should belong to said Village. The farmers of Salem Village thereupon began to push settlements beyond the six-mile limit. They cleared the forests and built houses. In 1643, the General Court, unmindful of its grant to the Salem Village people, authorized the inhabitants of Ipswich to locate on the same territory and establish a village. The town of Ipswich was incorporated October 18, 1650, and in 1658, a portion of the disputed land was made a part of the town. This brought into direct conflict the Village men, who had taken up lands under the

vote of the General Court in 1639, and those who settled under the act of 1643. John Putnam of the Village and others of his great family and of the settlement met the Easteys and Townes of Topsfield on the disputed ground and had angry words with them. Not until 1728, when the town of Middleton was incorporated, to include most of the disputed territory from the Village and Topsfield, was the dispute settled.

Isaac Eastey's wife was sister of Rebecca Nurse. The Townes, John, and Joseph, Jr., were nearly related to her. While most of the inhabitants of the Village took sides against the Topsfield men, the Nurse family supported them. When the Village meeting passed a protest against the Topsfield claim, Samuel Nurse, Rebecca's oldest son, and Thomas Preston, her son-in-law, entered their written dissent. Whether this long and bitter controversy had anything to do with the prosecution of Rebecca Nurse and Mary Eastey is left to conjecture. It is certain that Thomas Preston joined with Thomas and Edward Putnam in signing the complaint against Sarah Good in 1692. Does not this indicate that whatever ill-feelings arose from the Topsfield feud, thirty years before, had been entirely forgotten, or at least forgiven?

The complaint against Rebecca Nurse was made by these same Putnams, Thomas and Edward. They complained against her for "vehement suspicion of having committed sundry acts of witchcraft" upon Mrs. Ann Putnam, Ann Putnam, Jr., and Abigail Williams. The justices issued their warrant on March 23. On the following day, Marshal Herrick made return that he had "apprehended the within named Rebecca Nurse and lodged her at Nathaniel Ingersoll's." The examination took place on the 24th. The record of that examination, as made by Rev. Samuel Parris at the request of the magistrates, was as follows:

What do you say (speaking to one of the afflicted) — have you seen this woman hurt you? — Yes, she beat me this morning.

Abigail, have you been hurt by this woman? — Yes.

Ann Putnam in a grievous fit cried out, that she hurt her.

Goody Nurse, here are two, Ann Putnam the

child and Abigail Williams, complain of your hurting them. What do you say to it?—I can say before my Eternal Father I am innocent and God will clear my innocence.

Here is never a one in the assembly but desires it. But if you be guilty, pray God discover you.

Then Hen. Kenny rose up to speak. Goodm. Kenny, what do you say? Then he entered his complaint and farther said that since this Nurse came into the house he was seized twice with amas'd condition. Here are not only these but here is ye wife of Mr. Thomas Putnam who accuseth you by credible information & that both of tempting her to iniquity and of greatly hurting her. — I am innocent & clear & have not been able to get out of doors these 8 or 9 days.

Mr. Putnam, give in what you have to say. Then Mr. Edward Putnam gave in his relate.

Is this true, Goody Nurse?—I never afflicted no child, never in my life. — You see these accuse you. Is it true?—No.

Are you an innocent person relating to this witchcraft?—Here Thomas Putnam's wife cried out, Did you not bring the black man with you? Did you not bid me tempt God and dye? How oft have you eat and drunk your own damnation.

What do you say to them?—O Lord, help me, — & spread out her hands & the afflicted were grievously vexed.

\* \* \* \*

Do not you see these afflicted persons & hear them accuse you. — The Lord knows I have not hurt them. I am an innocent person.

It is very awful for all to see these agonies and you an old professor, thus charged with contracting with the devil by the effects of it, and yet to see you stand with dry eyes when there are so many wet. — You do not know my heart.

You would do well if you are guilty to confess and give glory to God. — I am as clear as the child unborn.

What uncertainty there may be in apparitions I know not, yet this with me strikes hard upon you, that you are at this very present charged with familiar spirits, this is your bodily person they speak to. They say now they see these familiar spirits come to your bodily person, now what do you say to that?—I have none, sir.

Possibly you may apprehend you are no witch, but have you not been led aside by temptations that way?—I have not.

Tell us, have you not had vissible appearances more than what is common in nature?—I have none nor never had in my life.

Do you think these suffer voluntary or involuntary?—I cannot tell.

That is strange, every one can judge. — I must be silent.

They accuse you of hurting them, & if you think it is not unwillingly but by design, you must look upon them as murderers. — I cannot tell what to think of it.

Afterwards when this was somewhat insisted

on she said, I do not think so. She did not understand aright what was said.

Well, then, give an answer now, do you think these suffer against their wills or not?—I do not think these suffer against their wills.

Why did you never visit these afflicted persons?—Because I was afraid I should have fits, too.

Upon motion of her body fits followed upon the complainants abundantly and very frequently.

Is it not an unaccountable case that when you are examined these persons are afflicted?—I have got nobody to look to but God.

Again upon stirring her hands the afflicted persons were seized with violent fits of torture.

Do you believe these afflicted persons are bewitched?—I do think they are.

When this witchcraft came upon the stage there was no suspicion of Tituba (Mr. Parris's Indian woman), she professed much love to that child, Betty Parris, but it was her apparition did the mischief, and why should not you also, be guilty, for your apparition doth hurt also?—Would you have me belie myself?



Nathaniel Felton, Sr., House.

She held her neck on one side and accordingly so were the afflicted taken.

Then authority requiring it, Sam. Parris read what he had in characters taken from Mr. Thomas Putnam's wife in her fits.

What do you think of this?—I cannot help it, the devil may appear in my shape.

This is a true account of the sum of her examination, but by reason of great noises by the afflicted and many speakers, many things are pretermitted memorandum.

Nurse held her head on one side and Elizabeth Hubbard (one of the sufferers) had her neck set in that posture, whereupon another patient, Abigail Williams, cried out, set up Goody Nurse's head, the maid's neck will be broke, and when some set up Nurse's head, Aaron May observed that Betty Hubbard's was immediately righted.

Salem Village, March 24th, 16½. The Rev. Samuel Parris being desired to take in writing the examination of Rebecca Nurse hath returned it as aforesaid, and seeing what we then did see to-



gether with the charge of the persons then present we committed Rebecca Nurse, the wife of Francis Nurse of Salem Village unto their majesties' goal in Salem as per a mittimus then given out in order to further examination.

JOHN HATHORNE, }  
JONATHAN CORWIN, } assts.

Goody Nurse remained in jail until the first of June, when she was brought before the grand jury. On June 2, the jury returned four indictments against her. The first was for afflicting Ann Putnam on March 24; the second and third for afflicting Mary Walcott and Elizabeth Hubbard on the same day, and the fourth charged her with afflicting Abigail Williams. It will be noticed that the date of the offences alleged in these several indictments is that of the day of the preliminary examination. The same is noticeable in most of these witchcraft cases. In few of the indictments is the same date of offence alleged as in the original complaint before the justices. At the trial which followed, Ann Putnam deposed that on the 13th of March she

"Saw the apparition of Goody Nurse, and she did immediately afflict me, but I did not know what her name was then, though I knew where she used to sit in our meeting house, but since that she hath grievously afflicted by biting, pinching, and pricking me, and urging me to write in her book and also on the 4th day of March, being the day of her examination, I was grievously tortured by her during the time of her examination, and also several times since, and also during the time of her examination I saw the apparition of Rebecca Nurse go and hurt the bodies of Mercy Lewis, Mary Walcott, Elizabeth Hubbard, and Abigail Williams."

The deposition of Mary Walcott was in about the same language as the above, save that the apparition of Rebecca Nurse would kill her if she did not write in the book, and that Nurse "told her she had a hand in the death of Benjamin Houlton, John Harwood, Rebecca Shepard, and several others." She saw the apparition of Goody Nurse during her examination go and hurt the bodies of Ann Putnam, Mercy Lewis, Elizabeth Hubbard and Abigail Williams. The depositions of Elizabeth Hubbard and Abigail Williams differed but little in tenor or in language from the above. Williams claimed to have been afflicted by Nurse on March 15, 16, 20, 21, 23, 31, and also on several days in May. Nurse had

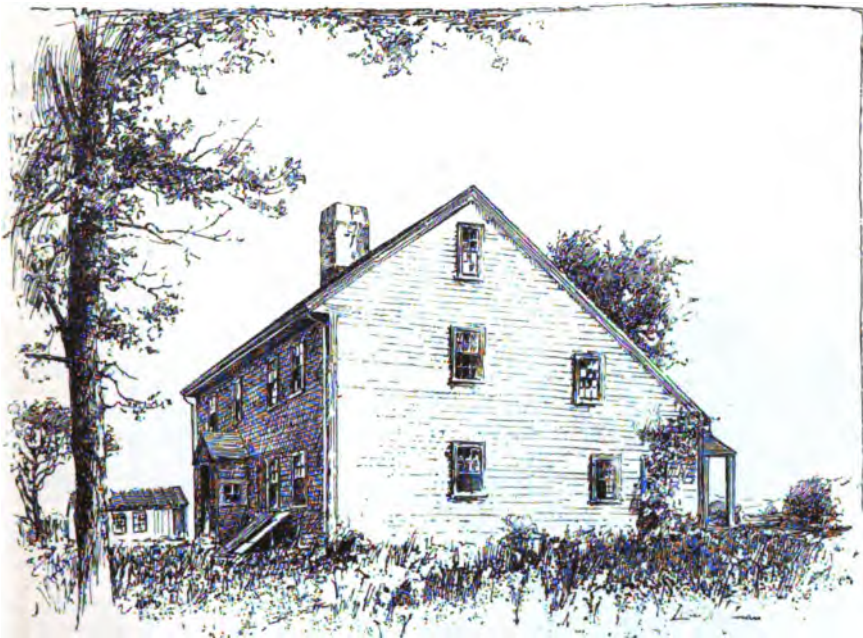
tempted her to leap into the fire, and she had "seen the apparition of a sacrament sitting next to [the man] with an high crowned hat." It had also confessed to her "its guilt in committing several murders together with her sister Cloys." The testimony of Sarah Vibber appears to have been given later in the month, for she deposed to being pinched and choked by the apparition of Rebecca Nurse on June 27. Among the other depositions in the case are the following:

"The deposition of Johannah Childin [Sheldon] testifieth and saith that upon the 2d of June, 1692, that the aperition of Goody Nuss and Goodman Harwood did apeare to her and the said Harwood did look Goody Nuss in the face and said to her that she did murder him by pushing him off the cart and strock the breath out of his body."

Edward Putnam deposed that "on March 26 Ann Putnam, sen., was bitten by Rebecca Nurs as she said did, about 2 of the clock the same day she was strock with a chane the mark being in a band of a round ring and three stroaks across the ring she had six blos with a chane in the space of half an ower, and she had one remarkable one with six stroakes across her arme. I saw the mark both of bite and chane."

Sarah Holten's deposition is the only paper among all those on file that gives any information that Rebecca Nurse ever had trouble with her neighbors, or ever was called a railer and brawler. Perhaps in this case, allowance should be made for the possible exaggeration of an angry and excited neighbor. The Widow Houlton deposed as follows:

"About this time three years ago, my dear & loving husband, Benjamin Houlten, deceased, was as well as ever I knew him in my life, till one Saturday morning that Rebecca Nurse who now stands charged for witchcraft came to our house and fell railing at him because our pigs got into her field, though our pigs were sufficiently yoked and their fence was down in several places, yet all we could say to her could no ways pacify her but she continued railing and scolding for a great while, calling to her son Benjamin Nurse to go and get a gun and kill our pigs and let none of them go out of the field, though my poor husband gave her never a misbeholding word, and within a short time after this my poor husband, going out very early in the morning, as he was coming in again he was taken with a strange fit in the entry being struck blind and struck down two or three times so that when he came to himself he told me he thought he should never have come into the house any more, and all summer after he continued in a languishing condition being much pained at his stomach and often struck blind but about a fortnight before he died he was taken



Nurse House, Danvers.

with strange and violent fits acting much like to our poor beloved parsons [persons] when we thought they would have died and the doctor that was with him could not find what his distemper was, and the day before he died he was chearly, but about midnight he was again most violently seized upon with violent fits till the next night about midnight he departed this life by a cruel death."

The following depositions found on the court files indicate that there were those who dared to testify in behalf of the accused. I quote both exactly as they appear in the originals :

" John Tarbell being at the house of Thomas Putnam upon the 28th day of this instant March, being the year 1692, upon discourse of many things I asked them some questions and among others I asked this question whether the garle that was afflicted did first speak of Goody Nurse before others mentioned her, they said she told them she saw the apparishion of a pale-fast woman that sat in her gran-mother's seat but did not know her name, then I replied and said, but who was it that told her that it was Good Nurs; Mercy Lewis said it was Goody Putnam that said it was Goody Nurs, Goody Putnam said it was Mercy Lewes that told her; thus they turned it upon one another, saying it was you and it was you that told her, this was before any was afflicted at Thomas Putnam's beside his daughter, that they told his daughter it was Goody Nurs. Samuel Nurs doth testifie too all above written.

" We whos names are underwritten cane testifie if cald to it that Goodde Nurs have beene troubled with an infirmity of body for many years which the juries of women seem to be afraid of something else. Rbcah Preson, Mary Tarbel."

This last statement refers to the witch mark alleged to have been found on the body of Rebecca Nurse. One of the theories of the age was that the devil set his mark upon each of his servants; that witches were all marked. A jury of the sex of the accused was appointed to examine the body for such marks. It often happened that some excresence of flesh common to old people, or one explainable by natural causes, was found. One such was found on the body of Goody Nurse, and reported to the court, all but one of the jury agreeing to the report. Rebecca Preston and Mary Tarbell knew that the mark was from natural causes. The prisoner stated to the court that the dissenting woman of the jury of examination was one of the most ancient, skilful and prudent, and further declared, "I there rendered a sufficient known reason of the moving cause thereof." She asked for the appointment of another jury to inquire into the case and examine the

marks found on her person. No documents have been found to indicate whether her request was granted. Probably it was not.

The jury of trials returned a verdict of not guilty. Thereupon all the accusers in court "cried out" with renewed vigor and were taken in the most violent fits,

sultation.<sup>1</sup> Even then they could not agree upon a verdict of guilty. They returned to the court room and desired that the accused explain the remark. She made no response, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. On being informed that her silence had been construed as a confession of guilt, the pris-

oner made this statement:

"These presence do humbly show to the honored court and jury, that I being informed that the jury brought me in guilty upon my saying that Goodwife Hobbs and her daughter were of our company; but I intended no otherwise than as they were prisoners with us, and therefore did then, and yet do judge them not legal evidence against their fellow prisoners, and I being something hard of hearing, and full of grief, none informing me how the court took up my words, and therefore had not an opportunity to declare what I intended when I said they were of our company."

Grave charges have been made against the chief justice in this case by some writers, to the effect that he fairly forced the jury to go out after the verdict of not guilty, and that he practically told them to reverse the verdict. Thomas Fisk, one of the jurymen, made a statement a few



The Nurse Monument.

rolling and tumbling about, creating a scene of the wildest confusion. The judges told the jurymen that they had not carefully considered one expression of the prisoner, namely that when one Hobbs, a confessing witch, was brought in as evidence against her she said: "What, do you bring her? She is one of us." The jury retired for further con-

sultation.<sup>1</sup> Even then they could not agree upon a verdict of guilty. They returned to the court room and desired that the accused explain the remark. She made no response, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. On being informed that her silence had been construed as a confession of guilt, the pris-

<sup>1</sup> Neal's New England, ii, 143; Calef, Fowler's Ed., 251

portunity to put her sense upon them"; that going into court and mentioning the words and she making no reply or interpretation of them, "whereupon these

What then must have been the feelings of this woman as she stood in the presence of her almost life-long church, a church which she loved, and to which she had been true and loyal for more than half a century, with the chains of a condemned witch clanking about her withered and tottering limbs, and heard the awful doom of her soul pronounced?

Immediately on the reprieve being granted, the afflicted renewed their clamors. They claimed to be again grievously



Jonathan Putnam House, Danvers.

words were to me a principal evidence against her."<sup>1</sup>

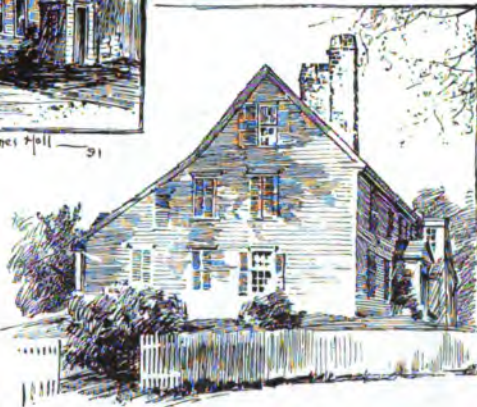
It is plain from all the evidence upon this point, that had the court as counsel for the accused, which it was then in the theory of the law, guarded her interests, Rebecca Nurse would not have been convicted. The question propounded to her by the jury would have been so explained that she could understand and answer it. After conviction she was sentenced to be hanged. The governor granted a reprieve. Thereupon, she was excommunicated from the church, as the following from the records of the First Church in Salem will show :

1692. July 3. After sacrament, the elders propounded to the church, and it was by unanimous vote consented to, that our sister Nurse, being a convicted witch by the court, and condemned to die, should be excommunicated; which was accordingly done in the afternoon, she being present.

Upham says this was meant to be understood as an eternal doom.<sup>2</sup> People in those days looked upon excommunication from the church as expulsion from heaven.

<sup>1</sup> Fisk quoted the exclamation thus: "What, do these persons give in evidence against me now? They used to come among us." This differs very materially from the words quoted above from Neal and Calef.

<sup>2</sup> Salem Witchcraft, ii, 391.



Sarah Houlten House, Peabody.

afflicted. Their renewed complaints, the action of the church at Salem, and the clamors of "some Salem gentlemen" influenced the governor to recall the reprieve and approve the sentence. Rebecca Nurse was, therefore, on July 19, carted to the summit of Gallows Hill and hanged.

"They hanged this weary woman there,  
Like any felon stout:  
Her white hairs on the cruel rope  
Were scattered all about."<sup>3</sup>

#### CHAPTER VII. REV. GEORGE BURROUGHS.

In speaking of Rev. George Burroughs, it seems proper to allude briefly to the early history of Salem Village church. The witchcraft prosecutions have sometimes been attributed to the feelings engendered by the disagreements over the settlement of a pastor of the

<sup>3</sup> "The Death of Goody Nurse," by Rose Terry Cooke.

parish. Up to 1671, the people of Salem Village worshipped with the mother church in Salem. On March 22, of that year, the town of Salem voted that the farmers at the Village should "have liberty to have a minister by themselves, and when they should provide and pay him in a maintenance they should be discharged from their part of the Salem

thirds in provisions and fuel for his family.<sup>2</sup> The people of the parish paid no attention to this order, and in 1679, Mr. Bayley resigned. Bayley came to the Village from Newbury, where he had married Mary Carr. His wife's sister, Ann Carr, accompanied them to Salem Village, where, in 1678, she married Sergeant Thomas Putnam,<sup>3</sup> of whom we

shall hear much before we have finished this story. This united the minister's family with the wealthiest and most powerful family in the place.

George Burroughs was engaged as preacher in place of Mr. Bayley in 1680. Graduating from Harvard in 1670, he early went into the district of Maine to preach, and dwelt for some time at Casco, now Portland, where he received a grant of 150 acres of land in a section now the very heart of the city. This land he generously gave to the town in later years. Mr. Burroughs early encountered hostility in his new parish in Danvers as was quite natural, from the partisans of his predecessor. His salary was not promptly paid, and when, in 1681, his wife died, he had no money to pay the funeral expenses. A violent dispute raged in the parish between the Bayley and anti-Bayley factions, and Burroughs gave up the pastorate



"Burroughs put his finger in the bung of a barrel of cider and lifted it up."

minister's maintenance."<sup>1</sup> A meeting house was erected, and in October Rev. James Bayley became minister of the parish. Some dissatisfaction was manifested with the manner of his call. The feeling increasing in intensity, an appeal was made to the parent church in Salem. Among Bayley's opponents were Nathaniel Putnam and Bray Wilkins, men of wealth and influence in the community. The dispute finally reached the General Court. That body decided in favor of the minister, and ordered that he be continued and settled, and be allowed £60 per annum, one third in money and two

in 1682. Even this did not end his troubles. He came back from Maine, whither he had moved, to "get a reckoning" or settlement, and was arrested for a debt due to John Putnam. Yet on the very day of his arrest, he had signed an order for the payment to Thomas Putnam of the amount due to himself from the parish. It appears by a bill on file on the records that when Burroughs's wife died, John Putnam allowed him to buy two gallons of Canary rum, some cloth and other articles on his account. The debt was for less than £14,

<sup>2</sup> Salem Witchcraft, I., 247.

<sup>3</sup> Savage's Genealogical Dictionary.

<sup>1</sup> Salem Town Records; Hanson's Hist. Danvers, 223.



and the parish owed Burroughs £33 6s 8d., so that Putnam was amply secured.<sup>1</sup> We can look upon his arrest of Burroughs, in no other light than as a case of personal spite and malicious prosecution.

Rev. Deodat Lawson succeeded Mr. Burroughs, coming to the village in 1684. He found much discord prevailing, not only over the settlements of Bayley and Burroughs but also over the parish records, which it was alleged had not been correctly kept during their ministries. Both disputes were referred to members of the church in Salem for advice. The advice given was that certain changes be made in the records. Harmony could not be secured, however, and Mr. Lawson withdrew in 1688. Following him came Rev. Samuel Parris, who was ordained on Monday, Nov. 18, 1689. It is evident, therefore, that from the calling of Mr. Bayley in 1671 to the ordination of Mr. Parris in 1689, there was wanting in the parish that harmony so essential to church prosperity. That the disagreements about the settlements of the different pastors and over the parish records affected the minds of the people after the witchcraft delusions appeared among them there is little doubt. That it was the cause of the first charges being made seems hardly probable.

George Burroughs, on leaving Salem Village, returned to Casco, Maine. He remained there a long time, for he and others were there in 1690 when the settlement was raided by Indians. Burroughs then went to Wells, Maine, and preached a year or more. There he was living in peace and quietness when the messenger from Portsmouth came to arrest him, at the demand of the Salem magistrates, in 1692. After leaving Salem Village he had married a third wife, a woman who had been previously married and had children of her own, for after Burrough's death, when the Massachusetts colony granted compensation to his family, his children complained that the third Mrs. Burroughs took the entire amount for herself and her children.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Burroughs was a small,

black-haired, dark-complexioned man, of quick passions, and possessing great strength.<sup>3</sup> We shall see, by the testimony to be quoted further on, that most of the evidence against him consisted of marvellous tales of his great feats of strength. We are told that, "his power of muscle discovered itself early when Burroughs was a member of Cambridge college, which fact convinces us, that he lifted the gun and the barrel of molasses by the power of his own well-strung muscle and not by any help of the devil."<sup>4</sup> Sullivan in his history of Maine, says that Burroughs was a man of bad character and cruel disposition. Fowler declares that his researches lead him to a different conclusion.<sup>4</sup> Increase Mather wrote that the testimony "proved him a very ill man," and confirmed the belief of the character which had been already fastened on him. Cotton Mather says in his account that "his tergiversations, contradictions, and falsehoods were very sensible at his examination and on his trial." Hutchinson says of Burroughs' trial, that "he was confounded and used many twistings and turnings, which I think we cannot wonder at."<sup>5</sup> I am of opinion that all these statements were based, more or less, on Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World." Unfortunately we have none of the testimony offered for the defence, if any there was. Possibly there was none. Mr. Burroughs was nearly a hundred miles distant from the place where he had lived much of his time, and far from his friends. He was among a people largely hostile, and perhaps was denied all opportunity to obtain friendly witnesses. Whatever we may say about the trials being conducted according to the English law, which did not then allow counsel to the accused, but in theory considered the judges his counsel, it is undeniable that in this case, as in many other of these witchcraft trials, the interests of the accused were not properly guarded. The whole conduct of the judges, from beginning to end, was that of prosecuting attorneys. Preconceived belief in the guilt of the accused is evidenced through-

<sup>1</sup> Salem Witchcraft, 11, 262.

<sup>2</sup> Essex Court Record.

<sup>3</sup> Putnam's Salem Witchcraft Explained, 278.

<sup>4</sup> Calef's "More Wonders etc." Fowler's ed., 278-290.

<sup>5</sup> History Mass., II, 30.

out by their acts and by their words. The only ground of explanation, and that by no means satisfactory, and certainly not a justification, is that the court was following the advice given to Major Richards by Cotton Mather, that "whatever hath a tendency to put the witches into confusion is likely to bring them unto confession too. Here crosse & swift questions have their use." . . . "A credible confession of the guilty wretches is one of the most hopeful ways," he says, "of coming at them, & I say a credible confession, because even confession, itself sometimes is not credible . . . I am far from urging the un-English method of torture" to obtain confessions.<sup>1</sup>

The warrant for the arrest of George Burroughs was issued in Portsmouth, N. H., on April 30, 1692, by "Elisha Hutchinson, major," directed to Jno. Partridge, "field marshal, of the provinces of Maine and New Hampshire," requiring him to "apprehend the body of Mr. George Burroughs at present preacher at Wells in the province of Maine and convey him with all speed to Salem . . . he being suspected for a confederacy with the devil in oppressing of sundry about Salem, as they relate," he (Hutchinson) having received "particular order from the governor and council of their majesties colony of the Massachusetts for the same." Partridge returned that by virtue of the warrant he "had apprehended said George Burroughs and have brought him to Salem and delivered him to the authority there this fourth day of May, 1692."<sup>2</sup>

Some question has been raised about the haste with which the arrest was made. The warrant was issued on the last day of April. On May 2, Hutchinson addressed a letter to Hathorne and Corwin saying he had "caused Burroughs to be apprehended and sent to Salem." This letter Partridge probably took to Salem with him on that day. This would give him two days to go to Wells and return to Portsmouth, and the third and fourth in which to reach Salem. The time was ample, even in those days of slow travel. Depositions charging Burroughs with being

concerned in the witchcraft business had been made as early as April 22. After formal complaint had been made and the warrant issued, it was natural that matters connected with the arrest should be expedited. Burroughs remained in jail until the 9th of May, when he was examined. Stoughton and Sewall came down to assist Hathorne and Corwin in the work. A private inquiry was instituted by the judges and the ministers of the neighboring churches. The record of that portion of the examination is as follows:

"Being asked when he partook of the Lord's supper, he being (as he said) in full communion at Roxbury, he answered it was so long since he could not tell, yet he owned he was at meeting one Sabbath at Boston, part of the day, and the other at Charlestown part of a Sabbath when the sacrament happened to be at both yet did not partake of either. He denied that his house at Casco was haunted yet he owned there were toads. The above was in private none of the bewitched being present."

Then followed the examination in open court:

"At his entry into the court room many (if not all of the bewitched) were grievously tortured. Sarah Sheldon testified that Burroughs' two wives appeared in their winding sheets and said that man killed her.

He was bid to look upon Sheldon. He looked back and knocked down all (or most of the afflicted who stood behind him).

Mary Lewis' deposition going to be read and he looked at her and she fell into a dreadful and tedious fit.

Mary Walcott	Testimony going to be
Elizabeth Hubbard	Read and they fell
Susan Shildon	Into fits.

Being asked what he thought of these things he answered it was an amazing and humiliating providence but he understood nothing of it, and he said (some of you may observe that) when they begin to name any name they cannot name it.

. . . . .

The bewitched were so tortured that authority ordered them to be taken away some of them.

. . . . .

Capt. Putnam testified about the gun. Capt. Wormwood testified about the gun and about the molasses.

He (Burroughs) denied that about the molasses. About the gun he said he took it before the lock and rested it upon his breast.

John Brown testified about a barrel of cider. He denied that his family was affrighted by a white calf in his house."

I have quoted thus much of the examination, not because the testimony is

<sup>1</sup> Mass. Hist. Coll., VIII. 391.

<sup>2</sup> Mass. Hist. Coll., V. 32.



important, but that the reader may understand the nature of the evidence introduced in these witchcraft trials. Burroughs was committed to prison by the magistrates, and remained there until August, when he was indicted and tried. Four indictments were found against him. One charged him with afflicting Mary Walcott, a second with afflicting Elizabeth Hubbard, the third with afflicting Mercy Lewis, and the fourth, Ann Putnam. Neal, who wrote about 1747, says Burroughs was brought upon his trial on August 5.<sup>1</sup>

Among the more interesting depositions made during the trial of Burroughs were those of Ann Putnam and Mercy Lewis, two of the afflicted. Ann testified that Burroughs appeared to her one night and told her he had had three wives and had bewitched the two first of them to death. Subsequently, she testified that Burroughs' first two wives appeared to her when Mr. Burroughs was present; that they turned their faces towards Burroughs and "looked very red and angry," and told him that he had been a very cruel man to them; that they should "be clothed with white robes in heaven when he should be cast into hell." As soon as Burroughs disappeared, the two turned their faces toward Ann, "and looked as pail as a white wall," and told her that they were his first two wives and that he had murdered them. "One told me," she continues, "she was his first wife and he stabbed her under the left arm and put a piece of sealing wax on the wound, and she pulled aside the winding sheet and showed me the place." The second wife told Ann "that wife which he hath now, killed her in the vessel as she was coming to see his friends." In reading this remarkable piece of evidence, which is given here substantially in the language of the original, it is important not to lose sight of the fact that Ann Putnam, the reputed author of it, was only twelve years of age. Are we not forced to one of two conclusions: either that the girl's story is literally true, or that it was manufactured for her by her father or some other of the older people interested in the prosecution? Would a girl of that age be

capable of "manufacturing" such a story? To whom shall we attribute the authorship? To Thomas Putnam? If he manufactured this, how much more of the witchcraft testimony owes its origin to the same source? I am not disposed to sit in judgment in this matter; but certainly even the casual reader should not be allowed to fill his mind with these remarkable statements without having his attention called to important controlling facts.

The statement of Mercy Lewis is equally remarkable. She deposed that on the night of May 9, Burroughs carried her up on to a high mountain and showed her "all the kingdoms of the earth and told me that he would give them all to me if I would write in his book, and if I would not he would throw me down and break my neck." She told him she would not write in his book if he threw her down on "100 pitchforks."

A great portion of the testimony against Burroughs, as I have said, consisted of statements regarding his phenomenal strength. Samuel Webber, for instance, told how Mr. Burroughs put his finger into the bung of a barrel of molasses, lifted it up and carried it around him and set it down. This is the only direct testimony of great feats of strength which does not discredit itself. No doubt this is an exaggeration of the facts or a misapprehension of the circumstances. Thomas Greenslit's testimony, which is given below, is the only other direct evidence of phenomenal strength. Everything else is hearsay evidence. As for Greenslit, he appears to have been a man utterly devoid of character, and not to be believed. His deposition bears date September 15, which would be nearly a month after the execution of Burroughs. May it not have been procured after the execution, to offset the indignation of some of Burroughs's friends?

We may as well dispose of Greenslit at this point, by giving the substance of his deposition, although not in chronological order. He deposed that he saw Mr. Burroughs, who was lately executed,

"Lift a gun of six-foot barrel or thereabouts putting the forefinger of his right hand into the muzzle of said gun and that he held it out at

<sup>1</sup> *New England*, ii, 132.

arms end only with that finger, and further this deponent testifieth that at the same time he saw the said Burroughs take a full barrel of molasses with but two of fingers of one of his hands, and carry it from the stage head to the end of the stage."

Simon Willard testified to being in Falmouth, Me., in September, 1689, when some one was

"Commending Mr. Burroughs, his strength, saying that he could hold out his gun with one hand. Mr. Burroughs being there said, I held my hand here behind the lock and took it up and held it out. I, said deponent, saw Mr. Burroughs put his hand on the gun, to show us how he held



"She pulled aside the winding-sheet and showed me the place."

it and where he held his hand, and saying there he held his hand when he held his gun out; but I saw him not hold it out then. Said gun was about seven-foot barrel and very heavy. I then tried to hold out said gun with both hands, but could not do it long enough to take sight."

Willard also deposed that when he was in garrison at Saco some one in speaking of Burroughs's great strength said he could take a barrel out of a canoe and carry it and set on the shore, and Burroughs said he had "carried a barrel of molasses or cider and that it had like to have done him a displeasure, so he intimated that he did not want strength to do it, but the disadvantage of the shore was such that his foot slipping in the sand he had liked

to have strained his leg." Benjamin Hutchinson testified that he met Abigail Williams one day about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in Salem Village. Burroughs was then in Maine, a hundred miles away. She told him she then saw Burroughs. Hutchinson asked where. She answered, "There," and pointed to a rut in the road. Hutchinson threw an iron fork towards the place where she said she saw Burroughs. Williams fell into a fit.

"Coming out she said, 'You have torn his coat for I heard it tear.' 'Whereabouts?' said I. On one side,' said she. Then we went to the house of Lieutenant Ingersoll, and I went into a great room and Abigail came in and said, 'there he stands.' I said, 'where? where?' and presently drew my rapier. Then Abigail said 'he is gone, but there is a gray cat.' Then I said 'whereabouts?' 'There,' said she, 'there.' Then I struck with my rapier and she fell into a fit; and when it was over she said, 'you killed her.'"

Hutchinson said he could not see the cat, whereupon Williams informed his credulous soul that the spectre of Sarah Good had come in and carried away the dead animal.

These affairs, be it remembered, occurred in broad daylight. Deliverance Hobbs, called as a witness in the case, protested her innocence. Subsequently she was examined in prison and confessed that she was a witch. She had attended a meeting of witches where Burroughs was preacher, and

"Pressed them to bewitch all in the Village. He administered the sacrament to them with red bread and red wine like blood. . . . Her daughter, Abigail Hobbs, being brought in at the same time, while her mother was present, was immediately taken with a dreadful fit; and her mother being asked who it was that hurt her daughter, answered it was Goodman Corey, and she saw him and the gentlewoman of Boston striving to break her daughter's neck."

I quote at this point a deposition exactly as I find it on the files, without the change of a letter or a punctuation mark. Besides being a good illustration of the evidence relied upon to convict persons

of witchcraft, it gives an insight into the intellectual condition of a portion of the people of the day :

"The complaint of Samuel Sheldon against Mr. Burroughs which brought a book to mee and told mee if i would not set my hand too it hee would tear me to peesses i told him i would not then he told mee hee would Starve me to death then the next morning hee tould me hee could not starve mee to death but hee would choake mee so that my vittals should doe me but lit good then he tould mee his name was borros which had preached at the vilage the last night hee came to mee and asked mee whither i would goe to the vilage to-morrow to witness against him i asked him if he was examined then he told mee hee was then i told him i would goe then hee told mee hee would kil mee before morning then hee apeared to mee at the hous of nathaniel ingolson and told mee hee had been the death of three children at the eastward and had kiled two of his wives the first he smothered and the second he choaked and killed two of his own children."

Ann Putnam, it will be remembered, told an entirely different story about the way in which Burroughs "killed his two first wives," and she, too, claimed to have the story directly from the apparitions of those wives.

A jury of seven appointed to search the body of Mr. Burroughs for witch marks reported that they found nothing but what was natural. He was convicted, however, and on the 19th of August hanged on Gallows Hill, Salem. Calef says he was

"Carried in a cart with others through the streets of Salem to execution. When he was upon the ladder he made a speech for the clearing of his innocency with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present : his prayer which he concluded by repeating the Lord's prayer so well worded and uttered with such composedness and such (at least seeming) fervency of spirit, as was very affecting, and drew tears from many, so that it seemed to some that the spectators would hinder the execution. The accusers said the black mand stood and dictated to him.<sup>1</sup> As soon as he was turned off, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> A person guilty of witchcraft was supposed to be incapable of repeating the Lord's prayer correctly, although this

Cotton Mather, being mounted upon a horse, addressed himself to the people, partly to declare that he (Burroughs) was no ordained minister, and partly to possess the people of his guilt, saying that the devil has often been transformed into an angel of light; and this somewhat appeased the people and the execution went on. When he was cut down, he was dragged by the halter to a hole or grave, between the rocks, about two feet deep, his shirt and breeches being pulled off, and an old pair of trowsers of one executed put on his lower parts. He was so put in together with Willard and Carrier that one of his hands and his chin, and a foot of one of them, were left uncovered."<sup>2</sup>

Judge Sewall wrote under date of August 19 :

"This day George Burroughs, John Willard, John Proctor, Martha Carrier, and George Jacobs were executed at Salem, a very great number of spectators being present. Mr. Cotton Mather was there, Mr. Sims, Hale, Noyes, Cheever, etc. All of them said they were innocent, Carrier and all. Mr. Mather says they all died by a Righteous Sentence. Mr. Burrough by his Speech, Prayer, presentation of his Innocence did much move unthinking persons, which occasions their speaking hardly concerning his being executed."<sup>3</sup>

Thus ended the life of the most important personage executed during this period, and one of the most noted of witchcraft victims in the history of the world. Whatever opinions we may entertain with regard to the general subject of witchcraft, or of the mistakes of the courts in these cases, only one opinion seems possible concerning the treatment of the accused before and after trial. They were treated with the grossest brutality, from the beginning to the end, from the most aged and infirm to the youngest and most innocent.

was only incidental and corroborative testimony, and was never considered as in any sense conclusive. It is not certain that the répétition was always demanded by the magistrates or judges. It does appear, however, that the accused often voluntarily repeated the prayer, as Burroughs did on this occasion.

<sup>2</sup> Fowler's Ed., 254.

<sup>3</sup> Sewall Papers, 369.



# LETTERS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD.



THE letters that appear below were written by Wendell Phillips to Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, his friend of so many years' standing. After Mrs. Child's death in 1880, her correspondence with her brother, Dr. Francis, was sent to the latter's daughter, who, on examining it, found a large packet of Mr. Phillips's letters to her aunt sandwiched between those of her father. She took them to the writer, asking permission to reserve one or two for autographs. "Keep them all," was his answer, "and do what you like with them. I don't want to see them again. I should only put them in the fire if they were left." She, therefore, kept them, and eventually, out of the twenty-five to thirty in the packet, gave me twelve. The majority are undated, and each is indorsed, in Mrs. Child's round, legible handwriting, with the name of the writer, and a brief note as to its contents. I cannot now remember definitely the contents of those of the letters which did not come to me, except that one contained an exquisite tribute to Mrs. Child's character and aims, and to her friendship for him and his wife. It was indorsed: "Most kind; a precious letter."

ELEANOR LEWIS.

## I.

[Indorsed: "About my editing the *Standard*."]

BOSTON, February 21, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. CHILD:—"I feel to say" (that's the last touch of cant), that I must disapprove the *Standard*. It don't satisfy me. It's too tame! Where's all your spirit? Why recognize the existence of that wickedly absurd body, the U. S. Congress? Are you aware that Anti Sl'y never can without guilt even believe in the actual being of a ballot box? Where is the ferocity of Foster?—the holy indignation tapering off into pitiless sternness of Pillsbury?—where are Rogers's soap bubbles? Why, yours is but a holiday banner compared with real black pirate flag of Abby Kelley. O Lyd—Lydi—verily thou art "resiling" (see Waverley when he offered marriage to Rose,) and little better than recreant

Garrison who is not willing to call the clergy "a brotherhood of thieves."

Out upon thee, L. M. C.! Why dost thou write such heart-touching letters to Louisa Loring? Dost thou get time to be *idle*,—for only such says Burton can be melancholy. Read over your subscription list—does it not increase fast enough even for thy all-devouring ambition? Does not Abby Kelley wear out her shoes in getting thee those names? Is she not even now ashamed of her favorite buccaneers and pet "pirates"? Do you want to know how to compose your next paper? Enter, but not at a common pace, but spasmodically, some cold November-looking orthodox country church. Do you see that man with "sot" eyes, rising like the ghost of Mary Dyer, as if his limbs were jointless, to rebuke the hireling? take Foster . . . his spectacles—take Pillsbury just when with straight collar and coat buttoned to his neck he's calling Andover "a den of thieves, a hill of Hell, and Moses Stuart their High Priest"—clutch that resolution from his hand; it will read doubtless "that colonization had its source entirely in a desire to increase the profits of slave breeding"—if a balloon is ascending, ask Lauriat to get within seeing distance of N. P. R. with his garland and singing robes about him, and ask him for a new gush of what has one nearness to genius—"divided from it you know only by a slender partition"—take all these warm, put in two Algerine pirates and one buccaneer—I was going to say Garrison if to your taste—but he's too conservative, he won't *mix*—let your motto be from Collins: "Every clergyman must be from the very nature of his office a knave"—these will do for the Miscellany—the quarrelling which ought to fill twelve columns should be done by contract by Bowles of Conn. Oh, Child, Child—pray night and morning,

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Let Hopper learn to dance; inscribe over your door, "Care killed a cat." Tell your devil to sing, "Begone dull care, I pray thee begone from me."

\* Can't Gibbons spare time to play before this . . . Saul, who stands clearly head and shoulders above the other editor kings—I maintain thee such, L. M. C.—the best one of the whole to clip a sentence from a correspondent's private letter and tack it on to his public confession. Shall sturdy Francis and I bow lower to thee, proud dame? What shall be done to prove that Mass., who gives all the money, and does all the work and quarrels enough to suit anybody but a Connecticut pedlar, idolizes thee? Thou wert made for the *Standard*, and the *Standard* was made for thee. You've exhausted your stock of rare stories and want to creep out without acknowledging it—want to keep up old Saml— . . . at Goldy, "You've not travelled over my

Dear Mrs Child

Was it Johnsen, old,  
 Saml or a friend of his who  
 said "I always thought that  
 Frenchmen were fools"

. . . . .

Good bye - God  
 bless you & your  
 son & all his family with  
 such a leader at hand, &  
 go so ably & strong

Respectfully  
 Yours

Wendell Phillips

mind, sir." Confess now, and we'll send on help to thee. Ah me! I shan't then go about the state hearing people say, "Well, I always thought Mrs. C——;" but no I can't even on paper compliment you any more than I could M. W. C. Why, do let us have one sane editor were it only to stand by the *Liberator*. Why, one great reason for loving the *Standard* is that it makes the stars fade out in its noon daylight, and so people don't notice how wanting they are.

Between you and I, Rogers is strangely unbalanced, and some of our agents are losing all sort of philosophy. What with Alcott and Emerson engrafted on Orthodoxy and N. H. trying to avoid contact with Abby Folsom while they carry out her principles—and property questions and Parkerism, Garrison writing sonnets to the Bible, and his old friends sneering at it as too conservative—why with all this and Thompsonianism and Homeopathy—all Abolitionists are one or the other, and most of the *ultra* are agreeing with Chas. Fitch to believe that 1843 is the end of the world—why with all this we've got so near the millenium as to run to and fro—by and by, doubtless, knowledge will be increased; meantime, edit the *Standard* as one method to that end.

Dear Mrs. Child, pardon all this scrawl, and before you throw it into the fire, in sober earnest believe that we all do appreciate the self-denial and effort which the *Standard* costs you, and sympathize with the discouragements; but if to know that all classes here, the *ultra*, the moderate, the half converted, the zealous, the indifferent, the active, all welcome the *Standard*, and that it is fast changing them all into its own likeness of sound, liberal, generous, active, devoted men and women, without partiality and without hypocrisy—without sham—sifting out and building up—making a way for itself where no path was open before—that Frederic Douglass among agents and the I.—among papers are now . . . "all the go" that it seems as if the keystone were gone when we think of you leaving—why do cheer up and stay, were it only, woman, that those who think like you may have, in you, their due influence in the cause. Have not you and we souls and right to be heard? Let Rogers madden (good Rogers, kind Rogers, Rogers whom I love and admire, and his wife and seven children also); and sweet, devoted, eloquent, heart-on-fire Abby Kelley tread a pirate deck as she will. Because New Hampshire is crazy shall there be no more letters from N. Y., no more articles "rightly dividing the word of truth," on the whole reasons of division in our ranks? Faith but there shall, and D. L. C. shall pour out chapter after chapter of his lore gladdening the hearts of lecturers who want *ideas*—arguers who want facts; Congress shall be watched (though by a woman none would guess it), and J. Q. A.'s eloquence, like Sir Toby's ginger, shall be hot in the opposer's mouth.

There, I've talked folly enough—to you, too, to whom I would always wish to *talk my best* (ain't I frank?) But let folly drive away the foul fiend distrust—who has no right in your bosom. Ask Annie Weston to send you Macaulay's last piece of poetry for the *Standard*, and take loads

of love from my Annie and me—and now to business.

A merchant here who has not yet travelled far enough to dare the shame of being thought an Abolitionist still feels indignant that colored seamen should be molested at the South. He says lately the merchants of N. Y. sent a petition to Congress on this topic. Afraid to trust us to write one he wants a copy of their form to circulate here. Could you get it? Could Hopper hop so far as this? If not will write to your representative, whose name, of course, ends with *rell* or some such abomination, and get him to send us a copy from Washington. There, God bless thee, *Standard* bearer; may thine arm not faint while with such right hearty good-will Massachusetts holds it up.

Yours affectionately,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Now, if your paper *tell*les any of this, I'll answer it all. You see what a poor practitioner I am of all my preaching. I hold anywhere the sentiment, but, hang it, a man wants to make his stops and cross his t's before he jumps into print.

## II.

[Undated. Indorsed by Mrs. Child.]

NOV., 1864. SUNSET BOOK.

DEAR MRS. CHILD:—Thank you for your pleasant book. A. and I have read it, and if you saw the tears and smiles, you'd rejoice you had given even one couple so much delight. The new things and the old well known ones come equally welcome. I only crave to add one line to the next edition, and save for the next generation sweet Elizabeth Howell's name linked with her grand Milton's 'Prayer of Patience,'—one of my pets.

Faithfully,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

## III.

[From another letter, undated, indorsed, "very kind."]

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I sympathize most truly in all your anxieties and cares. Sorrows do you ever have? So truthful and sunny, and reconciled to everything, self-poised, you seem,—that I cannot make you sad, only touched gently with your fellow-men's griefs. But don't say that you've been doing nothing. . . . W. P.

## IV.

MARCH 4, '71.

DEAR MRS. CHILD:—Forgive delay; busy, busy, busy must be my excuse,—not justification.

Thank you for all your late articles in *Standard*, so true and timely. And besides this, what would the paper have done without your generous support? We can never thank you enough.

I spent two days with Sumner. His illness is some heart disease, probably the remote effect of his old blow. The doctors say the only policy is rest; the more he'll take, the better health, and the better chance of life prolonged. I argued and prayed—so did we all. How would it do for you to drop him one line beseeching the same



Wendell Phillips.

course? I told him any harm to him would be greater evil than the stealing of all the west shores.

"Some time I'll tell you lots of good things; the Russian minister said to me, 'Make him rest, — he must. No man in Washington can fill his place, — NO MAN, NO MAN. We foreigners all know he is honest. We do not think that of many.' Regards to D. L. C.

W. P.

V.

{ Undated. Postmarked Boston. Jan. 18. Indorsed,  
} "Funny Letter."

FRIEND LYDIA: — Thy rantipole note came duly to hand, and I enclose the draft; thy rural friend need not wend her way to the shire town. For do not grocers and tradesmen abound in

West Boylston? Did I not myself ten days ago alight at the door of one? Such men value fitly Lyceum lecturers and fanatics, and the checks of such will be cashed to accommodate neighbors. So let thy David's kinswoman avail herself of this.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hurra for Tennessee! At last I have had an offer of the State Department. That's more, I am sure, than C. S. can say.

I'd like to know what D. L. C. guesses of the Cabinet. I guess thus much: Scofield will be Secretary of War, Porter, of the Navy, and if anybody from New England enters the Cabinet, it will be C. F. Adams.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scandal against Queen Elizabeth! Avaunt!



"My handwriting," — Why it stares at one in its excessive legibility! modelled on the square record-hand of 1740!

How are your glasses? Somewhat worn, I fancy; Thaxter, opposite my brother Blagden's church, is a trustworthy optician!

\* \* \* \* \*

Good-by, Yours cordially,  
WENDELL PHILLIPS,

Master of Penmanship.

References,

LEVITT SMITH,

HORACE GREELEY.

\* \* \* \* \*

I grow old. How know I it? thus: I who once weighed 145, now, alas! alas! own 172! How fat clear consciences make men!

## VI.

[This letter is indorsed, "Wendell Phillips with Charles Sumner's Breakfast-Cup." The first page is further indorsed, ["On the occasion of seeing me at the oration of George W. Curtis, on Charles Sumner, June 4th, 1874,"]

11 JUNE, '74.

DEAR MRS. CHILD: — I shall not dally now with them Muses — not I — to-day.

*Indignatio not facit versus.*

(Ask D. L. C. if that's correct. If not, he'll remember Juvenal, and make it all right before this is printed by your executor twenty years after I'm off.)

No ma'am,  
The angry  
Don't versify.

Where did I see you, you and D. L. C., day before yesterday? You whom I never could persuade to come to town, and never should have dared to worry by sending you tickets? Didn't I tell E. L. Pierce that he had done the right thing in sending you tickets, but he might as well expect to see Monadnock at a public meeting? and then you've gone and falsified my prophecy! That is where I feel it; — my reputed knowledge of you is shown to be a sham!

"Well, I've taken my revenge, hot, savage, and Roman. I went yesterday and got you a cup and saucer once owned and used by Sumner, and look forward with delight to seeing it — as I look back into the world — ticketed at your auction sale:

"Cup and saucer once used and owned by C. S.; chipped in one place, and its crimson band slightly cracked by L. M. C. in twenty years daily and constant use."

Shall I risk it by vulgar, earthly express, or is there any safer way to send it to you?

Kindest regards to D. L. C.

Y'rs, not angry, but sad and forgiving,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

## VII.

[The two following letters are without date, but the period to which they belong is evident from their contents.]

"DEAR MRS. CHILD: — Was it Johnson, old Sam'l, or a friend of his, who said, "I always thought Frenchmen were fools?" Seems so, even in their kith skin at Detroit. If your visitors were Saxon they got foolish, breathing the old French air.

How one aches some time to launch out all the epithets that rise! I've had tipsy tailor and drunken demagogue at my tongue's end hundred of times. Bear ever witness before the *Daily Advertiser* tribunal that even I have self-restraint.

"Good-bye. How superbly Sumner does! How foolish Wilson, with such a leader at hand, to go so absurdly astray.\*

Regards to Mr. Child,

Very faithfully,

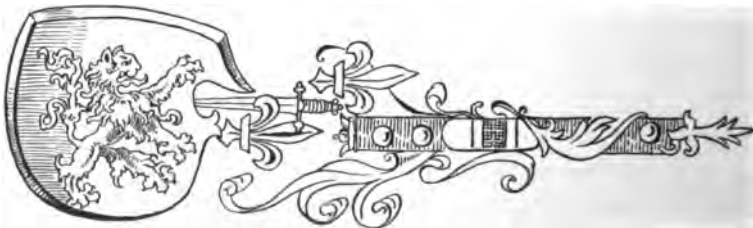
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Check enclosed. Please send receipt.

## VIII.

We get one good thing out of this insult to Sumner — Grant, Dawes, etc., were willing to adjourn without doing anything against the Ku Klux. Evidently the indignation which has flooded Washington in consequence of this insult to Sumner has enabled Morton and Butler (who were in earnest on the Ku Klux), to show Grant that it is not safe for him to let Congress adjourn without doing something brilliant and striking to regain his lost prestige; so he consents to send message to Congress and to issue a proclamation, all due to his fear of the consequences of his blunder in the Sumner matter. Fish's pretence that Motley was removed because he was too subservient to Sumner's views on the Alabama question, is shown to be sham by the fact that Fish urged *Sumner to go* in Motley's place last summer!!!

\* Concerning the admission of Colorado. — E. L.





A Prospective Fortune in Sheep.

## THE PRAIRIES AND COTEAUS OF DAKOTA.

*By Sam T. Clover.*

THE Dakotian, be he to the prairies born or only a citizen by adoption, is more loyal to his native heath than the denizen of almost any other locality within our borders. If you meet him abroad and ask him where he hails from, he never slurs the name of his state in answering the query. You find that he is proud of his breezy western home, and after chatting with him for a few minutes you are very apt to catch his infectious mood. The Dakotian is as broad and liberal in his views as the prairies in which he has been nurtured, and if his speech be slightly bombastic you can easily forgive it; in fact, perhaps, this is part of its charm.

He loves to talk of the big farms, the big vegetables, and the big area of his vigorous young state, and he never tires of iterating its advantages. He is a born "boomer," with an airy humor that is as fresh as the Dakota breezes that play over the tall grasses he tells about. His favorite subject is the climate, and here in truth he does not go astray. A more glorious climate than that enjoyed by the

people of South Dakota is not to be found in the country. The crisp, exhilarating air imparts an ecstatic vigor. How I recall those mad morning rides across the prairie on my spirited little broncho, when

In long, delicious breaths I drank the air,  
And thought that life was never half so fair.

After the newcomer has worn off the sense of loneliness and homesickness, this exhilarating air guarantees him happiness. It is hard to imagine any one sighing for the "freeze, thaw, and sneeze" of eastern winters after a season spent in Dakota's glorious atmosphere, where even at forty below zero man is far more comfortable in his shack than he would be in a stone mansion on Commonwealth Avenue. Storms come, it is true, and lively ones. When the wind blows from the northwest, bringing with it the fine particles of snow, the Dakotian experiences a taste of what the Easterner designates a "blizzard"; but really these are almost as rare as cyclones in the East, and just as short-lived, while the succeeding days are always brighter and filled with more sunshine than ever before, as if Dame Nature

were trying to make amends for her temporary display of temper.

A mistaken idea prevails in the East regarding the length of the Dakota winters. During a five-years' residence in South Dakota, I cannot remember any bad weather,—weather, I mean, of an extremely cold, stormy nature,—occurring much before the first of January. From the close of the Indian summer until Christmas, the days were usually clear, bracing, and sunshiny, days that invited long walks and plenty of active exercise, and which sent one home at night with a glorious appetite unalloyed by the ghost of a dyspeptic thought. There is no rain, no mud, no slush, and consequently, no colds in the head, no malaria, and few cases of pneumonia. In Chicago I have suffered more discomfort from the cold when the thermometer marked twelve degrees below zero, than I have ever experienced in

Dakota when the mercury stood at twenty below. The pure, dry air, even at a very low temperature, can be easily borne: it is the humid, penetrating atmosphere that chills the marrow in one's bones.

Toward the latter end of March, or 1st of April, the farmers are to be seen engaged in outdoor work, and after this time they are rarely interrupted by the return of frost or snow. The universal cultivation of the soil, the planting of trees, and other civilizing influences have worked a wonderful change in the duration of the seasons in the prairie region, and old settlers assert that seeding is now begun a month earlier than in former years, when the country was new and farmers were scarce. The snow is usually all gone by the 1st of April, and I have often picked the furry-coated crocus two weeks prior to that date. On sunny slopes the violet appears before the frost

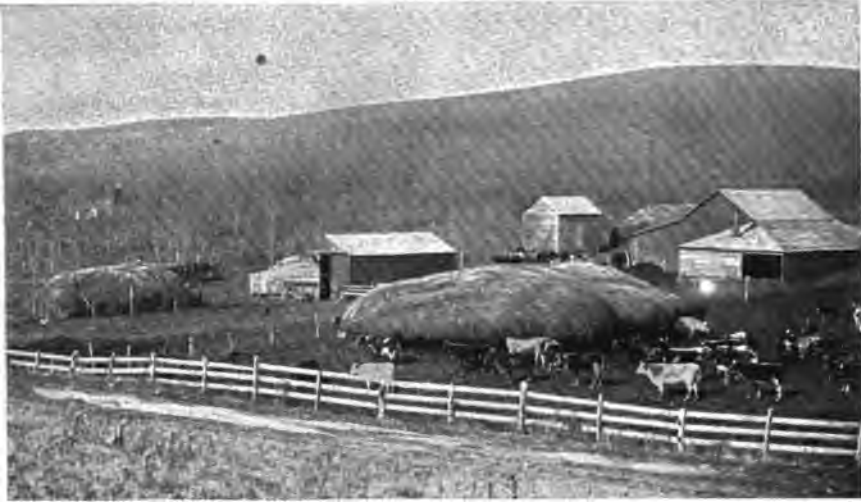
is out of the ground, and by the 1st of May, vegetation is so well advanced that the cattle find excellent grazing on the ranges.

Summer in Dakota is not to be dreaded as it is in the East and South during the heated term. The day may be warm, for it is a generous sun that perfects the grain crops and gives Dakota her reputation for growing the best wheat, the heaviest oats, the brightest barley, the oiliest and richest flax, and the choicest vegetables produced in the Union; but the nights are always cool.

The boisterous wind  
Is stilled at last, as though worn out  
By its own turbulence. The flagging  
heart revives,  
The tensioned nerves relax their  
vigorous strain,  
Easing the fevered brow and throbbing  
pulse.  
The air is fresh and fragrant. The  
thirsty trees  
Exhausted by the long unbroken  
pressure,  
Uplift their drooping leaves and  
drink the dew,  
That gives them nourishment and  
sustenance.



Artesian Glen at Springfield.



A typical Dakota Barnyard.

The placid stars  
In far-off azure heights peep shyly out,  
And to the tired eyes bring soothing sleep.  
A sense of rest pervades the atmosphere —  
Nature seems hushed in quiet thankfulness.

Two-thirds of the people of South Dakota are engaged in agriculture. In the products of the field, the garden, and the pasture, the prolific soil excels. Dakota's wheat is famous on both sides of the Atlantic. Experiments have demonstrated that bread made from her hard No. 1 spring wheat flour contains more nourishing materials than in any other flour manufactured. In an average season the yield per acre of hard spring wheat is from fifteen to twenty-five bushels; the total yield of the wheat crop in 1891 was thirty-two million bushels.

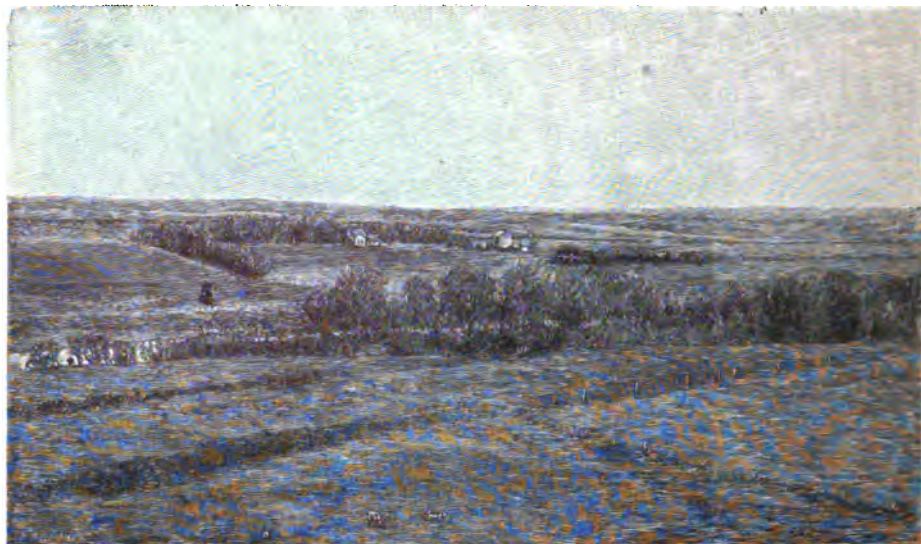
There was a time when people in the East laughed at the idea of attempting to raise corn in Dakota. They insisted that, owing to the high latitude and the comparatively short growing season, successful corn-growing was impossible. The fact that South Dakota raised over twenty-five million bushels of this cereal the past year is the answer to this, and demonstrates the wealth of the soil. Not Iowa nor Illinois can show better corn or finer vegetables than the South Dakota products.

The oat crop is always to be relied upon. The yield is very large, averaging

from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre. In 1891, over 27,000,000 bushels were raised in South Dakota, as against 17,000,000 bushels the year previous. Barley does well, a crop of 5,200,000 bushels being produced last year, while 3,500,000 bushels of flax and 700,000 bushels of rye show the capabilities of the soil in this direction during the same period. The prairie hay crop is another source of wealth to the farmer and stockraiser that rarely fails; and the native grasses are still so abundant and nutritious that Dakotians have made no very extended attempts to raise the cultivated varieties. Timothy, blue-grass, clover, millet, Hungarian, and even alfalfa have been tried, however, and by many farmers are successfully grown.

Potatoes have no cause to blush in these prairies. Some writer has told about one family living for six weeks on a single tuber grown in Dakota soil. This pleasing extravagance was intended, I suppose, to convey in a striking manner some idea of their colossal size. They are just as mealy and toothsome, too, as the smaller-grown article, and are conceded to be equal to any of the potatoes raised in the western states. A trifle over four million bushels were grown in South Dakota last year.

Vegetables of all kinds are easily



A Dakota Farm.

raised, the yield of the entire list of root crops being extraordinarily large. Apples, pears, cherries, plums, and small fruits can be successfully grown if proper care be shown in the selection for planting and of varieties adapted to the climate. The Farmers' Alliance in the state has given the fruit question close attention, and many of the members who have tested the different varieties have made known the result of their experiments in the indefatigable press for the benefit of new-comers. It is surely a country

Where the grasses are kissed by the wandering breeze,

And the fields are rich with the golden grain;  
Where the schooner ploughs through the prairie seas,

To its destined port on the western plain;  
Where homes may never be sought in vain,  
And hope is the thriftiest plant that grows;  
Where man may ever his rights maintain,  
And land is as free as the wind that blows.

In South Dakota especially, stock raising has long been a very profitable industry. Hogs and cattle are raised in large numbers in the Big Sioux Valley and along the Jim River bottoms. In nearly every county, syndicates have been formed for the purchase of imported blooded stock for the improvement of the ordinary farm horses, and the result of this enterprise is seen in the many handsome teams behind

which the farmer drives into town with his produce.

On the native grasses which when cut will cure to hay upon the ground, the cattle will fatten almost as rapidly as the stable-fed stock in the East. The grass retains its nutrition throughout the year, even when uncut, and can be mowed at any time, making quite as good hay in the fall as in the summer months. With the growth of the corn crop, the swine industry has materially developed, for with handy markets made possible by the far-reaching tentacles of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railway system, the farmer has no trouble to dispose of his stock.

Sheep raising is one of the latest and most promising ventures, the country being admirably adapted to their increase, owing to its exemption from those scourges that usually attack sheep in the East. Nor do they have to sharpen their noses on old boulders in order to get a square meal. In the abundance of cheap pasturage and the slight cost of their care, the profits from a single flock are alluring many farmers into the sheep industry. Dakota-raised sheep produce heavy fleeces, and their wool commands good prices. Henry B. Blackwell, of Boston, has said that he thinks there is no better.



country in the world than South Dakota for sheep and horses. The hills and coteaus make the very best sheep ranges, and it is not an extravagant claim to say, that after all expenses are paid a farmer can, with proper care, realize 30 per cent on his sheep investment.

Only a bare mention is here possible of the resources of the famous Black Hills region. It is a country as yet only imperfectly developed, but that it contains valuable minerals of great variety and in inexhaustible quantities is certain. Gold, silver, and lead have been mined for some years. The Harney's Peak and Nigger Hill districts are known to contain valu-

buildings attest the utility of the native products.

The forests of South Dakota are all artificial, unless one except the timber growing in the neighborhood of the larger streams. But the timber culture act has been productive of good results, many thousands of acres of box-elders, ash, hard and soft maple, basswood, elm, butternut, hickory, walnut, and cottonwood, having been planted and successfully grown. Wisconsin farmers have been known to get homesick after going to Dakota, because there were no stumps to clear away; but the average Dakotian is not losing any sleep over this fancied



The successor of the Log Shack.

able deposits of metallic tin; while copper, gypsum, mica, coal, petroleum, and salt have been found in different localities in the Hills.

In many of the counties in South Dakota, indications of lignite coal have been traced, and in the newly opened Sioux Reservation lands many rich coal fields are known to exist, that will undoubtedly be developed soon. In materials for building purposes, the state nobly makes amends for its lack of timber. Its beautiful Jasper granite quarries at Sioux Falls and Dell Rapids, cement works at Yankton, and excellent clays for the manufacture of brick that everywhere abound, are famous all over the state, and its public

drawback. A good "wind-break" and a grove of box-elders or ash are to be found in the vicinity of every well-improved farm in the state. It is officially stated that over 50,000,000 trees have been planted in Dakota under the provisions of the timber-culture act, and a recent writer thinks it is safe to say that nearly as many more have been planted on homesteads and preëmptions.

The wonderful success of the artesian-well experiments has solved in a great measure the problem of farming in a country where the rainfall is somewhat uncertain. The rich black soil of South Dakota contains all the elements necessary for the growth of all the farmers'

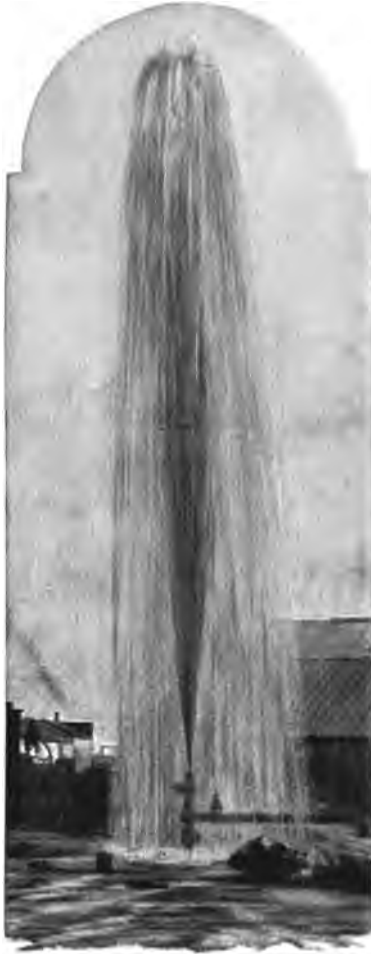
products, the one drawback to making of Dakota one of the richest and best agricultural states in the Union being the tendency to drought in some seasons. Irrigation by means of artesian wells is rapidly overcoming this lack, however, and renewed confidence is felt in all

inexhaustible supply of water. So far, the increase in the number of wells has in nowise diminished the flow or pressure from the underground source.

It is entirely practicable to irrigate millions of acres of land by the plan of making flowing artesian wells, and as the value of such land is enhanced threefold by such application, the result certainly warrants the expenditure. A well costing, say, \$1,000, will irrigate 640 acres; at an additional outlay of \$200, it is possible to attach water motors of sufficient power to run threshing machines and feed mills *ad libitum*. Some opposition has been manifested to the proposition of a system of irrigation by certain alarmists who labor under the impression that such a course will frighten would-be settlers into the belief that Dakota is a perennially dry country, but this fear is as groundless as it is absurd. To paraphrase an old adage, "a flowing well on the land is worth a dozen rainfalls on the bush"; and in a short time if the proposed system is effectually carried out, the farmers of Dakota may plant with entire confidence and be certain of full returns for their labor, let the season be never so droughty.

An idea of the great pressure and volume of water flowing from these artesian wells may be obtained from a brief description of the one tapped at Woonsocket a year ago. In 1890, the city sunk a six-inch well 725 feet deep, for fire and domestic purposes. At that depth the water burst forth with a power and volume unequalled by any well in the world. Under a pressure of 153 pounds to the square inch it discharged 4,000 gallons per minute, threw a 4-inch stream 70 feet high and a 2-inch stream 200 feet high.

The prairies and coteaus of Dakota have been subjected to innumerable sneers by those who knew nothing of their wonderful resources, but there is now no further excuse for such ignorance. With a population of nearly 350,000, three-fourths American born, a majority of whom are composed of the sons of the farmers and mechanics of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan, with a fair sprinkling of settlers from New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the New England states, it is almost superfluous to add that



Woonsocket's famous Artesian Well.

sections where the wells have been sunk. At Yankton, Springfield, Tyndall, Mitchell, Huron, Redfield, Aberdeen, Woonsocket, and a score of other places, the artesian well is prominent. Underlying the Jim River valley there appears to be a vast subterranean reservoir from its source to its mouth, extending forty or fifty miles on either side, yielding an

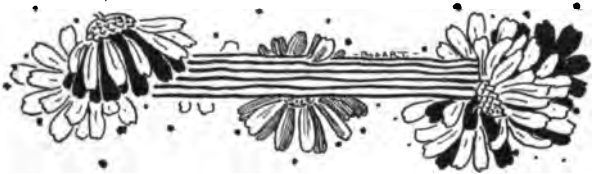


the average Dakotian is possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, is liberal to a fault, with a strong leaning toward good government, good schools, and plenty of them, and an inherent reverence for things religious. There is room for many more of this class in these hospitable prairies. In the newly opened Sioux Reservation is a large area of good arable land, subject to entry by legitimate home-seekers; while those who are able and prefer to invest in deeded lands in the older and better settled portions of South Dakota can get homes at very reasonable prices. It is a good country for an eastern farmer with a large family, to visit. The New Englander is very apt to

think his native hills the best spot on the habitable globe; but if the migrating impulse ever comes upon him, there are few western quarters whither he can turn his steps with surer prospect of a prosperous and happy home than to the prairies and coteaus of Dakota.

One seeks in vain  
A fairer country than this broad domain:  
Where freedom dwells on coteau, hill, and plain;  
And fertile prairies, rich with growing grain,  
Invite the man of courage, brawn, and brain.

Hither on breezy wing,  
Far from the pampered east a-wandering,  
All gilded customs to the winds I fling;  
Why should my heart to city pleasures cling?  
My shack's a castle, and I reign its king!



## THE TRIBUTE OF SILENCE.

*By James Buckham.*

A POET read his verses, and of two  
Who listened, one spake naught but open praise;  
The other held his peace, but all his face  
Was brightened by the inner joy he knew.

Two friends, long absent, met; and one had borne  
The awful stroke and scathe of blinding loss.  
Hand fell in hand; so knit they, like a cross:  
With no word uttered, heart to heart was sworn.

A mother looked into her baby's eyes,  
As blue as heav'n and deep as nether sea.  
By what dim prescience, spirit-wise, knew she  
Such soul's exchanges never more would rise?

O deep is silence — deep as human souls,  
Aye, deep as life, beyond all lead and line;  
And words are but the broken shells that shine  
Along the shore by which the ocean rolls.

## THE GRANITE INDUSTRY IN NEW ENGLAND.

*By George Rich.*

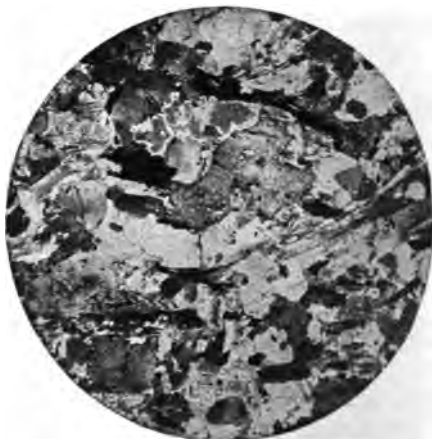
THE hills and shores of New England have been made to pay a double tribute to their owners. Their rugged beauty and picturesque slopes have attracted thither countless visitors, while their constituent elements in the

where else on this continent, in equal area, can such a variety of surface rocks be found. The most of these, through heat and pressure, have lost their original character, becoming thereby more dense and crystalline, while at the same time they are marked by frequent joints and cleavage surfaces. The result of this is that they yield readily to the hand of the workman and the design of the artisan. Granite undoubtedly stands first in importance among these rocks. This is due very largely to its general distribution and its wide application to building purposes and to street and monumental work.

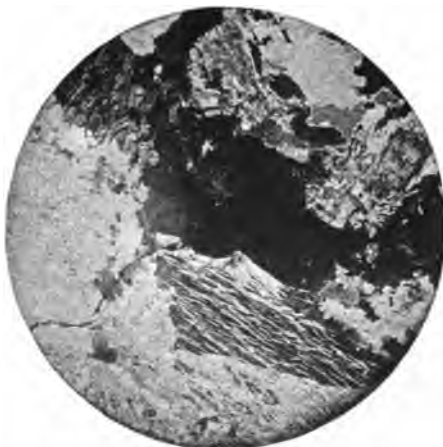


Biotite Granite.

form of slate, marble, and granite, have been quarried and sent throughout the whole country. The geological changes of New England have been peculiarly favorable to these latter enterprises. No-



Muscovite Granite.



Hornblende Granite.

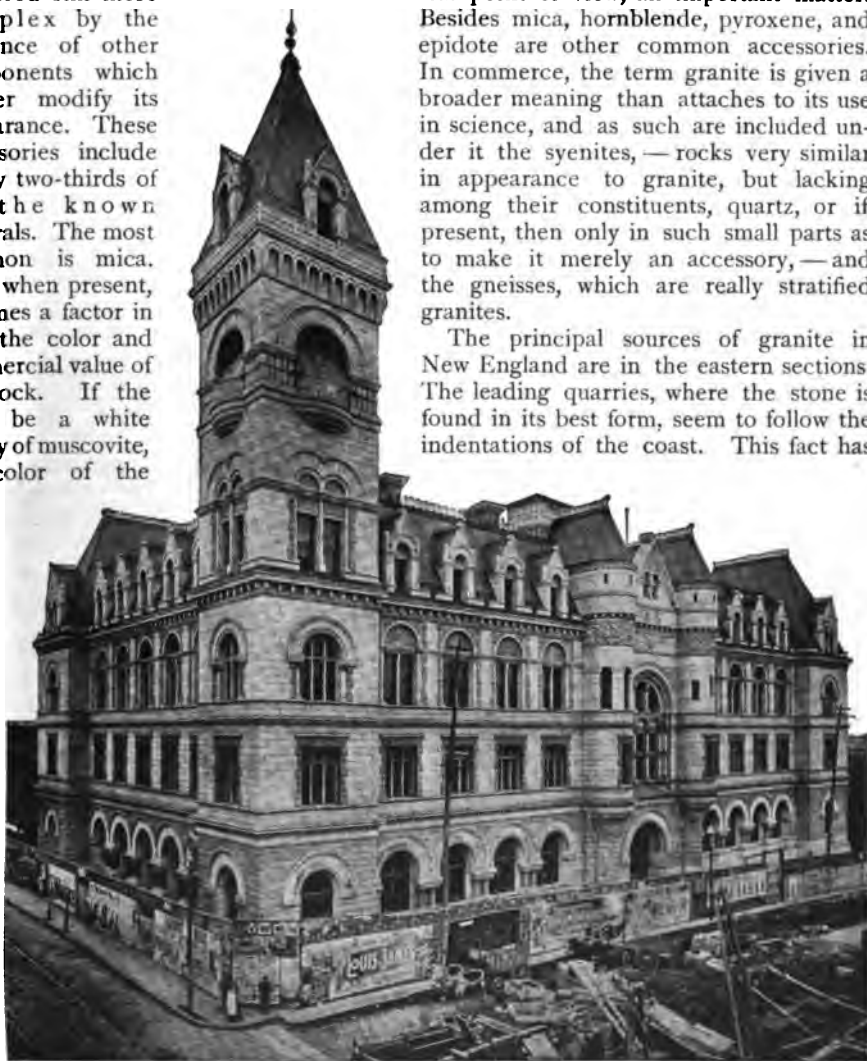
There is scarcely a part of New England in which granite does not appear, and not one of the states in which the obtaining and dressing of it do not form an important item among the industries.

Granite, in its essential form, is a combination of quartz and potash feldspar. Both of these elements contribute to the strength and hardness of the rock, while the former in addition acts as a kind of cement for the other ingredients. The feldspar, also, largely determines the color of the rock. The quartz occurs in the form of rough crystals. These are subject to some considerable variation in the

way of shape and general appearance, but their composition is always the same. The feldspathic element, on the other hand, varies in both these particulars. One seldom finds a granite which contains only a single species of feldspar. The importance of this lies in the fact that the structure of the feldspar plays a leading part in the resistability of the granite to discoloration and decay, and effects its readiness to receive a polish. As usually found, however, granite is rendered still more complex by the presence of other components which further modify its appearance. These accessories include nearly two-thirds of all the known minerals. The most common is mica. This, when present, becomes a factor in both the color and commercial value of the rock. If the mica be a white variety of muscovite, the color of the

granite in that case will be very light, as for example in that obtained at Hallowell, Me. ; if the black biotite prevails, then the color will be dark, possibly approaching the black ; while if the two are mixed, the rock will assume a speckled appearance, an excellent type of which is the granite found at Concord, N. H. Mica does not polish as quartz or feldspar, nor does it retain its lustre as long, and for that reason the amount of it present in a particular granite becomes, from an economical point of view, an important matter. Besides mica, hornblende, pyroxene, and epidote are other common accessories. In commerce, the term granite is given a broader meaning than attaches to its use in science, and as such are included under it the syenites, — rocks very similar in appearance to granite, but lacking among their constituents, quartz, or if present, then only in such small parts as to make it merely an accessory, — and the gneisses, which are really stratified granites.

The principal sources of granite in New England are in the eastern sections. The leading quarries, where the stone is found in its best form, seem to follow the indentations of the coast. This fact has



U. S. Post-Office, Brooklyn, N. Y., in Course of Construction. — Built of Fox Island Granite.

M. E. BELL, ARCHITECT.

proved a strong element in the development of the industry. Transportation is a vital factor in the progress of most enterprises, but especially so in one where the product is heavy to handle and of small value as compared with its bulk. This proximity to the coast has done two things for the quarry-owners of eastern New England. It has made granite a

of the sea and the glaciers of the ice age. They may be divided into three general systems. The first, under such an arrangement, would include those quarries which follow the coast line from Eastport to Boston, the converging points of which are the Penobscot Bay, Cape Ann and the Quincy district. To the second would be assigned the Rhode

Island and Long Island Sound quarries; while the third would embrace certain excellent beds to be found in central Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and western Connecticut.

Lovers of the picturesque find much to delight them in the rugged surroundings of these great quarries. Many of them are simply immense masses of rock which some Titanic power has wrenched from the neighboring land. The pitiless teeth of the sea have gnawed through them and the storms of winter scarred their ponderous faces. Others form really significant islands with safe harbors and sequestered valleys. Others, again, stand apart, rising high above the surrounding country and from



The late Governor Jos. R. Bodwell of Maine.

possibility as a building stone. This it has done by affording cheap transportation to the leading building centres. Then, having made a market for the stone, it has given these owners the permanent advantage over many of their rivals of water shipping rates.

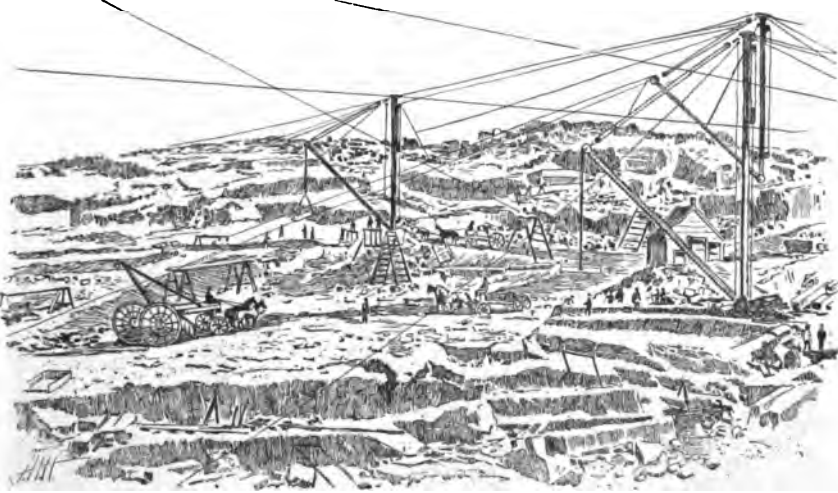
The quarries are the centres or cores of old mountain ranges which have been worn down to their bases by the action

of their rugged summits affording views of fields and woods, vales and winding rivers. The prevailing type, however, is a series of low, rounded hills, broken by occasional cuts and marked by out-croppings of granite rock.

Historically, the quarries of the Quincy group stand first, as it was there that the granite industry had its beginning in New England. That was not so many decades

ago, either. It was about 1820 when these quarries first began to be worked, and the success of the original venture caused a rapid development of the business. Two interesting events are linked

lature to build a road from the granite ledges in Quincy to tide-water. This original charter was for forty years, but in 1831 it was made perpetual. The purpose of the company was to form a



Sands Quarry, Vinal Haven, Me.

with that undertaking, one the Bunker Hill Monument, and the other the first railroad in America. This latter had its origin with a number of Boston and Quincy men, who in 1826 formed the Granite Railway Company. A charter was secured from the Massachusetts legis-

means of communication between the quarries and the wharves, and the only revenue expected was from the tolls received for transportation. The railroad as built was about two miles long, and had granite sleepers and iron rails resting upon granite beds. The cost was some



Shipping Granite at Vinal Haven, Me.



Methodist Book Concern, New York. — Built of Red Jonesborough Granite.

E. H. KENDALL, ARCHITECT.

\$60,000 per mile. This was the first railroad, with a possible exception in South Carolina, built in this country. The new company obtained its first contract in 1827, and it was for the delivery of the granite for the Bunker Hill Monument. The company was paid fifty cents per ton weight for carrying the stone from the quarry to the wharf at Milton, and forty cents for taking it from there to Charlestown. To complete the latter part of the contract, the company bought the little steamer *Robin Hood* for

\$6,500, and two tow boats for \$1,000 each. This led the proprietors to branch out, and in the same year they purchased one of the granite ledges. This was extended until the railway enterprise became altogether subordinate to the quarrying interests of the company.

The granite business at Quincy is peculiar in some respects. There are probably more separate quarries there than in any other district of equal area in the country. Instead of three or four large companies excavating, finishing, and

shipping the stone, there is a vast number of small firms. These are centred at Quincy, Quincy Adams, West Quincy, Milford and the adjoining places. Some of these do nothing but take the stone from the quarry, some cut it, some polish it, while others make the boxes in which the finished product is packed for shipping.

There is a considerable range in tints, however,—in one quarry the stone being a pale green; in another, a purplish blue; and in a third, a delicate pink. This makes possible a variety of combinations. The texture of the stone, too, is firm and uniform, and the trials that have been given it are evidences of its durability.



Residence of Isaac V. Brokaw, New York. — Built of Hallowell Granite.

ROSE & STONE, ARCHITECTS.

These small plants are seen everywhere, and the whole district, as a result, appears like an immense workshop, where the ring of the hammer and the click of the chisel are *always* heard. There are fully three thousand men employed in the various operations, and the granite has a wide use in general building and monumental work. The Quincy granite on the whole is rather sombre in tone.

The quarries of the Penobscot Bay form one of the most interesting groups in this country. Nature has dealt out the granite with such lavish hand, that it is not necessary to delve deeply for it. The operations are, therefore, on a broader scale, and more open to the eye of the visitor. Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, who made a special examination of the building stones of New



England for the census of 1880, says in his report:

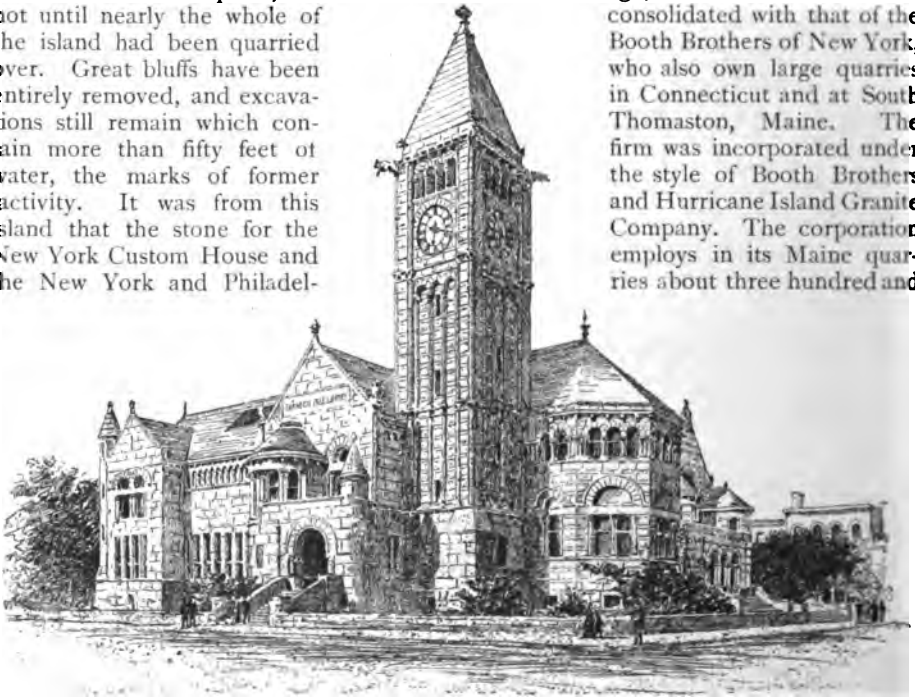
"These granite quarries afford very excellent conditions for working. The stone opens easily, having the peculiar inchoate joints that are such striking features in the syenite or granite of New England. There are generally at least two of these rift-lines. Then there is a more or less complete division of what appears to be line beds, as well as joints, so that the division of the rock is as complete as could be desired. At the same time, the lines of weakness in the rock are not so numerous as often to make the quarried masses too small for use, as is sometimes the case in other districts. The impurities in the way of spots and veins, which often seem to mar the appearance of granite rocks, are not found in any great abundance, save at a few points."

The largest of these quarries are located on Dix, Hurricane, and Fox Islands. Operations have been abandoned at the former place, but not until nearly the whole of the island had been quarried over. Great bluffs have been entirely removed, and excavations still remain which contain more than fifty feet of water, the marks of former activity. It was from this island that the stone for the New York Custom House and the New York and Philadel-

ing of it, in the near presence of other stone, unprofitable.

Hurricane Island, as its name suggests, is scarcely more than a centre for the storms which sweep the Penobscot Bay. It is very rich, however, in a heavy, dark gray granite sometimes tinged with pink. The structure of the stone differs in different parts of the quarries. In one portion it lies in comparatively thin sheets, while in others occur immense masses of solid rock extending downward for fifty feet without any perceptible jointing. Natural blocks five hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, and twice as deep are frequent, while single blocks weighing eighty tons have been moved. The island is owned by Mr. David Tillson, and was operated by him until about two years

ago, when the business was consolidated with that of the Booth Brothers of New York, who also own large quarries in Connecticut and at South Thomaston, Maine. The firm was incorporated under the style of Booth Brothers and Hurricane Island Granite Company. The corporation employs in its Maine quarries about three hundred and



Carnegie Free Library, Allegheny City, Pa. — Built of Fox Island Granite.

SMITHMEYER & PELTZ, ARCHITECTS.

phia Post-Office buildings was obtained. It is a dark gray stone, well suited to building purposes, but it has no certain cleavage. This caused a waste of both effort and material, and made the work-

twenty-five men, and the annual output approaches in value \$300,000. The most notable contract filled by Mr. Tillson is the St. Louis Post-Office which is built almost entirely of Hurricane Island stone.



John Peirce, President of the New York & Maine Granite Paving Block Company.

Fox Island is a near neighbor to Hurricane. The South Island is long and narrow, and much resembles a series of hills whose bases have become submerged by the ocean. Its geological structure suggests two epochs. The island seems to be divided by a line cutting it east and west. On the south side of this, granite is found almost to the exclusion of other stones, while north of it there is scarcely a trace of granitic rock. There are two good harbors at the southern end of the island, Vinal Haven and Carver's Harbor, and these are supplied with docks, derricks, and engines for loading and shipping the stone.

The plant at Vinal Haven is owned by the Bodwell Granite Company, whose

president is Mr. George M. Brainerd of Rockland. It is not known at just what time the quarrying of granite was begun at Vinal Haven, but local historians place it at about 1829. Then a New Hampshire man named Tuck quarried a cargo of stone for a Massachusetts prison, and shipped it to Boston in the schooner *Plymouth Rock*. Two years later, Captain Nelson Spear of Rockland obtained a small cargo at Dyer's Island. This, with occasional small jobs for local use, was probably the extent of the business until 1846. What is known as East Boston quarry was opened in 1849 by Joseph Kittredge and Enoch Carlton. The work was continued the next year by Joseph and his brother William, and

later these two were joined by Moses Webster of New Hampshire. The property in 1852 fell into the hands of Mr. Webster and the late Governor Bodwell of Maine, who formed the firm of Bodwell, Webster & Company. Vinal Haven was fortunate when these two men took an interest in its well-being. Both were shrewd and enterprising, and indefatigable in their labors. Both, too, were men of

from time to time until now it is \$500,000. The company, beside its work at Vinal Haven, also owns valuable quarries at Spruce Head and St. George, near Rockland, and at Jonesborough in the eastern portion of the state. The product of the latter quarry is a beautiful feldspathic rock of fine texture and rich red tint, and is held in high regard for monumental and ornamental purposes. The Spruce

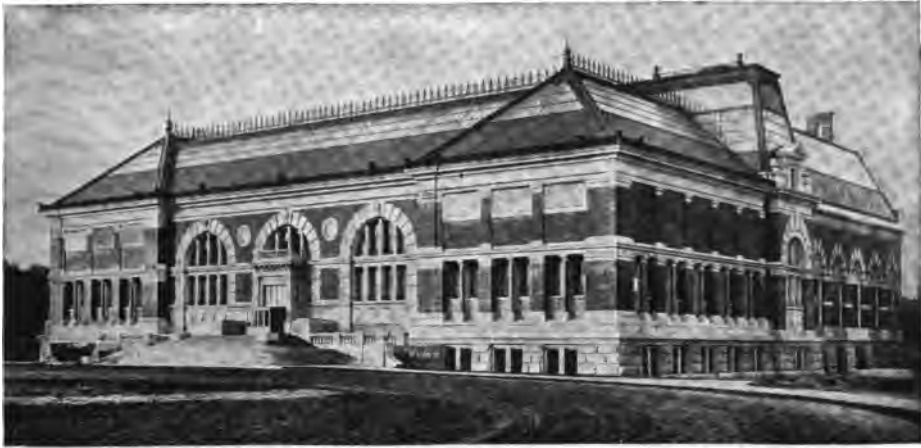


Residence of H. O. Havemayer, New York. — Built of Jonesborough Granite.

C. C. HAIGHT, ARCHITECT.

strict integrity and high moral purpose. Mr. Bodwell took the more active part in the development of the resources of his state, and hence has left the deeper impress on its commercial and political history. Under their hands, operations at Vinal Haven developed so largely that it was deemed best to form a corporation. The result was the organization of the Bodwell Granite Company, starting first with a capital of \$200,000, and increasing

Head stone is a mottled white and black syenite with constituents firmly united. There is an unusually striking contrast between the hornblende and feldspar, which gives a peculiarly lively tint to the stone, making it one of the handsomest of the gray granites. The annual output of the company is valued at about \$800,000. The number of men employed varies, of course, from time to time, but there have averaged at Vinal Haven



Metropolitan Art Museum, New York. — Built of Hallowell Granite.

WESTON & TUCKERMAN, ARCHITECTS.

during the past season between 800 and 900 men. The introduction of machinery has done considerable to reduce the numbers necessary to the work. Before these innovations, the Bodwell Company used to

The product of the Bodwell Company quarries has been widely distributed. Among the buildings constructed wholly or in part by it are the State, War, and Navy Departments at Washington, the



Washington Bridge over the Harlem River. — Built of Mount Waldo Granite.

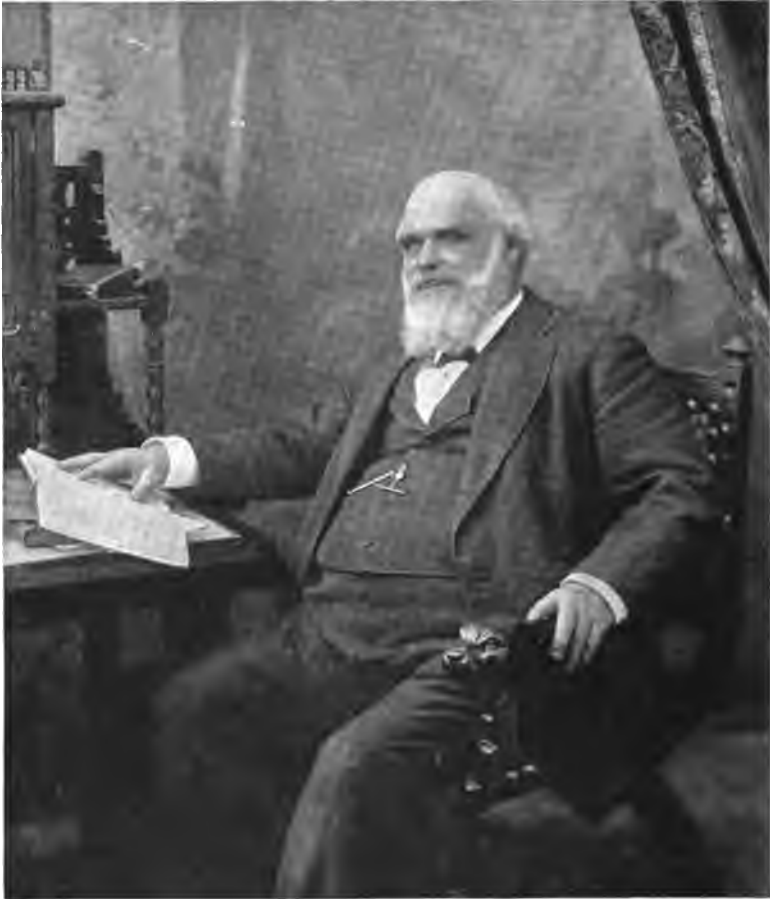
W. R. HUTTON, ENGINEER.

employ between 1,200 and 1,500 men, and its monthly pay-roll often reached \$60,000. The company owns a fleet of schooners, which it uses in the shipping of its granite and the carrying of supplies.

great Auditorium, the Pullman offices and the Home Insurance Company Building in Chicago, the Custom House and Post-Office at Cincinnati, the polished granite in the State House at Indiana-

polis, the Federal Building at Brooklyn, the new Methodist Book Concern Building, and the Havemeyer residence in New York. Both the artistic and the sturdy qualities of the granite are apparent in the Brooklyn Federal Building. There is no exaggeration in saying that this is one of the handsomest structures

the frequent arches, gives easy division to the wings into which it is broken. The crown of the building, however, is its tower. This is all hammered work, shaped about the base much like a basket, with graceful curves and delicate carvings that give it a beautiful tracery effect. The plans for the building were drawn by Mr.



James G. Batterson, President New England Granite Works.

of the kind in this country, and its success is, in a large measure, due to the readiness with which the granite has lent itself to architectural treatment. Rock-face finish is used very largely in the lower stories of the building, while above, the stone is nearly all hammered, giving it the appearance of unpolished marble. There is considerable pointed work, too, about the windows and doors, and this, with

M. E. Bell, and the stone was from the Fox Island quarry. The residence of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, the wealthy New York sugar refiner, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, is proof that granite makes one of the most satisfactory stones for such purposes. The stone used in that is of the pink Jonesborough variety. One is impressed at once by the sturdy strength of this resi-

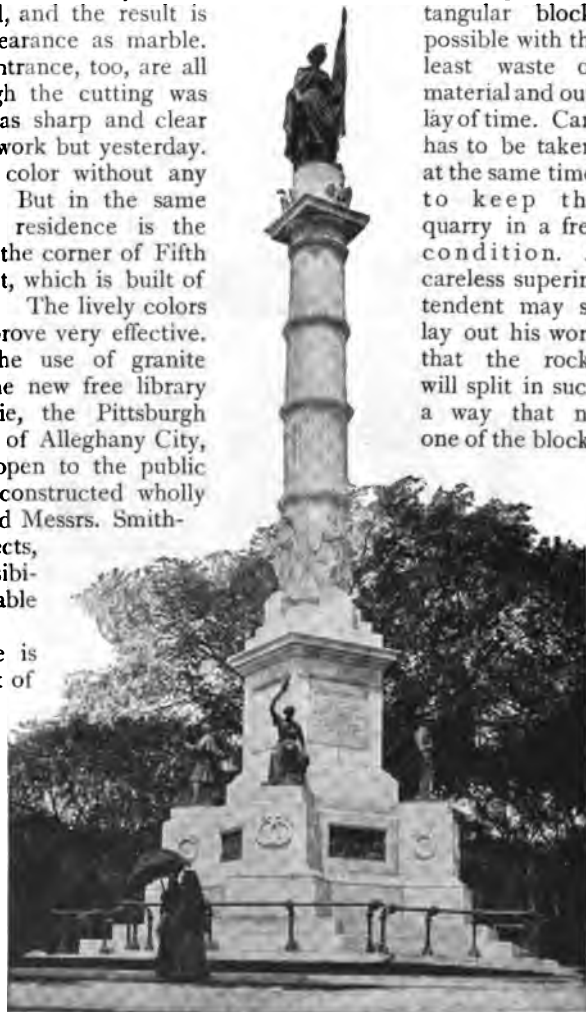
dence, but the lively color and warmth of the stone remove any suggestion of the public building order, the type with which granite has largely been associated. The stone is used rock-face, dressed only about the windows and entrance, with handsome carvings and ornamentations at those points. Mr. C. C. Haight was the architect, and his handling of the stone has been markedly successful. This residence presents an interesting contrast to that of Mr. Isaac V. Brokaw, farther up on Fifth Avenue which is also built of granite, but of the fine Hallowell variety. The stone in this is all hammered, and the result is that it has the same soft appearance as marble. The cornices, windows, and entrance, too, are all elaborately carved, and though the cutting was done years ago, the lines are as sharp and clear as if the chisel had done its work but yesterday. The stone, also, retains its color without any traces of age or dinginess. But in the same line with Mr. Havemeyer's residence is the Methodist Book Concern on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, which is built of the pink Jonesborough stone. The lively colors of the granite in that case prove very effective. A very handsome job in the use of granite for ornamental building is the new free library which Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburgh millionaire, gave the citizens of Alleghany City, Pa., and which was thrown open to the public some months ago. This is constructed wholly from the Fox Island stone, and Messrs. Smithmeyer & Peltz, the architects, have shown the artistic possibilities of it in an admirable manner.

Rather interesting to note is the fact that the largest shaft of granite quarried in modern times was obtained at Vinal Haven. The stone was designed for the monument to General Wool at Troy, N. Y., and in dimensions compares favorably with the monoliths of the ancient Egyptians. The shaft was 60 feet long by 5 by 5½ feet, and in the rough weighed 185 tons. Four long blocks had to be quarried before a satisfactory one

was obtained. As completed, the monument contained 7 stones, the bottom of the base measuring 17.6 feet by 17.6 feet by 2 feet, and weighed on shipboard 650 tons. In order to set the shaft on board of the vessel, it was necessary to cut a hole in the bow and lay the column on a bed of cross timbers in line with the keel.

The works at Vinal Haven are very complete. Unlike Quincy, all the operations, from the exploiting of the stone to the carving of it, are carried on by a single company. In quarrying, the primary object, of course, is the removal of

the largest rectangular blocks possible with the least waste of material and outlay of time. Care has to be taken, at the same time, to keep the quarry in a free condition. A careless superintendent may so lay out his work that the rocks will split in such a way that no one of the blocks



Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Boston. — Built of Hallowell Granite.



can be removed, each securely wedging in another. The quarry is then said to be "bound up." New England granite shows very little decay on top so that scarcely any preliminary work is necessary in removing useless stone. This is especially true in the case of the island quarries like those at Vinal Haven. Blasting is usually the first operation in getting out the stone. The chief care in that is to so direct the force of the powder that it will split the rock in the direction desired without shattering the piece removed or the

feet long have been made by a single lewis hole, and at Mount Waldo in this way a block 125 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 14 feet deep, containing some 30,000 cubic feet of solid granite, was loosened. Lewising can be done successfully, however, only when the rocks are detached at the ends and bottom, and have a free chance to move out in front.

In some parts of the quarries at Vinal Haven the sheets are thin and marked by numerous vertical joints. A little different method of splitting the rock is adopted in that case. Small holes are



New Erie County Savings Bank, Buffalo, N. Y. — Built of Stony Creek Granite.

GEO. B. POST, ARCHITECT.

standing ledge. One of the methods resorted to is termed "lewising." Two holes, each about one inch and a half in diameter, are drilled, and the core between them then cut out. The diamond-shaped hole which results from this is filled with powder and tamped in with sand. On explosion the longer axis of the diamond determines the direction in which the rock will split. In case the fracture is to be a long one a series of these lewis holes are prepared and then fired simultaneously by means of an electric battery. Free fractures 125 and 130

drilled a few inches apart along a prescribed line. Two slips of iron or half-rounds are then inserted in each hole and small steel wedges placed between them. Every few feet a deeper hole of larger dimensions is drilled to guide the fracture. This done, a man then passes down the line of wedges and hits each a sharp blow with a sledge, the result being that the entire mass cleaves from the bed-rock. Still another method is first to drill a rounded hole of the required depth and afterwards drive a reamer into the opening, producing in that way at op-





Stony Creek Granite Quarry.

posite sides V-shaped apertures. The charge is then inserted and the tamping done in the usual manner, except that instead of driving the tamping down upon the top of the charge, an open space is reserved between them. The explosive thus has the greatest possible chance for expansion before actually breaking the rock. As a result the force of the explosion follows the grooves, and if the rock be solid no shattering of it occurs. When the cleavage is especially straight, the well-known Ingersoll steam-drill is used. This will carry holes to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet, and when a number of them have been drilled a few feet apart and charged with powder, they can be exploded with tremendous results.

The operations of quarrying are seen also in a telling form at Mount Waldo. Mount Waldo forms a part of the town of Frankfort, Maine. It stands about one thousand feet above the sea, and contains nearly the same number of acres of solid granitic rock. The view from the top of the mountain is most pleasing. The whole panorama of the Penobscot

Valley, with its rolling fields and thrifty upland, is spread out for miles before the eye. The waters of the South Branch flash at its base as they sweep toward the greater Penobscot; on either side rise the rival peaks of Mosquito and Hegan, while far beyond are the blue hills of Holden. The rock itself is a massive biotite of rather coarse texture. Contained within it, however, is a rock of finer grain, so that the local impression is that a belt of fine granite runs through the mountain. The granite occurs in immense sheets, which dip off from the mountain and vary in thickness from 1 to 20 feet. Probably the average is about 5 feet. The rift or direction of easiest cleavage is parallel to the sheets, and this makes possible the moving of great blocks. Blocks 80 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 20 feet deep have been moved, and it is believed that others, 150 feet by 50 by 12 feet, could be taken from the quarry. This fact, combined with the altitude of the quarry, makes the removal of the blocks a particularly interesting operation. Three



Shipping Place, Stony Creek, Conn.

forms of power are brought into service—oxen, steam, and the force of gravity. The oxen are used to drag the great blocks from where the blast leaves them

into a free space where they can be more readily handled. The company operating the quarry has as large sleek oxen as one will find in many days' travel, and the way in which the refractory rocks are dragged from the beds where some ancient glacier left them is marvellous. The sheds where the stone is cut and dressed are at the lower part of the quarry, sharp down the mountain-side. The stone is taken thither by what is termed a Blondin cable railway. This has its termini in two towers, one fixed at the top of the quarry and the other at the bottom. The cable is about eight hundred feet in length, of steel and copper wires closely woven, and the inclination of the line is between twelve and fifteen degrees. The cable is operated from the engine-house which stands just beyond and above the higher of the two towers. The car, which consists of a pair of long steel arms regulated by an under line parallel to the cable, is strongly clamped to a block of granite which the oxen have previously dragged from its first resting-place. The power is then turned on and the coil of steel around the great cylinder in the engine-house begins slowly to unwind, the block of granite beginning at the same time to descend its balustrade path. When the block has reached the lower tower the engine is stopped, the car lowered, and the block released. The machinery is then reversed and the car returns for another load.



National Monument to the Forefathers, Plymouth.

At the sheds the blocks are cut and

shaped as desired, and then boxed for shipping. This is done by vessels, but the company's wharf is a half mile away on the South Branch. This space is covered, however, by means of a narrow-gauge gravity railway. The blocks are placed on the cars at the sheds, and these, by the incline of the mountain and the weight of the load, are made to shoot downward to the river. The speed is regulated by stout brakes, and very seldom does an accident of any kind happen. The packing of the stone is no minor matter. The Mount Waldo quarry is operated by the Mount Waldo Granite Works, whose president is Mr. John T. Rowe of Frankfort, who, though seventy years old is yet as sprightly in climbing over the rocks as the youngest man in his employ. The quarry was opened in 1853 by Mr. Rowe and the late George A. Peirce. On the death of Mr. Peirce in 1873, his sons, John and George Peirce, became identified with the business, and this was continued until 1880, when the present corporation was formed. The stone, however, is especially suited to heavy masonry, bridges, and similar structures. For such purposes it has been sent as far south as Mobile and New Orleans. Mount Waldo stone entered largely into the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Mount Waldo stone, also, is used on the St. Louis bridge across the Mississippi River, and others less known. The stone has been used in the basement of the State war and navy building at Washington, the municipal building at Philadelphia, the art museum at Central Park, New York, and the new court house at Boston. The pedestal of the Admiral Farragut monument at Washington is of this same stone. Work is being done now for the congressional library building at the national capital. Large contracts also have been filled for sidewalks, flagging, and street materials for Boston, New York, and other cities.

The quarries about Hallowell form another interesting group. These are operated by the Hallowell Granite Works which has an invested capital of three hundred thousand dollars. The late Governor Bodwell was very active in this

enterprise also. His son, Mr. J. F. Bodwell, is the president of the corporation; Gen. G. W. Tilden, the treasurer, and Mr. J. P. Hunt, superintendent of the quarries. The office and main cutting sheds of the company are in the city of Hallowell, adjacent to the station of the Maine Central Railway, and also near the wharves on the Kennebec River. The quarries are about two miles beyond the city. It is necessary, of course, to haul the granite thither, but the difficulty has been reduced to a minimum. The road, which is a steady descent from the granite beds to the river's edge, has all been underlaid with broken stone. The granite is a light, fine-grained one, consisting chiefly of white orthoclase feldspar with small crystals of quartz, specks of black hornblende, and scales of silvery mica. Dressed surfaces are almost as white as white marble, while polished ones possess a peculiar glitter, the spangles of mica sparkling like diamonds. The stone, owing to the preponderance of the feldspar, works easily both in the quarry and under the chisel. For these reasons it is used very extensively for carvings, columns, and monuments. The granite in the quarry is arranged in sheets which dip slightly to the north. These increase in thickness as one goes downward, being about a foot on the surface and ten feet at a distance of fifty feet below. Two large excavations have been made in the sides of the hill, each possibly sixty to seventy-five feet in depth. The blocks of granite are raised from these by means of steam and stout derricks. Some of the stone is cut in sheds near the quarry, but the most of it is hauled to the city.

The finishing and cutting sheds are scenes of unusual activity. Granite as it leaves the quarry is seldom available for use. The dressing of it varies all the way from the simple splitting of a block or rude spalling of an ashlar face to the delicate carving of a statue. Great skill is required by the stone-cutter in the manipulation of his tools to produce good results, owing to the obduracy of the stone and the fact that the minerals composing it vary widely in hardness. The

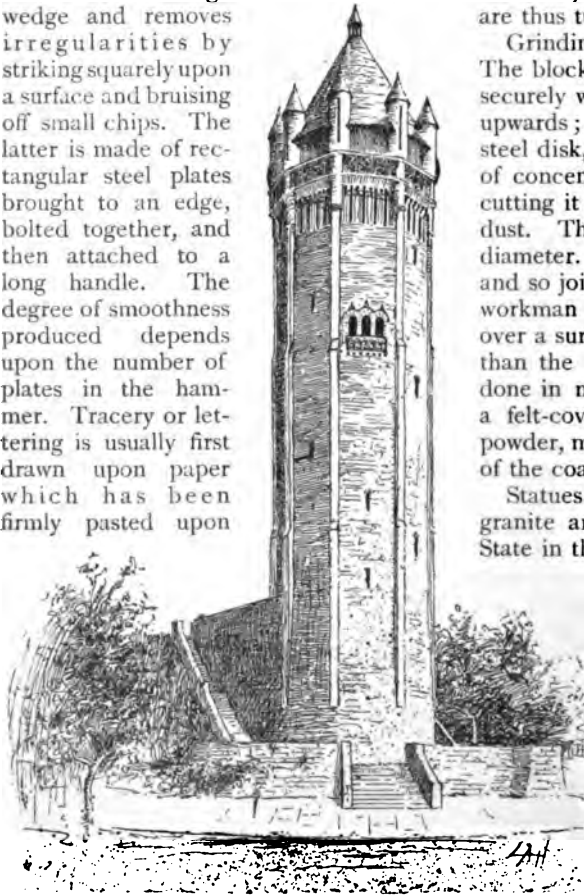
chief work in shaping it is still performed by hand. In blocks for building purposes, the size, shape, and finish of them depends on the places they are to occupy. Fronts or walls are laid up in various kinds of ranges, which are usually designated as coursed range, broken range, broken ashlar, and random range. The various finishes given the face are known as brush-hammered, pean-hammered, pointed work, or rock face. The blocks are brought to a plane surface on one side by knocking off the rough points by means of a spalling hammer. This is simply a heavy, three-cornered sledge. The surface is then worked down to a smooth plane by means of the pean and brush hammers. The former is shaped like a double-edge wedge and removes irregularities by striking squarely upon a surface and bruising off small chips. The latter is made of rectangular steel plates brought to an edge, bolted together, and then attached to a long handle. The degree of smoothness produced depends upon the number of plates in the hammer. Tracery or lettering is usually first drawn upon paper which has been firmly pasted upon

the block and the design then chiseled through to the requisite depth. Statues and highly ornamental designs are all worked out by chisel from detailed drawings or plaster casts.

Mechanical inventions, however, have done much to expedite the simpler operations, such as turning and polishing. The turning lathe is similar to that used in marble quarries. The granite in this is ground away by the wedge-like action of a number of thick steel disks. These disks are set at an angle to the stone, and move with an automatic carriage along the lathe bed. Some of the large lathes will reduce a granite column two inches in diameter the whole length of it by a single lateral movement of the carriage. Columns, round posts, balusters, and urns are thus turned out.

Grinding is another common process. The block of granite in that case is fixed securely with the face to be smoothened upwards; a horizontal revolving iron or steel disk, perforated with holes or made of concentric rings, then passes over it, cutting it down with sand or chilled-iron dust. These disks are about a foot in diameter. They are operated by a lever and so joined to the main shaft that the workman operating them can move them over a surface of stone many times larger than the disks themselves. Polishing is done in much the same way, except that a felt-covered disk is used and putty-powder, mixed with water, takes the place of the coarser grinding material.

Statues and monuments of Hallowell granite are to be found in nearly every State in the Union. The possibilities of granite for outdoor statuary cannot be better shown than in the national monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts, — this monument, consisting of a massive base 45 feet in height, surmounted by a statue 36 feet in height. The shape of the principal pedestal is octagonal, with four small and four large faces. From the former of these faces, also, project four buttresses or wing pedestals.



Prospect Heights Water Tower, Brooklyn, N. Y. — Built of Stony Creek Granite.

THAYER & WALLACE, ARCHITECTS.

On the central or main pedestal stands a majestic figure of Faith. One foot is firmly planted on Plymouth Rock. In the left hand is a Bible, while the right points towards heaven. The face, which is marked by an expression of sublime trust, is turned downward as if with the intent of raising those below from the material things which surround them to the contemplation of the great power which upheld the heart and nerved the arm of the forefathers during the perilous and discouraging days of their work in founding new homes and a new commonwealth. The figure is one of the largest and finest examples of granite statuary in the world. The total length of the outstretched arm is 19 feet, 10½ inches, while the measurement from the shoulder to the elbow is 10 feet, 1½ inches. The head at the forehead measures 13 feet, 7 inches, while the arm just below the short sleeve measures 6 feet, 10 inches, in circumference. The other measurements are in like proportion, the figure being about 216 times life size. On each of the four smaller pedestals are seated figures emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrims sought to found their commonwealth. The figures are Morality, holding the decalogue in one hand and the scroll of Revelation in the other; Law, with Justice and Mercy in attendance; Education, with ripe Wisdom on one side and Youth led by Experience on the other; and Freedom with Peace resting under its protection and Tyranny hurled down by its power. Upon the faces of the projecting pedestals are alto-reliefs representing scenes from the history of the Pilgrims, the departure from Delft-Haven, the signing of the Compact, the landing at Plymouth, and the first treaty with the Indians. The base of the monument was furnished by the Bodwell Granite Company, but all of the figures, with a single exception, were made by the Hallowell Granite Works. The work was all done at Hallowell and the larger figures were shipped to Plymouth in pieces and there set up.

Another notable piece of Hallowell work is the Yorktown monument. This stands about 100 feet in height and cost

roundly \$80,000. It includes thirteen large figures representing the thirteen original colonies. These are grouped about the column in a graceful manner and each is beautifully carved, the faces in artistic finish and strength equalling work in marble. The monument for the late John Wentworth of Chicago, cut also at Hallowell, is remarkable in some ways. It had a height of 66¼ feet. The first base of it was 18 feet square and 2 feet thick and weighed 55 tons; while the shaft was 4½ feet square and 50 feet long, weighing 65 tons. Some difficulty was experienced in shipping this to Chicago. The shaft was loaded on two flat cars and sent through direct by rail. The base was placed in a vessel and sent by the lakes and canals to the West. In taking it through one of the canals, the edge of the shaft was chipped so that the latter had to be cut down after all. Superintendent Hunt regards the Anderson Monument at Brooklyn as the most artistic piece of carving ever done at Hallowell and as a good illustration of the delicate purposes to which the stone can be put. The shaft is a single stone with a Grecian wreath about its top. Upon the drum are the figures of the apostles, with the finest tracery work above and below. The base is 12 feet square and 2 feet thick and weighs about 25 tons.

Other monuments are the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument at Boston, the Soldiers' monuments at Marblehead, Mass., Portsmouth, O., and Augusta, Boothbay and Gardiner, Me., to General Stedman at Hartford, Conn., Stephen A. Douglass at Chicago, the Washington Artillery Monument, and the Hernandez Tomb at New Orleans. The New York State Monument at Gettysburg and all the Maine State monuments, with a single exception are from the same shops. The Hallowell company also has the contract for the Trenton, N. J., monument. This is to be 100 feet in height with a base 30 feet square. It is at work, too, on a vault for Mr. H. H. Rogers of Fairhaven, Mass., which is to consist of three great stones 15 feet by 8.4 feet by 4 feet in dimensions.

Hallowell stone is also used largely for

general building. The largest single contract filled by the company in that line is the state capitol at Albany, N. Y. Other buildings are the Equitable, Mutual Life, Manhattan, and Union Trust Buildings and the Brokaw residence in New York. All these buildings are in styles which require elaborate finish and carving. The Union Trust Building is especially valuable in its ornamentation of the stones composing the window casings and the entrances. The building stands  $9\frac{1}{2}$  storeys high, with broad, arching windows which give it a Gothic appearance. This impression is deepened by the massive character of the ornamental work and the heavy balustrades which mark the front of the building. The granite is rock face and the fine carving put into the finish about the entrance would be notable were the stone even some rare marble. Mr. Barr Fereé of Philadelphia, in a late article on "Tendencies in Recent Architecture," says:

"One of the most successful handlings of the window problem is in the new building of the Union Trust Company. The three great recesses which form the feature of its façade are admirably managed and exceedingly effective, though perhaps some exceptions might be taken to the manner in which the windows fill them."

The contract for this amounted to \$150,000, while the granite put into the Brokaw residence aggregated in value \$75,000. This residence has already been described in connection with the Havemeyer house. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, also, is being extended, the stone used coming from these quarries. Used in connection with brick, the stone, with its fine grain and soft finish, produces a beautiful effect. Work upon this is now in progress, under the direction of Mr. John Peirce.

The principal New Hampshire quarries are found in the vicinity of Concord. Many of them are situated on what is known as Rattlesnake Hill. There is an elevation of about six hundred feet above the Merrimack River which is almost wholly granite in formation. There is a peculiarity about the arrangement of the stone; that on the south side of the hill being very light in color, and that on the north side, dark. Glacial action is very

marked, the surface of the rock showing it in an unusual polish. Oak Hill is another elevation of similar character, but the granite from it is coarser and more broken. Extensive quarries are in operation, also, at Fitzwilliam, in Cheshire County. These are especially fortunate in their location. They form the broad north slope of a hill, thus draining themselves, and possess a very large surface exposure. The market for these granites is largely a New England one.

Vermont granites are usually of the gray biotite variety. The expense of transportation rather limits the market for the product, and prevents an extensive development of the resources of the state in that mineral.

In Massachusetts there are, besides those already named, valuable quarries at Cape Ann, in the vicinity of Fitchburg and about Fall River. The Cape Ann quarries form a continuous line from Rockport to Bay View and they are worked by at least a dozen different companies. The stone is a heavy, coarse gray one, and is used largely for foundation pieces and street work. Some of them produce a stone, however, well suited to general building—and many Boston business blocks are constructed from it. The stone is shipped in sloops and schooners to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Some of the craft are rather crazy old affairs, and this fact coupled with the absence of good harbors, makes the carrying of the stone a more or less hazardous enterprise.

The best known quarries in Rhode Island are in the vicinity of Westerly. The stone obtained there is remarkably fine grained and homogeneous in texture. The tints take a wide range, running from a pinkish white through the shades of brown, red, and pale blue. As a result, the stone has been extensively used in monuments and cemetery work.

The principal points at which large beds of granite are to be found in Connecticut are near Thomaston and Rockybury in Richfield county, on Long Island Sound in Fairfield County, near Lyme in Niantic and Groton in New London County, and near Ansonia, Branford and

Stony Creek in New Haven County. Connecticut granites are usually fine grained and possess a characteristic appearance by which experts can always distinguish them from other granites of the Atlantic Coast states. As handsome and durable as any stone is that obtained at Stony Creek. The stone itself is very strong and compact. It contains considerable flesh-colored orthoclase which gives it a very pleasing tint and makes it very like Scotch granite. Indeed, the pillars and trimmings of many buildings which are praised as from Scotland, are really from the quarries at Stony Creek, and while those familiar with building stones recognize the difference between the two granites, yet with the majority of people, they would and do pass as one and the same thing. The Scotch stone is somewhat finer in grain and possibly a little pinker in color, but it works no better or takes no better polish. The stone is worked by the Stony Creek Red Granite Company. This company was organized in 1889, though the quarry had been operated after a fashion for a dozen years or more. The property consists of the quarry or ledge about one and a half miles north of the Shore Line Railway, and the cutting sheds and shipping wharf on the sound, two miles distant, just facing the famous Thimble Islands. The outlook for the development and extension of these quarries is the most promising of any in New England. The stone, in brilliancy and texture, is almost without a rival. The purpose is to connect the ledge and the wharves by a railroad. At present a mile and a quarter of full-gauge track has been laid to the Guilford turnpike. Hence the stone is carted a quarter of a mile to the Shore Line tracks, or a mile further to the company's cutting sheds and wharf. But with the completion of this road, the company will have easy access to both rail and water shipping, an advantage of great importance. The stone, furthermore, is a natural ledge, that is, it is arranged in sheets. This is rather remarkable for red granite, as that stone usually appears in the form of boulders. But as a result of this, the Stony Creek granite has a better color, is less marked by blotches,

and thereby is subject to less waste. This is a significant point, which builders and architects can appreciate. Red granite, naturally, is more expensive than the more common gray, but its cost has been largely increased through the great waste made on account of these blotches and irregular markings. Though comparatively new, the Stony Creek Red Granite Company has filled some notable contracts. One of the handsomest buildings erected by it, showing in a fine way both the possibility of granite as an artistic building stone and the especial adaptation of the red granite to the purposes of extended ornamentation, is the new Erie County Savings Bank building at Buffalo, N. Y. The building is simple in outline and design, but stands compact, every detail of it falling upon the eye at once. The windows are of the high, cathedral style, and all the casements and cornices are strikingly and delicately carved. The entrance and doorways are ornamented in the same style with vines and figures wrought in the stone. The building cost some \$500,000 and fully 60,000 cubic feet of stone were cut and sent from Stony Creek for it. The designs for it were drawn by Mr. George B. Post of New York, and the building stands without a rival for beauty in this country.

An interesting adjunct to the granite industry is the making of paving blocks. Experience has shown that streets subjected to heavy traffic wear best when paved with stone. All stones, however, are not suited to this use, some being too soft and thus wearing away quickly, and others too hard and so becoming smooth and slippery under usage. The qualities desired in a good paving stone are hardness and brittleness, and certain of the granites have been found to answer this requirement perfectly. Nearly all the quarries turn out more or less of these blocks, the broken and waste stone being worked up in that way. Some whole quarries, however, notably in Maine, are devoted to this one thing. The enterprise as a result has been a very growing one, the paving blocks manufactured in the United States in 1889 aggregating nearly 62,000,000. The chief



skill required in the making of the blocks is an ability to see quickly and to take advantage of the direction of cleavage. The tools used are principally hammers of various kinds for opening and breaking the stone. There are no uniform standards of size, the blocks varying from  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in width, 6 to 7 inches in depth and 8 to 12 inches in length. In general the eastern cities prefer the larger sized blocks, while the western and southern cities like the smaller. New Orleans is an exception to this last, however, using, on account of the peculiar nature of its streets, the largest size. The cutters are usually paid by the piece for making the blocks, receiving from twenty to thirty dollars a thousand for them. The variation is due largely to whether the workmen furnish their own tools and quarry their own granite or receive the rough stone from their employers. The finished blocks sell in the large centres for from forty to seventy and sometimes ninety dollars a thousand. Assuming that sixty dollars is a fair average price the value of the output for granite paving blocks in 1889 would reach \$3,720,000. These blocks are very largely handled by the New York and Maine Granite Paving Block Company, whose offices are at Temple Court, New York city. The company was organized in 1882, with Mr. John Peirce as President. It started with an annual output of about 2,000,000 blocks, but this has now more than quadrupled; while some \$500,000 a year is paid out by the company, the most of which goes to the people of Maine. This company has furnished blocks, not only for the streets of New York and Brooklyn, but for those of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Albany. This shows the wide extent of the industry, granite blocks being available wherever reasonable shipping rates can be obtained. The New York and Maine Granite Paving Block Company also furnished the blocks for the repairing of Fifth Avenue, from Eighth to Ninetieth Streets, New York City, a distance of five miles, and it now has the contract for the same work on Broadway from Bowling Green to Fifty-ninth Street, some four miles.

New England leads the country in the granite industry. The total value of the output in the United States for 1889, as given in the returns for the eleventh census, was \$14,464,095, and of this amount the New England states produce \$8,031,161 worth or 55.52 per cent. In 1880 these same states, however, produced 75.11 per cent of the total. This apparent decline is explained by remarkable activity in certain of the western and southern states. Georgia jumps in the list from twelfth to sixth place, on account of extensive operations at Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, which were begun only a few years ago. The output in California has been greatly increased through the work at the Folsom Granite Quarries. This stone is used largely for constructing a dam for the Folsom Water Power Company and for the buildings of the power house of the State Prison, which is located near the spot. Remarkable activity is evident, also, in Colorado, South Dakota, and Minnesota. But despite this loss in relative percentage, New England has made tremendous strides during the decade. The value of the output for 1879 was \$3,897,567, showing the increase to have exceeded \$4,000,000. Massachusetts stands first with a product valued at \$2,503,503 and Maine a close rival with \$2,225,839. Connecticut's output had a value of \$1,061,202; Rhode Island, \$931,216; New Hampshire, \$727,531; Vermont, \$581,870. In these six states there are 488 firms operating 525 quarries and giving employment to 12,139 persons. The product aggregates 26,899,248 cubic feet of stone.

In detail this is shown by the following table :

State.	No. of Firms.	No. of Quarries.	Cub. ft. of Granite.	No. of Employees.
Maine	133	153	6,701,346	3,737
New Hampshire	77	78	2,822,026	1,253
Vermont	46	53	1,073,936	961
Mass.	148	151	9,587,996	3,333
Rhode Island	35	37	2,878,237	1,195
Connecticut	49	53	3,835,707	1,639

The business aspect of the industry is most concisely shown by this table :

Company, he has controlled a large part of the granite output of New England.

States.	Value of Product.	Total Wages.	Total Expenses.	Total Capital.	Percentage of profit or loss	
					On Capital.	On Value of Products.
Maine . . . . .	\$2,225,839	\$1,517,020	\$1,823,976	\$3,192,317	12.59	18.05
New Hampshire . . . . .	727,531	529,945	597,491	761,362	17.08	17.87
Vermont . . . . .	581,870	408,916	477,114	967,750	10.82	18.
Massachusetts . . . . .	2,503,503	1,630,128	1,973,729	2,235,759	23.70	21.16
Rhode Island . . . . .	931,216	618,013	789,219	646,392	21.97	15.25
Connecticut . . . . .	1,061,202	697,080	813,200	891,889	27.81	23.37

That New England holds the lead in this industry is due very largely to the energy and zealous efforts of three men. Those are the late Governor Bodwell of Maine, Hon. J. G. Batterson of Hartford, Conn., and Mr. John Peirce of New York. Governor Bodwell was among the first to recognize the value of the ledges which marked so large a part of his state. Recognizing their value, he possessed the business sagacity and the executive ability necessary to their development. Therein lies the important part which he performed in the establishment of the industry. Mr. Batterson has done the same thing for the quarries of Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, and through his labors Westerly granite has come to be known throughout the country. But it is not only necessary to develop the quarries. If the industry is to progress, new markets for the stone must be created. That has been the important function which Mr. John Peirce has performed for the granite industry of New England, pushing the stone into new fields, widening old markets, and demonstrating its superiority in point of beauty and durability to the most of the material currently used in building. Born in Maine, the son of one of the original proprietors of the Mount Waldo quarries, he has grown up with the industry. Thus, familiar with every feature of it, he has been well equipped for this work. As the representative of the Bodwell, Hallowell, Mount Waldo, and Stony Creek Red Granite Companies, and of the New York and Maine Granite Paving Block

It is through his efforts that New England granite has been put into such buildings as the Havemeyer mansion, the Brooklyn Federal Building, the Union Trust Building, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Erie County Savings Bank Building, and the Carnegie Library. It is largely through his efforts, also, that granite has come to be recognized as second to none as an all-round building stone. Chance and the dictates of fashion often play important parts in the architecture of a city. It was a current saying in New York a dozen years ago that "the architects found that city marble, and that they were likely to leave it brick." Public buildings, from the first use of stone in this country, have been largely constructed of granite. Commercial buildings in the larger cities, too, were constructed of this material after the use of wood was abandoned. Later, fashion dictated the use of marble, and this in turn was succeeded by brick, and now the tendency is towards a return to granite. The stone is used, however, in a form different from that in the old buildings. The style in large blocks now is heavy frames of iron enclosed by casings of stone, and architects and builders regard granite rock as especially suited to such a purpose, both on account of its strength and its durability. The advance made in the ornamental and artistic application of granite has resulted in a wider use of the stone in residences and smaller public structures, while it has become almost a supplanter of marble for outdoor statuary.

# THE WITCH OF SHAWSHINE.

A TRUE STORY.

By A. E. Brown.



THE Pilgrim's century was about to close when the humble farmhouse of Solomon Gray received a new tenant; and the new century had but just opened when Rev.

Thomas Barnard dipped his quill and entered in the church records of Cochi-chawick, "Baptized Miriam, daughter of Solomon Gray." "A precarious time to be ushered into the world," muttered the parson when making the sixth entry of baptism on the first Sabbath of the opening year. The six had all been born within a week, and through this ordinance, the devoted parents had tried to secure for their babes a safe passport to the realm of bliss, in case death claimed them before their lips could speak their Maker's praise. No one can wonder that the parson shook his head in foreboding as he entered the name of the new-born child. The unsettled state of society in this town and the others round about cast a gloom over the present and future. The scenes on Gallows Hill in Salem, where the condemned witches had been hung, were still fresh in the minds of the people. It was well known that the mother of Miriam gave testimony against Martha Carrier in the trial of August, 1692. Born beneath the shadow of such a scourge as Salem Witchcraft, and of a mother who had fallen a prey to the deluding influence, it would not be strange if this babe should suffer from unfortunate birth marks.

There was a rustle in the congregation in the primitive meeting house when Parson Barnard dipped water from the pewter basin, laid his reverent hand upon the little brow, and, in measured tones, uttered the prescribed words: "Miriam,

I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." When leaving the house of worship, some were heard to say, "This one is to be a prophetess. Like Miriam, the sister of Moses and Aaron, 'may she sing to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'" Miriam was the acknowledged queen of the cradle, and entitled to the service of the older children, until in turn, after two years, she was tumbled out to make way for a burly successor.

Not one of the ten children of Solomon Gray was more constant at church or more faithful at school than Miriam, who was the ninth child and a leading member of the family. At the age of twelve she could turn off a good skein of flax and almost match her mother in the knots of yarn from the great wheel as they counted up a busy day's work. She learned many of the out-door mysteries of the farm before reaching her teens, and often put her brothers to shame by taking less time to get a brimming pail of milk than they took. The boys declared that Old Chestnut and High Horn knew when Miriam pressed her soft hands to their flesh, and rewarded her gentle touch with but little effort on her part.

In the church records of a town twenty miles up the river there was recorded, on the second Sabbath of the eighteenth century, the baptism of Benjamin, son of Samuel Fay. He was one of a large family in the town, which for a while bore the name of the stream that winds through its eastern acres. After attaining his majority, Benjamin bought of Michael Bacon the corn mill on the Shawshine and began business for himself. The legacy from his father's estate was sufficient to purchase this place of business and the rude dwelling near the mill-

house. His need of a helpmeet was generally conceded by the people of the town. But he seldom went away from his business except on the Sabbath, and it was thought for a while that he was not fully aware of his greatest need. His absence from his place of business one day, however, caused a customer to inquire for him of his assistant at the mill. "He's gone down stream; goes often these days," was the reply.

The reason of the miller's repeated absence from meeting on the Sabbath, and from his business on the following morning, could not be conjectured for several months; but at last it became apparent. At a Sabbath morning service in the month of May, the clerk of Shawshine arose in his seat and read with measured words: "Marriage intended between Benjamin Fay of Shawshine and Miriam Gray of Cochichawick."

The announcement was made according to custom on three successive Sabbaths, and so the people knew the bridal day was near.

The months of extra spinning and weaving at the farmhouse of Solomon Gray now began to have a meaning to the people of the neighborhood. The matronly neighbors gathered about the quilting frames and plied their deft fingers until "herring-bones and tortoise-shells" were seen on each patchwork square. There were the venerable mothers, in cap and spectacles, who had heard Mrs. Gray give that memorable testimony against the witch; and who had shook their knowing heads when Priest Barnard — so they called him — laid his hand in baptism upon the infant brow, and one did not fail to whisper what many thought; "Does the miller know that she may turn out a witch?"

When the legal time for publishing passed, the miller's boat was not seen at its usual mooring and his assistant was in charge of the mill. "Will soon arrive," was whispered from home to home. Curiosity, seasoned with a little fear, filled the minds of many of the good people; coming events had cast their shadows before, and the people of Shawshine were not insensitive to the superstitions of Chochichawick.

While the villagers south of the "Dam" were busy in speculation, the inhabitants down the river were making merry at the home of Solomon Gray. In the pale moonlight of a June evening, a happy group was seen to weigh anchors and paddle away from the farmer's landing. Such a fleet had never before glided over the surface of this Indian stream. The chatter in the "bridal park" was like the chatter of the robins already mated for their summer, while the friendly canoes which led and followed carried those whose mating was not yet perfected. On the marshy edges of the sluggish river could be seen now and then the purple petals of a tardy rhodora, and the overhanging maples dropped their brilliant keys on the bridal party as it neared the winding banks.

Solomon Gray had a titling of the income from an "English Right," an estate in the mother country. His annual remittance this spring had been taken in broadcloth, with plumes to match. The brightest tints of the early flowers could not be compared with the folds of the scarlet drapery that shrouded the graceful form of Miriam Fay. Her full black eyes and raven locks were in striking contrast to the mantle that enfolded her, while the brilliant plumes that decked her jaunty hat rose far above the less pretentious costumes of the escorting friends.

The party disembarked so quietly at the miller's landing that they were undiscovered, and the flickering lights of the numerous candles in the miller's home were not seen by any one at Shawshine. Not even the merry voices of the departing escorts were noticed as the company weighed anchors in the early twilight and left the miller alone with his bride.

Benjamin Fay was ignorant of the gossip of the town, — for no busybody had warned him of impending evil; no traveller had asked a seat with him when on his pleasant trips up or down the river, and so his cup of happiness was full. The notes of the old bell never sounded sweeter to the miller than on the morning of that June Sabbath when he placed the noon lunch for two in the saddle-bag, helped his bride to the pillion, placed his feet in the stirrups, and

galloped off to the village meeting-house. There were those who lingered about the door as the bridal couple approached the house of worship, but all were too busy in their talk to offer assistance at the horse block. Benjamin managed his netting steed with one hand, and with the other aided his bride in alighting. It required urgent circumstances to detain any one from the morning service, and the pews were well filled before the miller arrived. All eyes were on the family seat of the elder Fay, the people not knowing that the young man had purchased all but the widow's thirds in the Fassett pew; so Benjamin and his bride were well seated before many were aware that they had entered the house. The scarlet plumes were soon detected by the observing, but some of the more devout had not grasped the situation until the congregation rose for the "long prayer," when all had plenty of time to "see the bride." The prayer was never so long as on this morning, thought Benjamin and Miriam. It was not altogether in their feelings, for it was of unusual length, as many had asked a share in its interest. Madam Jones had buried her husband since the last Sabbath, so she had presented a petition to the Throne of Grace that the bereavement "might be sanctified to her and her family for their spiritual good," and others had made similar requests.

Miriam Fay could not have selected a more unfortunate color for her costume, although it contrasted finely with her eyes and hair. A people, who already believed that the new comer was doomed from birth, saw enough in the brilliant clothes to convince them that there was truth in the rumors which had gone out from the last quilting of the winter. "I told you so," were the whispered words from one to another as the congregation broke up after the service, and but few offered greetings to the newly married couple during the noon "intermission."

Time passed on. The miller pursued his business, and his faithful companion performed her part in the rude dwelling. The Rev. Nicholas Bond and his wife made their accustomed call at the miller's house,—but no liquor was served with the wedding cake. This breach of

etiquette was not reported by the first callers, but the few parishioners who afterward discharged the claims of society did not hesitate to lay this omission to the bride. They were ready to charge any unwelcome change of affairs to her. The slightest unusual phenomenon was attributed to a mystical power which they had been led to believe was the birth-mark of Miriam Fay. Many of the people of Shawshine never called upon the new resident until the scarlet garments were temporarily exchanged for those of a more sombre hue, and some not then.

Years rolled on, and new subjects for conversation came and went. Some parents did not fail to whisper to their children that there was a mystery about the miller's wife, and they were taught to believe that the scarlet cloak and plumes would yet appear to cast some unfriendly shadow.

Benjamin Fay and his wife were regular in their accustomed pew at church. They brought one after another of their infants and dedicated them to the Lord, after the custom of the age, but all this did not change the sentiment of many of the people of Shawshine. Even the schoolmaster's report of the kindness of Mrs. Fay during his "boarding round" had but little effect in allaying the prejudices of the people of the district. The black-eyed children of the miller found but few associates at the school, and they were the first to reveal to the faithful wife and mother the mystery of her life at Shawshine.

Age began to make its furrows on the once rosy face of Miriam, and to silver with gray her raven locks; but her earnest expression of countenance plainly indicated that she was bent on breaking down the superstitions of years and removing the jealousies of blinded ignorance. The alarming scourge of throat distemper visited the colony, and the village of Shawshine did not escape. Child after child died of the dreadful disease, but it did not enter the home of the miller. "Few people ever call on the Fays" was the reason assigned by one, when the third little coffin was carried out from the home of John Whitmore, and the group of mourners marched

with measured step to add one more to the long line of new made graves. The heart of Miriam Fay was filled with sympathy for her stricken neighbors, and so, after using all known precautions in her own family, she started out to the relief of others. The first thing that met the eyes of the afflicted Whitmores on their sad return to the surviving members of the family was the scarlet cloak of the miller's wife. She was packing the children's throats with a compress of tansy.

The disease was arrested in the Whitmore family, and the simple means of prevention was effectually applied in other homes, and by people who reluctantly concluded that it might be possible for a witch to do one good deed with many evil ones.

Love of freedom was a lesson faithfully taught by example and precept in the home of Solomon Gray, and Miriam had imbibed the spirit. The loss of two brothers in the Indian wars had caused her to lay aside the scarlet cloak and plumes for a while. This, however, did not deter her from action when the days of the Revolution drew near. She discarded tea and everything of foreign flavor long before the people of Shawshine adopted the Bill of Non-Intercourse, and she was seldom seen in her scarlet cloak, for there was a tinge of royalty about those threadbare folds. The wits of men and women alike were exercised to thwart the encroachments of the "Redcoats." People of this town, like others of the colony, hardly knew whether they were looking into the face of friend or foe. It required but the slightest indication to brand one with the stigma of "Tory." While this excitement was raging at Shawshine, Miriam Fay, then past threescore years and ten, was seen at early dawn, dressed in her scarlet cloak, dashing home on the miller's horse, and hence she was classed among the Tories.

As the British generals were eager to know the movements of the colonists, they welcomed any one who offered assistance. They had no doubt that the woman in scarlet was their friend, and gave diligent

heed to her story and plans. They agreed to meet her at a time and place appointed, and gratefully bade her good night as she dashed out from their quarters in haste to reach home before light.

It was past the following midnight when John Whitmore was called from his bed by a man in military costume and, being mistaken for a Tory, was intrusted with the story of the distressed man and his companions. A woman in scarlet had visited their headquarters on the previous night and agreed to reveal a secret if they would come on the following midnight and bring a reward. Believing that she had the key to a colonial storehouse they made sure to meet her. The supposed Tory in scarlet had led them by the flickering light of a candle through a subterranean passage and over a swollen stream, by means of a narrow plank, to a cavern beyond, where she had extinguished the light; she had retraced her steps, pulled the bridge after her, emptied their saddle bags of the golden crowns, and disappeared.

In the darkness and mystery of the hour, foiled by the shrewdness of a woman, the proud generals were directed to the highway by one who was as great an enemy to their cause as the woman in scarlet had proved to be.

During the long and trying years of the war for Independence, a more loyal woman or more faithful spinner and weaver could not be found than Miriam Fay. No one sent more helpful packages to the sufferers in camp and hospital, and all of the service was given without drawing on the depleted treasury of the town. The helpful words of this patriot gave cheer to the people of Shawshine in their struggles to meet the demands for men and money, and when, after the surrender of Cornwallis, they assembled at the meeting-house to engage in a service of thanksgiving, the cracked voice of Miriam Fay, "the witch of Shawshine," could be plainly heard through the congregation as she joined in the words of Miriam of old: "Sing to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

## THE CHURCHES OF WORCESTER.

*By Rev. Charles M. Lamson, D. D.*



SOME years ago, when "the dominant denomination" of Worcester was disturbed at the apparent giddiness of the multitude in its devotion to the new things, Dr. Sweetser, a man of guiding and spotless fame, said: "Friends, be calm, wait in silence, all will discover by and by that this is a New England city." The issue of the ecclesiastical disturbance justified his prescient wisdom. When the breeze was over and the waves subsided, it was found that the old currents maintained their constancy and power. Cities, like men, have an

individual and representative character. They have certain constitutional realities that absorb and modify all elements that come from without. While it is doubtless true that the history of the world, as Carlyle tells us, is the history of its representative men, it is also true that it is the history of its representative cities. A good town or city history is more than the annals from which the historian takes his facts; it is a philosophic contribution to the meaning and quality of the life of the state. Dr. Sweetser gave a general but very suggestive description of Worcester, in calling it a "New England city." A western city of equal importance would not so easily bear a corresponding description. While the term, "New England" is geographical and somewhat vague, it can be expressed in terms of moral life, intellectual qualities, energy, conservative spiritual forces. If any one has lived into Worcester life and wishes to tell about it, he will find that if he begins with "Worcester is," he will finish it by the use of some attribute that will make it a part of the description, "It is a New England city." It is a city of homes; it has long stretches of residences occupied by their owners. Practically all the property of Worcester is owned by the inhabitants. It has a variety of manufacturing interests requiring thought

and skill in the workmen,—a larger variety of such interests than in any other city of its population in the country. Amasa Walker pronounced it in this respect a "model city." The place has no aid from nature, no harbor, no stream with power. It is in a valley, and the railroads entering it must toil over steep grades. It is far from mines of coal or iron. To many its rapid and solid progress is an unreasonable fact. But there is one ample and distinctive cause,—men of



Old South Church.  
FROM AN OLD PRINT.



energy and skill rooted in the place and determined that the tree shall bear fruit where it is planted. Worcester is a city of "middle-class" men, self-made, glad and proud of the place which they have aided in making while making themselves. The city has been and is a city of families of fine and noble strength, which would furnish President Eliot with many illustrations of the old New England stock. Some of the old names are disappearing from the places of power, but the old quality survives in the public spirit, in societies in the interests of culture, in libraries and educational institutions. The old Worcester lives in the new.

In the church history of Worcester is seen perhaps the clearest record of the fact that it is a New England city, clearer even than in the history of the inventive and manufacturing spirit. For this reason a serviceable and patriotic work has been done by Charles E. Stevens, in his book on "Worcester Churches."<sup>1</sup> He has the honor of having written the first city church history. As

<sup>1</sup> Worcester Churches. 1719-1789. By Charles Emery Stevens. Lucius Paulinus Goddard, MDCCCXC.



First Unitarian Church.

the edition of this work was limited to one hundred copies, few can have the



The New Old South Church.



Interior of New Old South.

opportunity of reading it. The book is a careful and systematic epitome of the ecclesiastical history of the city. The

beginning and growth of each church is given with historic sympathy. The author has done his work for the joy and use of it, with no other reward than one which all annalists value, the sense of having preserved the data of history, which if lost can never be recovered. The book compels the thought that the record of the church life is an essential record, and that without it the history of the city would be incomplete. Mr. Stevens has patiently examined ancient records and the memories of old citizens, and has edited them into a simple and interesting account of the religious force in the development of the plantation, village, town, and city. While he has definite religious opinions and convictions of his own, no one would learn them from what he has written. His interest

in the general church life has been so great, that he has been able to give to each church its place in the ecclesiastical



Bancroft House.

growth of the city, with appreciative discrimination.

When one reads the census of these churches, he may naturally first think of them as illustrating the condition in Omar Khayyam's day, when there were "two and seventy jarring sects." Worcester has seventeen denominations. But all

now over sixty churches in the city, with its population of nearly ninety thousand. In their varieties is found ample illustration of Spencer's definition of progress, as advanced from the simple to the heterogeneous. All, however, are of one phase of the threefold type or some combination of those phases.



Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D.

these are readily grouped under three names—the Evangelical, Liberal and Catholic. There are but three religious types of church character—"all good things must be three" as the Germans say,—the catholic type, revering authority, the liberal, asserting the supremacy of reason, and the evangelical, the followers of the "via media." There are

Worcester began with a church, not like some modern cities with a railroad station or hotel. In the earliest plantation the church idea was dominant. The settlers engaged in building a town for attaining six ends; the first was "security from the enemies," and the second was "for the better convenience of attending God's worship." It is said that the early

planters made a fortified house near what is now Main Street, and surrounded it with a palisade. It was enjoined that they should "provide a minister with all convenient speed, and a schoolmaster in due season." In these perilous and heroic days, the name of the plantation was



Rev. Edward H. Hall.

changed, from Quansigamond to Worcester. Probably some of the earlier settlers, as Lincoln says, came from Worcester, England; but there is a significance in the name Worcester, *war-castle* — that suggests another reason for its adoption. The final settlement of the town was not accomplished till 1713. Since then it has had a continuous history. The settlers who conquered a place in the great natural hollow where Worcester now stands had hardly finished their log houses before they began a church. For four years a log house, the home of one of the settlers, Gershom Rice, was used on Sunday for a "meeting-house." The first citizens had a sense of what was necessary for true prosperity when they practically declared "that they were too poor not to have worship and a good minister of God's Word." In 1717 a small meeting-house of logs was built southeast of the present Common, near where the Boston and Albany

railroad passes through the city. A church was organized in 1716, according to the declaration of a tablet in the New Old South; for Worcester, like Boston, has a New "Old South" — but, oh, cruel fate! no old "Old South." Mr. Stevens after careful research, has proved that the 6 in this tablet is wrong side up, and that the true date should be 1719. In this year a larger house of worship was erected on the west side of the training ground or present Common, which remained the site of the church for 168 years. The house erected in 1763, with its little delicate spire surmounted by the rooster whose crowing should bring "all sinners to repentance," remained till 1889. Changing fashions fixed and fixed again and again the pews and windows, but the spire remained to tell a modern generation that the church was the Old South. The new church, at the corner of Wellington and Main streets, is of brown stone, solidly built as befits a church with a long history, and with many touches of beauty, with a parish house and rooms for various uses and for society, seeking to meet in many ways the necessities of modern religious life, as is fitting for a church with a long hope.

The Old South Church has had sixteen pastors. Many of them have been



Central Church.



Interior of Central Church.

men of saintly fame. But the list reveals the fact that few churches have had so many servants so individual, with such distinct personal qualities. The first pastor, Rev. Mr. Gardiner, preached in the church on Sundays, and hunted deer in the neighboring woods and played practical jokes on his parishioners on other days. Once, it is said, he was invited by a parishioner to dinner, and there succeeded in changing the venison in the pot for a stone, all for the delight of witnessing the discomfiture of his host when he discovered that only boiled rock was provided for his minister's dinner. Such conduct did not seem to his people becoming a "good minister of God's Word," and they revenged themselves by refusing to pay his salary of two hundred dollars. He was dismissed "because he was unworthy." Cotton Mather wrote from Boston to advise the church as to its

action, but we feel we should like to know more of this "unworthy," this joking, warm-hearted parson, after reading this instance of his generosity:

"A poor parishioner, having solicited aid in circumstances of distress, Mr. Gardiner gave away his only pair of shoes for his relief; and as this was done on Saturday, appeared the next day in his stockings at the desk to perform the morning service, and in the evening appeared in borrowed slippers a world too wide for his slender members."

The minister of the Old South who most nearly represented the early New England type was Dr. Samuel Austin of New Haven, who was pastor from 1790 to 1815. His theology was solid Calvinistic, and it was preached with



Rev. Seth Sweetser, D.D.

an intense and consistent devotion. By his intellectual earnestness, by his influence in councils, by preparing for the press the "first complete works of the elder Jonathan Edwards," by founding the General Association of Massachusetts, by his thoughtfulness and fearlessness he did much to secure a place of influence for what has been known as the New England School of Theology. He made a deep impression on his time by his scholarship and eloquence. He could be gentle, he could smile like a child, and yet in the time of trial he seemed to have



Rev. David Peabody, D.D.

the appearance of the old reformers and martyrs. He had also a feeling for humor, as is evident from a sermon preached during the war of 1812, which caused much agitation and was published by him with this on the titlepage :

"Published by the desire of some who heard it and liked it; by the desire of some who heard it and did not like it; and by the desire of others who did not hear it, but imagine they should not have liked it if they had."

Dr. Austin, after his Worcester pastorate, became president of the University of Vermont. One incident will for a long time be held in memory, to keep sacred the west end of the Common, where the Old South stood. Early on Sunday morning, July 14, 1776, the people of the village gathered about the church. To many of them the war was an awful fact. In all hearts was the strain of anxiety and the question, Are we to become a nation? On that morning the messenger bearing the Declaration of Independence to Boston had been intercepted, a copy obtained, and now for the first time in Massachusetts Bay that Declaration was publicly read. The reader, Isaiah Thomas, stood on the west porch of the church. Though but twenty-seven years old, he had for six years published the *Massachusetts Spy*, which, established in Boston, he had recently moved for safety's sake to Worcester. He was full of power and prudent courage. He and the sons of liberty about him felt the future years like prophets. It is somewhat difficult, standing on the green, close to the noise and movement of the modern city, to imagine the scene on that quiet Sunday morning. No modern wor-



Union Church.

ship was more serious or intense. There was nothing simulated nor formal in that congregation, as it listened to the strong words pronounced from the entrance of the church: "All men are created equal." It would be a good scene for a historic painting, and a good illustration of the essential unity of Church and State.

The Old South has sometimes been called "the mother of churches." Church after church has gone forth from the old home. She may legitimately regard the sixty churches of the city as her children and grandchildren. Some of them, like daughters in marriage, have changed their names; but all, because they are part of Worcester, feel the interest of children in the parent.

The growth of the "Liberal" churches of Worcester dates from the organization of the Second Congregational or, as it is usually called, the First Unitarian. Its corporate name is still "the second parish in the town of Worcester." This is the first "poll" parish in any inland town of the Commonwealth, with the possible exception of the church in Leominster. It was formed of men of

similar opinions, without regard to local residence. As the organization of the church was in 1785, these opinions took their rise in that intense intellectual and religious movement that marked the period immediately following the Revolution. The formation of this church is a matter of unusual interest in the history



Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D.D., LL.D.



Trinity Church.

of ecclesiastical life in New England. By the law of 1692, the church was first to make choice of a minister; then the parish, that is the town, were to take action. In the state constitution, adopted in 1780, the town or parish was given the exclusive right of appointing the public teacher. The method allowed by the constitution was not commonly followed by the churches of the period; they followed the ancient precedent. In this case, as the First Church was unwilling to countenance the establishment of the new church, an appeal was made to the town. The sixty-seven associates seemed to have assumed the right given under the constitution. The petitioners urged the town to establish another parish and to meet the expense in the support of the two churches. This petition was debated and, as the record says, "passed in the negative." The association then formed a voluntary organization, adopted



a covenant marked by its simplicity, beauty, and charity, and constituted themselves the "second parish." At first the expenses were met by voluntary contributions of the members, a burden made the more onerous from the fact that they must also aid through public taxation in the

ning of the second. The liberal reaction must have commenced some years before 1785. The beginnings of religious changes in Worcester antedated the time when they came to the surface.

While the town refused to grant authority for forming a new religious society, the society was yet allowed a quasi legal status when formed. Citizens could join at will either parish. If the individuals attended its services, it was regarded as obedience to the law that all must attend worship. In Worcester the fine for three months' absence from church was ten shillings. For some reason the town made it less expensive to stay at home, for the tax on polls or estates assessed by the parish for the support of the minister was far beyond that sum.

When the second parish was organized, it was not Unitarian. It was rather an unconscious liberal movement. Among those who formed the church the question of the divine unity was not agitated. Probably most of the members were Arminian



Church of the Unity.

support of the first parish. If we ask, When did the liberal movement of Worcester begin? the answer must be, that the beginning of religious changes are usually vague and slow, and that this was the case here is evident from the fact that but two men and four women of the sixty-seven associates were members of the first church at the time of the begin-

rather than Calvinistic, but they were certainly not Unitarian. If the church to-day were to answer the question, How did we become Unitarian? The answer would be: It was the result of a religious movement stimulated and guided by the first pastor, Dr. Aaron Bancroft. Dr. Bancroft was the minister of this parish for fifty-four years, and was for

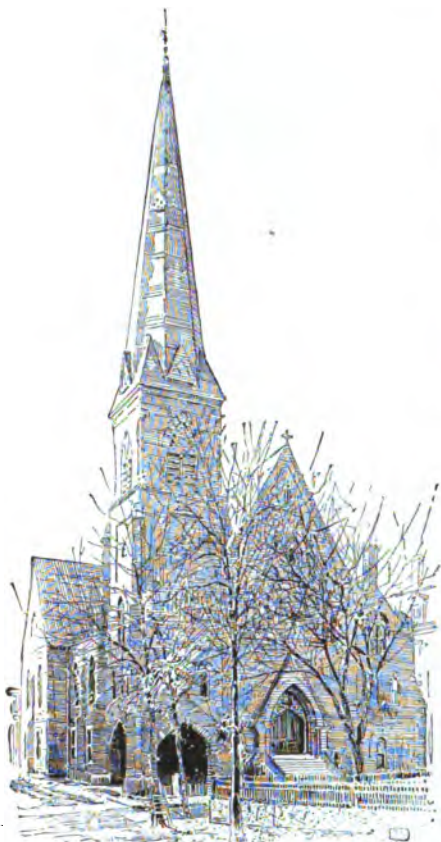


Edward Everett Hale.

FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN WHILE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY.

this period so intimately associated with its growth that the same record would give the life of the man and the history of the church. When he came to Worcester, Mr. Maccarty had been thirty-seven years pastor of the Old South. The young man — Bancroft was then thirty years old — charmed people by his open mind and readiness to meet

the new times. At this period he had convictions which he had never uttered, and there was in him a movement of thought of which he himself seemed hardly conscious. What his church was is seen in a remark made to him three years after his settlement, when a rumor had declared that "he denied the underrived divinity of the Saviour." "This,"



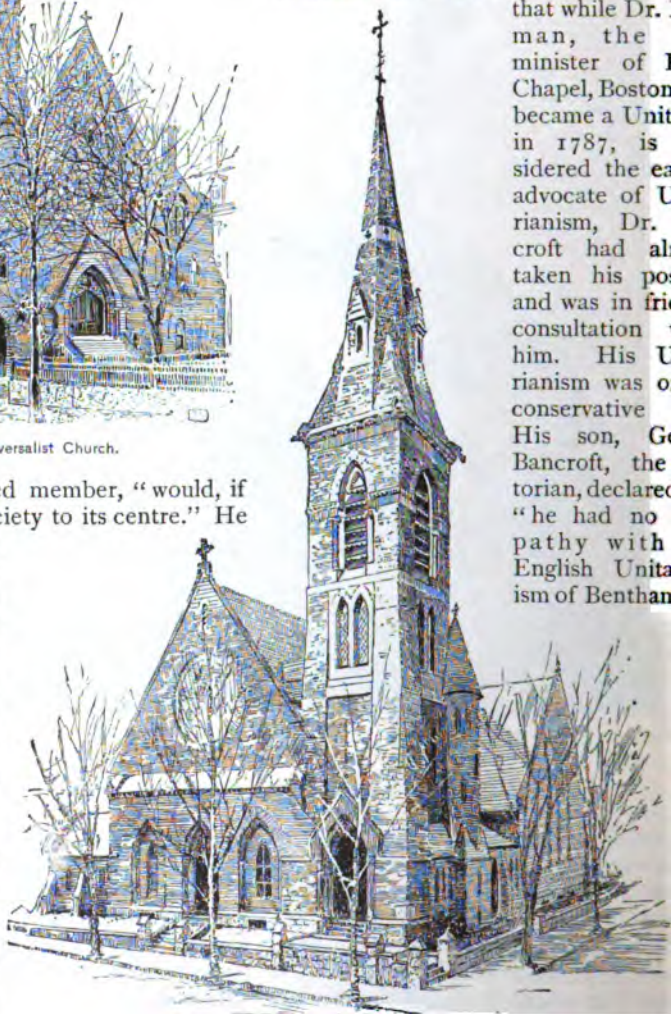
First Universalist Church.

said a distinguished member, "would, if true, shake our society to its centre." He was a prudent genius, and would not declare as convictions what were but half-grown conclusions. He could keep silent as to his opinions till his convictions became irrevocable, and his hearers were prepared for them by their indirect influence. A century later we hear of clergymen cultivating the assent of their congre-

gations by the power of unexpressed convictions. Librarian Green tells us that in 1821, thirty-six years after he began to preach to the new organization, Dr. Bancroft delivered a course of distinctly Unitarian sermons, "which were almost universally approved by his hearers and by their desire published."

In this genial, candid, brave, scholarly minister, Unitarianism had its origin in Worcester. In him also may be found the beginning of the liberal movement in New England, as an active, declared power. Dr. Alonzo Hill, Dr. Bancroft's successor, is authority for the statement

that while Dr. Freeman, the first minister of Kings Chapel, Boston, who became a Unitarian in 1787, is considered the earliest advocate of Unitarianism, Dr. Bancroft had already taken his position and was in friendly consultation with him. His Unitarianism was of the conservative type. His son, George Bancroft, the historian, declared that "he had no sympathy with the English Unitarianism of Bentham and



All Saints' Church.



Priestly." Dr. Bancroft was the father of thirteen children, of whom the historian was the eighth. He was, as all records and memories agree, a most conscientious, wise, and saintly man.

From 1785 to 1885 the Second Church had but three ministers : Dr. Aaron Bancroft from 1775 to 1827, when Dr. Alonzo Hill was ordained as his colleague ; Dr. Hill from 1827 to 1869, when Rev. Edward H. Hall, now of Cambridge, was installed as colleague ; and Dr. Hall from 1869 to 1882. These pastors, both by their strength of thought and capacity of clear statement, and by their elevating social sympathies, have in their long pastorates deserved and received the united respect and affection of the church.

There is an old saying in Worcester that when the minister of the second parish went up the centre aisle on his way to the pulpit, he passed between more brains than the minister of any other church in Massachusetts. To verify this remark would be an indelicate, perhaps an impossible task ; but the reason for the saying is found in the fact that at one time in the history of the church, pews on the broad aisle were occupied by Levi Lincoln, judge of the Supreme Judicial Court, for several years Governor of Massachusetts, John Davis, governor of Massachusetts and United States senator, Benjamin F. Thomas, member of Congress and judge of the Supreme Judicial Court, Pliny Merrick, judge of the Supreme Judicial court, Charles Allen, chief justice of the Supreme Court, member of Congress and

one of the founders of the free soil party, Thomas Kinnicut, judge of probate for Worcester county, Stephen Salisbury, president of the American Antiquarian Society, Dr. John Green, founder of the Free Public Library in Worcester, and others.



Rev. William R. Huntington.

The first building occupied by this church for worship is now used as a schoolhouse, at the northern extremity of Summer Street. The second was burned. The third, now occupied, was erected in 1851. Its marked features are the Corinthian front and high spire with beautiful decoration and proportion. This front and spire, a copy of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, are the best and

almost the only example of the older style of architecture of the Worcester churches.

Of the three divisions of the Church, which we have made—the Evangelical, Liberal, and Catholic,—the Catholic came latest, and has had the most rapid growth. The Boston and Albany railroad and the Blackstone Canal were the pioneers of the Catholic church in Worcester. The workmen were Catholics, and as such desired the ministrations of a Catholic priest. Mr. Stevens discovered the following records in a manuscript diary of Mr. Baldwin, former librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, which explains not only the beginnings, but also the later substantial growth.

"April 4, 1834. I had a call to-day from Rev. James Fitton, a Catholic priest from Hartford, Ct., who says he is the first native of Boston who ever preached the Catholic faith in New England.

"April 7. Mr. Fitton yesterday assembled the Catholics in this town and with those who came from the factories of Clappville and Millbury he had about sixty, beside women and children. He was subjected to some difficulty in finding a convenient place to hold a meeting, but at length



Rev. Merrill Richardson, D.D.

obtained consent to hold it in the new store occupied by Mr. Bailey, which is constructed of stone and stands on the north side of Front Street on the west bank of the Blackstone Canal. I believe this to be the first Catholic sermon ever preached in town. After service was over, a subscription was taken with the view of raising money to erect a chapel or church and, what is very surprising, five hundred dollars were soon subscribed. And in addition to this, another hundred dollars was procured to defray Mr. Fitton's expenses from Hartford here, and to enable him to visit the Catholics in different places in Massachusetts and Connecticut."



Pulpit of All Saints' Church.

The stone building here referred to still stands on Front Street, near the line of the old Blackstone canal. The first church was erected near the place where the Old South Church built its log meeting-house. It was dedicated as Christ Church in 1841. In 1845 it was removed, and became the "Catholic Institute," and St. John's Church was built in its place.

The growth of the Catholic Church in Worcester from 1841 to 1891 has been phenomenal. Father Fitton may take the name of founder, but probably his wise prescience could not imagine that the one St. John's Church would

become eight large churches in fifty years. One reason for this growth has been the rapid increase in the Catholic population; but another and an important one has been the broad and wise administration that considered the religious interests of the whole community, and valued the growth of the Church more than the convenience or growth of individual churches. The Protestant churches have not been erected after a consistent plan for the advantage and use of the whole; in some parts of the city there has been a congestion of great churches, while other portions have been practically destitute. The Catholic churches are in local parishes, and in each of the seven divisions there is a church that has the immediate care of the vicinage. The Protestant churches are now compelled to build chapels to complete the work that can be better accomplished by the wise distribution of great churches. In all Protestant churches "poll" parishes are



Carved Stones from Worcester Cathedral, Eng., preserved in All Saints' Church.



Swedish Congregational Church.

an apparent necessity, but they do not promote economy of ecclesiastical administration.

St. John's Church was completed in 1845, and has, according to the authority of Monsignore Griffin, ten thousand persons connected with it. St. Anne's was completed in 1856, and now has a parish of three thousand, eight hundred. It is not far from the railway station, and its twin towers form a conspicuous object as one approaches the city from Boston. St. Paul's Church, at the corner of High and Chatham Streets, is the most imposing architecturally of any church edifice in the city. It is Gothic, constructed of granite, and has over its façade a statue of St. Paul by Rogers, which was the gift of



Rev. H. S. Wayland, D.D.

Mrs. George Crompton. The parish of St. Paul's consists of three thousand persons, and it has for its pastor Rev. John J. Power, D. D., vicar-general of the diocese. The Church of the Immaculate Conception, at the North End, was organized in 1873, and now consists of sixteen

hundred persons. St. Peter's, at the South End, was organized in 1884, and has now a parish of fourteen hundred. The Church of the Sacred Heart, on Cambridge Street, was organized in 1880, and has a parish of three thousand, two hundred. St. Stephen's on Grafton Street, was organized in 1887, and is now said to have one thousand four hundred within its parish. The French Church, Notre Dame, with its two chapels, is not territorial, but national. It vies numerically with St. John's, and claims to have a connection of ten thousand persons. These numbers are given from the statements of the pastors of the various churches. Upon this enumeration they base the claim that Wor-



First Baptist Church.



Main Street Baptist Church.

cester is nearly one-third Catholic, numerically. The term Catholic as they employ it may be somewhat elastic, but the estimate is sufficiently accurate to reveal the remarkable growth of half a century. Dr. Huntington well says that in estimating the religious movements of the times we must take account of what



is going on in the Catholic Church. This New England city must take account of it.

The Second Evangelical Church of Worcester was the First Baptist. Here as elsewhere, this church's life was begun in an independent spirit of fidelity to conscience and "the Word." For some years it was a church of one, "one, but a lion," James Wilson, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. He came in 1795, and for many years this church of one was very efficient; it held the ground, had no internal dissensions, and "kept the truth alive." In 1812, the First Baptist Church was organized and pastor called. As the society had no meeting-house, the assessors of the town granted them the use of the Old South for the constitution of the church and the installation of the pastor. But Dr. Austin, minister of the Old South, refused to be present, and declared with solid emphasis his opinion of the new enterprise. Dr. Bancroft, with a cordial spirit, offered them the use of the Unitarian Church, which was accepted. The creed of the church was read at that time, and it is probable that from that time to this the doctrines of election, imputed righteousness, total depravity, and baptism by immersion, have never had in that place such clear and emphatic declaration. The church at its beginning learned the force of Burke's saying, "Our antagonist is our helper." The opposition of those who could not understand them increased and developed their power. It was soon seen that the church had staying qualities, resolute convictions, and a religious loyalty; and these soon gained for it a place of respect and influence.

As the business prophecy of the time declared that the city must grow toward the southeast from the



Notre Dame Church.

Common, the meeting-house was erected on Salem Square, on the site now occupied by the First Baptist Church.

In 1813, Dr. Jonathan Going accepted a call to its ministry. The punning people

have often declared that he was the one who more than any other made the church "go." He remained for sixteen years, and led the church into greatness and usefulness. He was a man of personal power, fine culture, and large views of the necessary work of a church. There was universal sorrow at his resignation. "I am departing," he said, "not because I love this church or Worcester less, but the whole country and the whole church more." When we remember that



Rev. Jonathan Going, D.D.



Plymouth Church.

this was in 1832, we see that his devotion had a kind of prophetic genius. He felt the claims of that "New West" that then had no existence. The church must go, he felt, with that new civilization that was "bursting into states" as it went westward.

In all good causes, notably that of education, he was "bishop." There are many memories of his tenderness and gracious sacrifices, but we like him all the more because he is said to have once been "mad." Like "Father" Allen of Worcester, he was an advocate of Temperance when most even of the clergy used ardent spirits. A church is reported to have asked him for assistance. "Can you not," he inquired, "by economy in the use of liquor save enough for self-support?" "I think not, sir," replied the man presenting the cause, "I now buy mine by the barrel, at the lowest wholesale rates." At this Dr. Going is said to

have been "severe." He was a trustee of Brown University and an original trustee of Amherst College. He was founder of the American Baptist Missionary Union and president of Evanville University, Ohio. Dr. Jonah G. Warren says of him: "He was a vast walking magnetic machine, at every step giving off sparks through every pore of the skin, through every hair and muscle. Another man, carrying so extensive, so diversified, so complete an armory, with such consummate skill in the selection and use of each weapon as the emergency arose, never walked our streets. This I say remembering that the Waldos, Davises, Lincolns, Bancrofts, Thomases and many more of a unique character and national reputation have resided here."

At the close of the first century of its existence, Worcester had a population of twenty-six hundred and three churches. The last three-fourths of a century has been crowded with new religious movements. In this time nearly sixty churches, some imported, some outgrowths and some outcomes, have been formed. In tracing their growth and influence, their intimate association with the civil life of the town, an association less formal but no less essential than at the beginning, it



St. John's Episcopal Church.



Window in St. John's Church.

it seen that the history of the city is one, and the terms sacred and profane, in reference to the growth of the city, as indeed in all history, make often an important distinction.

The First Baptist Church has become seven churches. It has lived down all opposition and lived into a deserved spirit of sympathy and respect for its vigorous and aggressive life. The Second Baptist Church was formed in 1841, and has just entered into joyful possession of its new church on Pleasant Street. The Main Street Baptist church was established upon petition of Eli Thayer and others in 1852. Then followed the Dewey Street church in 1867, the Lincoln Square church in 1881, the South Baptist in 1886, and the Adams Square church in 1889.

The Baptist Church in Worcester has always been a church of administrative liberty, "Congregational Independent, and a little more," as Dr. Dexter says. It has kept alive the spirit imparted by Dr. Goings. It believes in church extension as a missionary duty. It makes clear appeals to the conscience.

Every one knows what a Baptist is. The church is in touch with modern religious movements, but not their slave; and though it has had but a short history in the city of Worcester, it points with honorable pride to its seven churches there.

The Methodist Episcopal Church began its organized life in Worcester in 1834. It came and saw many times before it could say it conquered. A "class leader," Garrettson, appeared in 1790, took tea with Dr. Bancroft, and was shocked at discovering that the Doctor did not say formal grace over his evening meal. The famous Bishop Asbury also came several times. In 1830, Rev. Dexter S. King visited the city, and formed a class. When the first Methodists declared that class-meetings were essential to Methodism, he revealed a religious genius. The formation of Methodist churches



Pleasant Street Baptist Church.

in Worcester and other places was usually preceded by the formation of a "class." In 1834, the First Methodist or Trinity Church was formed. Though at the beginning we are told that large congregations were filled with true "Methodist power," it is evident that the cradle in which Methodism was first rocked in Worcester was very rudely shaken. It was not a church of honor. An incident connected with its beginning seems almost like ancient history to the new generation. "In 1835," Stevens tells us, "when the presiding elder undertook to deliver an anti-slavery address in the

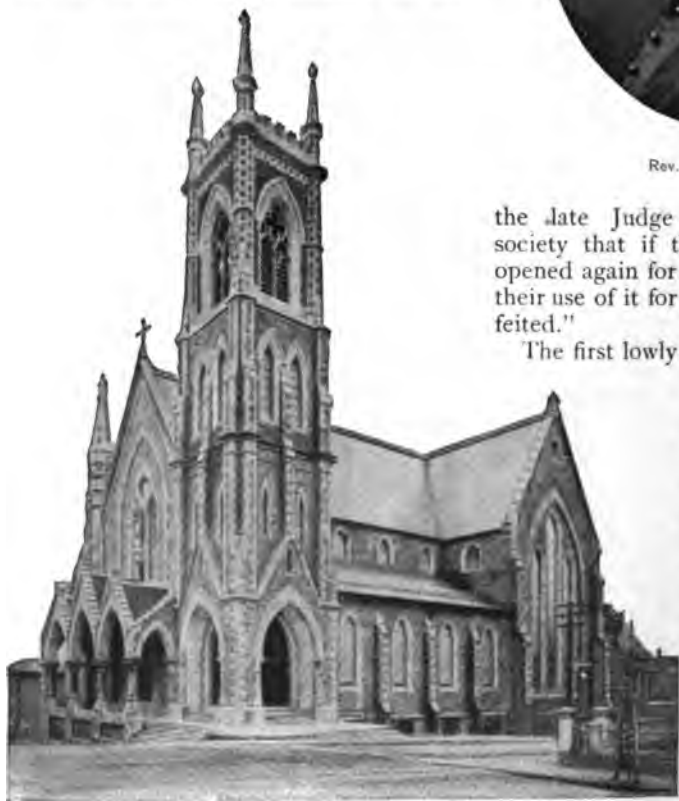


Rev. Father Fitton.

the late Judge Merrick, notified the society that if the Town Hall was ever opened again for an Anti-Slavery meeting, their use of it for preaching would be forfeited."

The first lowly church was erected on Union Street, in the midst of "puddles and ooze." This church was burned in 1843, and a new and larger church was built near the Common, which was dedicated in 1845. When this was outgrown, the new Trinity came, in 1871, this church now having a membership of over eight hundred.

At the semi-centennial anniversary of Methodism in Worcester, in 1884, these humble beginnings



St. Paul's Church.

Methodist place of worship, Levi Lincoln, Jr., son of Governor Lincoln, entered with an Irishman, himself seized the speaker's manuscript, and tore it in pieces, while the Irishman laid violent hands on the speaker elder. Directly after, the selectmen, one of whom was

were dwelt upon with the joy natural to a church which has long outgrown them. It was then proved and published that no other evangelical church in Worcester had grown so rapidly in numbers or wealth or spiritual power as the Methodist church. At that time it pointed to the Grace

Church with its new building, a church "whose beginning was achieved" by Dr. Dorchester, the statistician, then presiding elder, to the smaller but vigorous churches on Laurel Street, Webster Square and

Coral Street, as well as to the African and Swedish churches. The Methodist Church illustrates the truth that the thoughts of intellectual religion gradually work down from the cultured to the common people, and that the feelings of emotional religion work up and give warmth to refined life. Other churches are gratefully receiving "Methodist fervor," and the Methodists are accepting the soberness of culture and the refinements of written sermons, classical music, and impressive architecture. Methodism in Worcester, by the influence of its ministry, its clear position in all moral reforms, its spirit of church extension, its organized zeal, has made large and useful contributions to the moral wealth of the city.



Figure of St. Paul, St. Paul's Church.

As Worcester is a New England city, it is natural that the church which began with the New England life should to-day have an important place of influence. One of another denomination says that, "the Congregational church has been the dominant church from the beginning to the present in Worcester as in no other city of its population and influence." The answer made to this statement was: "It is fortunate that the church does not know it, but thinks of itself as the first among equals."

The Old South had existed more than a hundred years before another church of the same order was formed. The Calvinist church, now the Central, was organized in 1822, and entered the church erected for it by Daniel Waldo in the next year. The name "Central" illustrates the difficulty of giving the geographical name that in a growing city shall be long consistent. The centre of the city is now a mile to the south of the church. The first church edifice was a plain rectangular structure, a meeting-house, not a church. The new building recently erected at the North End is both a church and a meeting-house. It is itself an act of worship, restful and inspiring, while it is at the same time a building suited for all the purposes of practical



Piedmont Church.

religion. The architect, Stephen C. Earle, has, by the arrangement of the interior, answered the question, What is the idea or the harmony of ideas that should mark a Congregational church? He has diminished the usually exaggerated prominence of the organ, and has presented architecturally the ideas of praise, the

sacraments, the Scriptures, and preaching, in their union and their relative order. St. Paul's (Catholic) and All Saints (Episcopal) more readily lend themselves to an architectural answer of the question, For what is this church? than the non-ritualistic churches. It is a sign of advance in church architecture



Pilgrim Church.

that the builders are now asking the question, What is the idea of this church, and how shall it be presented plainly and impressively to the eye of the worshipper? Mr. Earle believes that the non-ritualistic churches have ideas which architecture can express, and express consistently and worshipfully.

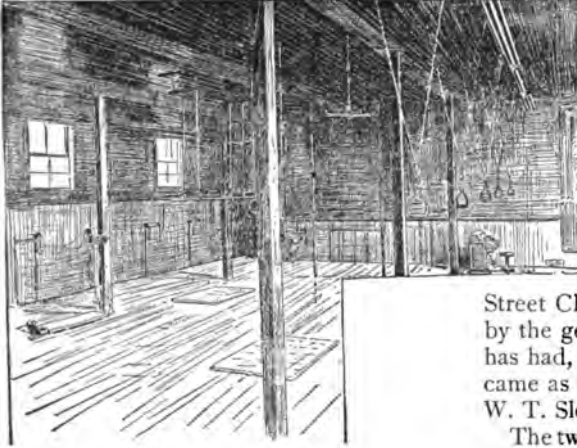
The first pastors of the Central church were Rev. L. I. Hoadly, Dr. John S. C. Abbott, the popular author, and Professor David Peabody. These men had a reputation for literary capacity and could utter the "best thoughts in the best way." The

next pastor, Dr. Seth Sweetser, whose pastorate continued from 1838 to 1878, was a genuine instance and type of the New England minister. He was not a politician, but he made the city his parish. His thoughtful, saintly face was a constant proclamation of the gospel of a pure character. He was a student and an educator. He "saw truth steadily and saw it whole." The Worcester Polytechnic Institute is said to have had its origin and plan in his mind. As overseer at Harvard and trustee of Andover Theological Seminary, he had a wide field for educational influence. He was a man of wise reserve, who never advertised his power or his weakness. Though not magnetic nor a popular orator, he commonly met truth and men at the level of their worth and gained a safe, pure, and permanent influence.

Ichabod Washburn, the founder of the Washburn and Moen wire works, was one of the prominent members of the Union Church which was organized in 1835. The first minister, Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, resigned because the church admitted anti-slavery agitators as speakers in the house of worship. After him came Dr. Elam Smalley, author of the *Worcester Pulpit*, father of Mr. G. W. Smalley, the well-known London newspaper correspondent. His successor was Dr.

E. Cutler, who was pastor from 1855 to 1880. For this quarter of a century he preached sermons of luminous, consistent thought. He resembled Dr. Sweetser in his habit of carrying his character, not his emotions, in his face. To those who half knew him he appeared wholly intellectual, but to those who wholly knew him he was a man of deep and warm sympathies, with the confidences and loyalties of a true friend.

In the days when the Providence railroad station was on Green Street, a stranger of somewhat dubious appearance



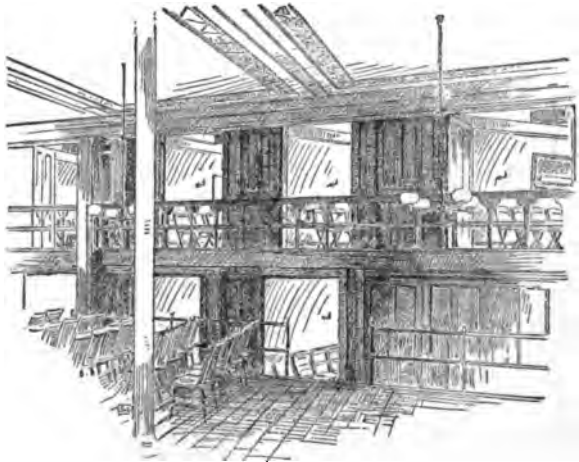
Gymnasium in Pilgrim Church.

passed the Salem Street Church,— which then had no spire and gave little hint of its ecclesiastical uses,— on his way to the train. Dr. George Bushnell, the pastor stood near it, and as the stranger, in doubt, asked, "Is this the Providence station?" the Doctor, who had something of the quality of his famous brother, Dr. Horace Bushnell, answered, "This is the Providence station, but I fear not the one you are seeking." The members of the Congregational churches, in 1847, impressed with the rapid growth of the city, agreed to organize a new Providence station. The three churches erected the building and gave the new organization a communion service. The church at once took its place as one of the large and influential churches of the city. In 1871 the church was rebuilt, and the present spire, "the highest in the city," was added. The pastor of this church from 1858 to 1870 was Dr. Merrill Richardson, who united in himself the warrior and the child. He was a man who rose by the power of the breeze that opposed him. He took active interest in all questions of public reforms and morals and, as Judge Chapin said, was always on the right side. He united the church both

by his repellent and his attractive energies and fought his way without bitterness to a permanent peace. The Worcester of the last generation remembers him as a figure of intense and impressive personality.

It is an interesting fact, which should be stated in passing, that the Summer Street Church, established and maintained by the generosity of Ichabod Washburn, has had, since 1873, the same pastor who came as the first minister in 1855, Rev. W. T. Sleeper.

The two largest Congregational churches in Worcester are of recent origin, — Plymouth Church and the Piedmont. The first has a solid structure of granite in the centre of the city, with rich and substantial appointments, and with a chime of bells in its tower. It had its beginning in the energies of the young men from a number of churches, and in the twenty-one years of its life has reached a mem-



Sunday School Rooms in Pilgrim Church.

bership of over seven hundred. The second of these churches was organized in 1872, at the South End, and has had since its beginning a steady and great increase. The society occupies a graceful and well-appointed church, and has a membership of seven hundred. It was a surprise to the older churches that these twins, the Plymouth and Piedmont,



should so soon become the largest in the family.

The Pilgrim Church, on the corner of Main and Gardner Streets, at the South End, by its large and attractive edifice and the annex, Pilgrim Hall, seeks to meet both the religious and secular needs of social life. It has a room specially adapted for the Sunday School, a gymnasium, carpenter's shop, printing-office, reading-rooms and arrangements to meet the various social necessities of the community, and is a notable illustration of the modern church with modern methods.

The problem of church extension in most New England cities is the same. Shall large churches be erected at the centre, or shall smaller chapels or churches be established to meet the local necessities of the circumference? This is the question among the churches of Hartford, Springfield and New Haven. The larger churches can have better appointments for worship, the smaller can be nearer the homes. Build near the centre, said the Worcester of forty years ago; build in the circumference, says the Worcester of today. Congregationalism has recently established many churches on the rim, at Lake View, South Worcester, Grafton Street, the Park Church on West Elm Street, the Belmont Church and, within a few weeks, the Bethany at New Worcester. The Swedes have their own church on Providence Street. The Congregational family has fifteen children in the city, the oldest one hundred and seventy-five years of age, the youngest an infant of a few months.

The Episcopal Church is now so well established and so much at home, that one can with difficulty think of it as a youth among the Evangelical churches. The church had a small and difficult beginning in Worcester. The late Judge Ira M. Barton said in 1835, "there are so few to bear the burden." The late Bishop Vaill, after six months' service, went away "thoroughly discouraged." The city kept its New England traditions of the Revolution, when many of the Episcopalians were Tories. The Episcopal church was not examined, and therefore not understood. This trial period, when the plant was being rooted, contin-

ued till 1862. At this time, Rev. William R. Huntington, now rector of Grace Church, New York, became the rector of All Saints, the name given to the parish in 1843. When this name was given, a stranger to the church asked, "Does it mean that all the saints are in this church, or that all in the church are saints?" Dr. Huntington gradually made the people feel that Episcopacy had a place in a New England city. For twenty-one years he gave progress and solidity to the church by his refined and constructive Christian character, by his "genius for hard work," by plans long and well considered, by the downright honesty and fervor of his preaching, and more by his vital touch with every religious and civic interest within and without his parish. The first church on Pearl Street was destroyed by fire in 1874, and the new one on the corner of Pleasant and Irving consecrated in 1877. This church is a beautiful and spacious structure of red sandstone. It also answers in its architecture the question, What is the idea of this church? In the chapel and parish buildings it meets consistently the various demands that modern life makes on the modern church. "The pulpit of the Pearl Street Church, a gift from Emanuel Church in Boston, rescued from the flames and erected for use in the new church, is a memorial of continuity; while encrusted in the interior wall of the tower porch are stone relics of mediæval architectural ornament, given by the dean and chapter of Worcester Cathedral in England, as a token of 'brotherly regard and church unity.'

The people of All Saints Church have for a long time had the opinion that for wise and wide influence they must not only have the church of the centre, but the churches of the circumference. Dr. Huntington felt that churches should not come up by chance or from any spurt of missionary enthusiasm, but should be erected to meet the necessities of the whole field. Under this broad and wise conviction, four churches were planned, which should bear the name of the four Evangelists. Three of these have already been established, St. Matthew's at New Worcester, St. John's on Lincoln Street, and St. Mark's at the South End.

The advance of the Episcopal Church in Worcester has been quiet, healthy, and substantial. The church won a place of affection and respect, as a church having a useful and necessary work in the realization of the "church idea," as well as in the duties and hopes of American Christianity.

The Society of Friends has had an honorable history in the growth of the city. Through "the inner light" of the Chase, Colton, Earle, Arnold and Hadwen families, the fame and the character of the community have been made brighter. A pastor of another church, who only knew this body through its members, said, "If I were not what I am, I should be a Quaker."

The Presbyterian and Free Baptist churches have organizations of promise; while the Second Advent Church, the Church of Christ,—the Christadelphian, the Church of the New Jerusalem, religious societies among the Germans, Jews, French, and Swedes, and the Spiritualist organizations make it evident that no one need remain away from the city for lack of religious sympathy.

Liberalism in Worcester claims two kinds of growth, the formal and the essential. The first is seen in the churches which it has established; the second exists, as it is claimed, in all the churches. The one is the named, the other is the unnamed liberal spirit. The first only is that which may be seen and proved.

Sixty years after the First Unitarian Church was founded, steps were taken toward the organization of another. The movement resulted in the formation of the "Church of the Unity." In June, 1844, the first conference was held, and in February, 1846, the church was dedicated, and its first minister, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, installed. In this society no formal church was ever organized, no creed or covenant adopted. It afterward declared that it was a union for all means of Christian fellowship, and that at the communion an invitation be given to all persons present to partake with us of the Lord's Supper." For ten years, Dr. Hale was the minister. From him and around him the society grew in unity and strength. All felt his personal charm, his catholic

sympathies, the observing faculty that saw and appropriated facts from every phase of life and thought, and by a subtle redaction made them part of his power. All felt the present attraction of a character full of promise. He resigned in 1856, but the older members still speak of him as "their minister," perhaps under the authority of the general fact that he is the minister of everything that is good and human, the minister of all men who love truth enough to trust it and do it.

In 1858, Dr. Rush R. Shippen was installed. The church grew under his wise administrative ability, an ability that explains his appointment as secretary of the American Unitarian Association, at his resignation, in 1871.

The Universalist Church in its origin and growth may be classed as part of the liberal movement. The society was organized in 1841, and two years later the house now standing on the corner of Main and Foster Streets was dedicated and the church officially recognized, Dr. Miner of Boston preaching the sermon of dedication. In 1881, during the pastorate of Rev. T. E. St. John, the church dedicated its new edifice on Pleasant Street. Under the care of Mr. St. John and his successor, Rev. M. H. Harris, the church occupied a unique and influential position among the churches of Worcester. The Second Universalist, All Souls church, recently dedicated at the South End, has one of the most attractive church homes in the city. The chapel erected at the organization in 1885 has given place to a wooden church of quaint and interesting architecture. Like other modern churches it joins in one the useful and the worshipful. This adds one to the remarkable church extension at the South End. In 1873, there was but one church edifice in the southern half of the city; now Main Street is marked by a large number of solid and satisfying churches.

Universalism in Worcester has just completed its first half century. Its semi-centennial last June was full of grateful jubilation. By true success it has gained a right to make its appeal to the test of all church life, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson became

minister of the "Worcester Free Church" in 1852. This organization was like a grain of salt; it held its form for six years, and then melted into the general life, and is now invisible. Mr. Higginson was the soul and power of the body; and when he was called into the war, the Free Church gave up its formal existence. During his absence in Fayal, in 1855, David A. Wasson supplied his "platform." The society was composed of thoughtful and earnest spirits who gave appreciation to their minister in his zeal for reforms as well as sympathy for his literary qualities. In 1854, the minister preached a sermon entitled, "Massachusetts in mourning," on the occasion of the rendition of Anthony Burns. Its vigor and rigor are explained by the fact that Higginson was one of the leaders of the attempted rescue. One of the older members of this society says that they once declared war against the United States. Mr. Higginson preached at his own "installation." "After the manner of my ancestors, Francis and John Higginson, at Salem, in 1629 and 1660, I preach," he said, "my own sermon." In this discourse he claims

that the society as formed for a religious purpose should be called a church, "the Free Church." Its meetings were held in the old theatre on Front Street.

The churches of Worcester illustrate harmony of spirit. There are no church wars. The churches do not know each other well enough to promote the best unity; but the criticism made a hundred years ago on a Worcester church, that there was not enough religion to make the people hate each other, would not now be true. Of course, so long as individual churches struggle for visible success and power, the fact that if two ride the same horse one must ride behind must operate somewhat divisively. But the centrifugal forces are not dangerously strong. There is each year an increase of mutual respect, and the dominant idea of church unity gains an increasing authority. There is a deep conviction that Worcester, for its growth and fame, must remain a New England city, and for this the currents of its church life must be strong and wholesome. If Worcester remains, the Worcester churches must remain.

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## JOHN PARMENTER'S PROTEGE.

*By Walter Blackburn Hart.*

THE editor of the *Shawmut Monthly*, puffed a great cloud of smoke, which almost filled his dark little den, as he threw up the roller top of his desk, and tilted his silk hat to the back of his head. "Deuce take those stairs!" he muttered; "they take it all out of a fellow before he settles down to work." The editorial rooms of the *Shawmut* were at the very top of an old-fashioned building in Bromfield Street, and its five flights of rickety stairs, on which reigned a perpetual twilight, all the windows looking out upon bricks and mortar, were something to be remembered.

The editor put his umbrella into the corner, and glancing at the little heap

of letters and manuscripts on the elbow shelf of his desk, he gave a little grunt of disapproval.

"Quite a batch this morning! Well there's two art forms to go to foundry this afternoon, and I won't have any time to answer inquiries about poems." He fingered the envelopes with the hand he had just drawn through the sleeve of his coat in taking it off, and grunted again: "nearly all poems! Oh these women!"

He hung up his coat and lighting the gas jet over his desk, sat down and ran hastily through the morning's mail, dropping the envelopes one by one into a drawer, after a perfunctory glance at their contents, or marking an "R" across their

face and throwing them on to a small table immediately behind him. These letters were rejected with this cursory examination as useless. Suddenly the slaughter was arrested. One letter was addressed, "John Parmenter," and marked "Personal."

The editor threw himself back in his chair and regarded the handwriting with a pleased smile. "Ah," he said, "I began to fear there was nothing for me this morning, and here is this big letter from Sue." He rolled his cigar into the corner of his mouth and blew ruminative circles of smoke as he read the letter.

"God bless her dear heart," murmured Mr. Parmenter, as he put one of the sheets—there were nearly a dozen of them—tenderly down on his desk. "She thinks that poem of mine was just lovely. Strange—the paucity of adjectives which afflicts all the women. Well, it wasn't a bad poem, I think myself, though I only got three dollars for it—two lunches at Young's."

The door opened quietly behind him, and a thin, hesitating voice said, "Excuse me—er,—excuse me—sir, but—er," and then as Mr. Parmenter seemed to be absorbed in his letter, it stopped.

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. Parmenter quickly, throwing up his head, without looking around. "What is it?—suspenders?—cuff buttons?—pencils?—insurance?"

He ran through the list, rapidly, with his eyes again on his letter; and the figure at the door shrank back a little into the passage, as the tone became more impatient and crescendo. The visitor returned at last: "No, sir, I'm not trying to sell any suspenders."

"Well, I've got all I want of the rest," replied the young man testily, as a young man interrupted in the reading of a love letter may be expected to. But his tone was not altogether ill-natured or peremptory; there was a ring of kindness in his bluff reception, which many of the peddlers who infested Bromfield Street had come to recognize, and often imposed upon.

"If you please, sir,—I don't want to take up your valuable time—I only wish to say a few words—to show you a little

poem—a little poem from my pen. I want to sell it."

"Ah, there are a great many of us in a similar predicament."

Mr. Parmenter looked up smilingly at the man who had shuffled to his side, and was now extending toward him an envelope torn open lengthwise, upon which in a microscopic handwriting were pencilled some verses. He took it with a look of something like surprise; and then with a glance from the man's face down his ragged clothes to his torn and almost soleless boots, he rose and, sweeping a dusty heap of papers and books off a rocker—the only other chair in the room—said in a cheery way, "Sit down, sir, and I'll read the poem."

Mr. Parmenter noticed the slow and almost painful manner in which his guest took the chair, and thought, "He's weak and ill, poor devil." Then he peered through the dirt-begrimed window, and saw that the rain had begun to fall since he reached his office. It had been dark and cloudy overhead since early morning, with an occasional sprinkle of rain, and it had now evidently settled into a persistent drizzle for the rest of the day.

The poet followed the editor's eyes, and he drew his tattered threadbare spring overcoat carefully as far over his knees as it would go, and rubbed his hands together in a weak way, like one too chilled to make an effort to get warm. A slight shiver passed over him, and he put his hands into his pockets and then hastily withdrew them.

"A little warmer in here than outside, eh?" said Mr. Parmenter, sinking into his cushioned chair and tilting it perilously backwards. "I think there is too much steam on—but perhaps you like it. You look cold. This kind o' weather goes right through one. I guess now you feel it pretty badly."

"Sometimes. Yes, I'm not so young or so hardy as I used to be," said the man, leaning forward deferentially, and fidgeting his feet to keep his toes out of sight. "But we must expect rain in November. Hard time of year for poets?" with a wan smile. "But I don't grumble. I don't grumble at anything now."

The editor looked up at him with a smile—a smile that had more of pity in it than of amusement. “But you must not sit down and be content with everything,” he said with a true penetration of the other’s content. “As long as a man grumbles, he hopes, and you can’t afford to live without hope.”

“No?” said the old man, in a tone at once acquiescent and interrogative. “That’s true, a man must hope if he wants to be happy. But you see I have outlived all that. I’m an old man now, and all is over with me. Once I was different. I had plenty of hope and courage and energy. Now I have not. You’ve seen men like me before, I guess. It’s whiskey that has made me what I am.”

He was about fifty years of age, but he looked much older. His hair and beard were gray and matted. His heavy moustache was stained with liquor. His eyes were sunken, and his nose and cheeks seamed with blotches of color. His form was bent, and his hands were shrunken and shaky. The coat he wore was pinned across his breast, there was little suggestion of the braid which had once been on the edges, the seams had started in several places, and the pockets were torn and fluffy. The collar was pinned tight around his throat, in elaborate concealment of the missing linen and neckcloth. Altogether his appearance would not impress most people in his favor, and few men of business would have allowed him to remain in their offices. But Mr. John Parmenter was not a man of business, and he often had some very strange visitors. Wretchedness, viciousness, even, was no bar to his acquaintance or his sympathy. It was his intimate knowledge of poverty and misery that made his verses, dealing with everyday types and commonplace homes, so popular. He had come to the city from the western country, and he had not lost its strong spirit of democracy.

“Hump!” said Mr. Parmenter, looking keenly at the man. “You’re older ’n I am, and you’ve had a good education, and you’re intelligent. But I’m going to give you some good advice. The man who throws away his life for

whiskey is a fool. There’s no excuse for him. You can give it up if you’ll only make a real fight.”

“That’s what every man says who can’t drink whiskey. But whiskey is not like other habits; you can’t give it up. I can’t—I should die without it. I’m a wreck until I get the stuff warming my stomach and stealing through me. I can’t eat.”

“Can’t eat!”

“No. My hopes, my ambitions, my passions, and now my hunger, are all gone. A man as far gone as I am must go on drinking—or die.”

“I don’t believe it!”

“Well, I didn’t. I’ve fought, and I’ve made the most solemn pledges to myself and to others. But it’s no use. It’s a fever in my blood. My father had it, and died of it; but he was a judge of the Supreme Court and rich,—it never dragged him down. I was cut out of his will because I was a good-for-nothing. Father wanted me to drink in a gentlemanly fashion, and I couldn’t. So I took to journalism and to drinking, and I always managed to drink as much as I could earn.”

“Yes, unfortunately, writing and drinking often go together. I suppose you are pretty far gone; but I would like to see you brace up. You’ve got something in you. This poem of yours is really good. I like it very much—it is really excellent.”

“Do you think so, sir?” said the man, half-rising, and then reseating himself nervously. His breath came shorter, and his fingers twitched with the eagerness of his half-repressed anxiety. He had heard this kind of verdict before, and it might only preface a declination of the poem, on account of “the pressure of matter already accepted.”

“Yes, it is decidedly above the average. I like it very much, and I shall use it as soon as I can. Our November number is all made up, and half of it is on the press; but I think I can get it into December, and—and—” he was fidgeting with his paper-knife, as if half ashamed of what he was about to say—“as we don’t pay until after publication, I’ll give you a dollar on account now. I guess you need it, eh?”

"God bless you, sir," said the old man huskily, getting to his feet and leaning upon the desk.

"That's all right, Mr. ——." Parmenter hesitated and looked over his pince-nez at the signature on the poem — "Mr. Mellus. And now take my advice, and call a halt. Get some work — nothing like work, regular work, to cure diseases of the imagination. Come and see me again, and bring some good news of yourself. I'll be glad to read anything you bring in. Now, don't take any more whiskey. Try beef-broth as a stimulant," with a smile.

"I'll try to leave the whiskey alone, sir. I will, so help me God!" answered the old man, with tears streaming down his cheeks. He crumpled the dollar bill up in his bony fingers, and with another "God bless you," and a low bow, carefully closed the door after him.

Mr. Parmenter listened to his fearful, deliberate footsteps descending the resounding stairway until he knew he had turned the angle in the wall, as the sound died in the throbbing of the presses and the roar of the street below.

"Poor devil!" he muttered, knocking the ashes from his cigar and relighting it with the care of a young man who is particular about the trim of his mustache. "I can't write as well as that" — he had picked up the poem again, and was scanning the lines critically — "and there he is in rags and misery — doomed! I suppose it's his own fault, but it is too bad, just the same."

He rose and looked down into the street. Suddenly he stooped, and, picking up some paper, rubbed the misty window, in order to see more clearly. "That looks like him going into Snider's saloon — I'm blessed if it doesn't. Yes, I guess it's he — it's his shuffle!" He laughed quietly, and put his hands deep down in his pockets, as his face became grave again. "Well, I guess the old man's right. It is a fever. I believe he was in earnest when he promised to make a fight for it. Poor devil! The rain has drowned his resolution."

For some weeks after this, Robert Mellus was a constant visitor at the *Shawmut* office; and Mr. Parmenter

became more and more interested in his dissolute contributor. He accepted and paid instalments on a great many of the man's poems; and he urged reformation unceasingly. One day, however, the man said that if he left off drinking he would leave off writing, for he wrote in the exaltation of mind that preceded actual intoxication; and after this his morals were not alluded to so frequently. Mr. Parmenter determined to put his contributor into a story some day. All Mellus's work was suggestive and invariably artistic; occasionally it contained an imagination and a profundity of thought that one would never have suspected from an acquaintance with the man. But Parmenter knew that a man is often emancipated from himself when at his work, and Mellus's explanation of his perilous inspiration was quite satisfactory. The fact that the man and the poet did not harmonize did not surprise Parmenter at all. He knew that the world seldom allows a man's convictions and ideals to agree with his life and practice. The market for convictions is a small one. Parmenter's dearest friend, Washington Trafford, was the editor of the *Boston Sentinel*, the recognized organ of commercial monopoly and high tariff, and for years his had been the most authoritative voice in the land on the subject. Poor Trafford was in private life an ardent advocate of free trade and common ownership of the land. But he had a wife and ten children, and a man with so much happiness cannot afford to air his convictions.

One afternoon in January, Mr. Parmenter received a letter from Mellus, saying that he was too sick to call, but he enclosed a little poem, which he hoped would be suitable for the *Shawmut Monthly*. There was a little postscript which touched Parmenter's heart. It was to the effect that the writer was really ill — desperately so, — and not suffering from the effects of dissipation only. Then another line — a little pardonable attempt to influence the editorial judgment. "I have read your last poem with wonder and admiration. Will you permit me to acknowledge the good it has done me?"

Parmenter was not a vain man, and though he smiled at the postscript, his thoughts were with the main burden of the letter.

"Sick?" he queried to himself. "I thought it would soon come to this. A general break up, I suppose. In an Albany Street boarding-house, too,—horrible! Poor old man! I'll go and see him. It would do him good to see one face looking kindly into his. Yes; I'll go immediately. No, I'll read the poem first. He will want to hear about that—it is the ruling passion with most of us, genuises or mediocrities."

He took up the poem, and read the first verse, repeating it over to himself aloud, to note the music of each syllable and sentence. Suddenly it struck him that the lines were somehow familiar. It seemed to him that he had repeated them to himself before under different circumstances. He put down the poem, and repeated the first verse again from memory. The words seemed to ring in his ears. To his surprise he found himself almost unconsciously reciting another verse, and with a note of passionate intensity in his voice that escaped him until he paused and reflected. He picked up the poem again and found that he had used the actual words—there had not been the least wrong intonation. Then it all came back to him, and he flushed hot, as if he had been caught in a dishonorable act. He pulled an old scrap

book from out of a pile of books, and feverishly turned back the leaves to the beginning. Yes; there was the poem. It was his own—written twelve years ago. He remembered it all now. He had written it late one night to fill a corner in the *Weekly Banner*, the leading and only paper of Doxborough. He had been editor of the paper for two years, having gladly accepted the position after nearly starving in Boston in an attempt to live by literary work. There it was, the old forgotten poem, staring him in the face, faded and half torn, under the heading of "Poetic Pencillings."

Mr. John Parmenter simply said, "Well, I'll be hanged!" and sat and looked into space for fully five minutes. Then he rose slowly and carefully bit off the end of a cigar and lit it. After a few silent puffs, during which he looked out upon the walls and chimney pots, with an occasional descent to the hurrying crowds below, he put on his hat and coat mechanically, and stood looking at the empty rocker.

"Poor Mellus," he muttered, turning the cigar between his lips. "I suppose when a man has turned fifty and drinks, he has no conscience. I'm sorry,—I would have given a good deal not to have found this out. What an excellent judge of good verse he was, to be sure. Poor devil"—and he turned the key in his door and went slowly down the dim stairway.





## SIXTY YEARS AGO.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY LIFE.

*By Lucy E. A. Kebler.*



O most, the peculiarities of New England country life of sixty or more years since are ancient history. In speaking of them, the customs connected with the religious life of the people come most prominently to the front; for really these were the great interests, the absorbing features. Until the latter part of the first quarter of the century, the one barn-like structure was the only meeting-house in the smaller towns. What a comfortless place it was! The large square pews were fenced in by railings, high enough for the arm to rest upon when one stood, which supported the head of the devout worshipper through long prayers. The seats were on hinges, and when put back made the attitude an easy one. It would not have occurred to our parents to sit, while the good clergyman included all near and remote in his petitions. In the deacon's seat, below the pulpit, sat two of those dignitaries whose watchful eyes checked any approach to levity in the younger portion of the congregation, or awakened a sleeping member with a gentle touch from his not too-quiet nap. This was not often necessary, however, for if the farmer, wearied with his week's labor, found himself in danger of receiving this admonition, he would often throw off his coat and stand during two or three of the many heads of the sermon.

The sounding board, which seemed to threaten the life of the preacher below, was always looked up to with a certain awe. The galleries at the right and left of the high pulpit were a favorite resort of the younger part of the congregation as being less easily overlooked; and a bit of paper or a partridge plum was sometimes sent from these to some bald head which presented a tempting target. The only

luxury was the foot-stove, which families near the meeting-house brought warm from their homes, while those living at a distance replenished theirs at the hospitable hearth of the parsonage. The floors were guiltless of carpets; and the seats, of cushions.

Enough of the sermons have been handed down for all to judge of their quality. They were divided into heads, which frequently, before the welcome lastly reached the ninthly or tenthly. Two things were marked, the abundance of Scriptural quotations and the familiarity exhibited (always with reverence, however,) with the designs of the Almighty. The sermons were written, usually with exquisite neatness, on small paper, with a carefully-guarded margin, the text at the head, and on the right-hand corner, the names of the towns where they had been preached. If repeated at home, the sermon was given another text or, in the clergyman's vernacular, provided with a new collar and wristbands. This device was not always successful. I remember hearing a good deacon of my father's church once say, "Well, parson, I don't think the change of text this morning an improvement."

The most cheerful part of the service was the last hymn, when the congregation faced the choir, which was composed of the bright young men and maidens of the town. I shall never forget the interest with which I watched those carrying the different parts of the favorite fugue, and my wonder that after galloping along on different roads they could at last bring up at the same point.

When the tuning-fork was relegated to the things of the past, the bass viol was introduced, but not without many misgivings as to its propriety. At the same time, stoves came to lessen the extreme cold in the great frame building, with its two rows of windows, not too capable of

shutting out the draughts on those bleak New England hills on which the old meeting-houses were built. At this innovation many rebelled, as making the worship of God too luxurious; and the story is not a myth of the good man who threw off his overcoat and then his coat, not being able to endure the heat, only to learn that, matters not being yet fully adjusted, there was no fire in the stove. The anecdote is told of one considerate clergyman who, on a cold Sunday invariably stopped in the middle of his sermon, to allow the men to rise and, by beating their sides, send the almost congealed blood circulating through their veins.

Every one not detained by illness, or the care of the infants, went to meeting. A tax was levied on all voters for the support of the minister, and certainly the "laborer was worthy of his hire." He was respected, revered, and beloved, the friend of his people, their adviser on matters secular as well as religious, the superintendent of the schools, the purchaser of books for the town library, the hospitable host. His house often took the place of an inn (without the charge) for those who journeyed from town to town. On Sundays, there were always seats at the fireside for the deacons, who were regaled with pie or doughnuts and cheese, and cider, or rum not too much weakened with hot water. It was somewhat more than courtesy that led the congregation to remain in their pews while the minister, hat in hand, bowing on either side, passed down the centre aisle. Like Chaucer's clergyman:

"Christ's love and His Apostles twelve

He taughte, but firste he folwede it himselfe."

His figure was a marked one. He was never, even on week days, dressed other than in black, with a white neckcloth, and on Sundays, always wore in the pulpit, the carefully hemstitched bands, whose whiteness contrasted well with the black silk gown, which was given and kept in order by the parishioners, and which at present is rarely seen, excepting in the Episcopal churches, and at the graduation exercises of the older colleges, cloaking those who have gained the honor of speaking.

There were many reasons for the def-

erence so universally paid to the New England country minister. In those days, in many of the smaller towns, he was almost the only man of much education derived from books. If one looks over the early college catalogues, he will find that a very large proportion of the graduates chose the profession of the ministry.

As a rule, he kept up with the current literature, and did not neglect his Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. It was the custom with many to look over in the Greek Testament while the family read the English version at morning prayers, he noting any differences of meaning in the translation.

The influence of the clergyman, and perhaps not less that of his wife, was not infrequently exerted on young men outside his parish. It was the custom then for college authorities to send students who had made themselves amenable to discipline, and who did not deserve expulsion, to continue their studies with some one who retained enough of the learning of his alma mater to aid the youth to keep up with his class, which he joined when the period for which he was rusticated had elapsed. Acquaintance formed under these not very favorable circumstances frequently ripened into lasting friendship. My father wore for many years a Geneva cloak which one of these young men had had made to throw over himself as he reclined on his couch in his last illness, knowing that the fact that his pupil had worn it would make it doubly valuable to the friend to whom he bequeathed it. This friend ever tenderly cherished the memory of the giver, and a son bears his name.

Undoubtedly, there were minor trials connected with the residence of these gay young men in the orderly minister's family. My mother, on one occasion, finding that for successive evenings the pantry had been invaded, prepared a dainty supper to which the young men were called at bedtime, and in the most courteous manner invited to be seated. No allusions were made to previous depredations; but there were no further incursions on the larder.

The salary of the clergyman was

certainly not large. He was, if not "passing rich on forty pounds a year," considered so by his parishioners, with a parsonage, some acres of land, \$300, and his wood. To his children, the day when the stalwart men came to wield the axes on this same wood was a gala one. The long table in the sanded kitchen was laden for the dinner, and there was no better fun than to wait on the men. One of my sisters has a reminder of these days in three scarred fingers, which were nearly severed as she was holding a stick for her older brother to cut, while the men were at dinner. When this brother was ten years old, the parishioners considered their help no longer necessary in preparing the wood for the fire.

The meeting-house had other uses than for religious service. The town-meetings were held there; and on Sunday furtive glances were always cast at the glazed box at the side of the front door, to ascertain if any of the young people were "published," as it was called. It was at the option of those most interested, to have the intention of marriage announced in this way for three successive public meetings, or orally, by the town-clerk, at the close of the morning service. It was customary for the young people to absent themselves the first Sunday. The remaining two, it was supposed that the story would be so old that their blushes would be spared.

After a bereavement, notes were read by the pastor, requesting prayers that the death might be sanctified to the afflicted. As in the town in which much of my girlhood was spent there were many families that had intermarried, the same death was the occasion of several of these notes; and woe betide the minister who should forget to mention in his petition any of those who had risen in their pews, as one after another of these notes were read. A careful clergyman always put these reminders in his pocket, that no mistake might arise from their being re-read. This precaution was not an unnecessary one, as I was witness on one occasion. A wife had died, and the usual prayer had been offered. Within the year, the husband brought a successor to his pew, which was at the side of

the pulpit, when all eyes wandered to the stranger in her bridal array, part of which was the indispensable large white satin bonnet. Imagine their consternation, when, a stranger being the preacher, a note was read: "William Scott desires the prayers of this congregation that the death of his wife may be sanctified to him and his children." There he was with his bride, and there they stood when it seemed as if at unusual length, petitions were offered for him in his great affliction.

The notices given at the close of the afternoon service were always of interest in those little towns where going to meeting was almost a dissipation. There would be at a schoolhouse, "at early candle-light," a prayer-meeting, or another evening a lecture. The first Wednesday of the month, the "monthly concert." Do not imagine this was anything as secular as what would be meant now by such an announcement. It was the day selected by many New-England churches to unite in praying for the abolition of slavery. Who dare say that this seed, sown in faith, had no share in germinating that fruit garnered by the emancipation proclamation years later?

The Sabbath is often spoken of as being in those days a gloomy one. I do not remember it as such, and I doubt if many of the young people considered its restrictions irksome, although I am sure they would now. Saturday eve everything was in order for the next day. No sewing was permitted unless there was reading aloud. There were no games of any kind, on this evening. Sunday morning's breakfast was brown bread and baked beans, both of which retained their heat in the large brick oven by the kitchen fireplace. All who could, prepared to go to meeting. In our case, we could drive three miles in either direction to the church, which was opposite us on the other side of a large pond, — or leaving at the same time, walk down a beautiful lane, at the foot of which, was our boat; on the other side, a short walk through charming woods to the road, and soon all of us, those who had driven and those who had walked, met at the church door. After morning service

there was Sunday School, in which nearly all the congregation took part, either as teachers or pupils; then a half hour when the young people, in pleasant weather, took their luncheon to the woods near, and gathered such flowers as are a delight to remember. The ground was just damp and shady enough to be the home of the trillium, the Indian pipe, Solomon's seal, the orchis with its magnificent purple spike, the pink-lipped arethusa, the columbine, the wild geranium and numberless others, and later the cardinal flower, that glory of New England brook-sides. Not infrequently a bunch of checkerberries, with their fragrant leaves, took the place of the caraway and coriander that had been brought from the home garden for quiet consumption in the morning. A little before three, the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced, at the close of the afternoon service. The horses were taken from the sheds where they had been sheltered from sun and storm; the brightly painted wagons and the few aristocratic chaises were filled.

Homes reached, the meal was served, which combined the more solid dinner with the lighter tea. Soon after that, a sermon, or perhaps an article from the *Christian Disciple*, the predecessor of the *Christian Examiner*, was read aloud. Then each child repeated a hymn or longer poem, which remain in the memory of the old women of to-day. In the evening there was reading interspersed with sacred music. There was no visiting except in the case of those soon to be married, — and this was looked upon as not quite the proper thing. I well remember my surprise at seeing my father put on his overcoat to go out. This was so unusual, that he almost apologized to us by saying that the next Tuesday was town-meeting, and a vote for Presidential Electors was so important that he must urge his neighbor whose business, that of a carpenter, called him out of town, to return to cast his ballot in opposition to Jackson — by no means a saint in my father's eyes.

Such was the New England country Sabbath, and of it I have no unpleasant memories. It must be understood, too,

that there was little access to books, with which to fill any unoccupied hours of the day. Even the clergyman's library was small. I imagine the young people of this generation would hardly enjoy Doddridge's "Expositor," Macknight on the "Epistles," or volume after volume of sermons with which the shelves were filled, relieved though they were by Millot's History and "The Pilgrim's Progress," always so fascinating. There were Rees's "Encyclopædia" in quarto volumes numerous enough to fill a bookcase. I did not accomplish what one New Year's day I resolved to do — read all from A to Z; but I had many hours of enjoyment sitting on the floor by the large hall window, which shed its light on the precious collection. Due discrimination as to subjects was necessary for Sunday reading.

There were two Sabbaths in the year that stand out very prominently in my memory. The little town of which I have spoken was settled by Scotch Presbyterians, and they retained many of the customs of their ancestors in the old country. The communion service was administered at intervals of six months. The Thursday previous there was a preparatory lecture, and a quiet demeanor was observable at the approach of the sacred day. If there were applicants for admission to the church, they were examined as to their character, religious experience, and belief. One Sunday, standing in front of the pulpit, they signified their acceptance of the creed, and their determination to lead a holy life. The scene was most impressive, and there were few dry eyes as they were taken by the hand by some of the older members and led to the communion tables. These were placed in the aisles, with benches on either side, on which the communicants sat. I have never seen this custom observed elsewhere, but the picture remains to me as a very beautiful one. I recall no more thrilling addresses than those of the minister, both to those who joined in the service and to the occupants of the pews, the latter of whom often passed a sleepless night, doubting whether their eternal salvation was more endangered by not becoming communicants, or by doing so, in the liability to

"eat and drink unworthily." This feeling was perhaps intensified by the not unusual incident of receiving back to the bosom of the Church one who had profited by its privileges, and who, before the service with bowed head and streaming eyes, asked to be reinstated.

The clergyman's wife had no easy task in those country parishes. I have heard my mother, a young Boston girl, speak of her first calls on the parishioners with my father, when, though most distasteful to her, she did not dare refuse the rum which was handed with the cake, lest she should be thought too "citified," which would have been the unpardonable sin. But her gentle unselfishness soon had its effect, and she was looked up to and beloved, not less than the pastor, and her example followed in much besides her later refusal of the rum. Her duties were as varied and quite as onerous as her husband's. Her place was at the bedside of the sick and in the house of mourning. Her calls on the parishioners and her presence on all festive occasions were as confidently expected as if her own household did not give her full occupation. It was as proper to criticise her as if she also received a salary for her labor. But perhaps this is not entirely ancient history.

The intercourse between the neighboring clergy and their families was delightful. Surely there were no pleasanter gatherings than the meetings of the associations. Wit was sparkling, stories were well told. Latin quotations so frequent and so apt, "that still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew." The dinners were something wonderful, each housewife vying with the others in the variety and daintiness of her dishes, and then, no more than now, were the husbands appreciative of the good things set before them. Extreme courtesy and kindness was the rule to each other and to all,—nor did this cease with life. When the work of one of their number was finished on earth, each of the neighboring clergymen, paying perhaps for a supply for his own pulpit, gave what was called a "labor of love," the parish giving to the widow the usual cost of providing a preacher. Exchanges

were frequent and pleasant, not only to the minister, but to his daughter who shared the seat in his chaise, thus enjoying a little outing.

But a change came in the relations of clergymen to each other and between them and their flocks. Discussions on theological subjects became the everyday matter of conversation. Rarely did two men meet, especially if one were a preacher, that the listening ear did not hear of predestination, election, total depravity, and the varying views of the Trinity and Atonement. At first, when it was suspected that proper seed was not being sown, the friendly exchange would take occasion to impress his own views. In my father's pulpit as a proof of innate depravity, was cited the proneness of children to eat green apples. This drew a smile from one of the choir, when he was sharply reproved, as such levity rendered him "unfit to sing the praises of the Most High." Thereupon he retired to the seat back of his fellow-singers.

But soon the time came when the line was drawn between the Armenian and the Calvinist. Exchanges were no longer permitted. Church buildings multiplied. That of the "hard-shell" Baptist, then as now one of the largest denominations in the United States, looked askance at the modest edifice of the more liberal "free-will" neighbor, and the Presbyterian joined with them in frowning on the old church in which the worshippers once dwelt in unity,—agreeing only in this, that their former brethren must not join with them in obeying the command of the Saviour, "Do this in remembrance of Me."

It was in consequence of these divisions that my home was changed from the parsonage, with its distant glimpses of the sea, to a little town where the beautiful ponds bore a profusion of lilies on their bosom, and reflected on the placid surface the tall trees and flowering shrubs on their shores.

Church quarrels are proverbially bitter ones, but the saddest feature of all was the division in families. Each Sunday, the father and those who agreed with him went to the old meeting-house on the hill, leaving the mother and those who sympathized with her at the new one at

the foot,—she saddened, almost heart-broken, at the fear that this separation was typical of a never-ending one that awaited them in the eternal future. For we must not forget that those were the days of stern realities and not of flippant criticism. Ecclesiastical councils were held to try the heretical brother. I remember hearing my father say that, as he was riding to attend one of these in Coventry, Connecticut, to aid his brother who was to be tried there, a fellow-traveler joined him, and as they jogged along, instead of, as in these degenerate days, talking of the McKinley bill or the Indian question, their minds dwelt on other themes. "I," said the stranger, "have a different opinion from most on the origin of total depravity. I think all who have ever lived, or will live, were present and gave their consent to Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit." "And do you remember anything of this?" asked my father. "Why, yes," was the reply. "I think I have a slight recollection of it."

Ecclesiastical councils were held for other causes than doctrinal ones. A little earlier than the time of which I am writing, a connection of our family was tried on three counts:

1. That he was a Tory.
2. That he was an aristocrat, as shown by the fact that he did not send his children to the common schools.
3. That he was proud, as it was in evidence that he had built too large and expensive a barn. He was acquitted on the first, and the other two, though making him amenable to reproof, were not sufficiently vital to deprive him of his pulpit.

We may smile at some of the peculiarities of our ancestors, but beneath and over all was an earnest spirit that their children would do well to imitate. Their constant dwelling in thought on things eternal was in itself an education. Even as a child I was impressed with the elevation of spirit shown by the unlettered farmer, as in his prayers he invoked the blessing of his Heavenly Father. The Being to whom he prayed was a reality, and he had faith that his prayers would be answered. He was in the Infinite

Presence, and led those who listened to him there. It was said, whether satirically or otherwise, that Edward Everett made the "best prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience," but when good old Deacon Dinsmour, with trembling accents, offered his petitions, there was no thought of any hearer but the All Wise and All Merciful, and those who joined, awed and hushed, felt that Heaven had been opened and they had been admitted to the very Holy of Holies.

Besides the regular Sunday and the incidental week day services, there were two great religious days in the year. One was Fast Day, which occurred in April. On this, the minister was expected to preach on secular topics, which it never occurred to him to do on Sunday. The sins of the people, and "corruption in high places" were unsparingly dealt with, and Sodom and Gomorrah were recalled to those who evidently, in the opinion of the speaker, deserved a similar fate. No midday meal was allowed, and the day was literally observed as its name implied.

Thanksgiving was the day of all the year sacred to family love and tenderest associations. All gathered under the paternal roof. Young men and maidens, however scattered, sons with their wives and children, all came home. Like the day of Atonement among the Jews, if any family jar had occurred during the year, a close pressure of the hand gave assurance that all was forgiven. This was sufficient, for we were not effusive in our intercourse in those days. Memories of happy childhood were recalled and tender thought given to those no longer visible to mortal eye. A vacant chair was sometimes placed for one who had "passed on," but could not be disconnected from the others on this family anniversary.

The dinner was like no other. It was the result of the preparation of many days, nor was what was seen all that had occupied the busy housewife. Those less favored in this world's goods had not been forgotten; the evening before, active feet had carried to many a home, cheer for the morrow. The distant past was recalled, and children were taught the significance of the five grains of corn at

the side of each plate. Dinner over, with what vigor was left, the young people joined in song and dance; and midnight was reached before the tired head touched the pillow,—the last thought a loving one of the family circle.

The day appointed was not then the same throughout the country. The Governors arranged for different ones in neighboring states, the better to accommodate the clergy and others, thus enabling them to gather around the paternal table.

Christmas was not a holiday in the country, in New England. Schools and business of all kinds went on as usual. I only recall one innovation,—my father at morning prayers, reading of the birth of our Saviour, and telling us why he did so. Perhaps now the looked-for presents occupy the children's minds to the exclusion of the meaning of the day. A few years ago, a young friend who had twenty or more pupils from intelligent families asked them the origin of Christmas, and why it was kept. Most thought it Washington's Birthday, but none knew, as she playfully told me, except the daughter of a Jew and the son of a Unitarian. We had no Christmas dinner and no Christmas presents, but we did not mistake the day for Washington's Birthday.

In those little country towns, there was much opportunity for kindly help, which was not grudgingly given. When sickness entered the house, neighbors went in to aid in the additional labor of the family, and took turns in watching by the sick bed at night. The pills brought in the doctor's saddle-bags the day before were duly enveloped in jelly, and the nauseous draught, followed by the more pleasant lemonade, were administered at the stated time, albeit the patient had to be awakened from refreshing sleep. Even if the medicine were not necessary, the watcher was required on those cold New England nights, to replenish the fire from the huge pile of wood placed on the hearth at bedtime.

And when thoughtful care could no longer delay the final hour, friendly hands performed the last offices. If it were the thoughtful housewife who had said her last farewell, there would almost certainly

be found in the lower drawer of the "spare chamber" bureau the necessary garments. The gentle heart and willing hands had not courage to make these preparations for those dear to her, but for herself she would, as always, spare others. The carpenter who had built the house for the living, prepared the narrow one for the dead.

I have often wondered that the brain of the bereaved did not give way in the confusion that followed in the house of mourning. The dressmaker came to fit the sombre garments for each of the family; black bonnets even had to be made for the sisters of the five weeks old baby, to whose existence they had hardly become accustomed. Nor was this all. Busy hands were set to work to prepare the funeral supper. The kitchen, put in command of the most capable cook in the neighborhood, was fragrant with spices; and meats, cakes and pies filled the pantry. To this day I never prepare a custard without recalling a lesson received on one of these occasions. The rooms had to be divested of everything that had made them cheerful. The ornaments, few at any time, were put away; even the pompons blown from the dried thistle, which hung from the mirror, must be taken down, and the glass itself covered in the room where the silent form was laid.

At the hour appointed, the pastor read from the Book of books, made what he considered appropriate remarks; tender petitions were offered to the only Comforter; the funeral hymn was sung; and then all the relatives followed their friend to the cheerless graveyard. But this must be done in proper order. Some one familiar with the degrees of relationship in the complicated family connection made the necessary list, and called the names. Great care was necessary, as precedence must be strictly observed. If, for instance, a child of a family had died, the relatives of the mother followed those of the father. Returning to the house, all these were soon seated at the long tables in the kitchen and dining-room, and night came before the family were left to the luxury of unobserved grief. This was the arrangement for or-



dinary funerals. If a person of note died, there were others. I was present at that of a Revolutionary officer. The house was filled, and numbers stood under the beautiful elms in front. To these, as well as to those in the house, rum was offered by a man carrying it in a tin pail, accompanied by a boy with a glass. It was customary quite in the early part of the century for friends to carry the coffin, even a long distance. A family in my father's parish, was for a time disaffected because, in his capacity as pastoral adviser, he insisted that this should not be done in the case of an exceedingly heavy man. Soon after this, it was voted in town-meeting, that a hearse should be bought, and a house built to shelter it, which was done, — and this, painted black, stood near the meeting-house. In the hearse was left the mort cloth, which previously had been cared for at the parsonage. This was a black pall heavily fringed, and for which, as the town records of 1759 show, one hundred and fifty dollars, old tenor, had been paid. It was in use as late as 1827. The bier on which the coffin was placed, to be carried from the gate to the grave, was left upon it, until the next to pass away should claim its service.

The weddings were usually quiet ones, celebrated at the bride's home, with few but near relatives present. The festivities attending them were on the next evening, when all the young people were invited to the infair. Here song and dance made the time till the small hours, and no longer very small, — pass merrily. The music was sometimes the violin, but quite as often a skilful whistler provided it. The double exertion of whistling and dancing at the same time was supposed to have sent one of these young men to an untimely grave. Between the dances, the merry voices joined in old Scotch ballads, of which there were many held in memory, and which required no accompaniment.

"Where oh! where, is my Highland laddie gone," was always a favorite.

The interesting thing connected with the marriage was the preparation for it.

No sooner was a young woman "prom-

ised," which was the synonym of "engaged," than her hands were busy preparing the plenishing of her future home. If she had sufficient means, it was expected she would furnish the house entirely, if not, she always provided largely the house linen, and the indispensable feather beds. These were considered so valuable that there was seldom a will drawn in which they were not mentioned among the bequests. Not only was the sewing of the house linen to be done, but it was in most cases spun and woven from the flax grown on her father's farm, and her blankets were made from the wool of the sheep in his pasture. Patch-work quilts of silk, woolen, and calico were pieced, and neighbors invited to the quilting, the more experienced quilters being carefully chosen for the better work. These quiltings were a favorite amusement of the young people, and indeed of their elders; and when these last had taken the stitches, there was no occasion the next day to follow the example of Penelope, as there frequently was when their juniors had plied their more rapid needles. These knew that their lovers and brothers expected to find the room cleared when they came for the evening frolic; and what wonder if the hurried stitches were longer than was seemly?

The trousseau was not by Worth. If any aid was required, the dressmaker came to the house, and for twenty-five cents a day, helped to array the future bride. The old adage was, that no young woman should be married without a pillow case full of knitted stockings; and she would be thought sadly wanting in self-respect if, within the first two or three years of married life, she needed her husband's purse for herself, or for house linen. If the means for this supply could not be spared by her father, it was the simplest thing to earn the wherewithal to purchase the outfit. There were various ways in which the girls of those days added to their scanty supply of pocket money. There was the summer district school to be taught; or perhaps the preceptor of the academy in the neighboring village needed an assistant. A very favorite way of earning, was

the braiding of palm-leaf hats. The country storekeeper obtained the dried leaves which, taken to the homes, were split evenly of the desired fineness, braided into hats, pressed carefully, and taken to the stores, where the difference was received between the value of the material, and the hats. Others braided the wheat straw for bonnets, others, still, bound shoes; but for many years the utilizing of the palm leaf was the almost universal occupation for the earners of small sums.

When the manufactories were first established in Lowell, Nashua, Manchester, and Lawrence, the farmers' daughters resorted to them, not only to earn money.

for themselves, but for their families; and many a New England farm was cleared in this way of the incubus of the mortgage that had weighed down the spirit of the father and brother. It was the American, not the Irish girls, who first worked in the mills. They were bright, intelligent girls; and for years, a very respectable weekly magazine, the *Lowell Offering*, was sustained by their contributions. It is not surprising that Dickens, recollecting the squalid home and appearance of the operatives in Manchester and Birmingham, should write in his *American Notes* with wonder of the boarding-houses in Lowell and the respectability of their inmates.

(To be continued.)

## A TALE OF NARRAGANSETT.

By Caroline Hazard.



HAT can be more beautiful than late September in Narragansett? Then the summer sits in silence on her golden throne, awaiting the approach of autumn.

An early frost in the low lands sets the maples aflame, and launches the thistle-down on the balmy air. The golden-rods are in their glory, made more gorgeous by the tangle of crimsoning blackberry vines in which they grow, and the fringed gentian opens its azure eyes to gaze at the sun.

It was on a day of this season, about the middle of the last century, that a young girl was walking down Tower Hill. Her plain gray dress and the white folded kerchief marked her as belonging to one of the Quaker families of the neighborhood. In her busy hands she had shining knitting-needles, and soft blue home-dyed wool, and the stocking was growing as she walked gazing about her. At her feet lay the sea, and across the stretches of shining water the windows of Newport

gleamed in the afternoon light. There lay Conanicut, with its beaver tail spread out, dividing the bay; and close at hand the slow-flowing Pettaquamscutt with its reedy low lands, where the tide ebbed and flowed; and beyond, the fertile fields of Boston Neck. It was all bathed in such sunshine and teeming with such peaceful life, the girl gave a long sigh of delight and content as she looked. Then suddenly her eyes contracted, and a quick impatient exclamation escaped her. Her soft brown eyes had a dangerous red gleam in them, and the little head was held very erect as she came to a sudden halt. She stood motionless gazing apparently at the water, where a white-sailed schooner was making up the West Passage. She looked, and looked; then as suddenly the brown eyes filled with tears. But the little head was still held high, and lightly and quickly she started on a full run down the hill. Nothing clears the mind so well as a good scamper, especially if it is on a rough country road with plenty of stones to jump over. She reached the foot of the hill breathless and panting, but with no trace of either

anger or tears. The ruddy color mounted to her forehead; her moist hair clung in tighter ringlets about her brow, and the brown eyes were soft and sweet again.

After this outbreak she went on sedately enough, turning to the right, and presently over a barred fence and into an orchard. Then she busied herself soberly gathering a few late peaches, which she carefully laid in little piles under the largest tree. As she was stooping at this task there was a sudden rustling of the leaves; and almost before she could move, a tall, graceful young fellow was bending over her, and had seized and kissed her hand.

"Dearest," he said, kissing it again.

"John, I have told thee thee mustn't call me such names," she said shyly, and with a merry twinkle in her eyes as she drew away her hand; "it savors of excess."

"Then you must let me see you oftener, dear."

"But thee knows I can't, John."

They sat down beside the peaches, and she let him hold her hand, while her maidenly reserve no less than her Quaker training kept him at a respectful distance.

"And now tell me, Patty, how they are at home."

"There is no change — only did thee know Roger Arnold has come home?"

"Roger Arnold be——" cried John, starting up. "How do you know?"

"Thee can see his schooner coming up past the Bonnet."

"Well?" said John almost sullenly, while his handsome face grew dark.

"Thee knows what his coming home means. Last night father told me he was coming, and he expected an answer this time; and thee knows what answer father wishes me to give." She looked at him appealingly, and her voice fell into a sighing whisper.

"Patty, you must let me go to your father. Am I not a man too,—and why can't I take care of you?"

"Nay, John, nay. Thee knows what he would say."

"He would say my father was a Frenchman, and that he cheated him about the land, and that I was an idle, good-for-nothing fellow."

"He would say all that," said Patty sadly, "and he would say too that I should never see thee again, and he would make me marry Roger Arnold before he sails again."

"*Make* you! I thought you were a girl of spirit!" said John angrily.

"And so I am," answered Patty with kindling wrath; then more gently: "Thee don't know, father. I would say I wouldn't, but I would. No, John, thee must not be angry, and thee must not speak to father."

A long pause followed. John looked at her intently, his eyes softening as he looked. Suddenly he took from his game bag a sprig of blue gentian. He kissed it almost reverently and gave it to her. She touched it to her face, too, and fastened it in her kerchief. Their eyes met, and then their lips in the oblivion of their first kiss.

"And what will thee do, then?" John said presently.

"I think I will tell Roger."

"Tell Roger? tell Roger what? Tell Roger that thee loves me?" asked John tenderly.

"Thee remembers — no, that was before thee came, we used to play together, and Roger was always a good boy. I always liked Roger till he took this notion. I think he will be good. I would not speak to him, thee knows, the last time he was home — but now — I will see him, and he will manage it for us."

It was growing late; the shadow of the hill fell upon the orchard, and across the salt meadows, to the blue and golden sea. They rose and slowly climbed the hill, not by the road, but through the fields where the gathered cornstalks were standing. Up and up they climbed, till they reached the sunlight once more. They were nearing the house now, and stood together looking out over the sea. Unrebuked, John stooped for a farewell kiss, when suddenly an unearthly shriek came from behind a cornstack.

"Hi-hi, Patience Brown, and what will thy father say?" shouted the cracked voice of a half-grown man.

"Go home, Cæsar; I shall have thee whipped," said Patience, looking so angry, so really terrible, in spite of her



"Unrebuked, John stooped to take a farewell kiss.

small stature, that the boy, for he was hardly more, slunk off abashed.

Patience's eyes shone as John had never seen them. They parted immediately, he rushing down the hill cursing his imprudence in having ventured so near the house.

Patience, — for no one but John Targee called her Patty, — made her way through one more field and into the barnyard where she stopped to give her order to the old negro slave who acted as overseer and head farmer. He shook his head and grumbled a little, but finally nodded, and she left him.

"Lucky for her, and me, too, that the master's away to-night, for he don't like whippin'," he grumbled to himself. "But Cæsar am a bad boy; a whippin' 'll do him good, anyways."

Patience entered the house through the great kitchen, and to her surprise found her mother there in close consultation with Julia Anne, shortened to Juliann, "de bes' cook in Narragansett," as she triumphantly proclaimed herself.

At this hour good Friend Brown was

usually seated upon her doorstep, her comely person the picture of repose; or if the weather was bad she sat placidly in "the great room," her hands busy with knitting needles, with a Bible on a stand beside her. But to-night, as Patience came in, she heard her mother speak anxiously.

"Does thee think the turkey will be tender against to-morrow? If only we could have known yesterday!"

Four great hams were on the broad kitchen table, undergoing careful inspection. One was finally chosen; the cauldron was already swung for its boiling. Little "niggs" came running in with baskets of kindling, and old Aunt Sally in the corner, the ancient and decrepit family nurse who harmlessly crooned away her days by the fire, even Aunt Sally was busy with a bowl of suet, carefully sorting and cutting it in pieces. As Patience came in, her mother turned.

"O child! what does thee think? Benjamin Franklin is coming, and nothing would suit thy father but he must ride off to meet him, and ride up with him to-morrow, and have him to dinner, and the

Robinsons, and the Arnolds, and the Potters, and half the countryside, and a big dinner to be got and half a day's notice!"

"Well, mother, who can get it so well as thee and Juliann? And shall I make thee some junket or some tarts? I see thee is going to have a suet pudding, and a turkey and a ham, — anything else?"

"A saddle of mutton with turnips, and some ducks. If that John Targee was worth his salt he would have brought us quail, but then he's never 'round when he's wanted!" This last with a kindly smile, for the good dame's eye had caught sight of the gentian, and she knew well, dear lover of flowers that she was, who brought her pretty daughter all the earliest and rarest blossoms — the whip-poor-will shoes as she called the *Arethusas*, in June, the marsh daisies — *Sabbatias*, in August, and the first and latest gentians. The good woman had a fondness for John's handsome face and courtly manners, and though she knew she ought to prefer steady, sober-going Roger Arnold, — "in meeting, and the best farming land on the neck, beside the schooner," she reflected, — she still thought father a little hard on Patience.

Later, when all the arrangements for the morning were completed, Friend Brown came into the great room where Patience was sitting, idly enough to all appearance.

"Patience," said her mother, with as much severity as her placid voice could express, "why did thee have Cæsar whipped?"

"Because he is an impudent fellow, mother."

"But thee knows his father was an Indian."

"I can't see why that is any reason for letting him behave worse than any one on the place."

"But thee knows it don't do to whip him," said Dame Brown almost querulously. "Thee knows the Indian half-breeds have ugly tempers. Why, child, he may burn the barn down! and what will thy father say?"

"Let me manage him, mother dear. The whipping will do Cæsar good, — see if it does not. And now tell me all thee wishes me to do to-morrow."

The good woman let herself be coaxed out of any anger she had, which was really much less than she thought right to pretend, and eagerly entered into the absorbing topic of the dinner and the day. Mr. Franklin was to sleep at Matunuck, in the Willow Dell farmhouse. Farmer Brown had ridden down the road to spend the night there too, and given notice as he went along to his neighbors.

This journey of Franklin's, coming at intervals through Narragansett on his way to Boston, was a great event to many of the good people. The next day, accordingly, there was a sort of triumphant procession. From Little Rest Hill the gentry in their fox-hunting coats came riding down. From Point Judith, and Little Neck, and the Bonnet they came up, until the King's highroad presented a festal scene. Some rode only a mile or two, just long enough to have a word with the great man, to present their respects, in the courtly phrase of the time. Those who were invited to dine with him at Farmer Brown's were the favored few. Dame Brown and Patience, arrayed in their simple best, thought them quite enough, as they welcomed them at the door, twenty hungry men to sit down to dinner, and Dame Brown congratulated herself that she had added an enormous chicken-pie to the already bountiful repast.

The pudding was a great success. Then bottles of rare old wine were produced. With stories and jests the time flew by, till it was almost three o'clock, when they rose from the table. "To horse!" was the cry, and negro boys came up with the horses freshly groomed and saddled. Off they started again, to accompany the great man upon his way, till darkness should warn them to return.

After the house was again in order, Patience felt strangely tired and excited. All day, in the bustle and commotion, she had dreaded Roger Arnold's coming. He had landed the night before; naturally he would oversee the unloading of his cargo in the morning; but any time now he might come. Her father would come too, irritable from the excitement and fatigue, she knew. She shrank from the ordeal before her.



"I loved her," he said huskily. "and she loved thee."

"Mother," she said suddenly, "may I go to Elvira Robinson's to spend the night?"

Dame Brown looked up, refusal in her glance; but she dearly loved her daughter, and half-divined the trouble she did not speak. In her kerchief she had fastened the bit of gentian again; fresh and bright it was, though its eyes were closed. Patience looked tired and worried.

"Yes, child," said her mother, "it will do thee good." Without waiting a second bidding, Patience hurried up to her room, and then out into the sunset air. She walked down the road again, thinking of John. She came to the marshy landing where the boat lay; but she decided not to take the boat, but to walk around the head of the cove. As she came under the shadow of the hill she regretted her decision, and hurried on. There was Hannas Hill, behind her in the marsh, with ghostly stories hovering about it,—and here Dorothy's Hollow, a seam in the side of the hill, with more

tragic associations. She almost screamed, for, low and soft, she heard a cry, a child's cry. She shuddered and hurried on, for it was the Crying Bog she was passing, and woe to any one who hears that cry. But a few moments more brought her into the sunlight, and around the head of the cove; and there, its hospitable doors and windows still open, was her friend's house.

The next morning, as Dame Brown was busy in her garden, cutting slips for winter growing, and potting plants to be saved till spring, Elvira Robinson came riding up, seated on a pillion, behind old Pompey, her father's favorite slave.

"Good-morrow," she said brightly, jumping down, "where's Patience?"

"Good-morrow, child,—I suppose she's with thee."

"Oh, no,—she reached home safely last night, didn't she?"

"Of course not, she stayed with thee," answered the good woman placidly.

"But friend Brown," began Elvira

anxiously, "didn't thee send Cæsar after her about eight o'clock, to say that her father had come back, and that he had the boat, and she was to come home with him immediately?"

"No, I haven't seen Cæsar," answered Dame Brown, now thoroughly aroused. "Where is he,—the bad boy?"

She called a little darkey,—for the slave children swarmed about the doors of the big house,—and telling him to find out where Cæsar was and send him to her, went in to tell her husband. Elvira could not conceal her alarm. Patience had certainly left her the evening before, and nothing was to be heard of her or of Cæsar, it proved.

"Pooh-pooh," said the farmer, "this is all right. Like enough John Targee could tell where she is."

"Oh, father, does thee think she ran away?" gasped his wife.

In spite of his making light of it, the farmer was anxious enough. He had his horse saddled immediately, and started out for friend Robinson's, while the frightened girl stayed to comfort the mother, who, once alarmed, was a prey to all conceivable terrors.

The farmer rode along with head bowed, and full of bitter thoughts. Had he really driven his little girl away from home? He thought ruefully of good Roger Arnold, as good and steady a fellow as a girl could want, and the land, and the money, and in meetin' too, he reflected; and then of wild John Targee, — Jean Tourjé was his father's name and John's too, but with the indifference for spelling of the time, it soon came to be Targee. "Lazy and good-for-nothing," he said angrily, "shooting and traipsing over the country; can't even spread seaweed suent, and not a penny to bless himself with." Under all his blustering thoughts, his really tender heart was torn by anxiety, for he did not half believe his proud little girl would disgrace herself by running away. The beat of a horse's hoofs roused him and glancing up, there he saw Roger Arnold, looking almost handsome, and very gay and bright, — "Come a-courtin'," the old farmer said sadly to himself.

"Morrow, friend," said Roger, draw-

ing rein; then with a quick change of tone, "any bad news?"

"Patience has run off with John Targee, I s'pose," answered the farmer testily.

Roger changed color, and sat very straight in his saddle. Then he said deliberately:

"I do not think, friend, she would do that."

"Bless thee, lad," answered the farmer with tears in his eyes, "but where is she then?" — and he told the whole story.

In a few moments they parted, the farmer keeping the road, and Roger taking to the fields to reach the marsh. He had leaped a couple of walls, when in the distance he saw John Targee's horse, and presently John himself, gun in hand. He rode up to him and threw himself from the saddle.

"What hast thou done with Patience Brown?" he asked sternly.

John drew himself up to his full height, and stared haughtily at his questioner. Roger stood as proudly. They were well matched in size and height, and Roger's little blue eyes gleamed with as dangerous a light as John's brown ones. So they stood for a moment. Then Roger's whole air softened.

"Forgive me, John, I know thou hast not harmed her. But she is gone. Let us find her."

He wrung his hand. Silently they both mounted. While the horses were picking their way over the stony fields, Roger told all he knew.

"It was Cæsar came for her?" asked John with a groan. Then he told Roger how Cæsar had been whipped, and it was Roger's turn to be doubly anxious, for he knew the evil tempers of the slaves of Indian blood. They picked their way down the hill past Dorothy's Hollow, and around the head of the cove.

"Ah," exclaimed John, "the bog is crying in broad daylight!"

They rode to the little landing on the east of the marsh, rudely made of boards lying on the coarse grass. There was no sign of the boat. They dismounted and turned their horses loose, sure each would come at his call. John took the left of the path, and Roger the right. Slowly they walked over the oozy ground, searching they



scarcely knew for what. Suddenly something bright and shining caught the sunshine. John stooped, with horror at his heart, and picked up a knitting needle. A few steps further he stooped again. "She was knitting," he said calmly to himself, as he saw the soft blue work. As he lifted it from the ground the yarn came too,—the thread was unbroken! Mechanically he followed it. Through the tall rushes it led him down to the water's edge. Into the water it went. It was now easier to follow, floating upon the water. On, and on,—the water was ankle deep,—and now up to his knees. A low cry escaped him, for just in front a sprig of blue gentian was floating, its blue eyes open looking towards the sun. He clutched it, and hid it in his riding coat. A few steps further, and the yarn went down into the water.

"Roger, Roger!" he shouted, "come!"

Together they rolled away the cruel stones; together they lifted their precious burden; together they laid it upon the dried rushes on the shore. John knelt down and reverently kissed the little wet, stained hand.

"I loved her," he moaned, and gave himself up to grief.

Roger stood erect beside him. "I loved her," he said huskily, "and she loved thee."

So ends the tale.

Tradition is very distinct as to the incitement, the crime, and the clue to its discovery. It also adds that the slave was caught, confessed, and was hung upon Tower Hill, the hill where his mistress lived, which stands to-day looking over the peaceful countryside toward the sea.

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## FAIRIES.

*By Claude Napier.*

**L**ISTEN, yonder the fairies sing,  
Round they go in the fairie ring,  
Keeping time with their noiseless feet  
To a magic melody softly sweet  
From a bower hard by where roses blow  
Where the fairie harpers all arow  
Sit and play till the first faint streak  
Warns of the morning that soon will break.

Shall I go to them? Shall I go  
Ask them to tell me the things they know,  
To give me to drink of their wondrous wine  
Drawn in the mystical May moonshine  
From flowers which mortals may never see?  
Wine which even the soft brown bee,  
Wise as he is, can never find;  
He is far too busy, and has a mind  
Far too much like the mind of a man  
To find the things which the fairies can.

Shall I speak to them? Nay, I fear  
They would not stay if they knew me here,  
Would not guess that I mean them good,  
That I have in my veins of their fairie blood;  
So I stand here still and watch unseen  
The dancing sprites on their patch of green,  
And dare not speak; for how do I know  
But they'd go forever as all joys go!

## A COUNTRY BOY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

By *Albert D. Smith.*



LADY once remarked in my presence, "I have often wondered how the War appeared to children." In all the War literature that has come to my notice, I have never seen an attempt to answer that question. There are probably many who feel the same curious interest; and to those who were children, as I was a child, in those days, crammed full of intense excitement, a review of their own thoughts and feelings and imaginings is a survey of a constantly shifting and highly colored panorama of unfailing interest. I was less than five years old when Fort Sumter surrendered, and with my earliest recollections are mingled the "war news" of the newspapers, the letters from soldier brothers, gaudy red, white, and blue envelopes, flags flying from many roofs, the blazing of bonfires, and the discharge of cannon at the tidings of important victories. I am trying to write how all this horror of war, with its incidents, ludicrous, grotesque, terrible, appeared to a child.

I was born and passed my early years in a quiet country town in Maine, ten miles from a railroad and five miles from a telegraph. I supposed that the mails came twice in the week primarily for the purpose of bringing what I thought were the only two papers published,—the *Maine Farmer* and the *Christian Mirror*. Letters, I thought, were kindly taken along, if there chanced to be any. The great world could go on exactly as it pleased; all its wild happenings were far enough away from us, and by the time the weekly paper had brought them to us, time had dulled them to an agreeable

mildness. Thus "my early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported."

The first object lesson of the war epoch came to me,—it must have been in 1860,—from a colored map or chart in the sitting-room of a neighbor's house. I recall nothing more than the portraits of certain men, whom I now know were the candidates for president and vice-president in that memorable canvass of 1860. In a box of child's treasures is still preserved a little locket containing the pictures of Lincoln and Hamlin. That a child should have been given such a trinket to wear will indicate my father's political opinions. Another circumstance indicates the same. A boy of sixteen or so, unusually keen in political discussions, worked for a neighbor. My father was once commenting with some bitterness upon certain of the youth's declarations, and upon the deplorable fact that he was a Democrat. "Is he old enough to understand it?" asked the listener. I did not comprehend the depreciatory tone of my father's "No." I was old enough to understand surely, and this boy was so much older than I. But there confronted me the stubborn fact that he was a Democrat. No, he could not understand; proof was not wanting.

The discussions which I must have heard in those ante-bellum days failed to impress themselves upon my memory; but the names "Star of the West" and "Fort Sumter" are distinct in my recollection, and somewhere in memory's confused storehouse are the photograph of anxious looks and the echo of anxious tones. "The Star of the West has been fired upon," "Fort Sumter has surrendered."—Oh, the excitement of those terrible days which I just missed! I was born a few years too late.

But an event soon occurred which brought me to a childish realization of war. One morning, just before the Bibles were distributed for our family devotions, I

observed my eldest brother wiping away tears. That my big brother should cry struck me as a very funny thing,—a weak thing I felt. I was not old enough for the thought. I began to laugh at him for crying, but received such a check that I was instantly sobered; and on looking about I noticed that the other members of the family wore very sober faces. My father's voice in prayer was choked with tears. I wish I could remember that prayer, wherein the gray-haired father commended his first-born son, going forth to fight for his country, to the God of battles. From how many hearthstones that morning did similar petitions ascend, accompanied with "groaning that could not be uttered!" That is all I remember until my brother was gone, and I knew that he was to stay "for three years, or until the end of the War." He was one of the three hundred thousand who, at the President's call, sprang forward to defend the Union. I soon learned that others from our neighborhood had enlisted too.

Now came letters from the field with envelopes gaudy with pictures of flags or soldiers in gay uniform, of cannon and ball and other death-dealing implements. Half the envelope was often covered with verses. Shall I ever forget this that stamped itself on my memory?

"We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,  
From Mississippi's winding stream and from  
New England's shore.  
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives  
and children dear,  
With hearts too full for utterance, with but the  
silent tear;  
We will not look behind us, but steadfastly  
before;  
We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred  
thousand more."

Even a child could be thrilled by the picture of his childish imagination, of three hundred thousand men going out at great sacrifice to meet death perhaps for their country.

In 1862, another shadow fell upon our household. At the call for volunteers that year, my second brother enlisted. I remember the day when he called me into his room and gave me the treasures of his childhood, telling me how long he had kept some of them, and implying

(not without reason, for my bump of destructiveness was well developed) their early demolition. Under ordinary circumstances, his prophecy would doubtless have been fulfilled; but so deep was the impression which his words, intensified by passing events, made upon me, that the treasures remain to-day intact in the identical box in which they were then stored; and there have been added to them bone trinkets made in southern camps, a bullet from the battle-field of Port Hudson, and other mementoes of the War.

One morning my brother woke me from my sound sleep, kissed me good-by, and was off,—for Augusta, as I learned on waking from my sleep, into which I had most unromantically fallen. For some weeks, the —th Maine, Co. K which was composed largely of men from our town, was quartered in the barracks at Augusta. Occasional visits to them were made by the older members of the family. I remember once refusing to be comforted for the loss of Edmund Kirk's "Life Among the Pines," in the reading of which I had become deeply interested, and which had been lent for the reading of the soldiers. My lamentations were silenced, however, if my disappointment was not entirely assuaged, by an appeal to my patriotism, in pointing out the difference in circumstances between the "poor soldiers" in their barracks and myself in my comfortable home.

At last my brother's regiment was ordered to the front, and another family began to realize more fully the meaning of war. I retain a dim picture of my father, with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back, walking to and fro in the yard. I remember helping him put the worthless, home-made "jumper," in which my brother broke the colt, carefully away out of sight, and I wondered of what use it could ever be, that it was so carefully preserved. I did not know then that natural temperament and force of circumstances combined to make my father look upon the dark side of life, and that he felt certain that he would never see either of his boys again. When the news reached us, a few weeks later, that my second brother was in New York lying sick of

typhoid fever, it did not tend to raise the depressed spirits of the family. But a merciful Providence watched over the sick one, and he was soon before Port Hudson.

I remember the anxiety with which our daily mail was watched for a letter from the boys, and what concern was felt if the expected message was delayed; the "running over" to see if Mrs. T — had heard from Ben, or if Mrs. F — had heard from Frank; the eagerness with which we waited when the letter at last came, to learn the news, where and how the boys were; and I recall the amusement caused by one which was dated "Ten miles from nowhere in the bushes." When father would return from the village, some one would meet him at the door with the unvarying question, "What's the news?" — and what a difference in tone and manner whether North or South had gained! Once, after a period of anxious waiting, the joyful report was, "Longstreet's army has been cut all to pieces." How these names, which the modern schoolboy has to struggle so hard to remember, indelibly impressed themselves upon my memory! One of our neighbors had a number of copies of some illustrated paper containing portraits and sketches of many of the more prominent commanders on both sides. I borrowed these and pored over pictures and sketches till name and portrait were stamped upon my memory beyond erasure; so that to-day the names Pope, McDowell, Lyon, Zollicoffer, Beauregard, etc., calls up the likenesses of the men. Many a time, while mother was busying herself about the dinner, would my father sit and read aloud the "war news" from the fresh weekly paper; and it seemed to me that never was the slightest noise on my part so quickly checked, for not a word was to be lost. How disappointed I once was when, upon asking my mother if the history of the war would be just like the war news in the paper, I received an affirmative answer! Dry enough was the latter to me, but I looked forward to the enjoyment of the history of the war when it should be written.

The names of Mason and Slidell were

among the earliest to fix themselves in my memory. What the excitement was all about, of course I had no rational idea; but I understood that they were horrible men who had some connection with the war, and who, having been captured from England, were given back. I realized that my father's soul was stirred to its depths, and, like so many true patriots of the North whose loyalty was superior to their diplomacy, he would have cut the Gordian knot by "hanging them to the yard-arm without judge or jury." It long required an effort for me to realize that those two rebels were guilty of nothing worse than a host of others were.

Certain battle-cries and proper names always thrilled me as perhaps they did few older ones, who were too deeply engaged in practical warfare to look for the poetry of it, be it never so tragical. "All quiet along the Potomac," was one such, and I never read it in history or poetry to-day without the beating of the boy's heart. "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," is another, associated, as it always will be in my mind, with my dim realization of the passage of the Mass. 6th through Baltimore. The names *Merrimac* and *Alabama* have such a spell in them, mingled with a "pleasing fear"; though the inglorious end of the former, as it seemed to me, as she succumbed to the little "Yankee cheese-box on a raft," will always detract from the poetic dignity of the name. I recollect the anxiety with which for a long period we asked after the whereabouts of the *Alabama*, and the joy I felt on learning of her capture, — a pleasure enhanced by the supposition that I should be the first to break the news to my father; but alas for my expectations, he had heard it 'before I communicated it. It was no easy matter to be the first to bring news in those days.

Some time during the early part of the war, my eldest brother sent home a few mementoes of the struggle, and among them a few popular song-books for me. I read everything that came in my way and remembered much, especially poetry. It was not long, therefore, before the cat-

tle on all the hills in reach of my voice, and such of their owners as chose to listen, were treated to the words of various patriotic songs, served up with tunes to suit the taste of the shouter. There was one that seemed particularly adapted to my own case. It was about a small boy singing the songs of the Union, while the young men laughed at the lack of melody. But an old man standing near said (poetically), "Let the boy sing,

'For his heart knows the tune  
Though the pipes may go wrong.'

I knew it meant me; for nothing was more certain than that "the pipes would go wrong;" but did not the heart of a boy, proud of having two soldier brothers, "know the tune?" It was some time after this, I think, that my brother sent home a love-letter, found on entering a town that had been hastily evacuated on the approach of the Federal Army. It was written by a Southern damsel to a brave "soger boy," whom it appeared she had never seen. I have since had grave doubts whether it would not have been the charitable thing to have drawn the veil over this *affaire de cœur* of even a rebel girl; but war is demoralizing. My extreme youth prevented me from enjoying much that the elder members of the family thought funny, but my mind retained the assurance that her poetical soul poured out to her unknown lover:

"If you love me like I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two."

My second brother's term of service expired, but he did not return. Weary days and weeks dragged by, and the impersonal "they" was assailed for keeping him, but the government was not blamed. The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson made little impression upon me, strange as it seems; but very unexpectedly one day came the tidings that J — was in Augusta and would be at home that night. But the stage was not waited for, — not at all. "Old Fan" never made better time over the road, until our soldier boy was in his father's buggy. It only illustrates the impossibility of foretelling what impressions will stamp themselves upon a child's mind, that I cannot recall my meeting with my brother or anything immediately connected therewith.

I suspect that it was enough for me that, whereas he had been gone, he was now at home. Almost the only event which I do remember of this time is that my brother brought home a red-covered pamphlet of Hardee's "Tactics," from which I learned many drill movements and practised them under J.'s command, using a stick for a musket. In the following winter at school the larger boys formed a military company, manufacturing their own guns from pine wood. I was small and had no gun, so the pleasure of marching around the schoolhouse in the company was denied me; I could only follow the army as a straggler. Intensely democratic are schoolboys. I was learning that the world would not ask, "Who are your brothers?" but "What can you do?" Neither was my correction heeded, when in their drill, the arms having been properly "grounded," the order was given "Pick up musket." But my turn came; for, on making known the case to my brother, he made me a gun adapted to my size, which by general consent of the company was the best in the armory; and I proudly took my place in the troop, at the rear, "of course, for I was the shortest." I was prouder when, upon my brother's attending school a little while, he was unanimously selected to command and drill the youthful soldiery.

The company of which my brother was a member did not return intact. They left one of their best men, a victim of disease incident to the soldier's life. He was, I think, the first martyr from our town, and the feeling of sadness was general, enhanced possibly by the fact that the most worthless man of the company, who had served notice that if but one man of them returned, he should be the man, had been as good as his word, — far better indeed than his word usually was.

But the death of a townsman or neighbor made scarcely a deeper impression upon me than did my share of that universal sense of sorrow, even to the intensity of a personal affliction that thrilled from heart to heart in the North at the sacrifice of the early martyrs of the war. The stunning sense of loss at the

needless sacrifice of Colonel Baker and his companions at Ball's Bluff; the angry call for revenge for the brutal murder of Ellsworth; and later the sorrow at the starred names of Lyon and Sedgwick and Foote, — these feelings were shared by the child, and he can never forget them.

One of the strongest impressions made upon me by any event of the war was caused by the news of the massacre at Fort Pillow. I imagine many an older person can say the same thing. I cannot describe my feelings. Did I think then, as I read of helpless prisoners bayoneted, buried alive, fastened into burning buildings, of the barbarities of the middle ages, or is that an afterthought? At any rate, it affected me as did very few events of the war.

I recollect one Sunday evening, when both my brothers were "in the army," that my father and mother and myself were sitting in the twilight around our wood fire. Mother had perhaps been talking to me in low tones of the boys far away, and the scene and subject so wrought upon my emotional nature that I began to cry. I felt a little satisfaction in the goodness that would weep for such a cause, when after a sob or two from me, my father asked rather impatiently, "what that boy was crying about?" Mother softly answered, "The boys," and the conversation ceased. I felt the triumph. Father at least could not say that "if I did not stop, he would give something to cry for." My motive was one that must have commended itself to all thoughtful minds.

It was probably about this time that an itinerant horse-trainer advertised the wonderful feats he would perform in the streets of our village, depending upon the character of the crowd at the hat-passing for remuneration. The day was unfavorable, however, and the crowd did not gather; so the few present gathered in the store with nothing to do. There was but one subject of conversation in those days, and the horse-trainer proved to be an arrant "copper-head." In the inevitable debate that followed, I remember thinking that my father was hardly as well-versed in history as his antagonist, but that what he lacked in that, he made

up in loyalty and forcible expression of it. Just as he had read the death warrant of all such men as his opponent, and consigned them to the gallows, the door opened and old Uncle D — came in. He was a shrewd, eccentric old man, whom the boys all liked. I used to consider him the one man in the town more ardent in his devotion to the Union than my father. He caught the last words of my father's as he entered, and needed no more. Walking back and forth as he rubbed his hands together, he ejaculated in his hoarse voice, "No, no, no, — hangin's too good for 'em; ought to be burnt, ought to be burnt!"

As the war progressed, more names of battles and commanders became fixed in my memory, carrying with them some association which still clings. An ill-defined feeling of horror rises at the mention of the names of the bloodier battles. Antietam doubtless impressed me more by the peculiarity of its name; but Fair Oaks, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg, Chattanooga, Chancellorsville, etc., bring up associations of woe. The days of anxious waiting as "Lee marched over the mountain wall" into Maryland and beyond, the gloomy forebodings of my father of a possible triumph of Lee's army swelled by accessions of northern "copper-heads," the picture in my childish imagination of bloody war at our own doors, the hurried enlistment of "one hundred days' men" to stem the flood, the anxiety of those July days when "the tide of war broke in the great billow of Gettysburg," the fervent rejoicing of that Independence Day when the rebel leader

"Baffled and beaten, backward reeled

From a stubborn Meade and a barren field," — these make Gettysburg stand out distinct from other battles. The battles of the Wilderness are also heavily marked, but for a different reason. The name and the weird picture of the locality signified by it had some weight; but it is remembered chiefly because one evening my mother told me of a cousin who had there given up his life. A mere boy scarce eighteen, already made sergeant for gallant conduct, he was taken dead from the ambulance in which he had been placed with a shattered thigh. It

was a fresh reminder of what might any day come closer to our home and hearts; for my second brother had again enlisted from New York, and this time in a Zouave regiment, — a fact which caused his parents a deeper anxiety still. How eagerly, yet with what a sickening dread, were those lists of dead, wounded, and missing watched for and read! I read them for the curious names; I noted those who were wounded in the back, and wondered why they were not "with face to foe"; but a kind Providence kept from the list the name of almost every friend of our home.

Gloominess yielded to the "pleasures of hope" as the war drew near its close. The dashing exploits of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley made his name most familiar. After the battle of Fisher's Hill, there was sent from one of the boys a song written by some soldier to the air of "Old Dan Tucker," and printed on a sheet of note paper. Some rebel press then, as often before, did a kind of work of which its quondam owner never dreamed. I remember but a few words of the production, which I suppose had the ordinary merit of improvised war poetry, but I think its metre and rhyme were good. It was a graphic recital of how "little Phil" outwitted and defeated General Early. The refrain of the first verses ran,

"'Get out of the way,' says General Early,  
'I've come to drive you out of the valley'";

which changed in the latter part to  
"Get out of the way,' says Phil to  
Early," etc.

Nothing in those latter days was spoken of with more manifest satisfaction by my father and his neighbors than the deeds of General Sherman on his famous "March to the Sea." If a delay of news caused a temporary despondency, such intelligence soon came as to turn the tide of feeling. That it came from a locality unexpected to the northern farmers, and but a little before equally unexpected to the rebels of Georgia, added to the interest. "The hollow shell of the Confederacy" I knew by name long before history told me its meaning. "Marching through Georgia," is my favorite war-song, recalling vividly those scenes of the early months of 1865.

Now came the joyous news of the surrender of Johnston's entire army. But how soon the clouds obscured the sun! I went one morning to a neighbor's house upon an errand, and, surprised at the gloomy faces, I jubilantly introduced for conversation the glad news of the surrender. I was chilled by the glum reply, "Yes, paroled them, officers and men." The very words and tone and look are distinct as though spoken yesterday. Here was a new word to me — parole — pronounced with a strong accent upon the first syllable. I was too sensitive to confess ignorance, and made a mental spelling of it, "pay-roll." Could it mean that the rebels were to be paid for fighting against *us*? I went home in wonder and produced consternation there by my story. The meaning of the word was told me, but the report must be the mistake of a child. Had Sherman proved recreant at the last, after all he had accomplished? Those loyal sons of New England, "who spared not land nor gold, nor son nor wife nor limb nor life" for their country, knew only two motives, — love of country and hatred of those who would destroy it. "Expediency" was not in their vocabulary; "justice" was there in large capitals. Since that day, history has taught my maturer mind of Sherman's patriotism, and the men of district No. 8 in that little town, both the living and the dead, have, I doubt not, learned a broader charity and a truer justice.

A report of Lee's surrender roused us to a high pitch of enthusiasm, but only to drop us back again upon the consolation that it was only a question of time. It was Fitz Hugh Lee who had surrendered. But the hope was deferred only long enough to make the heart impatient, not sick, and ere long the flashing of bonfires and booming of cannon told us that "the real Lee" had laid down his arms. History says that this preceded Johnston's surrender: but I am not writing history.

No child lived through the Rebellion without being deeply impressed by "its sorrow's crown of sorrows." I remember the sunless April afternoon, when I ran to meet my father as he drove up to



the door from the village. I had not time to ask the two old questions, "What's the news?" and "Have you heard from the boys?" for I was soberly bidden "to tell my mother to come to the door." The news was in one short sentence: "President Lincoln and Secretary Seward are both dead." Seward was indeed dangerously injured, and to my father's pessimistic view he was already dead. I have since sometimes told my pupils that the closest illustration of the feeling of April, 1865, which they could know was the sensation at the death of Garfield. But that is but a faint picture of the tumult of emotions aroused by the assassination of Lincoln, and not one child in a hundred experienced in 1881 what most thoughtful children felt in April, 1865. To me, this death meant the almost inevitable triumph of the South. What might be in store for us I knew not. But the feeling was far from selfish. If I had never felt a real grief before, I did then. I never followed the cows home over the pasture knolls with a heavier heart than I carried that night. If ever in childhood I offered a real prayer, it was then. As my father sat milking the cow in sober silence, while I stood by silent and equally sober, I timidly offered from my own sadness the poor crumb of comfort that "if the South beat, we should know that they were right." My father's quick, decided, but kindly response, "The South won't beat," startled me. I had to wait for maturer thought to correct my false philosophy of "whatever is, is right," but a weight was indeed lifted from my heart.

We read of occasional instances where summary vengeance was taken upon some poor wretch who had publicly expressed delight at the murder of a man so good and kind. One old man in our village dared to say "he was glad of it;" whereupon a young man rebuked him, telling him that "if it were not for his gray hairs, he would duck him in the mill-pond." There was regret that the rebuke was only a threat, the feeling being expressed that "gray hairs ought not to shield him at such a time as this." I fear that the children of those intense patriots do not always remember, in times

of less excitement, that two wrongs do not make one right.

This horrible tragedy was quickly followed by a comedy which was grimly appreciated by the stern loyalists of the North. I fear that I felt too much sympathy for the poor fugitive in the long waterproof to fully enjoy the fun, my heart naturally beating, like Dave Barker's, "for the under dog in the fight." Whatever sober history says about the capture of Jefferson Davis, it is certain that the scene easily became the subject of caricature through the North. A photograph representing the ex-president of the Southern Confederacy, clad in grotesque feminine attire, making rapid strides towards "the last ditch," while laughing boys in blue followed close behind, and the words which they were speaking conveniently collected and floated in the air like toy balloons and anchored to each respective mouth,—this picture is fixed in my memory, though the photograph is long since lost.

I have called the capture a comedy. It was supposed to be the light beginning of another dark and awful tragedy. These loyal northern farmers had suffered much, and most of all in the sufferings of their country and in the insults to their flag. Libby and Andersonville, Bull Run and Fort Pillow, were to be atoned for by blood. Justice, stern and awful, was the demand. I have wondered if they could have carried out their demands, had they been compelled to be executioners. I have heard many hard epithets bestowed upon those who favored a more lenient policy. I thought what my father thought; those who have since enjoyed "the clearer light of an eternal day" have learned the wisdom of mercy, the lesson which history has taught their children.

I have referred to the rebel prisons. Nothing but the atrocities of Fort Pillow stirred me so. Books and newspapers spread the horrible details before us.

A few months before my eldest brothers' three years' term of enlistment had expired, a bounty was offered for re-enlistment, the end of the war being then but a question of a short time. My brother re-enlisted and came home on a furlough.

A neighbor, whose wife for nearly three years had with the help of a young son carried on the farm, holding plough and pitching hay with her own hands, refused to re-enlist; he was needed at home. In a few weeks word came that he had been taken prisoner. There was a new excitement when we learned that one of our own neighbors might be doomed to suffer in Libby prison. The war closed; the general review was held at Washington, and the soldier boys came home to stay; and still no word from the prisoner. The optimists believed he would yet return; the pessimists were sure he would never be heard from. At length there came a rumor of tidings from the prisoner; then a long silence; another rumor, and at last it was reported that a letter had come to his wife. Returning from church one Sunday afternoon, we met her, and my father stopped his horse to ask "if it was true that she had heard from Frank." With startling promptness the answer came: "Yes, and your bees

have swarmed." Sentiment could not be allowed to interfere with business, and my father quickly drove on "to hive the bees." In a few days, this last soldier returned. With what curiosity I gazed upon the man who had had actual experience of a rebel prison! His beard had grown as long as Rip Van Winkle's, his teeth mostly gone, his thin face showing the effects of prison fare and treatment, — all made him as great an object of interest as Rip himself was after his long sleep.

And with all the soldiers of the neighborhood safely home except two boys who will never come again to the homes they left, having been "mustered out" of the warfare of life, I may close my childish recollections of the war. May American children never again know such experience. Perhaps some who were children in those days may recognize here thoughts and feelings akin to their own and live again for a few moments their childhood days in time of war.



## DEPOSED.

*By Florence E. Pratt.*

SO long I loved thee, that my thought had grown  
 Round thee as ivy clings about a wall.  
 My dreams, my hopes, were centred in thee, all;  
 Thy presence was the dearest I had known.  
 Yet lo! one evening as I sat alone,  
 And mused, and watched the crafty shadows fall,  
 I heard a voice like a clear bugle-call,  
 And from my heart there rolled away a stone.  
 Forgive me that I thought thee King, who came  
 To hold my heart for its predestined guest.  
 At the King's word the heavy gates swing in;  
 On the high altar springs the welcoming flame.  
 He comes in all his royal splendor drest,  
 And makes the palace beautiful within.

## NOTES ON THE CHURCHES OF WORCESTER.

By Charles E. Stevens.

THE following notes to Mr. Lamson's article on "The Churches of Worcester," in the preceding pages, are from the pen of Mr. Charles E. Stevens, who has also provided most of the illustrations for that article. Of these the greater number are from photographs by Frank Lawrence of Worcester; one, the interior of the new Old South, by E. B. Luce of Worcester; two, the Pilgrim Church and the Second Baptist Church, by Stephen C. Earle, the architect; and the portrait of Rev. Prof. David Peabody, by H. H. H. Langill of Hanover, N. H. The cut of the Old South of 1763 was loaned by Frank G. Blanchard of Worcester.]

OLD SOUTH PORCH. The picturesque story of Isaiah Thomas reading the Declaration of Independence from the roof of the Old South porch on Sunday, July 14, 1776, has long been current in Worcester. After careful investigation, I am sorry to be obliged to say that the story is at present only an unverified tradition. So far as I have discovered, it first appeared in "Lincoln's History of Worcester," sixty years after the alleged occurrence. Later publications, a half dozen, more or less, repeat the story without essential variation. But neither Lincoln nor any other writer give any authority for the story. Even the late Judge B. F. Thomas, who repeats it in his "Mémoir" of his grandfather Isaiah, gives no hint of its source. Benjamin Russell, who at the time was an apprentice in the *Spy* office at Worcester, is reported by Jos. T. Buckingham ("Reminiscences," v. 2, p. 5) as having told him that "when the Declaration was received in Worcester, it was read by Thomas to an assembly embracing almost the whole population of that and the adjacent towns." But Russell, who bore a somewhat notable part in what went on, says nothing about the date nor the porch reading; moreover, his statement that almost the whole population of the "adjacent" towns was present, is obviously inconsistent with the story.

But the great, if not decisive fact to its discredit is the silence of contemporary history. In the *Massachusetts Spy* published in Worcester, Wednesday, July 17, 1776, there is no hint of such an occurrence, nor is there in any subsequent number. This silence is the more notice-

able, because in the number for July 24 there is a detailed and graphic account of the celebration of the great event on the "green around the liberty pole," with the reading of the Declaration on Monday the 22d. If the reading from the roof had taken place eight days before, it is incredible that the newspaper of the town should not have given an account of it.

The importance of the story lies in this, that in this way Worcester is supposed to be entitled to the honor of having first promulgated the Declaration in Massachusetts. But the failure of the story does not deprive the town of this honor. For the *Spy* of July 17, 1776, contained the Declaration in full; and not until the next day, the 18th, was it promulgated in Boston, the only other possible rival for the honor. This was the official proclamation from the balcony of the Old State House; meanwhile, the citizens of Worcester and vicinity had been given ample time to "read, mark, and inwardly digest" the great epoch-making manifesto.

BANCROFT HOUSE. The picture is from a recent photograph by Lawrence. The house, more than a century old, was occupied as a residence by Dr. Bancroft during a part of his ministry, and in it his son George Bancroft, the historian, was born October 3, 1790.

PORTRAIT OF DR. BANCROFT. From a photograph taken for present use from the original painting now on the walls of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. The portrait was painted by Alvan Fisher in 1832, when Dr. Bancroft was seventy-seven years old.

CHURCH OF THE UNITY. From an old photograph by Lawrence. It represents the church very nearly as it appeared in 1846-56, during the ministry of its first minister, Edward Everett Hale. The two constructions on each side of the town, added soon after he left, constitute the only change. The beginning of Dr. Hale's career as a minister was in the church of the Unity.

INTERIOR OF CENTRAL CHURCH. From a fine photograph by Lawrence, made specially for this publication, showing the large painting by Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman of Boston, at the back of the chancel.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE is much interest just at present, in Boston and New York and Chicago, and in others of our cities, in "college settlements," in residences for companies of cultivated people established among the poor and wretched people, with a view both to helping the poor and wretched and to educating the cultivated missionaries themselves in the problems of poverty and wretchedness. This "college settlement" idea has played an important part in London for some years; Toynbee Hall and Oxford House are familiar, by name, to all philanthropists. The settlements of which we hear most in New York and Chicago are settlements of devoted young women. In Boston there is about to be opened a more considerable "settlement," called Andover House, the result of a movement instigated chiefly by Andover professors who are devoted to sociological studies and social reform, and intended largely, if we understand rightly, as a training school for young men who, preparing for the ministry, realize the importance of a much more serious and practical dealing with social and industrial questions on the part of the Church. It is high time that theological students and theological professors did realize this. "Andover House" indeed is not the first sign that they are realizing it. The course of studies in social science conducted at Andover itself by Professor Tucker, the admirable outlines of which have been published in the *Andover Review* within the last year or two, and the similar work undertaken at the Harvard Divinity School by Professor Peabody, are cheering symptoms of reform in the general character of theological education, warranting the hope that the clergyman of the next decade may make himself as familiar with the Merrimac and Charles River sewage systems as with the brook Kedron, and learn that the cure of the souls as well as bodies of his flock commands as close a watch upon the sessions of the Common Council and the directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company as upon those of the Jerusalem Sanhedrim or the Synod of Dort. These things are cheering; and so are the sermons on industrial and social questions by Bishop Huntington and Heber Newton and Washington Gladden and Philip Moxom and Lyman Abbott and Edward Everett Hale, giving pledge, we hope, that in the great struggle for industrial freedom, which is now impending, the church will not cut the sorry figure which it cut in the anti-slavery conflict.

Everything which brings young ministers or brings anybody into closer relations with the poverty and needs in our great cities and with the problems which they raise is cheering and good. We are glad to hear of every one of these "settlements." We should be glad to hear of one in every ward of every city. But the thought which constantly comes to us, and which came with new force in a company of our most intelligent and excellent people gathered recently to discuss these

"college settlements" of the Toynbee Hall and Andover House nature, is that a good many good people are looking to them and to similar efforts among the poor to accomplish what such things can never effectually accomplish, and that they are thus diverted from laying stress where the real stress belongs — namely, upon public spirit and large and vigorous public action.

In Boston the great target of philanthropy is "the North End," although at this moment no "settlement" is being located there. Without the consciousness of a North End and the opportunity of "doing something" for the North End, a great many kind folk, and others who enjoy thinking themselves kind, would feel themselves spiritually destitute, entirely without a gymnasium in which to get their souls muscular enough for heaven. The gymnastic of "calling upon" South Enders has not yet, as the sturdy English preachers whose departure Boston now deplores has hinted, become so attractive to our saints as "doing something" for North Enders. It is easy to play God; it is a little tiresome yet for some of us to be good democratic brothers. The North End, as matter of fact, is by no means the neediest part of Boston, although it once was, and the tradition lingers. It certainly is needy enough, however, to give scope and invitation for all the grace that is likely to be exercised toward it for a long time to come. Every kindly impulse and every thousand dollars directed thither are blessings — to them that take and to them that give. Every door that is opened by any philanthropic hand to let men and women in out of the cold of the street or the barrenness of empty homes, to read books or hear music or see pictures or join classes or drink coffee, is a door of blessing.

But what we say is that one public act would do more in ten years to regenerate this North End of Boston, which we thus make representative, than all the philanthropic dams and balms and plasters can do in a hundred years. In this great section are two public schools, one for boys and one for girls. The schoolhouses are not worse than other schoolhouses, but there is nothing whatever about them that is attractive. In both of them are twice as many pupils as such buildings can properly accommodate. Each teacher has twice as many pupils in her room as she can gain that close personal acquaintance with which is necessary for real influence, or as she can manage at all without constantly taxing her nervous endurance to the utmost. We say that if instead of these two public schools there were six, with good buildings and good surroundings, with rooms made beautiful with the best pictures, with so many teachers that in no class need there be more than thirty boys or girls, — we say that by this reform alone more would be done in ten years to redeem the North End of Boston than all the missions have done or can do in a hundred years.

We could speak in this connection of the tenement-house problem and the two methods of dealing with it. But the single point which we have touched serves to emphasize well enough what we believe should be emphasized — that the true and important means of social reformation is through the vigorous use and magnanimous broadening of our social and political *institutions*. If devotion to the sundry philanthropies diverts stress from this, then we believe that devotion to be not an unmixed good. If the closer contact with the problem of poverty which the college settlements and similar enterprises will secure for many of our thoughtful young men and women results in convincing them that the problem must be dealt with in very large and radical ways, dealt with at the source, that will be the greatest good which can result, and it will be their quite sufficient warrant.

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THERE is, to our thinking, no intellectual movement now to be witnessed on the face of the earth more significant and inspiring than the present movement among the younger French thinkers, described by Madame Blaze de Bury in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* as "The Spiritualization of Thought in France," and by Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogüé in the last number of *Harper's Magazine* as "The Neo-Christian Movement in France." To most American readers these articles have undoubtedly come as a surprising revelation. Many of us have a very poor and defective acquaintance altogether with the intellectual, social, and scientific life of France as compared with our acquaintance with Germany and with England. This is true with reference to education. A hundred American students go to carry on their studies in the German universities, in Leipzig and Göttingen and Bonn and Berlin, to one who goes to study in Paris. There is no university or college in America without professors who can speak from personal experience of the higher education in Germany, and to whom the mails bring German monographs and catalogues and programs. There are many scholarly quarters where the information concerning the public school system and the higher education in France, so carefully digested by President Hall of Clark University in the recent issues of his invaluable *Pedagogical Seminary*, was undoubtedly fresh and surprising information. President Hall would probably say that in respect of organization, of method and conception, the educational system of France stands to-day ahead of that of Germany. The achievements in education under the republic during these twenty years have been almost unexampled in history. And what President Hall and others have been showing us with respect to French education, Madame de Bury and M. de Vogüé in these articles show us with respect to almost every field of French intellectual activity — everywhere new life and better life, deeper life, more aspiration, more seriousness, and spirituality. The materialism and the Voltairism, the worldliness and frivolity, that characterized so much in French scientific and social life under the second empire, as they have characterized so much in it at other times, that they are apt to leap first to mind at the mere word French,

are yielding, if these earnest reporters read the signs of the times aright, to a profoundly idealistic and religious view of the world, and of men's offices and relations in the world. It is not claimed that the bulk of the French nation is affected by this new movement; but it is claimed that "the intellectual *élite* of the young generations, the nucleus of high culture wherein the directing ideas of the future are being elaborated" is affected and controlled by it. "If foreigners content themselves," says Vogüé, "with listening to the rumors of Paris and taking a superficial view of France, if they derive their information from the artificial literature of the boulevard, from the noisy rehashes of the newspapers, and from the antiquated speeches of the politicians, they may well believe that nothing has changed. But if they would take the trouble to live with the professors and the students, to read serious publications, to follow the lectures of the Sorbonne, and sit on the benches of the schools of law and of medicine, they would at once discern the silent labor that is going on within the brain of the nation, in the intellectual centre whence the influences of the future will start." "In literature," says M. de Vogüé, "these new comers declare themselves disgusted with naturalism and scandalized by dilettanteism. They require their writers to have seriousness and moral inspiration." Noting the deep new religious feeling which marks the movement, he says:

"It is the antiquated sarcasms of Voltairianism that are nowadays received with smiles and shrugging of the shoulders; disrespectful attacks upon religion irritate the young Frenchmen of the present day as something old-fashioned, and as an evidence of bad taste and weak-mindedness."

"The professors who are most eagerly listened to are those who, like MM. Brunetiere and Faguet, battle with a sort of irritation against the spirit of the eighteenth century." In politics, these young men, he tells us, "are almost all socialists, if we understand by that word a sympathy, more or less reasoned and more or less active for the actual efforts of the working classes."

All that we read of the character and many-sidedness of this remarkable movement fortifies our conviction of the truth of the recent prophecy of Alexandre Dumas, that France is "assuredly on the eve of a mental and moral uprising such as has never yet been witnessed." In every department of French intellectual activity we find the leaven working. M. de Vogüé got his own first inspiration from the great Exposition, having his eyes opened to the deep spiritual meaning of the new industrial era, and of what the conquest of the forces of nature will accomplish for the human mind and for human society. Ernest Lavisse is the prophet of the new movement in education, a French Arnold of Rugby, interpreting history and the past to the young men of the universities, and to the thousands whom he is organizing in his "International Association of Students," with a philosophical grasp and a kindling power which command them to their duties in politics and the present with a devotion and enthusiasm almost unexampled in modern university life. Emile Faguet and Charles Richet

and M. de Beaurepaire and Paul Desjardins and M. Lasserre — and the list might be extended — make the new life felt in poetry, in romance, in jurisprudence, in journalism, and in every intellectual province. "The tendency towards the spiritualization of thought in France," concludes Madame de Bury, "is manifest and strong, and is rapidly becoming universal; her men of action in common with her men of thought, are hailing with enthusiasm the union of Labor with Science, of Science with Imagination, and of all with each in the true and hearty love of Humanity." Surely here is painted a remarkable contrast to the materialism and worldliness, to the positivism and skepticism, the social frivolity and the literary filth which were so largely in the ascendant in the France of Louis Napoleon, and were passed on as a bad inheritance to the republic, along with the national humiliation which had in it relish of salvation; for surely twenty-five years ago, everything in France — we use the phrase of M. de Vogüé, to ward off suspicion of any international invidiousness — seemed "on the point of sinking into gross realism, both characters and minds, both public morality and the intellectual productions."

Is there no American publisher who feels the impulse to give to our public a series of translations of the representative works of this new school of French thinkers? Such a series, we believe, would find warm welcome and wide reading at this time, and it would do us all great good. If we may assume the rôle of this good publisher's literary adviser, we would tell him to begin with Lavisé, to give us a volume of that great teacher's addresses to the French students, then to give us every other volume which Lavisé has published, and then to turn to Desjardins and Vogüé. We must not fail in this connection to express the satisfaction which we feel in receiving the translation of Lavisé's "General View of the Political History of Europe," just made by Dr. Gross, one of the instructors in history in Harvard University. We commend the work as the best little hand-book in this field of which we know, and we trust that its reception will be such as to encourage Dr. Gross and his friends to go on in their work of translation.

THE feeling of the serious American, as he drops the record of this wonderful spiritualization of thought in France, this new birth of a nation, and turns his thought home, is chiefly a feeling of sadness. There is no movement akin to this in our intellectual life. This is not a heroic age in our literature, nor in our politics, nor in our religion. More heroic in our religion, we sometimes venture to hope, than in our politics. Some voice does come now and again from some pulpit or some church congress to show that one and another minister of religion is sick of lies and resolute for realities. If this revival of morality in our religion could become a great contagion and crusade — if as a first step we could see ecclesiastical men highly resolving to drive from the altar the paltering and juggling with words, the ambiguities and accommodations, which would drive from Wall Street and from the grocery the man contented there with such criterion of obligation

— this one thing alone would work miracles for the spiritualization of thought in America. If our priests were prophets, if our churches led and nourished and kindled the religious thought of the people, instead of putting on, as they so often do, the brakes and checks and water, the outlook would be much brighter than it is.

But if there is little heroism in our churches with respect to religious thought, little piety of the intellect, there is very much humaneness with respect to social life and a marked tendency to preach good politics, to make the pulpit a tribune for the bold rebuke of political evils and the inculcation of good political ideals. We have spoken above, in another connection, of the noble and courageous and intelligent sermons on the industrial and social questions, reported from so many of our leading preachers; and much of the politics of our pulpits and religious conventions is particularly cheering at a time when the debates of Congress and the legislatures are not stimulating and the advent of David Hill to the Senate is made an "event" by his *confrères* in a great party.

Our literary society and literary men suffer from the lack of motive and such commanding common cause as animated Emerson and the literary brotherhood of the last generation and as animates these young Frenchmen. Our literary life is trivial for the most part, and our art life only just now begins to feel great impulses after a trivial and poor period. There is no solidarity in our American literary society, there is little that can be called serious literary society at all. Is it not true that the earnest individual literary workers among us, in whatever realms, find their most nourishing and respected companionship in the merchant and the shoemaker and the printer, oftener than in their own guild, — that they find those "nearer the deep bases of our lives" than these? Aspiration, faithfulness, pure vision of beauty, strenuous and fine purpose, and love are surely not lacking in American literary life; but with them are much fragmentariness, vain cackle and hysteric haste, much unwillingness to grow in quiet, much willingness to receive and to seek large notice for little achievements, a pitiful lack of the repose and steadiness and faith which are the pledges of those great works which only a lifetime perfects, and only here and there that vision of noble and commanding causes and that surrender of self in glad abandon, which sanctifies and fertilizes genius and makes the life sublime.

If our literary life, when compared with the time of the Transcendental movement in New England or with the present movement in France, does not seem great or heroic, if our political life does not for the moment seem inspiring, and if the love of money and the regard for the vulgar and false distinctions which wealth confers were never so controlling with us, there are, we say, signs of religion in our churches; and there is also a great and noble new life among our teachers and in our schools. Never, we think, was there so much earnest and intelligent thought about education in America as there is at present, never so much inquiry as to the true science of education, so high a conception of the teacher's

office, so high standards of scholarship in the universities, so genuine missionary feeling on the part of university men, so impressive a consciousness evident everywhere in university circles that knowledge is a sacred trust which it is the scholar's duty to use for the greatest possible good of every brother man. The teacher—the teacher all the way from the kindergarten to the university—has an opportunity and a call and, we believe, a devotion such as he never before had in America. The teacher's hour has struck. It is to the university rather than to the legislature and the caucus that we look to-day for the reform of our politics. We look for such an enthusiasm for good citizenship and for true statesmanship among our college professors and our college students, in this closing decade of the century, for such prom-

inence given to real political science, as shall, when the fruitage comes, shame the ignoramus, the empiricist and the adventurer out of all high political place. The time has come when ignorance and trifling at the helm in the republic are no longer safe and can no longer be permitted. The people feel this, we believe that the student and the teacher feel it deeply, and they will make the politician feel it. It is to our schools that we look with hope and with enthusiasm. If virtue and *ideas* rule the schools, then virtue and *ideas* will rule the nation. Will not every man who to-day occupies a professor's chair in our universities catch something of the spirit of Ernest Lavisse, and realize how great is the work which he may do for the spiritualization of thought in America?

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## THE OMNIBUS.

### LET US KISS AND CALL IT EVEN.

#### I.

LET us kiss and call it even,  
End this dreariness and pain;  
Long enough we both have striven,  
'Gainst our sentiments—in vain.  
I have sought the past to smother  
And its memories to remove;  
You have trifled with another  
You can never, never love;  
And my life is sad and lonely,  
And your face is full of care;  
We have loved each other only;  
Do not drive me to despair.

#### II.

Let us kiss and call it even,  
And renew the blessed hours  
When we thought the earth a heaven,  
With its sunshine and its flowers;  
As 'mid the apple trees we played,  
Or field and road forsook,  
And through the twining alders strayed,  
Along the neighboring brook;  
Or sat beneath the lilies rare,  
That decked the garden wall,  
And fashioned castles in the air,  
That never were to fall.

#### III.

Let us kiss and call it even,  
Fling deception to the winds;  
Your mistakes are all forgiven,  
Overlook my many sins;  
And when jealous foes are sleeping,  
And the slanderer's tongue is still,

And the silver moon is peeping  
Through the elm trees by the mill,  
Where the brook adjoins the river,  
On the beauteous pebbly shore,  
Let us pledge our love forever,  
Vow to quarrel never more.

— *Fred De Vinc.*

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#### PAREPA'S SONG.

THAT night we heard Parepa sing—  
Do you remember, dear?  
What, love, so long ago? To me  
It seems but scarce a year.  
But oh, that night our hearts were light,  
And joy was in its spring;  
For we had learned to love, that night  
We heard Parepa sing.

Mute, mute, long mute that glorious voice!  
But, walking home to-night,  
I passed an open window. All  
The room within was light.  
Deep chords were softly touched; and then  
I heard a young voice ring,  
Clear, passion-thrilled. It was that song  
We heard Parepa sing.

Rapt on the crowded walk I stood,  
I could not tear away.  
You smile: A love song—what to me,  
A man whose hair is gray?  
Ah! gray indeed! But, Dorothy,  
My thoughts had taken wing.  
Again, a boy, I held your hand,  
And heard Parepa sing.

— *William T. Smyth.*











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Annex A size 3

DATE ISSUED

DATE DUE

~~MIN 2 JUN 1982~~  
~~JUN 15 1980~~  
**DUE: JAN 9 1984**

~~JAN 1 1984~~

